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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1925

CHEMISTRY AND PEACE

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

I

THE public mind has to a large extent reacted against the opinions impressed on it during the war by official propaganda. Some of these have been overcome by counter-propaganda in the press and on the platform, others have been dropped because they led to effects which, though admirable during a war, were undesirable in peace-time. But as chemical warfare will not assume importance until the outbreak of the next serious war, and figures on the programme of no party, people still think about it as they were told to think by the newspapers during the Great War.

Now I am to some extent a chemist, so I can no more be expected to be impartial in my estimate of the value of chemistry than a politician or a clergyman can be expected to give an unbiased view of the value of politics or religion. I can only plead that, unlike the average clergyman or politician, I have warned my audience in advance, and shall attempt — though no doubt vainly — to be impartial.

A few of my readers hold the view that while war in itself is a noble occupation the use of poisonous gas is an innovation as cruel as it is unsoldierly. The majority are probably pacifists in the sense that they prefer almost any peace to almost any war, support the League of Nations or other devices for the prevention of international strife, and look askance at preparations for future warfare, more particularly for future chemical warfare. If so, I certainly share their objection to war; but I doubt whether by objecting to it we are likely to avoid it in future, however lofty our motives or disinterested our conduct. War will be prevented only by a scientific study of its causes, such as has prevented most epidemic diseases.

For many centuries people had guessed that epidemic diseases constituted a punishment for human misconduct of some kind. They tried to prevent them by prayer and almsgiving. Christians gave up washing; Hindus liberated rats captured during plague epidemics. Religious orders and priests of the church gave the most magnificent examples of self-sacrifice in times of pestilence. But that was not the way in which pestilences can be prevented. Besides good intentions a special type of accurate thinking was needed. We have not yet made a scientific study of the causes of war and, until we do, may expect more

wars. If we are to have more wars, I prefer that my country should be on the winning side.

In general, pacifists are a very great military advantage to Britain. On the outbreak of war, the large majority of them become intensely patriotic, whereas beforehand they lead our own military authorities, and also those of our potential allies and enemies, to underestimate our strength. This keeps us out of some wars and leads to our showing unsuspected power in others. After a few years of war, when the originally bellicose politicians, like Lord Lansdowne, are getting tired, ex-pacifists, like Lloyd George and Pitt, have just got into their stride. The national staying-power is thus greatly increased.

I need hardly remark that future governments will not enter on war without first persuading the vast majority of the people of its justice. This appears to be an extremely simple process under modern conditions.

At the present moment, however, pacifists are combining with the less competent soldiers in an attempt to check the progress of chemical warfare. This I believe to be neither in our national nor in the international interest.

Until 1915 the soldier's business was to push or throw pieces of metal at the enemy. Various devices had been employed for throwing them fast or far, and some of them threw other pieces on arrival at their destination, thanks in the main to the genius of the unforgotten Major-General Shrapnel. It is true that in the late seventh century A. D. the appropriately named Syrian, Callinicus, had prolonged the life of the Eastern Roman Empire for another 750 years and saved a large part of Christendom from Mohammedan domination by his invention of 'Greek fire,' an inflammable liquid which was later superseded by gunpowder. In the fifteenth century the defenders of Belgrade against the Turks had hit upon a similar device, under the direct inspiration, it was claimed, of the Holy Ghost, but these weapons had fallen into desuetude, their effect being largely psychological.

Chemical warfare had been so far foreseen by statesmen that in 1907 the signatories of the Hague Conference agreed to renounce the use of projectiles the sole object of which was the diffusion of asphyxiating or harmful gases. They were thus debarred from using lachrymatory gas, the most humane weapon ever invented, but were permitted to discharge gas from cylinders on the ground, an exceedingly cruel practice. This regulation was well meant, but the path to August 1914 was paved with good intentions. In 1914 none of the Great Powers had made any preparation for poison-gas warfare, and it was not till April 22, 1915, more than eight months after the beginning of the war, that the Germans began its use.

During the war twenty-five different poisonous weapons were employed. Of these, three are gases at ordinary temperatures and can be discharged from cylinders in which they are stored under pressure. The remainder are liquids which gradually evaporate, yielding a poisonous vapor, or solids which are poisonous in the form of smoke.

These poisonous substances so far used fall into four classes according to their effect on men. First come gases and vapors which are poisonous when breathed, but have no effect on the skin, and affect only the eyes or nose when present in concentrations which are poisonous to the lungs. They can all be kept out by respirators, and were only of military value against unprotected troops, or in local surprise action.

This group, which included chlorine and phosgene, is probably almost as obsolete as muzzle-loading cannon.

A second group is poisonous only in very high concentrations, but irritates the eyes when present in amounts so small that one part in five million may render a man blind with weeping in a few seconds. There is no evidence, so far as I know, that anyone was killed or even permanently blinded by these substances, but they had a great momentary effect. They can be kept out by respirators or even goggles.

The third group of poisonous smokes, mostly arsenic compounds, was little developed during the war. They are, however, weapons of very great efficiency, and it is well known that they would have been used, by the British at any rate, on a very extensive scale in 1919.[1] In small amounts these smokes merely make one sneeze. In somewhat larger amounts they cause pain of the most terrific character in the head and chest. The pain in the head is described as like that caused when fresh water gets into the nose when bathing, but infinitely more severe. These symptoms are accompanied by the most appalling mental distress and misery. Some soldiers, poisoned by these substances, had to be prevented from committing suicide, others temporarily went raving mad and tried to burrow into the ground to escape from imaginary pursuers. And yet within forty-eight hours the large majority had recovered, and practically none became permanent invalids. These substances, when in the form of smoke, will penetrate any of the respirators used in the late war, though the British box respirator would stop all but a little of them in the concentrations then used. In future they will probably be used in much larger concentrations and in finer particles than those formed by the German smoke-shells.

It is extraordinarily difficult to produce a respirator which will completely stop very fine smoke, for the following reason. In a gas the molecules — or ultimate particles — are moving very rapidly with speeds of several hundred yards per second, continually colliding and rebounding. A gas molecule therefore will probably hit the sides of a fairly narrow passage through which it is drawn. But a smoke particle is moving at a speed measured in inches per second, and is far less likely to hit the wall of the respirator and be held by its absorbent surface. If we try to make the passages through which air is drawn very narrow, as by sucking in our air through cotton wool, — which will stop most smokes, — we find that we have created an appalling resistance to breathing. There is an electrical method of removing smoke particles completely, but it would probably more than double the weight of respirators and does not appear to be either waterproof or foolproof.

The fourth group of blistering gases contains only one substance used during the war, dichlorethyl sulphide, or 'mustard gas.' This is really a liquid, whose vapor not only is poisonous when breathed, but blisters any part of the skin with which it comes in contact. To take an example, a drop of the liquid was put on a piece of paper and left for five minutes on a man's sleeve. The vapor penetrated his coat and woolen shirt, causing a blister the effects of which lasted six weeks. And yet evaporation is so slow that ground contaminated by the liquid may remain dangerous for a week. Mustard gas caused more casualties to the British than all other chemical weapons put together.

[1] The American 'Lewisite,' of which so much was heard in 1918 and 1919, is a substance of this class.

II

Such are the weapons which chemistry has given us. It is often asked why chemists cannot produce something which will put our foes comfortably to sleep and allow us to take them prisoners. The answer is that such substances exist, but that when used in small amounts they are harmless, in large amounts, fatal. It is only over a moderate range of concentrations that their effect is merely stupefying. One has only to think of the familiar case of chloroform vapor and the skill required to give neither too much nor too little.

It would be logical to speak of explosives under the heading of chemical warfare, but there is curiously little chance of explosives becoming any more effective. We know fairly well the maximum amount of energy which can possibly be got out of a chemical action, and, though explosives might perhaps be made which were about twice as destructive as our best — or worst — to-day, they would probably be far less stable and therefore less safe to their users.

Of course, if we could utilize the forces which we now know to exist inside the atom, we should have such capacities for destruction that I do not know of any agency, other than divine intervention, which would save humanity from complete and peremptory nullification. But the remoteness of the day when we shall use these forces may best be judged by an analogy. Some thousands of years ago someone first realized that the sun, moon, and stars were not mere bodies the size of a plate or a house, but very large and moving very fast. It was an obvious idea that their motions might be exploited in some way. Wise men observed them and hoped, for example, to increase the probability of success in their own enterprises by beginning them when Jupiter was in the ascendant. These attempts were unsuccessful, though far more valuable to humanity than most of the methods successfully employed for the same purposes, such as fraud, violence, and corruption. They led to astronomy and so to all modern physics.

We now know that the only probable way of harnessing the energy of the heavenly bodies is to employ tidal power to create electric currents. But five thousand years ago hitching one's wagon to a star was a reasonable project, and not a poetic metaphor. The reason we cannot do it is a simple matter of scale. And the reason why we cannot utilize subatomic phenomena is just the same. We cannot make apparatus small enough to disintegrate or fuse atomic nuclei, any more than we can make it large enough to reach to the moon. We can only bombard them with particles of which perhaps one in a million hit, which is like firing keys at a safe door from a machine-gun a mile away, in an attempt to open it. We do occasionally open it, but the process is very uneconomical. It may be asked why we cannot bring our machine-gun nearer or improve our aim. To do this would require the construction of apparatus on the same infinitesimal scale as the structure of the chemical atom. Now we can arrange atoms into various patterns. For example, we can arrange carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen atoms in patterns which constitute the molecules of sugar, glycerine, or alcohol at will. This is called chemical synthesis. We have been doing it by rule-of-thumb methods for thousands of years, and are just beginning to learn a little about it. But even chemical molecules are much too large for our purposes. We can no more ask a chemist to build our apparatus than expect a theatrical scene-painter or a landscape gardener to do us a miniature. We know very little

about the structure of the atom and almost nothing about how to modify it. And the prospect of constructing such an apparatus seems to me to be so remote that when some successor of mine is lecturing to a party spending a holiday on the moon it will still be an unsolved — though not, I think, an ultimately insoluble — problem.

To see how chemical weapons are likely to be used in future, we must study their employment in the late war. Lachrymatory gas was only once used under ideal conditions — by the Germans in the Argonne in 1915. They captured a fairly extensive French trench system and about 2400 prisoners, almost all unwounded, but temporarily blind. When they gave the number of prisoners the French authorities, not unnaturally, protested that this number was practically equal to the total of their casualties. And this was quite true. The French were unprotected. They were deluged with shells giving off a vapor which temporarily blinded them. They could not even run away. The Germans walked across, removed their rifles, and formed them up in columns which marched back, each led by a German in goggles. In order to make future wars humane, it would only be necessary to introduce the two following rules: —

(1) No goggles or other eye-protection shall be worn.
(2) No shells shall be used containing any other substance save ethyl iodo-acetate (or other lachrymatory compound) and a small bursting charge.

Certainly it is unlikely that such rules will ever be adopted, but I do contend that to forbid the use of such substances is a piece of sentimentalism as cruel as it is ridiculous.

Gases of the first group were used in clouds discharged from cylinders, sometimes on a front of several miles. They probably caused at least 20,000 casualties among unprotected or inadequately protected British troops. At least a quarter of these died, and that very painfully, in many cases after a struggle for breath lasting several days. On the other hand, of those who did not die almost all recovered completely, and the symptoms of the few who became permanent invalids were mainly nervous. Apart, however, from the extreme terror and agitation produced by the gassing of uneducated people, I regard the type of wound produced by the average shell as on the whole more distressing than the pneumonia caused by chlorine or phosgene. Besides being wounded, I have also been buried alive, and on several occasions in peace-time I have been asphyxiated to the point of unconsciousness. The pain and discomfort arising from the other experiences were negligible compared with those produced by a septic shell-wound.

III

The first German cloud-gas attack was in April 1915, the last in August 1916, though the British continued them until the end of that year. They gradually became more and more ineffective as the efficiency of the respirators used on both sides increased. The first few German attacks were very well conducted, so far as the liberation of the gas was concerned, as they were arranged by Haber, an extremely competent chemist, who afterward supervised the German production of explosives.

On the other hand, the German respirators were bad to begin with, and later on were not so good as the British. This was apparently because the most competent physiologist in Germany with any knowledge of breathing was a Jew. This fact was quite well known in

German physiological circles, but apparently his race prevented the military authorities from employing him. The result was that they were unable to follow up their gas attacks at all closely, but had to wait till the cloud had passed off, by which time resistance was again possible. That was how the Germans paid for anti-Semitism. It is very probable that it lost them the war, as never again, not even in March 1918, had they so complete a gap in the Franco-British western front as during the first gas attack in April 1915. It was indeed fortunate for the Germans that the Russians were still more anti-Semitic than themselves. Hundreds of thousands of Russian Jews volunteered for service in 1914. They were mostly refused, and in no case granted commissions. They then proceeded to turn their combative instincts into other channels, to the no small advantage of the Germans.

If one goes to what is perhaps the opposite extreme from Russia, one finds the army of the world's most democratic nation, Australia, commanded by a Jew, Monash, and notes with interest that the Germans regarded the Australian troops as, on the whole, the most formidable, man for man, of all their opponents.

The other reason why the cloud-gas attacks were indecisive was that the Germans had relatively few reserves to put into the gap they made. Their reserves in April 1915 were in Poland. If they had trusted their scientific men, they could certainly have captured Calais and Boulogne and probably annihilated the British Army.

In addition to clouds released from cylinders in the trenches, gas cylinders were fired from trench mortars, some hundreds at a time, into the enemy's lines, producing a sudden and dense cloud of gas before there was time to put on the respirators. But these bombardments, though they caused many casualties, were never decisive, as the cloud attacks would have been but for causes which we have discussed.

Mustard gas is a very different thing. It was never used to force a decision by breaking the enemy's line, but to cause him casualties and deny him the use of ground. For after a given area has been well sprayed with dichlorethyl sulphide from bursting shells for some time, it is death to occupy it without a mask, and the vapor may blister the skin, while anyone touching the ground will be certain of a very serious blister. Someone placed a drop of the liquid on the chair of the director of the British chemical warfare department. He ate his meals off the mantelpiece for a month.

The most interesting thing, however, about mustard gas, is that though it caused 150,000 casualties in the British army alone, less than 4000 of these, or one in 40, died, while only about 700, or one in every 200, became permanently unfit. Yet the Washington Conference has solemnly agreed that the signatory Powers are not to use this substance against one another, though, of course, they will use such humane weapons as bayonets, shells, and incendiary bombs.

It is worth while attempting to analyze the reasons for this rather curious decision. First, perhaps, we must put the complete and hideous ignorance of the politicians and most of the soldiers who took part in the Conference. Their idea of gas warfare was drawn from the descriptions of the great German cloud-gas attacks of 1915, which killed at least one in four of their casualties, and were written up on a large scale for recruiting and political purposes. But it is the business of politicians and soldiers, conceivably even of journalists, to know the truth about such matters before coming to

decisions or even impelling others to come to decisions about them.

To this ignorance, however, there was joined one of the most hideous forms of sentimentalism which has ever supported evil upon earth — the attachment of the professional soldier to cruel and obsolete killing-machines. I would remind you of the conduct of the Chevalier Bayard, whom his contemporary soldiers described as *sans peur et sans reproche*. To captured knights and even bowmen he was the soul of courtesy, but musketeers or other users of gunpowder who fell into his hands were invariably put to death. It is worth remembering that, until the invention of gunpowder, fighting had for many centuries been remarkably safe for everyone who could afford a good suit of armor, while the abominable arquebus and its descendants have saved the remnants of Christendom from the Turks, Mongols, and other paynims who had by Bayard's time successfully overwhelmed one half of its original extent.

I remember an excellent example of Bayardism in the war. A Turkish airman had developed considerable flair for shooting down our observation balloons in Palestine. A British officer sent up one of these latter with a large cargo of guncotton, and blew up the Turk in question. For this deed he was severely reprimanded by the local officer commanding R. A. F. for unsportsmanlike conduct. This gentleman doubtless felt little objection to bombing, for example, Turkish transport columns, consisting mainly of noncombatants and animals, and incapable of retaliating. (One may remark that, between wounds and thirst, perhaps 30,000 Turkish transport animals perished during our final victory in Palestine.) But he objected to airmen being killed except by other airmen. I, fighting in the mud beneath them, and exposed to the bombs of both sides, — I was severely wounded by one of our own, — felt differently.

An attempt by the professional soldiers to stereotype the art of war into the channels which correspond to the ideas of 1914 might lead to a future rather different from that which I shall venture to predict, a future in which the military organizations of the world shall be overthrown by the exponents of some other mode of thinking, employing all the resources of science, and fighting dirty. The opponents of the present world-order may therefore welcome Bayardism in their governments.

Meanwhile the Bayardists have nobbled a curious assortment of allies in their so far successful attempt to prevent the humanization of warfare. First are a number of out-and-out pacifists, who object to all war, and apparently hope to make it more difficult by restricting the means of fighting allowed. Some, of course, genuinely believe that gaseous weapons are more cruel than solid ones. Those who know the facts seem to me to be the victims of loose thinking. With them are associated a group of sentimentalists who appear to me definitely to be the scribes and pharisees of our age. These people, who are to be found in all political parties and most religious and irreligious sects, are generally willing — after a decent interval — to accept any application of science which appears to them profitable, or any social institution — such as war — which is hallowed by use and wont. They salve their consciences for such behavior by attacking, in the name of their god or their ideals, every novelty, whether in thought or in action, which presents any loophole. In particular they are distinguished by a ferocious opposition to and contempt for any attempt at the solution of human

problems by honest and simple intellectual effort. Mustard gas kills one man for every forty it puts out of action, shells kill one for every three, but their god who compromised with high explosives has not yet found time to adapt himself to chemical warfare.

More respectable in every way are the candid reactionaries like Lord Cecil, who believe in their hearts that in abandoning traditional religion of the mediæval type for scientific thought man has definitely chosen the wrong path, and who fight with their eyes open against its application. These people have a case and are prepared to argue it. They would honestly desire to give up the gunpowder of Lazare Carnot for the sword of Bayard. But one cannot congratulate them on their associates.

And behind these follow like sheep the predestined victims of the next war, the peoples of the civilized nations who will undergo the extremity of suffering rather than think for themselves.

IV

How profound and unreasoning is the objection of the military mind to chemical warfare can best be judged by one simple fact. About three years ago the British regular army gave up the instruction of every soldier in defense against hostile gas. For one thing, speed in adjusting respirators being of more importance than elegance, it did not form the basis of a satisfactory drill, like those curious relics of eighteenth-century musketry which still occupy so much of the time of our recruits. But the truth no doubt was that the officers did not like that sort of thing. The chemical and physiological ideas which underlie gas warfare require a certain effort to understand and they do not arise in the study of a sport, as is the case with those underlying shooting and motor transport. One of the first acts of the present Government was to reinstate some modicum of anti-gas instruction in the normal training of the army. But it may be hoped that the pernicious and demoralizing teaching will once more be dropped on the return to power of one of the gentlemen's parties.

Personally, I must confess that I would go very much further than the Government, and seriously consider the provision of gas masks for the population of London and other large towns, and the instruction of schoolchildren in their use.

If this is not done, there is at least the possibility of a disaster of the very first magnitude at an early stage in the next war. It is also one of the very few military measures which could hardly be regarded as provocative by the most ardent of foreign militarists or British pacifists. At the present moment, however, this need does not arise, as the French, who alone could bomb London, have very slight facilities for making mustard gas.

It is interesting to compare the attitude of our militarists to defense against gas with their attitude before the war to a possible German invasion. The fear of the latter, although the naval experts always stated that it was impossible on any serious scale, had been so impressed on the military mind by the propaganda of the National Service League and its like before the war, that from 1914 to 1918 hundreds of thousands of troops were quite unnecessarily kept in England. There is, however, this very fundamental difference between a defense against invasion and a defense against gas. The one would increase the importance of the professional soldier, the other would not. One does not need to be a very profound psychologist to see in this fact one reason why the military

authorities dropped anti-gas training, and why I, being a biochemist, and therefore a person of the type who would become important if gas war returned, am advocating its extension. As to which of us is justified, I would suggest that it is more likely to-day that poisonous gas will be used against British soldiers or civilians in future wars than it was in 1912 that Britain would be invaded by the Germans.

We have seen that a case can be made out for gas as a weapon on humanitarian grounds, based on the very small proportion of killed to casualties from gas in the war, and especially during its last year. Against this may be urged the probability that future research will produce other gases or smokes which, as weapons, will be as cruel as, or more cruel than, the CL_2 and $COCL_2$ used in 1915 and 1916. The answer to this is quite simple. First, as regards gases or vapors. Only a limited number of chemical substances are appreciably volatile, and of their vapors only a small proportion are poisonous. Now every chemical substance has a definite molecular weight. Those with a small molecular weight, that is, whose molecules are relatively light, are the most volatile, that is, go most easily into vapor. Now the large majority of the possible volatile chemical substances of small molecular weight, and therefore relatively simple chemical composition, are already known. Mustard gas, for example, was discovered and its properties described in 1886. There are probably substances of high molecular weight whose dense vapors are even more poisonous than mustard gas. But the charcoal of our respirators has the property of absorbing heavy molecules of vapor quite independently of their chemical composition. It is therefore pretty unlikely, though not of course impossible, that any very poisonous vapor will ever be found which will go through a mask impermeable to mustard gas or chlorine. It is to my mind far more probable that skin irritants may be discovered which are even more unpleasant than mustard gas.

V

The question of smokes is more serious. It was the hope of the producers of irritant smokes that they would penetrate the gas masks in sufficient amounts to cause sneezing and force their victims to remove their masks, thus exposing themselves to greater concentrations of smoke and to poisonous vapors liberated along with the smoke. This was the German view when they introduced 'Blue Cross' shell in July 1917. Fortunately by that time our defense against gas and smoke was extremely good, and we had foreseen the smoke menace and introduced between April and June 1917 a filter which effectively stopped it in the concentrations then met in the field. It is not, however, at all unlikely that concentrations of smoke will be produced in the future which will penetrate our present masks. If our anti-gas measures are sufficiently neglected, the consequences may, of course, be very serious.

It would seem likely that the chemical weapons of the future will not be so very unlike those of the past. The main efforts of the soldier who uses them will be devoted, first to blistering his enemy, secondly to tiring him out by forcing him to wear a respirator continuously, which of course enormously hampers him for doing anything else.

In the Great War, mustard gas and sensory irritant smokes were not used as the principal weapons of attack or defense, because the smokes would not incapacitate all in a given area, though

they would make them keep their respirators on. Mustard gas, on the other hand, could make any area absolutely untenable by the defenders, but the vapor persisted for so many days that it could not be occupied by the attackers either. It was mainly used to produce casualties a few days or weeks before an attack on the units which would be defending, and to protect the flank of an offensive against counterattack. Thus in April 1918 Armentières, the original northern limit of the German attack in Flanders, was so heavily shelled with 'mustard' that the gutters in the streets were reported to be running with it. The Germans themselves received orders forbidding them to enter its ruins for a fortnight.

Nevertheless, mustard gas is so adequate a weapon that the attempt will almost certainly be made to use it, not merely for making ground untenable for both sides, but for gaining it from the enemy. For this purpose the following methods suggest themselves. First, attempts might be made to protect troops completely from the effect of gas on their skin by encasing them in air-tight overalls and gloves. These were used with a certain amount of success by machine-gunners in the Great War, but would hardly be practicable for attackers, who would, except perhaps in winter, die of heatstroke if encased in such apparatus.

Air-tight tanks, with adequate arrangements for filtering the incoming air, are probably more hopeful, as mustard gas will not poison motors as it does men. (The motors would, of course, have their own air supply, as it would hardly be practicable to filter air in the quantities needed by them.) To support the tanks and to tackle specially protected machine-gunners, use will probably be made of immune infantry.

One attack of gas-poisoning, whether by the lungs or by the skin, produces no immunity to a second attack — in fact, it generally increases the sensitivity of the victim. If a vapor is discovered against which immunity can be conferred, it will be the most effective weapon in history as long as its secret is kept. On the other hand, some people are naturally immune. The American Army authorities made a systematic examination of the susceptibility of large numbers of recruits. They found that there was a very resistant class, comprising twenty per cent of the white men tried, but no less than eighty per cent of the Negroes. This is intelligible, as the symptoms of mustard gas, blistering, and sunburn are very similar; and Negroes are pretty well immune to sunburn. It looks, therefore, as if after a slight preliminary test it should be possible to obtain colored troops who would all be resistant to mustard-gas blistering in concentrations harmful to most white men. Enough resistant whites are available to officer them.

One sees, then, possibility of warfare on somewhat the following lines: —

Heavy concentrations of artillery would keep an area, say thirty miles in length and ten in depth, continuously sprayed with mustard gas. After allowing, say, two days for the development of blisters, the gassing of the positions within two or three miles of the front line is discontinued, but a long-range bombardment, especially of roads, goes on. Suddenly, behind the usual barrage of high-explosive shells, appears a line of tanks supported by Negroes in gas masks. They meet with but little opposition in the area still reeking with gas and occupy the hostile lines to a depth of two or three miles. A counterattack, even if successful, involves concentration in an area under gas bombardment, and enormous

casualties from blistering. The only satisfactory counterattack would be from the air. In this way, the side possessing a big superiority of mustard gas should be in a position to advance two or three miles a day.

This kind of tactics was impossible during the Great War for a very simple reason. There was not enough mustard gas. The Germans used a quite surprisingly complicated process for its manufacture. When we decided to follow their example, one of our chemists — a Cambridge man, I am glad to say — hit on a vastly cheaper and speedier method of manufacture. Unfortunately our first supplies arrived in the field only in September 1918. There is reason to think that the knowledge that we were at last about to develop gas and smoke warfare on a large scale had a good deal to do with the acceptance by the Germans of the Armistice conditions.

The reason why we did not use mustard gas earlier is also simple and rather instructive.

In 1915 a British chemist proposed to the general who was concerned with such questions that the British should use dichlorethyl sulphide. 'Does it kill?' asked the general. 'No,' he was told, 'but it will disable enormous numbers of the enemy temporarily.' 'That is no good to us,' said the man of blood, 'we want something that will kill.'

It is interesting to find how completely the ideas of this worthy soldier as to the object of war coincided with those of the average intelligent child five years old. I may remind you that Clausewitz held the view that the object of war was to impose one's will upon the enemy. This idea would, however, appear to have been too abstract, too complicated, or too humanitarian for the British military mind. At any rate it had its fill of killing. It was not, therefore, until the Germans had demonstrated upon the persons of some tens of thousands of British soldiers — we had 14,000 casualties though with only 400 deaths during the first three weeks of the mustard-gas war — that there was something to be said for a weapon that was not primarily designed to kill, that we began to use it.

It seems, then, that mustard gas would enable an army to gain ground with far fewer killed on either side than the methods used in the late war, and would tend to establish a war of movement leading to a fairly rapid decision, as in the campaigns of the past. It would not much upset the present balance of power, Germany's chemical industry being counterpoised by French Negro troops. Indians may be expected to be nearly as immune as Negroes.

And, clearly, the more war is complicated the more unimportant become semicivilized Powers, such as Turkey and Russia, even as allies. The Turks were seldom capable of organizing a combined attack by any number greater than a battalion or a shoot by anything larger than a battery. Yet small groups of them fought very well, and their individual guns made very good shooting. But gas warfare demands organization, both of attack and of defense; attack because one tries to keep up a certain concentration of vapor over a whole large area rather than to knock out given groups of men; defense because respirators and discipline with regard to wearing them must be perfect. I need not say that in the Great War our military leaders strongly deprecated the use of gas against the Turks, on the ground, I believe, that the latter were gentlemen. They showed their gentlemanly character by such acts as the killing of forty-five per cent of the prisoners taken at Kut-el-Amara, not to mention

some millions of Greeks and Armenians who had the misfortune to be Christians. But they never used gas, so perhaps they may have preserved their quality of gentlemen in the eyes of our Bayardists.

I claim then that the use of mustard gas in war on the largest possible scale would render it less expensive of life and property, shorter, and more dependent on brains rather than numbers. We are often told the exact opposite: that it will make it more barbarous and indecisive, and lead to the wiping-out of the population of whole cities.

Let us consider for a moment this latter allegation. Can airplanes do more against a hostile town with gas than with high-explosive and incendiary bombs? We were threatened with gas bombs during the war, and certain London pharmacists made very large sums by the sale of alleged anti-gas masks. It could be, and was, urged at the time that, as the carrying of these curious objects seemed to calm the civilian population in a moment of national emergency, they served a useful purpose. The same argument has been brought forward on behalf of amulets and other pious frauds sold in the name of religion. In the case of the above gas masks they inspired such faith — for they had a better finish than the official pattern, and looked like one's idea of what a gas mask ought to be — that some thousands were sent out by fond relatives to the soldiers at the front, a number of whom, in consequence, perished miserably.

VI

Was there anything in the gas-bomb scare? In the first place, many otherwise well-informed people have very erroneous views as to the poisonousness of gases. Gases are dangerous in the laboratory or factory if they kill without giving warning by odor and irritation; but gases of this kind, such as carbon monoxide and hydrogen arsenide, have to be present, in order to kill, in concentrations which cannot practically be produced in the open. The insidiousness of hydrogen arsenide has, however, so alarmed chemists that a tradition persists of a man having been killed by a single bubble of it, while they are so afraid of smelling carbon monoxide that it is generally stated to be inodorous. Besides errors due to this cause, there were errors of arithmetic. In one calculation, which was made to show how easily London could be poisoned, a decimal point went astray in one place. As the calculation was concerned with volumes of gas, the result came out as ten metres cubed or 1000 cubic metres in place of one. For this reason it appeared that ten airplanes could do the damage which would actually have required ten thousand.

However, most of the prophets of disaster from gas bombs made no calculation at all. Let us try to make a rough one. On the nights of March 11 to March 14, 1918, just before the great offensive of March 21, the Germans fired 150,000 mustard-gas shells into the villages and valleys of the Cambrai salient, an area of about twenty square miles, the same as that of central London. This caused 4500 casualties, of whom only fifty died, all of them because they took off their respirators too soon. The area was not evacuated. In central London, if the population had had gas masks, the casualties would have been perhaps ten times greater.

But we have to compare this hypothetical air-raid, not with any raid that actually occurred, but with a bombardment of 150,000 high-explosive shells or their equivalent in bombs.

This would hardly have left a house in central London untouched, and the dead would have been numbered, not in hundreds, but in tens of thousands. Such an attack would have required the visits on repeated nights of something like 1000 airplanes. Such a number is not yet a practical possibility. We are, perhaps, inclined to underestimate the potentialities of town-bombing with high explosives and incendiary bombs. In London, for example, there were never too many big fires started at any given time for the fire brigades to deal with. An attack by ten or twenty times as many airplanes as ever bombed London simultaneously might well ring round a given area fairly completely with wrecked streets or burning houses, in which case most of the buildings and a good proportion of the inhabitants would perish. In one or two air-raids on other towns it seems probable that the Germans were not far from outstripping the capacities of the fire brigades and producing very large conflagrations.

The reasons why explosives are more likely to be effective on a town than poison are as follows: Houses are far more vulnerable to explosives than earthworks and do far more damage to their occupants in collapsing, besides being inflammable; and, on the other hand, they contain far more refuges which are nearly gas-proof. A shut room on a first or second floor would be nearly proof against gas released in the neighborhood, if it had not a lighted fire to drag contaminated air from outside into it. Moreover civilians could, and would, rapidly evacuate an area which had been heavily soaked with mustard gas, whereas soldiers have to stay on at the risk of their lives.

Gas bombs would certainly be far less effective than high explosives on a town whose inhabitants were provided with respirators, probably even if they were unprovided. But so long as London is undefended in this respect, it constitutes a standing temptation to any Power desirous of making this kind of experiment. Judging from experience there is no doubt that a gas or smoke attack from the air would occasion a first-class panic. The introduction of each new chemical weapon produced great terror, as did even such a militarily unimportant, though cruel, weapon as the Flammenwerfer or flame-projector. This was certainly due to ignorance.

The French Colonial troops that were caught in the first cloud-gas attack were far more frightened than the Canadians, and appear to have had far more casualties, although they mostly ran away, which the Canadians did not do. The Canadians made some attempts to improvise respirators, and almost any damp fabric will reduce the concentration of chlorine passing through it to half or less. They also breathed less because they did not run. As a matter of fact a most efficient respirator against chlorine — though whether against mustard gas I do not know — can be made by knocking the bottom off a bottle, filling it with loose earth, placing its neck in the mouth, and breathing through it. Very great alarm was caused by the first mustard-gas bombardments in France, as no one had ever seen anything resembling the blisters it caused. But very soon familiarity bred contempt, or even liking, for airplanes dropped sheaves of pamphlets explaining how any soldier tired of the war could become a casualty without danger either of death or detection by allowing earth contaminated with mustard gas to touch the skin or clothing. A good many wound-stripes were earned by this simple and up-to-date method, though, as we had the superiority in the air, and the German soldiers were both more tired

and more confiding than our own, the German casualties from this cause were probably still greater. But let us tell our civilian population before, and not after, they are attacked with blistering gases, that the blisters produced are considerably less dangerous than measles. It was predicted during the war that the survivors of lung-irritant gases would get consumption, while those burned by mustard gas would develop cancer. This has not happened, but it is the sort of rumor that easily starts.

VII

For after all our greatest weapon in chemical warfare is not gas, but education, and education of all classes. By education I mean a process which puts people in general in touch with the thought of the abler minds of their own and past times, whether in literature or art, in science, mathematics, or music. An educated man knows enough of science, for example, to be able to distinguish a gas from a smoke, or a Grindell-Matthews from a Marconi, even if he is not thoroughly versed in the kinetic theory of gases, or the laws governing radiation through the ether. Educated men are rather rare. It will be worth while giving some examples of how our uneducated politicians and soldiers failed to adjust themselves to the scientific thought of their contemporaries.

In April 1915, a relatively educated member of the Government got hold of a physiologist, whose name I suppress, as he is a modest man. He found a rather curious state of affairs. On the Emden, a German cruiser captured in the Indian Ocean, a German sailor had been found in possession of a pad of lint with tapes to tie in front of his mouth. It did not even cover his nose, and, though it might or might not have been of some value against smoke, it was of none at all against gas. There was, however, a very prevalent belief at that time, and may be still for all that I know, that German men of science were vastly superior to British. It is perfectly true that there are more of them, but I think that their average attainments in the last forty years have been, if anything, slightly below those of our own. So hypnotized, however, were some of the authorities in this country by this theory, that it was being proposed to issue these articles to our troops.

After pointing out their uselessness the physiologist in question was rushed over to France in a destroyer, along with a chemist. He identified the gas used by the Germans as chlorine. On his return he got a cylinder of that gas, let some into an air-tight chamber, and devised a rough respirator which would keep most of it out, trying various possible methods on himself. On his return to the War Office, rather short of breath from the chlorine he had breathed, he found to his horror that the appeal to the women of England for home-made respirators had been issued. Their design was apparently based on the captured German one, which had very probably been made on the Emden. As they were quite useless he secured a promise that they should not be sent out to France. Things were not made easier by the opinion, held in high military quarters, that, offense being more important than defense, the great thing was to reply to the Germans by gassing them. As, however, this could not be done in less than five months, while respirators could easily be made in a week, it led to delay at a somewhat vital moment. Finally every important decision taken in England had to pass through the hands of Lord Kitchener, who naturally had not time to weigh the arguments at all fully.

It is not my intention to attack Lord Kitchener; that the war could be carried on at all under such a system proves that he was a great man. But if he had managed to delegate some of his powers he would have proved himself a greater. As the result of all this delay, a great many of the first respirators had to be made in France.

Convalescent soldiers and the nuns in a convent on the Mont des Cats were conscripted to make respirators which, if inelegant, were fairly efficient. Unfortunately, consignments of 'Women of England' and other home-made respirators were continually appearing in France, and every now and then led to a battalion or so being wiped out. I am able to give these details because at this time I, who before and after was an honest infantry bombing officer, made my brief incursion into chemical warfare.

I arrived at Saint-Omer from my comfortable trench as being a person accustomed to poisonous gases in civil life. In a large school, converted into a hospital, there was a small glass-fronted room like a miniature greenhouse, into which known volumes of chlorine were liberated. We had to compare the effects on ourselves of various quantities with and without respirators. It stung the eyes and produced a tendency to gasp and cough when breathed. For this reason trained physiologists had to be employed. An ordinary soldier would probably restrain his tendency to gasp, cough, and throw himself about if he were working a machine-gun in a battle, but could not do so in a laboratory experiment with nothing to take his mind off his own feelings. An experienced physiologist has more self-control.

It was also necessary to see if one could run or work hard in the respirators, so we had a wheel of some kind to turn by hand in the gas chamber, not to mention doing fifty-yard sprints in respirators outside. As each of us got sufficiently affected by gas to render his lungs unduly irritable, another would take his place. None of us were much the worse for the gas, or in any real danger, as we knew where to stop, but some had to go to bed for a few days; I was very short of breath and incapable of running for a month or so.

This work, which was mainly done by civilians, was rewarded by the grant of the Military Cross to the brilliant young officer who used to open the door of the motor-car of the medical general who occasionally visited the experiments. The soldiers who took part in them could, however, for some time be distinguished by the peculiar green color of their brass buttons, due to the action of the gas.

Even when arrangements had been made for the manufacture of respirators in England the supply suddenly dried up. It was found that the girls who made them were working as best they could with raw and bleeding fingers, and London was being scoured for rubber gloves. Someone had altered the formula of the mixture in which the respirators were dipped, by substituting for carbonate of soda caustic soda, which has the property of dissolving the human skin. His name, needless to say, does not appear in the official history.

Such were some of the difficulties which we incurred in our anti-gas work, through the ignorance of highly placed persons. As, however, our defensive — though not our offensive — measures were ultimately better than those of any other nation, things must have been still worse elsewhere. The success of our respirators was largely due to one man, Harrison,

whose name is insufficiently known to his countrymen. He was an analytical chemist, and author of that admirable, too little read work, *Secret Remedies*, published by the British Medical Association, in which it is shown, for example, that although Beecham's pills are worth a guinea a box the actual cost of the ingredients of the said box falls short of a penny. He enlisted as a private, but was a lieutenant-colonel when he died of influenza and overwork in 1918.

Naturally the ignorance of our private soldiers was of an even more abysmal character. In the early days they often removed the respirators from their faces and tied them round their chests, as it was there that they felt the effects of the gas. Again, in 1917, eighty per cent of the mustard-gas cases vomited, while this symptom was rare in 1918. Apparently it took five months for the British Army to realize that gas poisoning did not necessarily mean poisoning through the stomach.

VIII

If, then, in future wars we are to avoid gross mismanagement in high places and panic and stupidity among the masses, it is essential that everyone should learn a little elementary science, that politicians and soldiers should not be proud of their ignorance of it, that ordinary men and women should not be ashamed or afraid of knowing something of the working of their own bodies. If we persist in the belief that we can be saved by patriotism or social reforms, or by military preparation of the type which would have sufficed in former struggles, we shall go down before some nation of more realistic views.

We do not know what type of scientific knowledge will be needed; we may be certain that some type will be. The British are a tired people; they like to rest in breathless quiet after all their ills, and to pin their faith to the promises of leaders whose eyes are fixed on the past. It has all happened before.

> Ganz vergessener Völker Müdigkeiten
> Kann ich nicht abthun von meinen Lidern,
> Noch weghalten von der erschrockenen Seele
> Stummes Niederfallen ferner Sterne.
>
> (I cannot lift from my eyelids the wearinesses of quite forgotten peoples, nor hold away from my terrified soul the dumb downfall of far stars.)

The Roman and Spanish empires appear to have perished largely from intellectual torpor. Are we to go the same way?

We have to get over our distaste for scientific thought and scientific method. To take an example from the war. The physiologists at the experimental ground at Porton, in Hampshire, had considerable difficulty in working with a good many soldiers, because the latter objected so strongly to experiments on animals, and did not conceal their contempt for people who performed them. And yet these soldiers would have had no hesitation in shelling the horses of hostile gun-teams, and the vast majority of them were in the habit of shooting animals for sport. I have never known a physiologist who went in for shooting animals; physiologists know too much of the processes which occur in a wounded beast or bird that creeps away to die. And though I have seen a good many scientific experiments on animals, I have never seen one which, so far as concerns the pain given, I should object to having performed on myself.

That this attitude is not unusual would appear from the following experiment described by the director of the Porton experimental ground, in which he wished to compare the effects

of hydrocyanic or prussic-acid gas on himself and a dog. They both entered a chamber containing one part in 2000 of the gas.

'In order,' he writes, 'that the experiment might be as fair as possible, and that my respiration should be relatively as active as that of the dog, I remained standing and took a few steps from time to time while I was in the chamber. In about thirty seconds the dog began to get unsteady, and in fifty-five seconds it dropped on the floor and commenced the characteristic distressing respiration which heralds death from cyanide poisoning. One minute thirty-five seconds after the commencement the animal's body was carried out, respiration having ceased and the dog being apparently dead. I then left the chamber. As regards the result upon myself, the only real effect was a momentary giddiness when I turned my head quickly. This lasted about a year and then vanished. For some time it was difficult to concentrate on anything for any length of time. It is hard to say to what extent this was due to the experiment.'

As the result of this work, hydrocyanic acid was given up for use in the field, as phosgene is effective at fifty times this dilution, and mustard gas at one thousand times.

One of the grounds given for objection to science is that science is responsible for such horrors as those of the late war. 'You scientific men,' we are told, 'never think of the possible application of your discoveries. You do not mind whether they are used to kill or to cure. Your method of thinking, doubtless satisfactory when dealing with molecules and atoms, renders you insensible to the difference between right and wrong. And so you devise the means of universal destruction, and sell them into the hands of unrighteous and bloody-minded men.'

I note that the people who make these remarks do not refuse to travel by railway or motor-car, to use electric light, or to read mechanically printed newspapers. Nor do they install a well in their back-gardens to enjoy drinking the richer water of a prescientific age with its interesting and variegated fauna.

But it is quite easy to show that the destructive and horrible nature of modern warfare is due, not to the weapons used, but largely to the other applications of science, which constitute the material basis of our civilization.

Let us imagine the Great War fought with all our means of transport, and preventive medicine, but no weapons more complicated than swords, spears, and possibly a few bows. With fewer munitions the armies could have been mobilized even more rapidly, and more men put in the fighting line. The Germans would probably have tried, as they tried in 1914, to bring about a *Schlacht ohne Morgen*, a battle on reversed fronts modeled on Cannæ. The fighting would probably have been about as severe as at Cannæ, and men would have been fighting in close order ten or twenty deep along a hundred-mile front. No doubt it would have been over sooner, but the losses would probably have been just as great. The French and Germans would no doubt both have gone on fighting until at least half their armies became casualties and, with four years' fighting compressed into as many weeks, it would have been impossible to tend more than a fraction of the wounded. The chief difference might have been that the Russians would have been victorious by mere weight of numbers and the French defeated. In former wars, slaughter was limited by the fact that large armies could not be fed, and they developed epidemic diseases. They

also moved very slowly. So it took twenty-three years, from 1792 to 1815, to wear down the resistance of the French nation. Moreover, the Great War was the first since the Second Punic War, of the third century B.C., between two great civilized nations, each fully prepared for war, and fighting with all its might. This fact accounts for its ferocity. Modern transport and hygiene made its scale possible; the weapons used merely served to prolong it.

The objection to scientific weapons, such as the gases of the late war and such new devices as may be employed in the next, is essentially an objection to the unknown. Fighting with lances or guns, one can calculate, or thinks one can calculate, one's chances. But with gas, or rays, or microbes, one has an altogether different state of affairs. Poisonous gas had a great moral effect just because it was new and incomprehensible. As long as we permit ourselves to be afraid of the novel and unknown, there will be a very great temptation to use novel and unknown weapons against us. Now terror of the unknown is thoroughly right and rational so long as we believe that the prince of this world is a malignant being. But it is not justifiable if we believe that the world is the expression of a power friendly to our aspirations, or if we are atheists and hold that it is neutral and indifferent to human ideals.

It will by now have become clear to you that I am writing somewhat parabolically. What I have said about mustard gas might be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to most other applications of science to human life. They can all, I think, be abused, but none perhaps is always evil; and many, like mustard gas, when we have got over our first not very rational objection to them, turn out to be on the whole good. If it is right for me to fight my enemy with a sword, it is right for me to fight him with mustard gas; if the one is wrong, so is the other. But I have no sympathy whatever for Mr. Facing-both-ways, when he says that though he is prepared on occasion to fight he will not use those nasty newfangled weapons. Of course, I am not suggesting that we should violate or prepare to violate the Washington agreement on this subject. I do, however, believe that we ought to denounce it at the earliest possible opportunity.

Such are the facts about chemical warfare. They will not be believed because a belief in them would do violence to the sentiments of most people. They will not be promulgated as there is no money to be made out of them. (Chemical manufacturers make both high explosives and mustard gas, and the former more easily.)

The views that I have expressed do not coexist in the mind of any party leader or newspaper proprietor and must therefore be those of a crank. But, until some stronger argument can be waged against them than that they are unusual and unpleasant, there remains the possibility that they are true.

WHEN IS A CITIZEN NOT A CITIZEN?

BY IMOGEN B. OAKLEY

I

WHILE war clouds were hovering over Italy and Greece, an Italian-born gardener said to his American employer: 'I hope there will be no war between Italy and Greece, for if there is I 'll be called and I'll have to leave you.'

'Why should you be called?' asked his employer. 'You are a naturalized American citizen and have voted here for ten years.'

'Yes,' assented the naturalized citizen, 'but Italy never gives up her children.'

That a man should be a voter in an American community and at the same time subject to call from a foreign Power seemed a subject worth inquiring into, and after learning more about the gardener and his understanding of the situation I wrote to the State Department for information concerning the rights and the immunities of naturalized citizens. I found the gardener was right. He was subject to call from his native country. There is no treaty between the United States and Italy defining the status of Italian-born subjects who have become American citizens. Natives of Italy are subject to military service between the ages of eighteen and thirty-nine, and naturalization in a foreign country without the formal consent of the Italian Government does not interfere with the necessity of that service. An Italian who has left Italy without fulfilling his military service and has become naturalized in the United States is subject to arrest and forced military service should he return between the ages of eighteen and thirty-nine. After thirty-nine he is not liable to service, but may be punished for desertion.

In a special notice to American citizens formerly subjects of Italy who contemplate returning to that country, the State Department advises that in case such American citizens have not performed their military service in Italy it would be well before returning to that country to send a petition for pardon for the offense of desertion or evasion of military service to the Italian Government direct, since 'the State Department of the United States does not act as intermediary in any such matter.' That is to say, a naturalized Italian, who is a voter in an American community, must send a petition for pardon for desertion to the 'king and potentate' he has formally renounced in his oath of naturalization before he can safely return for a visit — and the United States has nothing to say.

The Italian-born naturalized citizen is not alone in having two allegiances, with the one to his native country holding precedence. There is no treaty on the subject of naturalization between the United States and Greece. A former Greek who has not completed his military service is liable to arrest should he return to Greece. The Greek Government has stated that none of its subjects who have been naturalized as

citizens of other countries since January 1914 will be held exempt from service should they return home, and our State Department notifies its Greek-born citizens who were naturalized before 1914 that it can give them no assurance that they will not be arrested should they visit their native country; therefore 'it is deemed advisable for an American citizen of Greek origin to defer his visit to Greece until he can obtain from the Greek Government direct definite assurance that he will not be molested in case of his return.'

There is no treaty between the United States and Rumania defining the status of naturalized citizens of Rumanian birth returning to their native country. All male inhabitants of Rumania are liable to military service between the ages of twenty-one and forty-six, and a Rumanian naturalized in the United States remains subject to punishment for evasion of this duty as well as for the violation of any other Rumanian law committed before he acquired American citizenship.

There is no naturalization treaty between the United States and Poland, 'therefore,' says the notice to American citizens of Polish origin who contemplate returning to Poland, 'it may be desirable for such persons before returning to ascertain whether they may be held there for military service.'

No naturalization treaty exists between the United States and the Netherlands. A subject of the Netherlands must register in person or by proxy to take part in the drawing of lots for military service in January of the year in which he reaches the age of nineteen. Should any subject of the Netherlands become a citizen of the United States before the age of nineteen, he may be relieved of military service by applying to the burgomaster of the community in which he was registered to have his name removed from the register. Should he fail to do this, his naturalization in the United States does not affect his military obligations to his native country, and if he returns for a visit he is liable to forced service in the army, or to be punished as a deserter.

There is no treaty between the United States and Switzerland defining the status of former Swiss citizens who have become American citizens. Every Swiss citizen is liable to military service from the beginning of the year in which he becomes twenty years of age until the end of the year when he becomes forty-eight. Every Swiss of military age who does not perform military service is subject to an annual tax until the end of his forty-eighth year, whether he resides within the Confederation or not, or to punishment for nonpayment of the tax should he return to Switzerland. If a Swiss citizen renounces Swiss allegiance in the manner prescribed by the Swiss law of 1903 and his renunciation is accepted, his naturalization in another country is recognized, but without such acceptance it is not recognized, and his Swiss citizenship is held to descend from generation to generation. A Swiss, therefore, who becomes an American citizen, but whose renunciation of his native country has not been accepted, leaves to his descendants unto the third and fourth generation a Swiss citizenship which takes precedence over the American citizenship acquired by birth. His children and their children's children may not return to Switzerland without becoming subject to arrears of military tax, or arrest and punishment for nonpayment of such tax.

No naturalization treaty exists between the United States and France, but since French immigration to this country is too small to be considered seriously the lack of such a treaty is

a matter of little importance. In its notice to the American citizens of French birth who desire to visit France, the United States does, however, take its courage in both hands and declare, as it distinctly does not do in its notices to naturalized citizens returning to other countries, that the Government of the United States does not admit the right of the French Government to require military service of former French citizens who have obtained naturalization in the United States. 'However,' the United States goes on to say, 'in the absence of a treaty of naturalization between the United States and France defining the status of such persons, the State Department cannot give such former French citizens any assurance that they will not be molested on their return to France unless they meet the specified requirements of the French Government.'

There is no naturalization treaty between the United States and Russia; in fact, Secretary Hughes declares that no treaty of any kind is possible with that country so long as it sends to us propagandists whose avowed object is the overthrow of the American form of government; and yet we continue to naturalize Russians. When these former Russian subjects vote in our elections and take part in our government do they do so as American citizens or as Russians subject to recall?

No naturalization treaty exists between the United States and the present Government of Germany. Under the Treaty of Versailles, 'Germany undertakes to recognize any new nationality which has been or may be acquired by her nationals . . . and to regard such persons as having severed their allegiance to their country of origin,' but Germany is protesting vigorously against the Treaty and the United States was not one of the signatory Powers. What, therefore, is the international status of a German immigrant naturalized since the war? This becomes a live question, since the new immigration-law increases many times the German quota as prescribed by the last law. Will the process of naturalization turn all the Germans of the new quota into loyal Americans or will they retain a German allegiance which will call them to military service, perhaps against the nation to which they will have sworn a new allegiance?

II

It is apparently true that American citizens of Italian, Greek, Rumanian, Polish, Dutch, Swiss, French, Russian, and German origin may refuse to heed a call to service from their native countries and that none of these countries will hold the United States Government responsible for such refusal, but it is very certainly true that should any such citizens return to the country of their birth they will be subject to forced military service or punishment for desertion and the United States will not be able to make a protest. In all the notices to citizens of foreign birth returning to the country of their nativity, the State Department tacitly admits that the American Government is powerless to protect such citizens from service or punishment in the countries they have renounced in accordance with American law. That is to say, a naturalized citizen born in a country with which we have no naturalization treaty is not a citizen. Immigrants from those countries must be well aware that their oaths of renunciation are meaningless; that they are still subject to call from the countries they have gone through the form of renouncing; and the judges who administer the oaths know, or should know, that they are taking part in an international farce.

Why do we then as a nation insist that immigrants accept a citizenship which cannot protect them? Why do we coerce them to be naturalized? For coerce them we do!

In my own city, for example, and in every other city with which I am familiar, no unnaturalized citizen may have any municipal job. Until he becomes naturalized he may not even be a street-sweeper or a garbage-collector, occupations for which the demand is always greater than the supply. That is coercion.

Large employers of labor in Pennsylvania, and I am credibly informed in other states as well, specify in their advertisements for workmen that no unnaturalized citizens need apply. That is coercion.

An unnaturalized citizen in Pennsylvania may not keep a dog. That is coercion. The town of Chester, Pennsylvania, has adopted a slogan: 'No aliens in Chester after 1926,' meaning not that no aliens will be admitted to Chester after that date, but that all will have become naturalized. That is coercion. When the new immigration-bill was under discussion in Congress, it was proposed that the quota from each country be based upon the number of immigrants from that country who had become naturalized. Had that proposition been incorporated in the bill, it would have been coercion of the strongest kind, for in order to have the quota from his own country increased every alien would have hastened to the naturalization court whether he really desired to become an American citizen or not. This insistence that aliens of every grade of intelligence become voting citizens as soon as possible, regardless of the fact that a dual allegiance will be thrust upon large numbers of them, is due to a public sentiment engendered and fostered by three classes in our national community.

First, the sentimentalists who believe that ignorant aliens, after five years spent in America in a colony of their own countrymen and picking up a few words of broken English, become by the mere process of taking out their papers intelligent and loyal citizens with an intuitive knowledge of our multitudinous and complicated laws, of which we ourselves know little or nothing.

Second, the large employers of labor who, since they advertise that they want naturalized citizens only, must prefer them either because such employees are less disposed to move on should the job be not to their liking or because they have votes which may be utilized. The Pittsburgh Survey, published some years ago, gave some interesting details of the methods used by steel and iron corporations to make the votes of their foreign-born employees serve their own interests.

Third, the politicians who want ignorant and cheap voters.

A lawyer who has had much to do with the prosecution of electoral frauds in my own city tells me that in every political campaign the unnaturalized citizens are rounded up, rushed through the naturalization courts, and taken in droves to the polls, where they vote as they are bidden. During one municipal campaign, an Italian woman came to the office of the Woman's League for Good Government, of which I was a member, and said amid sobs: 'No vota — no vota.' An interpreter was found and the woman explained that her husband had just been told by his boss that he would have to be naturalized and vote as directed or lose his job. He did not want to lose his job, but neither did he want to become an American citizen. He wanted to remain an Italian and eventually go back to his own country. The Good Government League saved him from instant

naturalization, and I have reason to believe that the publicity given to the case saved him his job.

The New York papers are responsible for the statement that before the last municipal campaign in that city such throngs of aliens were taken to get their papers that the naturalization courts were swamped and every court in the city had to postpone its own cases and go to their relief. With all the courts working together it was possible to make aliens into citizens at the rate of fifteen a minute.

A Polish miner in the coal fields of Pennsylvania once asked his boss to write a letter for him to his brother in the old country. 'Tell him,' said this naturalized American citizen, 'to come over here. Wages are good and every year there comes along a thing called a vote and you can always get two dollars for it.'

Two dollars is a fair average price for an ignorant vote. In my own ward, as I have been told by a ward worker in whom I have confidence, the price varies from one to five dollars according to the strength of the independent party.

In addition to the sentimentalists, the large employers of labor, and the politicians, there are many thoughtful men and women who favor prompt naturalization because, as they say, large groups of aliens, living together outside of our national life with no interest in the affairs of city or state, become a menace to the community. These must be reminded that aliens from countries with which we have no naturalization treaties cannot become real citizens. Having a dual allegiance, with the one to their native country holding precedence, it is they who constitute the menace we should beware of. They live in racial groups, maintain their own schools, read newspapers in their own language, cherish their racial traditions, and vote racially in our elections.

In view of the number and strength of such groups throughout the country, it has been seriously proposed that each of the races domiciled in the United States shall elect its own representatives and that our American Congress shall be composed of naturalized Poles, Italians, Greeks, Germans, Irish, and whatever other races may be numerically strong enough to demand national recognition.

Cheap politicians already make appeals to German-Americans, Irish-Americans, Polish-Americans, and other hyphenated groups, thus recognizing and stimulating race consciousness. It would be idle to deny that some of these hyphenated groups have their representatives in Congress, and it is quite possible that the nations with which we have no naturalization treaties make no protest against our claims to their subjects because of the influence they can exert in Congress upon our foreign policies.

William Hohenzollern once said: 'I have 2,000,000 Germans in America who do my bidding in every election,' and though that was the foolish boast of an ill-balanced mind, we cannot offer the same explanation when deputies in the Italian parliament speak of 'our colonies in America.'

III

The head worker in a long-established college settlement in one of our largest cities tells me that in her youthful and optimistic days she held to the opinion that this country could absorb and assimilate immigrants from every country and in any number, but that her experience in late years has taught her the folly of that opinion.

'Widely different races,' she says, 'have come to us in such throngs, and

live so closely among themselves, that they retain all their racial intolerances. Men and women of different races will no longer meet peaceably in our settlement house. At one time we must entertain the Italians, at another the Greeks, at another the Russians, Poles, or Irish as the case may be. Each race is jealous of the other; each believes that the privileges of the settlement and of the country at large are for it alone. They unite on but one point — their enmity to the Negro.'

A member of one racial group living in Boston had lately a difficulty with a member of another group, and was arrested for disturbance of the peace. She was highly indignant and exclaimed to the police officer: 'We could get on all right in this country if it was n't for you Americans!'

The American melting-pot, if there ever was one, has become a saturated solution full of insoluble lumps. Quite recently I had a heart-to-heart talk with a representative of one insoluble lump, a Polish lump. Little Poland in my city covers an area of many squares. Its people have their own schools, conduct their church services in their own tongue, and live quite apart from American thought and American happenings. 'Do your people begin to feel that they are citizens of the United States, and are becoming real Americans?' I asked. 'No,' he answered frankly. 'Poles we are and Poles this generation will remain. You cannot Americanize the first generation of immigrants. They cannot forget their traditions nor change their language.' 'But you are naturalized and vote in our elections,' I reminded him. 'Yes,' he said, 'but we did not seek naturalization. It was thrust upon us. Can you not realize,' he added earnestly, 'what a mistake you make in insisting that masses of people who do not understand your laws and institutions and have no real desire to understand them shall become voting citizens?' 'But think,' I returned, 'of the many colonies of different races that exist within the limits of this city. You know only your own Little Poland, but there is also a Little Italy, a Little Russia, and a Little Bohemia. What are we to do with these groups of alien peoples if they take no more interest in our American life than your Poles?'

'I see your problem,' he answered thoughtfully. 'I have had in my mind only my own people, but I still think that by insisting that all these different races shall be naturalized and become voters you are making them a still greater problem. I repeat, you cannot make Americans of the first generation, and to think that you can is your greatest national blunder. You will doubtless get the children, but the first generation will remain alien.'

The head worker before quoted thinks my Polish friend unduly optimistic. She believes we cannot get the children.

'The first generation remains alien,' she says out of her long experience. 'The second generation has no country. The boys grow up lawless, despising their ignorant parents and, from too near acquaintance with police courts, contemptuous of all government. They call themselves Americans; they have learned to salute the flag and sing the Star-Spangled Banner; but they have no more conception, if as much, of what America really stands for than their parents have. From this class comes the majority of our youthful bandits and desperadoes. The third generation, through the agency of the public schools, may produce good citizens, but much depends upon the intelligence of the grandparent and the environment of the grandson.'

Yet these conclusions forced upon this experienced settlement-worker are

optimistic compared with those of present-day ethnologists, who are telling us that widely different races never do assimilate and that a man is no more an American because he was born in the United States than he would be a Chinese had he been born in China or a Japanese had he first seen the light in Kyoto or Tokyo. There is no American melting-pot, say these students of racial characteristics, neither is America a nation in the making. It was made when the Constitution was adopted.

The question of assimilation, however, has no connection with my present inquiry, which has to do only with the status of naturalized citizens and the effect upon the country of voters who through lack of naturalization treaties are really subject to foreign Powers. Such citizens, living in racial groups and voting racially, as they will do increasingly as their groups increase in number and influence, offer a passive resistance to what we call Americanization, and consciously or unconsciously de-Americanize the communities in which they live and vote. The effect of this de-Americanization is already visible in our public schools. The history of the United States as taught in our schools must no longer be a statement of facts, for simple historical facts refracted through racial prejudices become distorted. A racial group in my own city, for instance, has protested against the inclusion in our school histories of a letter written by Washington in which he speaks of his affection for England and his regret at the approaching war. There is no question of the authenticity of the letter. It must be omitted from school histories because, as refracted through racial spectacles, it shows a regard for England which this special group calls dangerously un-American. Another group sees by racial refraction that the influence of the early Italian discoverers upon our colonial history is not sufficiently emphasized. Still another sees that it was German thinkers and German thought that inspired the Declaration of Independence and made possible the Constitution, and insists that these refracted statements must be more clearly brought out in the histories studied in the schools.

I have a copy of a manifesto issued by one militant group which asks indignantly if 'red-blooded Americans' will stand idly by and permit their children to be taught that Washington, Adams, and Jefferson were English and that the English Bill of Rights was the inspiration of the Declaration of Independence. The same manifesto mentions several histories that red-blooded Americans will never tolerate in their schools, and with these it includes Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America, which, for the vigor of its style, the purity of its English, and the nobility of its sentiments, has been for years an entrance requirement in our colleges and universities.

We were all amused when Mayor Hylan of New York, who, as I understand, claims to be Irish by descent and sympathies, appointed a committee whose chairman was David Hirshfeldt, an Austrian, to summon before it the historians of the United States and demand of them why they persist in emphasizing the influence of English law and the English language upon the American nation during its formative period. We were still more amused when the historians failed to answer the summons, but perhaps we were not wise to find only entertainment in Mayor Hylan's committee. The time seems not far distant when American history as taught in a given public school will be merely a reflex of the prejudices of the racial group that polls the largest vote in that school district. I have

read an elaborate argument which aims to prove that Washington was of German descent. In certain school districts, therefore, it may easily be that the school histories will in time record him as a German. In another district he and Adams and Jefferson may be of Italian ancestry, in another they may be the descendants of Irish kings. They may even become Russians, a possibility not so remote as it would appear, since I have myself heard a Russian, naturalized in this country, speak of her ancestors and mean, not her progenitors on the borders of the Black Sea, but the Pilgrims who landed from the Mayflower.

IV

Another effect of the de-Americanizing process at work in this country is visible in our changing form of government. We were a representative democracy; we are becoming a pure democracy. The Fathers knew and feared the effect of sudden popular impulses, and they interposed legislatures between the people and the senate, and the electoral college between any momentary national delirium and the presidency. We have removed the barrier of the legislatures; senators are elected by popular vote; and who can say that the doubts of the Fathers have not been justified?

It is safe to say that one half of our voters have never heard of the electoral college. Its functions have been rendered useless by conventions which may soon disappear before a presidential primary. The authority of the Supreme Court has been questioned and a Constitutional amendment may in time permit its decisions to be reversed by Congress.

The aspirations of the men of 1776 were satisfied with the assurance of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It was left to later generations to discover that happiness can be pursued only through the ballot box. Suffrage was limited when the Constitution was adopted. There was apparently no thought that to cast a ballot which he could neither read nor understand was the inalienable right of every ignorant American, nor one to be thrust upon naturalized citizens having a dual allegiance. It is surely not the descendants of the men who made the nation, who inherit a love of constitutional government as they inherit their language and their literature, whom we can hold responsible for these radical changes. As the popular current bears us swiftly to pure democracy, and thence to ports unknown, our pilots are citizens, or immediate descendants of citizens, of countries where government has meant either despotism or revolution. Despotism these citizens left behind them when they crossed the ocean; therefore, they think, they have come to revolution. If the United States has a settled form of government, it must be changed or overthrown.

An inevitable result is the Ku Klux Klan. The Klan is the prejudiced, race-conscious American opposing himself to the prejudiced, race-conscious alien. However much we may deplore the Klan's methods or condemn its intolerance, it is a symptom and not the disease. To get rid of the symptom we must cure the disease. A radical restriction of immigration is the first part of the curative prescription, but the restoration of the body politic to health requires, in addition, the drastic remedy of a greatly restricted naturalization. No immigrant from a country with which we have no naturalization treaty should be permitted to become a voting citizen, and every immigrant from any country should be required to show wherein he has been of actual

service to this country before being granted the boon of citizenship.

No other country coerces alien residents to become citizens. Thousands of Americans spend their lives in England, France, Italy, China, Japan, and no attempt is made to divert their allegiance from the United States. A man who desires to be a British subject must show very good and sufficient reasons for his desire to renounce his native country; but once naturalized he becomes in his rights and privileges the equal of a native-born Englishman. The country he renounced has no further claim upon him and any threat that such a claim will be made is speedily withdrawn under the menacing growl of the British lion.

But even in the confusion created by our naturalization laws and policy, there exists a legal way to check the influence of alien racial groups. The Constitution as amended declares that the right to vote shall not be abridged by race, color, previous condition of servitude, or sex, but it does not intimate that it may not be abridged by ignorance. Several states require that voters shall be able to read and write some language, but it was left for New York State to adopt a constitutional amendment which withholds the franchise from any citizen, native-born or naturalized, who cannot read and write English understandingly. The State Supreme Court has upheld this amendment, and authorized the State Board of Education to define what is meant by the phrase 'read and write English understandingly.' The decision of that Board is that to read and write English understandingly a voter must have a knowledge of English equivalent to that demanded in the sixth grade of the state public schools.

It is possibly true that a man who can neither read nor write may be a better citizen than one who knows and speaks the English language in its purity, but a man of the most truly patriotic intentions who cannot read and mark his own ballot, and must depend upon assistance, never can really know for whom or what he has voted. He is forced to depend upon the honor of the watcher at the polls who gives the assistance. By requiring an educational qualification for the franchise and making it binding in New York City, where it has been possible to naturalize aliens fifteen to the minute, and where every native or foreign-born citizen, however ignorant, has been able to leave his impress on the government, New York State has blazed a trail toward a safer and saner America.

LEAVES FROM A SECRET JOURNAL

BY JANE STEGER

[THESE scattered notes have been taken for the most part from a secret diary, originally started for the writer's own most private information, and kept intermittently over a period of many years. The notes were usually dashed down in haste and rarely reread; for which reason, in transcribing them now, the wording has frequently been changed, and the idea elaborated in the light of further meditation. Some notes have been added which belong to a later date. Occasionally the idea, or small experience, was made into verse and in a few instances these verses have been appended.

Whether or not such intimate records should ever be made public is always a question. It seems to the present writer, however, that we are all imprisoned spirits, journeying through this obscure world of matter, the great adventure of life being the freeing of the spirit and the making of it triumphant over its environment. Few of us are capable of 'the flight of the alone to the Alone'; therefore it seems well occasionally to pool our hidden experiences, sharing with one another — all fellow prisoners — whatever reflections or small adventures of the inner life have served a little to release our own captive selves. For which reason these notes are now offered, with apologies for their extremely personal character as well as for their inadequacy, and with a keen realization that others have traveled along these lines further and much more surely than has the author. — J. S.]

WHEN we are babies the body is the wonderful developing thing which claims all our attention; later we become aware of our mental faculties, and then of the spiritual. My body and mind seem to me now to have reached maturity, but for my third self, my spirit, I pray an ever-increasing growth; so great, indeed, that finally the little body and brain will no longer be able to contain it, and, casting aside this matrix, it will spread its wings for its next adventure of life. As that is now the growing part of me, I desire in all sincerity to note here occasionally what thoughts, books, people, and experiences have a share in its development. Frequently new ideas come to me, new experiences with people, fresh and lovely aspects of nature, all of which stir the wings of the spirit. They are so vivid at the moment that they seem to me to have entered into my being never to be lost again. And yet they *are* lost. Time and change and other bits of life overlay them, and the bright intensity of their first revelation is gone. For which reason I wish to make little records of them for my own future remembrance and encouragement.

And yet is it possible, I wonder, to make a record of the spirit? Must not its growth always be so secret, so silent, that one is not aware of it, or, if one is, may not the very awareness hinder its growth? I do not know; but for my own curiosity I mean to

make the attempt, and to write here from time to time what little experiences upon the way have seemed to develop that hidden entity within that I call my soul. O Mystery within! Child of the unknown, of God, and of a larger life, help me with His assistance to keep a sanctuary of utter purity deep in myself, where shall be stored all the poetry, goodness, love, and imagination which life may bring! A deep withdrawing-place, where God may sometimes let me go for rest and refreshment. I say 'where God may let me go,' for we do not seem to be able to find the way even into our own souls without His guidance. What Matthew Arnold says is true, I know.

> We cannot kindle when we will
> The fire which in the heart resides;
> The spirit bloweth and is still,
> In mystery our soul abides.

Often for days and weeks the doors of the spirit have been tight shut against me. I have lost the way. I cannot find the sacred citadel. I open door after door, and all the chambers are empty and desolate. Then suddenly, gloriously, pursuing some pathway of meditation, or in reading, I come upon some unexpected turn of thought, the way is opened, and there — there once more is the hidden treasure! A golden flood of love and sunshine, pouring itself out for me to bathe my starved, lonely, and frightened self in once more. Within is a soft, almost tangible, radiance. I seem to be walking in a stream of sunlight, and my footsteps move to the rhythm of blank verse. I am so sure of God, of love, and of the spirit, that the thought that I had ever lost the feeling is almost laughable.

And yet — and yet, I know the dreary groping stretches will come again. I know they will; but oh, think of the dancing Heaven-sent days, when the doors are wide open, and life is one golden stream of love! This book is to fortify me with the remembrances of the golden days when the gray ones come.

Behold, the women stitched upon their tapestry, and some wrought with threads of a bright hue, and some with those that were sombre, but in the end, when the whole was finished, it presented a picture of life that was more glad than grave.

I started this tapestry of thought in April, and now it is December, and I have not set one stitch in it since April. To-day, however, I take it up again in a moment of crisis, for I seem to have come to a turning-point in my life. A few days ago the doctor told me certain things which made it clear that I am faced by serious physical incapacity. Not death, but the grave impairment of certain faculties which will handicap me very badly in the game of life. Of course the worst may not happen. Sometimes in the pain and general discomfort that I suffer I almost wish it might.

Well, then, since my own house of life has got so badly out of repair in these various ways, it seems to me that the wise thing to do is to get out of it as much as possible, and visit in other people's houses. In other words, since a person as incapacitated as I shall probably be cannot expect much out of life for herself, the more she can go out into other people's lives the more she will be getting out of existence. If God will help me I may cease being too much concerned over my own forlornities, and venture forth to partake of other people's hopes and fears. I shall be making a series of exciting visits through life. It is a gift to be able to get real pleasure out of other people's happiness. Sometimes I have been able to do it, and since I have done

it a few times it stands to reason that I may cultivate the turn into a real talent. I do love people, and have imagination, and with these two gifts as passports, in spite of my handicaps, people ought to be willing to let me step out of my own dilapidated abode, and sit down occasionally by the fireside of their experiences.

Love will do a great deal. What an amazing thing it is! I could write about it all day, and never plumb its depths. Sometimes it seems to me really tangible — I seem to feel it like warmth and sunshine. Once I was thrown for a short time with three people who were friends. I do not think that any of them were 'in love' with one another; it was not passion at all, just a steady affection that had lasted for many years. Sometimes when I sat with them I seemed to be conscious of that feeling of warmth, a geniality that was almost tangible, flowing forth from their affectionate companionship. It had nothing to do with me. None of them cared for me beyond a mild friendliness. It was the atmosphere of their long-standing attachment to one another. I feel sure they were not conscious themselves of this delightful warm stream that their friendship gave off, but I was, and I liked it.

Well, then, love is a wonderful thing, and it is mine in common with the rest of mankind. More and more, always with God's help, I trust it may come to fill my whole being. Indeed I do not know but what my life may prove more exciting than it has ever been before!

But the getting out of one's self is the great thing, the real adventure. We do it so rarely. We are all caught so fast in the prison of our own thoughts and emotions.

I sit in the centre of myself
And weave busy thoughts,
Like a black spider making her web.
I am so intent on my own spinning
I can see nothing but the whirling of my own mind.
If I could stop a moment and be still,
I might take note of the gleaming dewdrops
God hangs all over the gossamer of thought,
His tremendous periods;
I might see also the tapestry of other spiders
Lying in gauzy freshness
Everywhere on the grass of imagination.
If I could get straight away
From the centre of my own weaving
And kneel down,
I might, indeed, perceive God Himself.
But the little shuttles of thought
Fly so fast, so fast,
I am deafened by their whir,
Entangled in my own web,
And choked by the ephemera of self.

Again I have let a long time pass without making any further entries here. I suppose I have done so because of laziness. It certainly has not been for lack of spiritual adventure. It seems to me that these last difficult years have done more to stretch my soul than all the years of my life before. Added to my incurable and slowly increasing handicaps, attacks of neurasthenia have broken in constantly to add the severity of their education to the rest. Altogether I have been led — a devil's dance, I started to say, but I will not, for I have a deep conviction that this journey of mine in affliction has done more to educate my spirit than any amount of travel abroad would have done. I feel sure that nothing but such severe suffering could ever have shelled me so out of my small smug self. Other experiences *might* have done it, but at any rate they did not.

One of the things — the best, I think — that suffering has brought me is a much keener perception of beauty than I ever had before. How amazing it is that poignant suffering should burst through so often into poignant beauty! Certainly because of what I have gone through the world appears infinitely more lovely to me than it ever did

before. More beautiful in all its aspects, but especially in its little everyday experiences. This sense of the great importance, the miraculous beauty of the simplest things of life, is like home-coming, like casting anchor in a safe harbor after a most terrifying passage.

Sometimes after acute suffering, when I have begun once more to creep back into normal life, taking hold of it again rather tentatively, fearful that some fresh twist of nerves may once more invite me into Hell, but with that keyed-up insight — almost inspiration — that such times occasionally bring, I have seen all life in a glory, and especially the little everyday, most simple, most human facts of existence have shone with an indescribable warm delight — a delight that I never experienced in them before. There are advantages in going to Hell, not for what is there, but for the wonder that you find at home when you are permitted to return.

These occasional little insights into the miracle of the simplest, most everyday life should knock out all the sordid, trivial, and altogether deplorable rivalries. After adversity one catches a glimpse of something bigger near at hand, which all may have, and which is infinitely more desirable.

Whether God sends suffering or not, I do not know. I only know that out of mine has come a larger perception of life, and at times a sense almost of intimacy with Him which I never knew before, and for which my whole being flows out in gratitude.

He came to-day when I was half awake,
And I, knowing that He at last was there,
Made anxious haste within, for friendship's sake,
To bring the ones I love straight to His care —
O wretched one! So wantonly to break
That waiting lovely stillness with a prayer!
Deeply I know for all it had been best
Just to be still, and in His presence rest.

After I had come to experience some of the gifts of enlightenment that adversity brought, I began to accept it, and to look for some little further revelation out of each experience. For which reason I was not so anxious to run away from it, but became more willing to stand up and take what was coming. Acceptance is a great thing. Not resignation — that seems to me supine and wicked. But acceptance is healthy.

All night the cup's dark agony was pressed
Hard to my lips. I cried with panting breast,
'So often — Ah, so bitter often! — I
Have drunk the flagon set for me,
Only once more to see
It foaming high
With dreadful wine!
May it not ever pass me by,
Dear God, this cup of Thine?'

All night —
And still the waiting darkness held the cup —
And then — at last! The light!
And at the dawn with all the world asleep,
A voice commanded, 'Up,
My child, raise high the glass,
Drink deep —
'T is only thus the cup may ever pass.'

With straight white arms against a stricken cloud
I held the cup aloft for God to see —
Drew breath, and cried the toast aloud —
'Acceptance, Life, Humanity!'

The dawn went vivid with a shout of red.
I thought the world raised high, high overhead,
A million bitter cups and drank with me
'Acceptance, Life, Humanity!'

I wonder what beauty is. I have been seeing lovely things all my life, but they never moved me, never presented themselves so poignantly as they have done since I entered into adversity. Now beauty appears as something more than itself. It seems to me a gateway into God. The thrilling, moving, tremendous thing about it is not the especial aspect under which it appears, not the tree, the flower, the

bird note at dusk, but the occasional sense of otherwhereness, of something more, a marvelous Something — complete ecstasy — that the beauty half reveals. How may one put down in cold words what that Something is? O utter Love! I cannot, but I know! It is this overpowering Something, hidden in the mists of beauty, that moves one so exquisitely, tears the heart out, almost terrifies at times by its nearness — 'O Ecstasy behind the grass, come softly when thou comest nigh!'

Do artists know this, I wonder, or do they just stop short in the beauty itself, never pushing through to what is beyond, never realizing that the gate of beauty may open upon the most lovely friendship that the universe has to offer.

I saw a little black shadow that stretched itself beneath a thorn-bush on a hillside and, looking at it, for a moment I glimpsed the wonder of creation. O utter Love, Who hast made shadows to lie at the feet of little round green thorn-bushes, and all the ecstasy of life, take my whole being, and make out of it whatsoever Thou desirest!

> How may I prison faith in creeds
> That others patter glibly through?
> My skeptic mind, aloof, restrained,
> Questions each phrase if it be true —
> But all day long in secret joy
> My heart flows out in song to You!

How these little glimpses of the other side of beauty should set one free of the hectic snatch and scramble of life! If one kept the vision and lived it, one might find on the veriest dump-heap of life happiness enough to overflow one's whole existence.

I like country churches, where He comes up to the very doors in grass and trees and sky, and then one enters and finds Him within, distilled by the walls of the little sanctuary into the most intimate of friends. Walls are strange things anyway. Built stoutly enough so that they last a long time, they enclose within themselves an atmosphere which takes on a dim personality. One is often conscious of this in old places, in old churches. Not long since I read somewhere a statement by a clergyman to the effect that it was easy to pray in old churches where long usage had made for the sanctuary an unseen garment of the spirit: it was very hard on the other hand to pray in young churches. He had found it especially hard during the war to hold services in the hastily erected Y.M.C.A. huts. This seems to me perfectly understandable. I think the essence of the spirit is present everywhere; one walls it up in a house, a church, or even in a garden, and it precipitates itself into the desired thing for which the walls were built. A house becomes a home, a church a sanctuary, and after many years the place takes on that feeling of atmosphere, almost of a dim Presence. It is not quite personality; it is more an unseen storehouse, filled, in the churches, with prayer and aspiration and the holy response of the spirit, and in the houses made up of all the human experiences of those who have dwelt therein. Often in old places it seems to me that if one rubbed the air hard enough one might make a thin spot through which all the past happenings of that place might come rushing in.

But think of the marvel of the everlasting Spirit pouring itself into every manifestation! Think for a moment of the endlessness of the vehicles, and one brushes the hem of ecstasy and of awe — almost of terror! There He is in the clover and wild carrots outside the church, and there He is inside in the preacher and the people! Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost — and the clover and

grass, the trees and sky, His temple also! Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

The preacher cried from the pulpit, and called on the folk to be good,
Nor knew that God was out in the sunshine, in lake, and meadow, and wood.
The preacher cried from the pulpit, and told the gospel news,
Nor knew that God dressed up in people looked at him from the pews.
Nor did the good man gather that God spoke with his tongue,
And sang with the voice of every singer, when all the hymns were sung.

But He is more, much more. He is in everything, present everywhere, but He is above everything, and more than we can ever be or ever grasp. I wish the Eastern thought, much of which I like so much, did not so often go over into what appears to be pure pantheism. It and I part company there. The little spark of individuality that is myself digs in against all such thought. I may be a tiny split-off from God, but He is supremely more than I am, and everlastingly will be. And, moreover, I never wish to be reabsorbed into Him so completely that I lose the capacity for loving Him. A good many people seem to think — and also appear to wish — that at death their identity will be entirely lost in the Infinite. This idea seems to me somewhat of an intellectual sentimentality, an assumed pose, because they think for some reason that to wish to lose the personality is more strong-minded than to desire to keep it. Whether it is or not, I do not know; but even if it were more strong-minded that would not make it any more true than the belief in the survival of the personality. There are as many intellectual sentimentalities as there are emotional ones, but when they are offered by the head rather than the heart we are not so quick to recognize their affectation. Perhaps the people who wish to be absorbed into the Infinite are the ones who have merely speculated about God, and have never really known a living belief in Him.

Sometimes when one wakes in the night He is there. There is nothing extraordinary about it, nothing unnatural or emotional, only a feeling of complete happiness. One may tell Him everything, offering one's whole life in gratitude, and trying with affectionate thought to bring one's friends into the companionship. Doing so, one drifts off to sleep and, awakening again much later, finds that the Presence is still there. At the time there is nothing strange about it; it is only when the nearness is withdrawn that it seems astonishing that it could ever have been. Often this happens just as one awakes in the morning also, only then it is more fleeting. Probably it comes more easily at such times because then one is relaxed, and the mental and physical faculties are in abeyance; the spirit is not caught so fast in the flesh, and is therefore more alert.

At such times one may speak to Him of things so unhappy that one has never confessed them to any human being, hardly even acknowledged them to one's self, feeling that He understands all the sorrows, all the anguish of the sins and failures.

I had a grief so dark, so sore,
I had not dared to let my thought
So much as touch it heretofore.
I was so proud, so terrified,
I strove to think it was not there —
But *You* were waiting at my side,
And in a broken grief to-day
I faced its sin, I dragged it forth
From out the dreadful place it lay.
I took its truth, a poignant dart
Of utter failure, grief, and pain,
And stabbed, and stabbed it through my heart,
And there confessed, I let it lie —

O healing Love, I never could
If You had not been standing nigh!
You gave no sign that I could see,
But now I can be brave again
Since You have looked at it with me.

The puppy was blind when he came into the world. His nose meant everything to him. He was always sniffing, and sniffing, and feeling. Perhaps he heard a little also, but his sense of smell was his great gift, the gateway by which he approached the rest of the world. This faculty brought him so much, how could he ever suspect that there was anything that could bring him more? Then at last — oh, amazement! His eyes opened, and he came into a whole world of light. O little dog, what a revelation! What a turning upside down of all your small nose-world! Did you ever dream that this universe of light was waiting for you? Yet perhaps you had to give those first few sniffing days to training your sense of smell, which all your life will stand you in such good stead. Would you ever have bothered about it had you known what other greater faculty was soon to be yours? If you had had eyes from the very first would you have troubled to educate your nose? And yet without it how could you ever have had such a rounded life?

I think we human beings are for the most part in the blind-puppy stage at present. I believe there is a whole wider world about us that as yet we have no faculty to apprehend. Some day our eyes may open to it, and we may become aware of an extension of perception as stupendous as the puppy knew when he acquired sight. Some people have already appeared to gain glimpses of this other universe impinging on all our own. Perhaps more and more of us will acquire the vision. But until we do there is no doubt a reason for its being withheld from us. As the puppy might never have learned to use his nose if he had been born with sight, so probably if we knew too much about that other world we might not lay hold on this one as hard as we should, and if we do not lay hold fast upon it we may find that we have missed some essential training that this tight little world of now was supposed to give us.

This is, I think, a tight little world. Once when I took ether I seemed to get outside of it into a place that was immense, fluid, 'unwalled.' When I came back to consciousness, I felt I had returned to a small close place. So much so that I kept saying to the nurse, 'Well, here I am again!' I was glad to be back, and have the door tight shut. That other place was far too wide — terrifyingly wide — for my present small-world self to venture into.

How many modes of approach He has! Glancing through this diary I find these various notes, made over a long period, of the many different ways in which He came.

I knew a little crippled child,
So wistful and so wan to see.
One day, Heart's Breath! I saw *You* look
Straight out of her sad eyes at me!

Out in my garden the other morning I had a few hours of the purest delight, when I was poured out in affection toward every growing thing, when I felt sure He was at the back of all that mad joy of life.

I have been going through a period of spiritual dryness. A door seemed to have shut, so that I could not get it open to perceive God. Last night, however, just as I was dropping off to sleep, there came over me an aching affection and tenderness toward my mother, and in this human love there came as well a realization of His presence, that He was there in my love

for her — no, more! He actually *was* that love. It seemed, indeed, a little revelation that God is love. I have, of course, heard these words, and read them all my life, but this seemed a real experience of their truth. It was not merely that God inspired my love for her, but that He actually *was* that love. This is merely what 'the people of God' have told us all along, but last night I seemed to know its truth.

Another note made sometime later, and also during a period of loss and darkness, records much the same experience: —

I felt a kind of rage of desire to break through to Him. I wanted to cry out, to beat my head against a wall, all because I was so mad with baffled longing. I felt as though He were on one side of a wall and I on the other, and I *must* break through to Him. Nothing happened at the time, but since then I have been happier, and to-night He seemed to come to me in a larger aspect than ever. I was putting my mother to bed, and I felt an especial affection and tenderness toward her, and gladness that I could render her these little services; and for a few lovely moments I felt Him there in my love, and in the little things I could do for her. It was very beautiful — intense happiness — and I knew how He might fill every moment of one's life.

Here again is another mode of approach. Last night in reading I came across this quotation from Blake: —

> If God dieth not for man, and giveth not Himself
> Eternally for man, man could not exist, for man is love,
> As God is love. Every kindness to another is a little death
> In the Divine Image.

'Every kindness to another is a little death in the Divine Image' — how marvelous! How infinitely beautiful! These words make my whole being stand still in a wonder of delight and worship for their wisdom. I had read them before, and then forgotten them, only remembering that there were some special words of Blake's that gave me passionate happiness. Now I shall copy them here, so that they will never escape me again. Also I set down here my ardent gratitude to William Blake for having conceived anything so marvelous with beauty and insight. When they came to him I think his whole being must have been standing on tiptoe, reaching up to a higher shelf of thought than any of us shorter people could reach for ourselves. I am infinitely grateful to him for having been able to reach this high thought, and to have handed it down to us distilled into these lovely words. I hope wherever his spirit may be some small amount of my happy thankfulness reached him. The words infected me with a wild rapture, and an utter sense of God's nearness. They made me want to run about and shout with joy. I said my prayers walking up and down in a transcendent happiness. Seen through the loophole of Blake's inspiration, God seemed so close and intimate that I could tell Him everything, asking for smaller things than I have done of late. He was so close I felt He wanted all my little and most personal desires. I told Him all the hidden things, all the difficulties and unhappinesses. I wanted this great understanding and healing love of His to pour over all the sorrowful places.

I come back and back repeatedly to the happiness in the thought that every kindness to another is a little death in the Divine Image. I like that idea better than the offering of one's suffering to God. That has its beauty too, but it may also become morbid,

too passive, introspective, and exclusive, as being just between God and one's own soul. Whereas the other is active and outgoing, and must include at least one other human being. Tagore says, 'I can never find Thee in renunciation.' That is true for me also, and I think for most of us moderns. It is in flowing forth in love and service, and in joy, playing as it were the great game of life with Him, that we come nearest to Him — not in morbid renunciation. Of course one must discipline one's self, but prayer and activity — outgoing and incoming, both in love — make the perfect, happy, and serene life. I am blocked by my handicaps from much active service, but I *must* find more ways, and not neglect those opportunities of the little deaths which do offer.

If every kindness to another is a little *death* in the Divine Image, I think also that every lifting of the heart to Him in love and gratitude, joy and mirth, every realization of the beauty of life, and all the simple happinesses of human intercourse, may be little *births* in the Divine Image. I do not want to give up life, but to fill it full of Him — an outpouring, not a withdrawing. I am sure we come nearer to Him and to the life more abundant when we are filled with overflowing, outgiving joy in all life, in nature, art, humanity, and God, than when we are crucifying the flesh. It is true that I believe in a certain amount of self-discipline and of renunciation, — and probably our present world needs more than we are willing to give, — but the little deaths in the Divine Image seem the best and most healthy way of doing it, and the most lovely means of approach to Him.

The loveliness of these words of Blake continues to prick me with fresh delight. How intoxicating words may be! They seem sometimes to open out and disclose the heart of their meaning, almost like a flower unfolding. One may take hold of them then with the mind, brood upon them, turning them over and over, holding them near and far, almost tossing them into the air like a child playing with a ball; and treated thus they disclose layer after layer of meaning, and open deeper and deeper doors in one's mind. Because I loved these words of the little deaths, they threw me into an ecstasy of the nearness of God. Love in every form is the great liberator, setting one free of all the dragging little meannesses, and bearing one up into His presence.

I think there is another way in which He comes that we often fail to take note of, and that is in mirth and in laughter. If love is at the heart of the world, I believe that humor is there also, a quaint, whimsical, and fantastic mirth. I have this sense of hidden laughter, almost of a joke about it all at times.

> This world's a ball, I know —
> They taught me *that* at school!
> Mayhap it is a fancy ball —
> I'm dressed in truth as fool!
> And all this grief and tears,
> And all this drift of woe,
> May be a laughter-hiding pall,
> Love's checkered domino;
> A magic fern-seed cloak
> To woo us for a while,
> Till Love shall lift the masks of all,
> And we behold His smile!

We seem to think that grief is the approved offering to Him, but why not laughter as well? Sometimes I almost feel as though He

> Might wistful say with waiting smile,
> 'Folk always give me tears,
> Will you not laugh with me awhile
> In these your mirthful years?'

So He comes to us in innumerable ways: in our affection for one another, in reading, in nature, in beauty in suf-

fering, and in art. I put them all down at random. Some find Him more readily in one way, some in another, for 'He comes to each in what the heart loves best.' For myself I confess he comes most easily, after the suffering had made a way for Him, in the delight of words, and in nature, especially in that intense passion amounting to ecstasy that I have for flowers. The faces of pansies, the blue of flax, fragrance of peonies, yellow cups of lemon lilies springing up on green stems — they are all intoxications to me, all gateways into something larger. Their waiting stillness is clothed in a holy mystery. Their endless patterns of beauty are chalices — Holy Grails indeed — into which the eternal spirit pours itself for an instant of fleeting loveliness. I am half afraid of them, half afraid that they may suddenly drop their petal veils, and I shall see — I shall see more than one should see in this world. They are constantly offering me this miraculous sense of *otherwhereness*, of being rooted in two worlds, here in mine, there in His. Some say that they are of Paul, and some of Apollos, but I am of the woods and fields and mountains. He has showed me larkspurs, roses, and foxgloves for my conversion, to complete the apostolic work which the hepaticas, bloodroot, and wild columbine began when I was a little girl. For which I pour out all that I am in a passion of gratitude.

And so He comes to us in whatever moves our affection, for, as one of the old mystics has said, 'By love may He be gotten and holden, by thought never.'

It is strange how certain truths present themselves to us at times with a new and profound conviction. We know them as true for a long string of drab days, and then all at once they appear to open and pour themselves out to us creatively.

For some reason last autumn it came to me as an amazing fact that *something* pleasant happens every day, something to make one really happy. Never a day goes by without some little gift, be it ever so simple, of real pleasure. Obviously this is true. If I had ever stopped to think of it before I should certainly have admitted it, but to admit a truth is not the same as to have it come to you all at once as fresh and astonishingly real. All the years of my life I had let this fact blow about as it were on the dust-heap of my mind, unnoticed, and now suddenly it had risen up as a thing which was amazing. For days I was excited and keyed up over this truth which I had always known, but never taken in before. Each morning I waked with a delighted expectancy, feeling absolutely sure that in all the flotsam and jetsam of the day's tide some event would come drifting in like a golden galleon, laden with a little gift of happiness. And every day it did, and often it was not one treasure ship, but a whole lovely fleet of them sailing in. I refused to accept anything as the day's gift unless it came with a real thrill of happiness. Things which were supposed to make me happy I would not pretend with, if they failed to do so, but let them drift by with the rest of the day's wreckage, and waited for the real treasure-trove.

I was so pleased with this discovery, which of course had always been true, but which I had been too stupid to take in before, that I had to tell someone, and so spoke to E. A. about it. She was as delighted over its truth as I, realizing that it was no sentimentality, but a real fact which was always there, although we had never actually perceived it before.

Life is full of these pleasant truths

which we all really know, but which are so common that the wonder has worn off them, and so we do not take them in. I suppose we fail in this respect because we let outselves become encased in a sort of dull hard shell of everydayness, through which it is hard for the 'gift of wonder' to penetrate. It is this wonder and amazing joy in the most common things which religious conversion sometimes brings. The spirit's uprush bursts through that hard shell, and reveals to the converted one a world which he has always known, but which now, with sharpened perception, he beholds all fresh with loveliness.

But I was stupid — I let my shell harden up again, and all winter I forgot the little truth that had come to me in the autumn with such unexpected gladness. A few days ago, however, it came back to me. I counted up, and found that eight delightful things had happened in that one day. Eight little events that had made me very happy. Yesterday was rather poverty-stricken. Only one thing could be counted in the unexpectedly happy class. That was just a few minutes of unusually pleasant conversation with an acquaintance. It took place in a crowd, and was only a snatch of talk; nevertheless, just for those moments I felt more in touch with that friend than I have ever done before. We talked about poetry, and then, just as we were separating, something I said made him laugh — *really* laugh, not just make a polite chatter with his teeth.

That was all for yesterday, not very much, but to-day was better — and I had hoped so little from it too! I had had a bad night, worry, sleeplessness, pain, — I am in pain most of the time now, — so in the morning I was at a low ebb. Whichever way I turned the material prospects all seemed bad. Black clouds were banking up in every direction. My own future was dark, and horrible things were happening to many of my friends; one had just died after years of agony; one had had to be placed in an insane asylum; another — but why go on? It was only to show that there was not much gayety to be hoped for from the material side of to-day. Nevertheless I knew it could not fail to present at least one gift. It did.

It has been pressed down and running over with happiness. First I got a bit of work finished and off my hands. That really pleased me, but could hardly be considered as the day's treasure. It was merely the jog-trot gratification of 'something accomplished, something done,' which might, or might not, earn me a night's repose. The real treasure must be something more than this; it must come straight home to one with a little stab of ecstasy. Also to be its 'best self,' as the ladies' magazines would say, it should be unexpected, a little extra drop of pleasure that one had not counted upon. The first real gift of to-day was the finding of an unfinished poem which I had begun several years ago and then laid aside and forgotten. This morning I came across it again quite by accident. I read it over and knew it had a real swing and vitality. I loved it, and tinkered over it for hours, 'imprisoning live words on paper.' Oh, these Heaven-sent spaces of real creativeness! One feels them all filled with sunny light. The material disasters all about are gray and heavy, but these times of inner happiness flash out beauty across them like lightning licking out of thunder clouds.

The day went on giving happiness, like a butterfly's wing showing fresh glints of color in the sunshine. In the afternoon I went to a small party, although it was an effort to do so, as I was extremely tired from not having

slept and from having worked so hard in the morning. It was fortunate I did go, however, as so many delights were there. First of all there was a great cluster of pot marigolds, all shades of orange and yellow, in an orange-pink bowl. They were there upon the piano, complete in themselves, so still, so detached and beautiful; they were in another sphere, owning themselves; in the midst of us, and yet quite away from our world of chatter. I could not keep my eyes off them; they thrilled me away. They did not care anything about me — how could they? They were so complete and finished in themselves. But I looked and looked at them, poured out in ecstasy; and every time I turned my eyes toward them I knew I was brushing the hem of something tremendous, overwhelming, something which caught the breath away. They were a 'golden bowl' into which absolute beauty had been poured for a moment, only for a moment; soon the silver cord would be loosed, the golden bowl broken — the spirit return unto God! But for the moment they were there; they were exclamation points of rapture thrust through from the other side. They made a thin place in the veil that hides the sanctuary, so that the Amazement that is just without almost came bursting through. Beauty makes these thin places very often. It is dangerous, tremendously exciting, and ravishing for this reason.

Later someone played on the piano for us, and the music brought me more than it had ever brought before. Little notes burst through every now and then, little round bright drops of sound, coming just right, just at the moment I wanted them, breaking through bright and whole out of all the mosaic of the other notes. Listening to the music and looking at the marigolds — those exclamation points from the other side — cleared my mind so that I got a fresh understanding of a piece of work I have been mulling over for some time. The remembrance of the verses I had found in the morning was a delight, and all the time lovely word-combinations came blowing through my thoughts and strung themselves into sentences, dressing up ideas.

I was extraordinarily happy. S. J. came and sat beside me, slipping her arm through mine. She is ill, and had asked me to pray for her. I hope some of the intense joy that was mine spilled over to her. L. N. was on the other side of me. We had had a little talk together about religion that I had liked. We nearly always do. We laugh a great deal together over surface things which amuse us, and underneath we care about the same things too, so we touch in mirth and at spiritual points as well. She said some laughing thing to our hostess, looking so whimsical and gay and quaint that I had to reach out and touch her too. Afterward E. A. came up, and we spoke about the marigolds. She said they came right out of the heart of creation, so I felt she had seen them as I did. It is a miracle of happiness to touch friends like this at all these various points. Wherever I looked with my eyes or my imagination there was a friend to meet the glance or the thought. They too, like the marigolds, are gateways, faërie casements, opening upon a larger life. Even the little game of afternoon tea may be played with the Great Wonder just back of it. Nothing is common or unclean when one catches a glimpse of the veiled Presence.

E. A. and I walked home together afterward. I loved being with her, and was so sorry for the hard time she is having. The sharp spring air was a delight. I felt wonderfully alive and creative. I feel as though such ecstasy is like an unseen current of electricity; it might be turned to all sorts of uses.

It seems to me it might be the medium for some great art, as harmony is for music and color for painting. I suppose it is the motive power in most creative work, but perhaps it is more — perhaps the Great Artist does fashion some new thing out of such intense happiness.

Nay, utter Ecstasy! Thine is the gift
Out of my leaping joy beauty to lift!
Jubilant Artist! Creator supreme,
Weave from my worship a life-giving theme:
See, I surrender my love to Thy skill,
Make from my homage new light on the hill,
Out of my rapture a rainbow distill —
Lo, all my gladness to Thee overflows,
Draw from my heart but the breath of one rose!

Again I have bad news from the doctor. A small hope I had been holding fast to has apparently very little foundation. More and more I am being slowly shut in on myself. Natural human intercourse is getting very difficult, and one consolation after another is being withdrawn. It is even getting to be a question how much longer I shall be able to continue my work. It grows increasingly hard; soon it may be impossible, or at least it may require such a severe readjustment that I do not know whether I shall be capable of it or not. At first my difficulties drove me out of myself, now they are driving me back into myself. Fortunately, however, I have a great belief in the possibilities and excitements of the interior life, in meditation, contemplation, and prayer. Undoubtedly they are pathways which may lead to Him. The inner life may be as full of adventure, explorations, hopes and fears, and 'perilous seas,' as the outer life; much more so indeed than the average jog-trot existence. There is a wide other world within, deep harbors of thought, marvelous seas of contemplation, waiting to be explored. It is well that someone should explore it in this cheap and surface age, when most people are running over the ground as fast as they can in motors, listening over radios, and rarely taking time to think out anything for themselves. If the active life is to be barred to me, I can still face the contemplative one with courage and even enthusiasm, knowing that it holds many mysteries, many adventures. I do not doubt that there will be plenty of suffering about it. Some of it has come already, and much more will follow, but since many precious gifts have come to me out of suffering I need not be too overwhelmed now by the thought of more. It must perforce be lonely, but if it leads to Him the loneliness will vanish.

O creeping doom of slow decay!
Captive I wait this dread design,
Prisoned in life, walled up in clay,
An Ariel in a cloven pine.

And yet, and yet, though it grow still,
And dark the track that I must take,
I know the adventurer's hardy thrill
When unknown reefs before him break;
And courage, leaping with a shout,
Cries on my heart fresh ports to win —
For if the world is shut without
I 'll sail the hidden seas within.
I 'll pioneer that waiting deep,
Where faint and far through all the gloom,
When soul and thought expectant keep,
One hears mysterious torrents boom.

New seas of hope my ship shall ride,
Breasting the heart's adventurous flow;
White foaming wave, and wonders wide,
Beckon to sail, set sail! And so
Bear on! Bear on! O darkling tide!
Some gift awaits, I know! I know!

PREPARING FOR COLLEGE IN ELEVEN MONTHS

BY F. S. BROUN

I

To-day I could go back to the old rock on that Michigan farm where the notion of going to college first came to me. It was in early September and I was doing the fall ploughing. The ploughpoint had caught on a partly buried rock. As the team stopped, remembering previous similar experiences in this rocky soil, I heard the words as distinctly and forcibly as if someone had shouted them in my ear, 'Why *don't* you go to college!' It was not a question. It was an exclamation in answer to a subconscious wish.

As I go back over my boyhood days, I can trace the factors that developed the thought or whatever it was that exploded in my brain on that warm September morning.

Some years after my father's death, when I was nine, my mother married again and we moved to my stepfather's farm. I had no brothers or sisters or playmates, and an active mind found companionship in books. I read and reread the few volumes that my mother had saved from my father's library, some that my stepfather owned, and an occasional book borrowed from the neighbors.

These covered subjects of every sort — fiction, history, anthropology, technical books, and the like; reports of the Bureau of Agriculture, *John Halifax*, Mary J. Holmes's *Tempest and Sunshine*, Nick Carter, Schoolcraft's *Indian Tribes*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Schliemann's *Troy*, *Principles of Carpentry*, a *History of the World* in two volumes, and other books in widely separated fields.

Among the books in my father's library was a copy of Andrews and Stoddard's *Latin Grammar*, and I spent many an hour trying to delve into the mysteries of the Latin language, but the text was too abstruse for me to get very far.

My stepfather was good to me and never kept me out of school to work on the farm. But he did not believe in farmer boys going to the town schools, and I knew that the country school marked the end of my education. Many of the books I read carried me far afield into the world outside my limited environment. I knew that education unlocked the door that shut me away from many interests, and I can yet recall vividly my sadness on the last day of the winter term of what I believed ended my school work.

I was fifteen and had gone as far as the meagre curriculum of our school permitted. One of the teachers, a graduate of a city high-school, had started me in algebra, but the 'dee-strict board,' not believing in educational frills, frowned on this excursion into higher learning, and my efforts in that direction proved abortive.

About this time a township library was installed in a near-by house. The books had been selected by an old gentleman, the only college man in that vicinity, who was saturated to his

fingertips with classic lore. His first selection was Grote's *History of Greece* in ten volumes. Could anything be more fitting for a rural library!

These were the first books I drew and soon I was buried in Greek mythology. Later, with the help of Pope, I took part in the Trojan Wars, cried with Hecuba over the body of Hector, wandered with Ulysses across the Mare Magnum, gloried with him in his triumphs, rejoiced when he returned to his native isle, conquered his enemies, and was reunited to his faithful Penelope. Bryant aided me to journey with Æneas, to buffet with him the storms stirred up by Neptune, and to grieve with Dido when she was basely deserted. Never have I been so thrilled by any of the six best sellers.

Another factor that had a marked influence on my life was a casual remark by a young man teaching the winter term in our school. I said to him with the sublime confidence of ignorance that I was going to quit school in the spring, since I had learned all there was to learn. 'Oh no, you have n't,' he replied, 'there are astronomy and geology and physics,' naming the natural sciences. This was a revelation to me, for I had never heard of them. So, after leaving school, I bought a complete set of Steele's 'Fourteen Weeks in the Natural Sciences,' or, as someone has said, 'Fourteen Weeks in Anyology.' Hack work though they were, they were interestingly written and the practical questions at the end of each chapter were stimulating to thought. I read them as one reads fiction, and have found few books since then that interested me so greatly as those elementary treatises. They opened to me the world of science.

In after years in public schools I have seen the same enthusiasm among pupils in the upper grades when they were introduced to the wonders of nature through the medium of general science. Some of our dry-as-dust science (not scientific) pedagogues, in whose veins flows red ink instead of red blood, condemn general science because it is, they claim, superficial and not sufficiently technical. But they should thank, instead of condemning, those who have been responsible for the introduction of this work into the public schools, for it has led thousands into the scientific fields.

For the two years following the end of my schooldays, I read and studied and dreamed. During this time I tried English grammar, but found it entirely too prosaic for me. I soon learned, what I fear many teachers have not yet discovered, that one may study English grammar till the end of time and not learn to speak or to write correctly. I cast about for some way to improve my English and hit upon the plan of becoming the 'neighborhood news' correspondent for one of the city dailies. I thought that the editor would correct my English in the news articles and thus, by comparing the original with the printed article, I should learn how to write correctly.

At the end of the following month I received a letter from the publishers enclosing a blue slip. I could n't make out what it was and showed it to the postal clerk. He told me that it was a money order for four dollars. Had the earth yawned at my feet I could not have been more astonished. To learn English and to be paid for it was a combination beyond my wildest flights of imagination. Four dollars! Untold wealth! More money than I had ever before possessed at one time. It is needless to say that never afterward did I miss sending my weekly contribution of news. When items were lacking, often I followed what I fear has been the practice of some of my journalistic brethren — I faked some.

I am convinced, after several years of high-school and college teaching, that those two years of promiscuous reading gave me more real education than could have been gained from twice this amount of time spent in school. I read, not because a lesson had been assigned, but from love of it. My interest in the *Idylls of the King* was not killed by my being obliged to write a theme comparing Guinevere with Elaine or to give a summary of Tennyson's place in literature, lifted from an encyclopædia. My love of the sounding phrases in *Paradise Lost* was not destroyed by my being compelled to dissect and analyze those wonderful sentences. I have known few pupils to graduate from a high school with a love for good literature unless they had acquired it from their home environment and retained it in spite of their high-school training in English.

When I was a freshman in college, the extensive vocabulary that my wide reading gave me nearly got me into trouble. One day the instructor in English called me into the office and asked if the theme I had handed in was my own. I was too unsophisticated to know about the possibilities of cribbing. I was even too innocent to appreciate the compliment of her doubting if the theme was mine. I assured her that it was my own work. She replied that many of the words I used were not in a freshman's vocabulary and cited many expressions not used, she claimed, by freshmen. Subsequently, when I became acquainted with freshman vocabularies from the point of view of an instructor, I saw the force of her statement. But upon my insistence that the work was my own she let me go.

A short time after this the instructor asked our class to write in five minutes the names of all the writers we could remember. At the end of the time I had written nearly seventy and was still going strong. To my utter surprise the next longest list was sixteen. Long afterward, when I was out of college and as a reporter was interviewing her, she recalled that incident and told me she had devised the test as a trap to see if I had such a vocabulary as my themes showed. If I had, I was a wide reader and could name many writers. This test apparently satisfied her.

II

Among the books that came into my possession while on the farm was a Wood's *Botany*. It contained a description of the flora of the northern United States, with an analytical key. This key challenged my curiosity and I learned to use it by tracing known flowers backward to the beginning of the table. In a short time I learned to recognize the orders to which unknown flowers belonged and thus to trace them very quickly. In the course of time I could call by its first name every wild flower within a radius of miles.

One Sunday afternoon, while botanizing in near-by timber, I ran across a young man who was taking the classical course at Ann Arbor. When I told him of my interest in Greek mythology he began to tell me stories from Greek literature. For more than an hour I sat at his feet, literally entranced, while he told me of those old gods and heroes. From that hour until my ambition was realized, the desire to read Greek literature in the original never left me. It was the prime factor in my decision to enter college.

So the months passed — work, reading, study — until the call came that glorious September morning. From that hour until I passed the entrance examinations and was admitted to the University, never a moment, sleeping or waking, was this purpose absent from my thoughts.

That same evening I wrote to the young man who had so fired my imagination, telling him what I had studied and asking what more it was necessary to know to get into college. He replied that I should write to the University for a catalogue, which would give me all the necessary information.

At this time catalogues listed the books that covered the ground for entrance requirements. As soon as possible I ordered every book mentioned in the requirements for admission to the classical course, paying for them in installments with the proceeds from my newspaper correspondence.

I knew nothing of the time required to prepare for college, but thought it could be done in a year. It looked to me as if Latin would take a longer time to complete than any of the other subjects, so I began to study it immediately. I planned to finish each of the four divisions — Beginning Latin, Cæsar, Cicero, and Vergil — in three months. At this time only four orations of Cicero and four books of Vergil were required. My studying had to be done after the day's work was over, on rainy days, and Sundays. Fortunately we did not work as many hours a day as most farmers did, which fact gave me considerable time for study after supper.

I worked out a daily schedule for Latin, intending to put the remaining time on other subjects after finishing my daily stint of Latin. Accordingly I divided the Beginning Latin text into ninety equal parts, thinking that if I fell behind during the week I could catch up on Sundays. The text recommended, Harkness's *Easy Method*, was not difficult to understand. In fact many of the recent texts in Latin are not nearly so teachable as the old Harkness.

This text grouped the conjugations in a few pages in the middle of the book. In my ignorance of a proper division of assignments, I gave the same number of pages to each, and all the conjugations were included in two assignments.

Never shall I forget the night I ran into them. After memorizing *amo, amas, amat*, I looked ahead and saw columns of similar words. I realized that if these were to be learned in two days I must devise some short cut. I had noticed that the present, imperfect, and future of the first conjugation were the same with the exception of the syllables *ba* in the imperfect and *bi* in the future. This gave me a hint and I spent the remainder of the evening in working out a scheme of comparisons between the same tenses of the four conjugations. In this way I managed to learn the two conjugations in the two evenings. Afterward, when teaching beginner's Latin, I used many of the methods that I devised in those two strenuous nights.

I completed the beginner's Latin within the assigned period and immediately began the study of Cæsar. Since I had planned to complete Cæsar in three months, and was sure that the translating would become easier as I went further in the text, I developed a plan of increasing the amount of reading weekly by a sort of arithmetical progression. The sum of one, two, three, four, and so forth, to and including thirteen, is ninety-one. Then, if I could read one ninety-first the first week, two ninety-firsts the second week, and so on, I could read all of Cæsar in the thirteen weeks. This gave me approximately thirty-two lines to read the first week and I was sure that could easily be done.

For the first time my schedule was shot to pieces. I spent three weeks of agonizing effort on the first chapter. The use of the perfect participle was my particular *bête noire*, and it seemed

as if each phrase contained a new construction. After mastering the first chapter, however, I had less difficulty and I did manage to read the four books of Cæsar within the prescribed three months.

Cicero was very easy and I translated the four orations against Catiline in less than two months. In fact I read the second oration one rainy afternoon. Vergil was more difficult, but I finished the four books in less than three months. I used successfully the same principle of gradual increases in the length of assignments for both Cicero and Vergil. I have since recommended this method to high-school teachers of Latin and many have told me that it was very satisfactory. In high-school work, however, I have divided the work by the nine months' period, making one forty-fifth the first month, two forty-fifths the second month, and so on. In the case of Cæsar this makes sixty lines the first month or about three lines a day.

I had heard or read somewhere that the study of Greek did not begin until Cæsar was completed; so I delayed the study of Greek until I had nearly finished Cæsar. The text I used had a three-page summary of the rules of accent, uses of proclitics, enclitics, and the like, before the first lesson proper began. Like some teachers, I assumed that the book was to be followed literally, and so I memorized these three pages of disconnected rules before taking up the other work. Greek was very easy for me and I had finished the third book of the *Anabasis* long before completing Vergil. I learned most of the Greek verbs while engaged in farm work, writing them on slips of paper at night and memorizing them during the day.

As a matter of fact most of my farm work was done automatically. My mind was on my studies continually. One of my chores was to feed sweet milk to the calves, then return to the house for sour milk to be given to the pigs. Sometimes my mother would reverse the procedure and give me the sour milk first. I would forget her injunction to feed the pigs first, and carry the sour milk to the calves, never realizing what I was doing until the calves with bunts of disapproval would spatter the milk over me and thus bring my mind out of the clouds. I fear that while cultivating corn many a hill was sacrificed on the altar of the Greek gods.

In all my Latin I found only one selection, a sentence in Cicero, that I could not translate. By a strange irony of fate this one sentence was included in my entrance examination in Latin.

Algebra I found easy. For geometry I used the famous Davies's Legendre, a text with no special exercises and all the 'Originals' in the back. After learning to demonstrate a theorem, I wrote it on a slip of paper. I reviewed by mixing these theorems, then drawing one at a time from the pile and demonstrating it. When I had completed the text I could demonstrate any theorem, regardless of the place where it occurred in the text. My entrance examination in geometry was perfect.

Teachers of geometry claim that memorizing it is not the proper method. Doubtless they are right, but I do know that I never had any difficulty in applying my algebra or geometry in higher mathematics. Whatever may be said of my method of learning, the results were satisfactory.

To history I paid little attention, for my repeated reading of the *History of the World* would, I hoped, cover the subject. English I was learning from my newspaper work and reading.

One of the books I found most helpful in after life was Abbott's *How to Write Clearly*, a required text in

English. In this is given an amusing example of mixed metaphor that made such an impression on me that I doubt if I have ever been guilty of that fault. It is from a reputed speech of an Irish member of the English Parliament. 'Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat, I see him brewing in the air; but, mark me, I shall yet nip him in the bud.'

III

In eleven months from the time I began to prepare for college I had completed, so far as I could determine from the catalogue, all the requirements for admission to the University. It had meant night after night of study, often until the wee sma' hours of morning. It meant the loss of holidays, the Saturday afternoon trips to the village for our mail and groceries. It meant the sacrifice of everything else for this one objective. Yet I have never spent a more enjoyable year. The pleasure of this incessant study far more than compensated for the loss of other enjoyments. I had no objective beyond getting into college. I had no plans of what I should do after graduating, no idea of the financial benefit that might accrue, no notion of how it might change my life — just to go to college, just to read Greek.

While I was studying, a relative visited us from a large city in the West in which was located the State University. She pictured to me the wonders of the West and the splendid opportunities I should have of earning my way through college in a large city.

This appealed to me, so I sent for the catalogue of the University, found the entrance requirements were practically the same as at Ann Arbor, and decided to go there. The question of finances, of how I was to get so far from home without money, of how I was to maintain myself while in college, did not occur to me. I was too full of the immediate objective. However, when the time came to leave, my stepfather relented and gave me one hundred dollars.

In due time I reached the University, probably as green a candidate for admission to college as ever appeared on that campus. A small group of us were started on the entrance examinations. Many disappeared at different stages along the trail, but by good fortune I satisfied the examiners and continued to the end. Algebra and geometry I passed with almost perfect papers. In geometry I was asked to construct a triangle equal in area to a reëntrant polygon. Polygons I knew, but a reëntrant polygon was an unknown figure. I asked the examiner in charge what it was, telling him that I could make the construction if I knew the figure. Amused at my confidence, or because he was a human being even though an examiner, he defined the term for me and I made the construction correctly.

With Latin I had no difficulty, except the one sentence in Cicero. Greek was easy, although the kindly old Greek professor afterward told me that he could n't read most of my Greek, but judged from the length of my answers that I knew something about it.

After entering college my real troubles began. I was thrown into an entirely new environment. Torn from the peaceful countryside and easy-going methods of the country school, I was plunged into the hurly-burly life of the city and the highly organized and complicated routine of a university. I was tossed hither and yon like a leaf on the tempestuous mountain torrent. No one was interested in my troubles, nowhere was there sympathy or mercy for my blunders. Fortunately I joined a coöperative boarding-club and ulti-

mately found myself through the aid of some of the older members. I soon procured work and in the spring I had more money than I possessed when entering the University.

In my college work I was fully up to the average of my classmates. My English was apparently as satisfactory as that of a freshman is ever expected to be. My work in mathematics was somewhat better; in Greek I did unusually well. Only in Latin did I have any real difficulty.

My Latin instructor was of the type not yet a rara avis in the college world — one that ought to be annihilated before being permitted to wreck the hopes and enthusiasm of the beginning college student. His mind moved in a rut; his point of view was confined between the walls of conventionality and regularity. Anything out of the normal threw his mental reactions out of gear. When he learned that I had worked out my Latin without a teacher and in less than the usual time, instead of giving me some credit for it, he assumed that I was a pariah so far as Latin was concerned and proceeded to make my life a burden. The fact that afterward I did high-grade work under another Latin instructor satisfies me that I was only partly to blame for my troubles.

The old Roman long ago crossed the Great Divide. *Pax cineribus.*

What I accomplished in eleven months may seem impossible to those who have spent four years in covering the same ground. But one must remember that I lost no time in vacations, during which I would forget much of what I had learned in the preceding nine months. Doubtless I spent as many hours in actual and intensive study during those eleven months as most high-school pupils spend in four years.

When I sum up the results of a high-school course, I am sure that our present system is wasteful both in the methods of instruction and in the allotment of time.

Do pupils need thirteen weeks of vacation? Do they need four years to prepare to enter college? If the latter is true, have they learned how to study? Are all the contents of the courses essential? Are the methods of instruction wasteful of time? I did what any normal boy or girl can do. In college I found that I learned no more easily than the majority of my classmates.

The only remarkable thing in this chronicle is the obsession I had to go to college. I am certain that any modern college man will say that my desire to enter college in order to study Greek was clear evidence of lunacy.

To the boy or girl who cannot, for financial or other reasons, attend a high school, let me say that it is within your power to go to college. The opportunities of evening schools and of correspondence instruction will make your path easy. When you once decide on a college education, those obstacles that loom large ahead of you will disappear as you approach them. Not even the inquisitions of the modern entrance examination boards, with their intelligence tests and various other devices to trap the unwary, need frighten you.

If you really want to go to college — go.

THE WONDER–CHILD

BY PHYLLIS BOTTOME

I AM a doctor by profession; and my brother is a great violinist. There is, of course, first Kreisler; then a long way off there are five others — I refrain from giving their names; but my brother is one of the five. Sometimes I think he plays better than they do. You can imagine I have listened to them with some attention, for if my profession is medicine my hobby is the violin! Sometimes he falls beneath them, for like all Viennese he is perhaps a shade too genial, too easy-going for the ruthlessness of Art; but I have heard him in his great moments shoot beyond them — spring like a star from world to world, where no one could follow him.

My brother is not married; my sister and I consider the subject often; but with the American market out of his power on account of the exchange, it is impossible to count upon sufficient for a good marriage. He has a great deal of temperament and my sister thinks a wife would demand of him more than she would be at all likely to get. Also, if there were to be a family, he could no longer take his summer holidays in the mountains or follow the cures I often consider necessary. Nor could he afford to do the kind actions he often does for others.

I say this much about him that you may understand what follows. First, that his opinion as to his art is considered final in Vienna (he smells out a good pupil from the Prater to the Hofburg); and second, that you may realize that as well as being a good judge of violin-playing my brother Ernst is a man of heart and principle. I have never known him to do a mean action. His temper is good, with raw streaks in it such as are common to all artists. An artist has not the padding for the nerves that the rest of us have; it is worn off him in the practice of his art and in the perpetual excitation of his emotions. If a man is to sweep you off your feet, he must have something to sweep with, must he not? And he cannot always keep this something neatly packed up in a box to be opened only on occasions when it gives us pleasure.

Twice a year Ernst plays at Linz; it is a good town for music. It lies flat by the yellow Danube, with a fine pink *Kloster* on a hill above it.

On this occasion, as usual, I accompanied my brother from Vienna. He played before a full and enthusiastic audience. I should not have had a seat but for the kindness of a critic, who gave up his seat to me when he discovered who I was; so that I sat in the second row, and could observe Ernst as easily as I could hear him. It was a Beethoven evening. I say no more. It would not become me to say that my brother is worthy of Beethoven, but I must confess it occurred to me several times in the course of the evening to hope that his immortal spirit — cured of its deafness — may have been hovering above the platform. The accompanist, a young Russian with fire in his fingers, was almost fit to play with Ernst. Fortunately he was

musician enough to subordinate himself entirely to my brother.

It was a sonata evening without orchestra. I think I prefer this form of music to any other. The music is, as it were, isolated, and in the hands of two skilled artists you get exactly what it means, neither more nor less by a shade! And what a blessing it is not to get more! Those artists who improve upon their composers, those instruments that forget their place in the orchestra, remembering their own identity, when like a good Buddhist they should exactly have no identity! How one resents such practices!

But with Ernst one need have no such fears. The passion is there, but the laws are those which form a channel for the passion; the music runs pure and deep. He does not add to the last ounce of the composer's meaning some little extra of his own. He puts his fire into precision, and his personality into the depth of his tone. I say nothing about his tempo, or his bowing, because everyone knows they are as faultless as Andrea del Sarto's famous 'line.' It is a folly, that English saying, 'Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.' I do not say geniuses should not put the sweat of their brows into their work; but I say that the sweat of other people's brows does not make genius. It has always interested me as a doctor to know that my brother's was a painless birth. All the rest of us cost my mother the usual price of women; but he, the largest and finest of the lot, came without pain.

I do not often notice audiences, but on this occasion I was sharply aware of two people in the first row. One was a woman of the people, a stout woman, ignorant, and with a rapacious glance as if music could be made to rattle into a box like pennies. Once she actually let her programme rustle — a shocking thing almost unknown in a Viennese audience, but possible in the provinces. The other was a little girl with a large white-satin bow tied over one ear, and resting upon straight and not pleasing brown hair. She was a plain little girl with a cast in her eye; her face was like a tame white rabbit's. What struck me most about her was her stillness. She listened as if God spoke to her. Her spirit was not in her body at all; it hovered over the sweep of my brother's bow as if it would absorb the sounds that escaped even the finest ear. In one of the pauses I asked who these ill-assorted people were.

'The child is Clara Stillman,' my neighbor told me, '*ein Wunderkind.* I am told your brother has consented to give an opinion upon her playing to-morrow. I have not heard her myself. She comes from rough people. It is to be hoped she is a genius, since the poor child is certainly no beauty.'

The music continued. It was a good evening — not one of Ernst's best, but no one in the audience knew that, except myself. They called him before the curtain nine times, and several laurel wreaths with gold inscriptions were presented to him across the footlights. It is our custom in Austria to stand close to the stage for encores. The Wunderkind was nearly lost in the struggling crowd, but someone caught hold of her and lifted her on to the stage by my brother's side. Then they told him who she was, and he patted her shoulder kindly. The child looked up at him with her little blinking crooked eyes, behind windowpanes, as we say. The look she gave him made me feel a little uncomfortable, it was so full of adoration; and as a father I have found excessive emotion bad for children. Little growing creatures should not be overpowered by too great a sensation. It is like pouring too hot a fluid into a brittle glass.

My brother had been invited to take

supper after the concert with the Music Director of Linz. There were to be several critics and people of importance to meet him. It was to be a grand affair. I saw him stoop and whisper something to the Herr Direktor, who nodded, and then my brother asked the mother of the Wunderkind if she might not come to supper with us. The mother consented of course. It was as if the pennies she had seen in the music were changed to golden sovereigns. I did not like the look, at once so savage and so satisfied, that flashed into that woman's eyes.

It has not been my experience that life is very happy. It has its fine moments, and of its worst one can always say that they will end; but never have I seen such joy as there was on the face of the little Wunderkind. She looked quite beautiful as she sat between us in a little carriage I had been forced to order for the sake of the violin. She put her hand on its cover and stroked it as if it were alive. 'See that the little one eats well!' said my brother kindly as we entered the café, where a private room had been arranged for us, 'for she looks half starved!' Then he took his seat by the Herr Direktor's wife at the head of the table, and I placed the Wunderkind by me at the foot. She could see my brother from where she sat, and she never took her eyes from his face. Once she whispered to me, 'He *is* the greatest violinist in the world, is n't he?' and I must admit that I humored the child as far as to say, 'It would be hard to find a better!'

'Im — possible,' she answered softly.

We did not talk. Great happiness should be respected as great grief is respected. One should leave alone those who are experiencing these emotions. But I felt that I too perhaps might gather in silence the dreams that filled the mind of the little Wunderkind. For when I was young, before I had a wife and children to support, I also dreamed. I knew that she was hearing music, over and over again, those difficult, deep melodies of Beethoven that do not run lightly in the mind, but plough their slow way through the heart by the hard-cut channels of the intellect. I suspect too that she saw herself standing upon great platforms covered with light and flowers, hearing, as my brother had heard, the thunder of applause, and feeling in herself the magic of a great power moving out toward her audience — greater than their applause. She was in her Heaven — while we sat round her eating our good hot duck, and drinking glasses full of foaming beer. Everyone was kind to her; for the first time in her life she was accepted as part of the world that lives in and for music. No one had heard her, but they all believed in her.

After they had drunk my brother's health, he looked down the long table and suddenly caught sight of the Wunderkind. He suggested that they should drink her health. 'I am only the Present,' he said with a good-natured laugh, 'and the Present is soon over. Let us drink to the health and to the music — of the Future!' and they all stood up and drank to the Wunderkind.

She put her hand in mine, and I could feel her vibrating as a string vibrates in a good instrument. 'It is too much!' she whispered. 'It is too much!' I thanked them for her, and then I took her home. I was rather horrified at the house I had to leave her in; but it was n't a house to the eyes that looked for a shy, long moment into mine — it was a shifting enchanted palace, full of dreams.

The next morning the rain came down in a gray sheet. Out of our window we saw nothing but the yellow

swollen river, and the half-drowned sodden street. Everything looked as stale as a last year's newspaper. My brother was in low spirits, as often happens after a great evening. He sent away his coffee three times and said, 'If this is coffee give me tea!' and 'If this is tea give me coffee!' Also he wished to challenge one of his critics. I did not know whether or not to remind him of his appointment with the Wunderkind, but before I had made up my mind that vulgar pushing mother brought her to our hotel, half an hour before the time. My brother was very much annoyed, but what could one do? There they stood and dripped on the mat, all nerves and waterproofs. They had to be put somewhere, and sooner or later the Wunderkind had to be heard.

The mother was bursting with pride and ambition; she was just clean, as people are clean who are clean for an occasion and have not the habit. Her mouth was greedy and her bright black eyes avaricious; and I knew that women with such eyes and such a mouth are invariably cruel at heart. One trembles when one thinks of anything sensitive being in their power.

Of course little Clara was frightened. Her eyes filled and emptied perpetually with tears, her hands were red, and when I uncovered her from her wet outer garments I could feel the thumping of her heart, like a bird which feels a human hand close over it. My brother, when he had got over his annoyance, was very kind to her. He sat in his armchair by the window, smoking a cigarette. The mother, who would n't stop talking, I put as far away from him as possible, on a short sofa by my side; and the child stood by the table with her violin, just opposite my brother.

'There!' said my brother, reassuringly. 'Now remember, nervousness is of no consequence. I can tell all about your powers whether you are nervous or not! I am nervous myself always. All good artists are. If they say otherwise they lie, or they are not good enough. Think only of the music — nothing else matters. Now what are you prepared to play to me?'

'She knows everything — but everything!' her mother bounced off the sofa to declare. 'Here in my hand is her first programme. The gracious gentleman may assure himself! Please look at it, sir. Ask what you like! The child is a genius — it is all the same to her what she plays! It has all been made out, as you see, by her own teacher, for the first performance. We only await your kind pronouncement before bringing out the bills! Play, child, play! Don't keep him waiting! Gracious sir, she is but ten years old! Consider her youth, I implore you, and tell me, her mother, her best friend, who has starved herself to give her a chance, if she does n't play like an angel from Heaven!'

'I shall not consider anything but her playing,' said my brother a little shortly. 'As for this programme, it is very advanced. I doubt if any child ten years old is equal to it, and any programme at all may be out of place. Now, my child, since you can play all these, begin with the Beethoven Minuet, and then we will take the first movement of the Mendelssohn Concerto. You, madame, have the kindness to resume your seat, and remain perfectly still.'

My brother's voice filled the room like thunder, but it did not make the Wunderkind more nervous; on the contrary she seemed to draw from it some kind of sustenance, for she began to play immediately.

You know that very merry, very delicate Minuet of Beethoven, which should be played with fingers as light

as thistledown, and from a heart that is like a wandering youth's, touched with many fancies, before one woman fixes it? Well — poor child, her thick little fingers stumbled woodenly through it. I thought it would never end; each note fell dirge-like and pattering as the heavy raindrops blown against the glass. I feared an outburst from my brother, — I saw the frown gathering upon his brow, and his fingers twitching, — but he was strangely patient. The Minuet did not finish. You know its swift gallant end, as complete as a perfect simile? The child scrambled to the last note; and just stopped. Nothing was complete — except the awful silence of my brother.

The poor child was less nervous when she began the Mendelssohn Concerto. I thought at first this would be an improvement and make her tone firmer, but she had been too badly taught — she simply had no tone. She had only — ah, how I felt this! how I wondered if my brother could feel it half as deeply! — she had intensity. If the heart could turn the blood that feeds it into music and so die, she would have died so. I have often heard gifted people say that if you want to acquire a talent sufficiently you will succeed in your desire. Did the frog succeed in puffing itself out to the size of an ox? It burst its heart in the effort. One cannot do more than try to get out of one's skin. The Wunderkind was making this attempt all the time, and it was hideous.

When she stopped, my brother said nothing for a while. He is by nature not a patient man; and the mother began to talk in that hard overpersuasive tone which I knew would most infuriate him. 'There now! there now!' she cried, jumping up and down on the sofa. 'What do you say to that, good gentlemen? Would n't people pay money to hear it? I won't say I've never heard her play better. She is nervous, of course, playing before such a great master. But at ten years old! Such a fine noise as that! And the right notes and all! And the pains the child takes! Night and day always at it! I am not one of your soft mothers, but I will say when I see her teacher knock her about — blow after blow, my good sirs — sometimes I say to her, "Don't you know enough without a teacher? Do I pay for nothing but blows? I shall just send her to the right-abouts, teacher or no teacher!" But the little one always says, "No, mother, no! Let her strike me — only let her go on teaching me too!"'

The child never moved while her mother spoke. Her eyes were fixed on my brother's face. I think before he spoke she read her sentence there. I have often found that what it is vital for us to know we learn without teaching. Death deceives relations often, and doctors sometimes, but the patient — never.

'The child plays with feeling,' my brother said at last slowly. 'If she had not been so execrably taught I could undertake better to say what talent she has. As it is now, my good woman, you deceive yourself. She plays all wrong! No one would pay a krone to listen to her! She has neither tone nor tempo; her fingers are like pellets of dough; her bow is like a stick scratching a dog! Her mind, I can see, is in her work. It is not her fault that she has been given nothing to work on. But I cannot truly say that she has talent! In order to find out, she would have to unlearn all that she knows now, and begin at the beginning with an honest teacher; then after two or three years I could judge better.'

The vulgar fury of the woman burst through her fear of offending my brother. 'Two or three years!' she cried indignantly. 'Have n't I paid

enough for the child's lessons as it is? What, do you think I'm made of money? I expected a return! And what her father will say, if what you tell me is true, — and not mere dirty jealousy on your part, — God knows! He'll beat the child black and blue probably — and no wonder! Poor honest working-folks like ourselves taken in like this for nothing! I'll tell that teacher what I think of her! I'll scratch her eyes out the first time I see her! Now, Clara, none of that silly sniveling! I've often told you I treated you far too well. Letting you practise, practise for hours, till it made my teeth ache, when you ought to have been at some decent work. Yes, I've properly spoiled you, my child! But I shan't do so any more. It's not likely, is it, keeping the food out of my own mouth to give you a chance to earn bread, and all for nothing! I'm to be told by this fine, great, generous gentleman that you can't earn a krone!'

The enraged woman pulled the poor sobbing child toward the door, but my brother swept the Wunderkind out of her grasp. 'Take that woman downstairs before I strangle her!' he thundered at me.

The door shut behind us, but before it shut I heard the Wunderkind's voice: 'Oh, if I can only go on playing!'

Of course I don't suppose for a moment that she did. My brother told me afterward what he had said to the child. He had given her the address of a useful teacher, one of his own old pupils in Linz, and promised to arrange with the lady the easiest price possible for lessons. More than this, he intended to pay part of this price himself, for he had determined to give the poor child all the chance there was. But the child kept on sobbing — I doubt if she even heard what he said. You see she knew what everyone else did n't — that she had no chance.

When I left the mother downstairs, slightly mollified by a ham bread and a glass of beer, I found the child on the landing outside my brother's closed door, crying without a sound. I took both her hands in mine and I murmured into her ear: 'Little Wunderkind, I am like you! I have loved music all my life, but I could never be a musician. There is nothing in the world so good, so beautiful, as music, and no one can take this away from us! The greatest master in the world can only love his music well, and even he perhaps not quite so well as you — or I!' She stopped crying. 'Ah,' she whispered, 'do you think he understands — can you make him — that I knew? I did n't at first; in my mind it sounded so — so beautiful! But when I heard it in the room, after his playing, I knew it would never be anything at all.'

I promised her very earnestly that I would make my brother understand. She had everything about an artist except expression — even an artist's cruel veracity; and before I had finished promising, the child heard her mother calling, pulled her little hand out of mine, and fled downstairs.

I watched the two figures as they left the door and passed into the street — the stout, flurried, angry woman, and the tiny disheartened girl plodding home in the rain. I said to myself that we had witnessed two tragedies that morning — the tragedy of disappointed avarice, and the tragedy of disappointed art; and of the two tragedies perhaps the first was that for which there is the least compensation. If you love money, nothing but the possession of money gives you any satisfaction; but if you love beauty, even if you cannot possess beauty yourself, yet she is always there — and she is always beautiful.

SONNETS

BY MORLEY DOBSON

I

I WONDER — is it just to honor you
That we are given this thrice-perfect day,
The purer air, the sky unbroken blue
Down to the Cambridge towers far away?

You have too many other thoughts, I fear,
To care a little how our seasons go,
If it be sunshine or foul weather here
In England, for your birthday: yes, I know,

Only, to me, walking alone — to me,
Asking the west wind what intelligence
He brings to me of you beyond the sea —
It is a matter of more consequence.

I stand, and look across the lowlands under
This lovely smiling Heaven — and wonder.

II

Had I the heart to curse, I would curse Love,
Who made me false to that which I loved best,
My path's one light, the faith I set above
Reason, and chance, and hope, and all the rest.

Not at God's word would I have hurt my friend,
But Love betrayed me, held me, shut my eyes,
And with my hand struck for his coward's end,
Changing the vows upon my lips to lies.

Now while I live I will be true to her
Wisely, unquestioningly, as of old.
Loving is sweet, but faith is worthier;
She will not doubt again the faith I hold.

And Love, the fair, the false, the fugitive,
I do not curse — but I do not forgive.

FEWER AND BETTER BOOKS

BY A NEW YORK PUBLISHER–BOOKSELLER

How serious and how recent is the over-production in the book trade? 'Of making many books there is no end' is a plaint which has been repeated by generations of booksellers. In late years the rumblings of discontent have seemed more ominous to my ears.

At the last meeting of the American Booksellers Association, the president bitterly — and I think unjustifiedly — blamed the publishers for their 'over-production.' 'It seems,' said he, 'that the publisher, striving in keen competition, aims to see how many, not how worthy, books he can publish in a given period. He is responsible for that class of retail customers who now consider a book that is three or four weeks old behind the times. Nowadays and almost without exception a book that has been published three months is practically dead, forgotten, awaiting its removal to the bargain-tables. Where will the books of to-day be twenty years hence? Where is gone the slogan of "Fewer books and better"?

'I realize, of course, that the publisher has his problems. He must keep his presses going. He must keep his organization intact. Yet, could he not concentrate still more on manuscripts which are worthy and which would meet with a more kind and responsive reception from the buying public? In the field of non-fiction, which happily since the war has been steadily winning a place for itself in the sun, many liberties are being taken by the publisher. Let a man deliver a few lectures or write a few magazine articles, these are gathered and appear between the covers of a book, published at from two dollars to five dollars, and the bookseller is expected to enthuse over these publications, generally at a short discount.'

Let us examine the statistics of American book-production, furnished by the American Publishers Association, taken, for the sake of brevity, at intervals of every five years.

Year		*Fiction*	*Non-Fiction*	*Total*
1890	U. S.	1040	2493	
	Imp.	78	948	
		1118	3441	 4559
1895	U. S.	876	3367	
	Imp.	238	998	
		1114	4365	 5479
1900	U. S.	1112	4154	
	Imp.	166	924	
		1278	5078	 6356
1905	U. S.	1306	5839	
	Imp.	58	909	
		1364	6748	 8112
1910	U. S.	1339	9085	
	Imp.	200	2846	
		1539	11931	13470
1915[1]	U. S.	723	6673	
	Imp.	196	2142	
		919	8815	 9734
1920	U. S.	1093	6353	
	Imp.	61	915	
		1154	7268	 8422
1923	U. S.	1022	6485	
	Imp.	58	1298	
		1080	7783	 8863

These statistics reveal the superficiality of the cry of 'constantly

[1] From 1915 on these figures include pamphlets.

increasing production.' We find production rising in a steady curve from 1890, reaching an apex in 1910, in which year the figures were 200 per cent greater than twenty years previous. Then a drop began; for the past ten years the figures have remained comparatively static at about 8500 titles a year, or only 63 per cent of the 1910 figure. This condition arose from many causes — no doubt chiefly from the realization of the publishers that in 1910 the market had been glutted. Undoubtedly the war and the recent high costs of book-making have aided the decrease. Indeed, according to an article by Miss Marion Humble in the June *Bookman:* 'In 1920 it was found that increasing costs of labor and material were greatly affecting the number of books published. It was estimated that in one year about 4,500,000 volumes, over 400 new titles and 1200 old titles, had actually been unpublished because of increased manufacturing costs. . . . Publishers had dropped old titles from their lists because reprinting costs had become prohibitive.'

Fiction has not held its own. In 1923 there were actually 38 fewer fiction titles published than in 1890, while the non-fiction had increased from 3441 to 7783. In 1890 fiction constituted 25 per cent of the total output, and this figure has gradually decreased to about 12 per cent, with every indication of becoming lower in the future. Why? Call it a growing recognition of the dangers inherent in the publication of fiction; call it the competitive influence of the movies and the many new fiction-magazines; call it the increasing demand for 'serious stuff,' essays, technical books, drama, philosophy, or the like — call it this or that or the other thing, nevertheless the condition persists. What I have been trying to point out in presenting these figures, however, is that book-production today (especially fiction) is on the wane and has been since the high-water mark of 1910. Any discussion that follows must be predicated upon this realization. When we reflect, moreover, on the increase in the number of publishers (for example, four new publishing concerns were launched this summer), on the perceptible increase in new bookshops as retail outlets, on the growth in the volume of book sales, these statistics of downward production gain additional significance.

I

The public must recognize that the rôles played in the business game by publisher and bookseller might aptly be compared to those well-known partners, Potash and Perlmutter, who, however antagonistic they seem or wish to seem, are absolutely dependent upon each other.

The publisher — I refer specifically to the publisher of general books sold in bookshops, as opposed to a publisher of technical and scientific books — must needs be a lover of literature and a discriminating critic, a shrewd business man, and an intrepid gambler. As George H. Doran says, 'Publishing is neither altogether commercial nor is it altogether professional. It is a curious and necessary combination of the two.' Especially would I stress the gambling element in publishing, for this is one of the distinguishing traits of the profession. In business, in the merchandising of stable commodities such as coal, iron, grain, wool, and the like, there are fixed and arbitrary standards which can be recognized, duplicated, and graded accurately, after preliminary training. Not so in literature, that elusive, intangible, delicately beautiful product.

When a publisher decides to put his

imprint on a manuscript, he wagers his capital that a sufficient public will react favorably to the book to produce a profitable sale. In other words, his mind must move with, not against, the tide of life about him. 'He must know the currents of public opinion and the trend of thinking; he must supplement the truth of it or seek to stem the tide of error, not as a propagandist, but as a publicist. He must have courage to publish a good book in the face of a known financial loss; he must be beneficent and willing to publish first books of promise.'

Briefly, the publisher must combine in his mental equipment the qualities of the theatrical producer, the statesman, the editor, the seer, and above all the financier. Yet the statesman miscalculates and violates the laws of foreign diplomacy, the best plays fail, and the best books — in the publisher's judgment — remain on the shelves. This involves one point that the facile critics of overproduction would seem to ignore. It is easy for an outsider to say, 'Restrict your titles, publish fewer and better books,' but far less easy to tell which particular titles should have been eliminated. Looking backward, one can recognize his mistakes, but at the beginning of a publishing season we have apparently invincible reasons for our choice of every title.

Publishing, then, as compared with bookselling, is a more speculative æsthetic venture, requiring larger capital and playing for larger stakes. Lest this rather broad generalization be subjected to disagreement, let me qualify it by saying, first, that it takes more capital to become a large publisher than a large retailer; secondly, that over a period of years the profits of a well-managed retail business can be foretold with fair accuracy from previous experience, while those of a well-managed publishing house fluctuate violently. The good bookseller as compared with the publisher is a veritable scholar, in the sense of being a librarian, a bookworm, a collector; a man of prodigious memory, embracing titles, authors, and editions; a man with patience for a multiplicity of details; a man who views himself as only one step removed from the college professor and the minister. Rightly so, for the good bookshop is a cultural reservoir.

The evils of overproduction are in one sense far more serious to the bookseller than to the publisher; in fact they constitute by far the greatest menace to the ultimate prosperity of retailing. A publisher need concern himself with overproduction only from two angles: how far the output of new titles published by his competitors will cut into his own sales, and how many particular titles on his own list will be found unsalable and consequently unprofitable. But the bookseller is in a far more dangerous position, for his stock is culled from the collective stock of all publishers. A single publisher has only his own errors to combat; but the errors of the whole tribe are heaped on the sagging shoulders of the retailer. He must needs carry a certain minimum stock of the so-called standard books — books such as the *Boston Cooking School Book*, Holt's *Care and Feeding of Children*, Bartlett's *Quotations*, and the like. He must carry an assortment of the classics (and many booksellers carry foreign as well as English and American classics), and added to this he must have the new books being published daily. One can imagine, for example, the money involved if a bookseller tried to stock only two copies of every new book published during one year, for our statistics would show us that this alone would cost approximately $20,000.

No matter how carefully he selects his stock from the various publishers, he is bound to make mistakes. He misjudges the merits of a new book shown him and overbuys (at this point reading booksellers will probably say they are forced into overbuying by publishers' salesmen), or the demand for a popular author suddenly wanes, or public taste changes; and the bookseller is left with new books that he cannot sell save at a fraction of their real price. Despite his diligent efforts, his stock grows like a snowball rolling down hill. Yet one cannot pay salaries, rent, bills for merchandise, let alone dividends, from an ever-increasing inventory.

Unsalable books are dangerous for both publisher and bookseller, by virtue of the very small profit in book sales. Follow for a moment the financial make-up of the average two-dollar novel from manuscript form until its eventual sale in a bookstore. The average two-dollar novel uses about a pound of paper, ranging in price from six and one-half cents to ten. Plates, by far the most expensive item, vary in price according to the number of pages, but average five to six hundred dollars. The publisher usually makes a first printing of from 2500 to 3000 copies, and endeavors to amortize the cost of the plates against this first printing. The amortized charge varies from seventeen cents to twenty-four cents a copy. Presswork — that is, the actual printing from the plates — costs four cents to five cents a copy on an edition of this size. Binding costs fourteen cents to twenty-two cents a copy, according to the style and quality used. Then there are always extras, such as jacket dies, end papers, illustrations for the jacket, printing the jacket, and the like, which come to three cents to five cents more apiece.

In other words, our finished novel costs from forty-four and one-half cents to sixty-six cents a copy for the first edition, *without* royalty, which varies from 10 to 20 per cent on the retail price. The two-dollar novel, then, costs the publisher from sixty-four and one-half cents to ninety-six cents. The publisher sells these novels wholesale to the bookseller at discounts varying from 33⅓ to 40 per cent of the retail price, according to the quantity of each title ordered. The wholesale price to the trade is from $1.20 to $1.34, leaving the publisher a margin for gross profit of twenty-four cents to fifty-five and one-half cents.

Out of the gross profit, however, must come the publisher's entire business expense. Rent, salaries, commissions, advertising, these and a hundred odd items that go to make up what is called 'overhead,' must be deducted before any net profit is left. The same is true, of course, in considering the retailer's profits, for his entire expenses of conducting business must be deducted from the difference between the wholesale and retail price before he has any net profit. Ultimately the publisher or bookseller who year after year consistently makes a net profit on his total business of from 6 per cent to 10 per cent is entitled to consider himself a success. There are no profiteers on either side of the book trade.

These figures will suggest another reason for sporadic overproduction. Every publishing firm endeavors to keep its overhead at as low a figure as possible. Advertising, commissions, and certain varieties of expense fluctuate according to the number of books published and the total volume of business. But certain other expenses, such as rent and the salaries of even a skeleton staff, are fixed and remain constant, regardless of whether the firm publishes one book or fifty books.

With this in view, we can appreciate

the temptation to increase one's list. Let us supposé that a firm that has for years been publishing forty books annually discovers that without increasing its fixed business expenses it can publish sixty. Even if these extra twenty books only sell out the first printing, and make no net profit to speak of, at least each one helps pay its share of the overhead, which is correspondingly reduced in percentage, thereby increasing the percentage of net profit on the total volume of the business. The publisher has moreover the comforting feeling that he is spreading his risks, for surely it is a safer proposition to carry one's eggs in sixty baskets than in forty baskets. And last, and perhaps most important, is the hope, often defeated but ever recurring, that somewhere in the additional titles taken on the lightning of public approval will strike a best seller. Of course if a publisher could cut his list from one hundred yearly publications to fifty, and have the total sales of fifty titles equal the sales of one hundred, he might attempt the experiment of reducing his list. But this experiment most publishers feel to be financial suicide.

One of the most discussed remedies for overproduction is the artificial limitation of output. Suppose, for example, that the leading American publishing firms should take an average of their total production over the last three years. Suppose they should then enter into some form of gentlemen's agreement to restrict their novel-output for the next three years to 50 or 60 per cent of the previous total, and their non-fiction production to 75 or 80 per cent. Assuming that this could be accomplished legally, we have already seen many of the objections to such a procedure. There would be, in addition, an injustice to new authors, who would find it additionally difficult to obtain publication. The plan could not attempt to provide for new publishers who might establish their business within this three-year period, and who would not follow or enter into the agreement. Because of these and many other factors, including trade jealousy, the chances for a solution of this nature seems but slight. While a number of the publishers would undoubtedly give it a trial if 'everyone entered,' 'everyone' will not enter and the plan falls of its own weight without a trial.

II

Since production cannot be limited, the opposite course is to increase the demand. The adherents of this theory claim that the book-buying possibilities of this country have not been scratched, and in proof of this they cite statistics, compiled by the American Publishers Association, which show that book-purchases in the United States average about two books per family per year. Apropos of these conditions, Bruce Barton remarked that books are not sold — they are merely bought. There is no doubt that we publishers and booksellers have ourselves to thank for some of these conditions, and have allowed many lax and archaic business methods to persist. Partly owing to the personal nature of the book business and the æsthetic-artistic atmosphere of the merchandise, partly because of the lack of 'cutthroat' competition, partly because of the small financial returns, partly because of inertia — the book business, like Topsy, has 'just growed,' and is far behind many other lines in business technique.

Increasing the output must take place in two ways: increasing the demand for individual titles, and increasing the number of outlets or retail bookshops. The first of these factors is

almost as important as the second. If we agree on the assumption that a poor book deserves to fail, it is equally true that a good book deserves to sell. And yet, many a good book — non-fiction as well as fiction — put into competition with its eight thousand annual rivals is lost in the shuffle and fails to survive. Sometimes, years afterward chance will direct public attention to it, and a second blooming will result. John McRae, the sagacious president of E. P. Dutton and Company, rather whimsically compared this phenomenon with marriage. 'Just as there are thousands of splendid women in the world who never meet the right man, or meet him very late in life, so we have the problem of the unmated book — the book that never meets its public or takes years to do so.' A condition like this can never be totally eradicated, but novel methods of publicity and more intensive mail-order development, all directed to the end of introducing the right book to the right reader, should do much toward cutting the percentage of failures.

The second factor, that of more outlets, is inextricably interwoven with the first. Accurate figures on the number of legitimate bookstores are unobtainable. By a legitimate bookstore I mean a shop with a fairly representative stock that derives the major portion of its income from the sale of books. Approximately these number about three thousand five hundred, and to them can be added the unknown number of gift, stationery, and drug shops where a few popular novels may be obtained. Contrast this retail outlet with the thousands upon thousands of outlets for candy, automobiles, radio supplies, cigars, even the despised chewing-gum. Of course in one sense it is both superficial and misleading to compare an idealistic and intellectual product such as books with these other more carnal and material needs of the body. In my opinion, however, until the book-dealer is willing to sit at the feet of the chain-store grocer, the chewing-gum manufacturer, the automobile magnate, and the cigar-distributor, to learn of their modern business technique and apply it with suitable variations to his own product — until that time we cannot expect to see any sizable increase in book outlets, or profits, or distribution.

Speaking of outlets, we may well consider a suggestion made by Mr. Ben Huebsch, that publishers coöperate to establish a chain of 'depositories' throughout the country. These depositories would be warehouses carrying a full line of titles of all the publishers, and would be scattered geographically so that a bookshop, no matter where located, would always have access to an immense reservoir of stock not over twenty-four hours away. Mr. Huebsch believes his plan would result in the establishment of a large number of bookshops in small cities and country towns, where practically no book business is done at present because of the delay, expense, and trouble involved to a purchaser in securing any but the most popular books of the day. I am inclined to favor this proposal, and believe it merits serious consideration, for it promises an epochal advance in book-distribution methods. It has, at least, the virtue of freshness and novelty, two unknown words in the vocabulary of the bookman.

III

There are many who believe that the reason books do not sell well is because of their high prices. These same people, however, probably do not trouble to compare book prices with those of theatre tickets or other cultural luxuries; and I have tried in this article to

show that, proportionately, book prices are very reasonable. Daily, however, publishers and booksellers are deluged with this complaint, together with many suggestions to remedy it. Most frequent among these hints is that of the paper-bound book. 'Take your two-dollar novels,' say our critics, 'bind them like the French novels, in paper, and sell them for fifty cents or seventy-five cents.' The suggestion is made without considering the difference in royalties paid to French authors and to American and English authors, and the vast difference in labor prices in France, Germany, and other Continental countries. Moreover, when a purchaser wishes to keep one of these books he must have it bound in cloth or leather for himself. Under our manufacturing system in the United States — and the law requires a book to be manufactured in this country in order to secure an American copyright — the only difference in price saved by a publisher on a paper-bound book is six cents or seven cents, the actual difference between the price of good paper and cloth.

No, this is not our solution; the only means of effectively reducing book prices is by quantity production, thus cheapening the cost of each unit. I am really arguing in a circle, because quantity production demands quantity sales, and quantity sales demand a great increase in outlets. Yet, unless some totally unforeseen invention is made or a new process originated, we must sell books like Fords to lessen book prices.

So far we have not considered the many interferences and obstacles with which the book trade has to contend. The great requisite for book-reading is leisure, and leisure to-day is an elusive will-o'-the-wisp. With automobiles, movies, radio, weekly magazines, and hourly newspapers, we are living in a hectic age, an age that appeals in many ways to the senses rather than to the mind, a distracting age that woos book-lovers from the library. This last is indeed a figure of speech, for in our apartmentized existence the library has vanished, or at best has been replaced by a five-foot shelf. Many believe that the book business has seen its best days, that no efficiency or energy can sell people a product they do not want or have not time to use. Despite this, new publishers are appearing, there is a perceptible increase in the number of bookshops, public and circulating libraries are more used than ever, and the total volume of book sales is on the increase. 'Yes,' say the pessimists, 'but consider the increase in our total population. Then, if you analyze truly, you will see that the sales per capita are actually decreasing.'

Personally I agree with the pessimists, that all these things, especially the overproduction of magazines and newspapers filled with trivial and cheap contents, injure the book business. Human beings have only a certain maximum of leisure, and if they spend an evening reading a sex magazine and listening to the radio there is no time left for a good book. But there is a brighter aspect to the matter. Books are the great spiritual, eternal product of the race, and so long as the race persists the demand for them cannot die out. Ultimately I believe all of these so-called obstacles will redound to our advantage, for surely automobiles and radios and movies, yea, even sex magazines, stimulate the mind, and eventually, when the mind is sufficiently stimulated and in the right direction, we have a new book-reader.

IV

There are, it seems to me, remedies more certain and tangible than any I

have so far mentioned, partial solutions that can be effected by an insistence upon a more vigorous and higher code of trade ethics. We must aim at once at eliminating all publications of 'border' books, of books in the editorial fringe of doubt and indecision, of books that are mediocre and published by reason of trade jealousy or a fancied expediency. 'Trade jealousy,' you say, 'affecting the publication of books!' How will you describe the process by which a reputable author writes a book so poor that his usual publisher rejects it, only to have it taken by a competing publisher, who also recognizes its inferiority, but accepts it to control the author's future books? 'Expediency!' you say! Surely, for how else will you describe the publication in book form of a magazine 'potboiler' because the publisher thinks it is a fashion which might catch on? Witness, for example, the absurd craze for etiquette books and Outlines of Everything and Nothing.

Let me submit on this point a few informal jottings on a publisher's creed which I believe would lessen the burden of overproduction: First, I pledge myself never to steal a competitor's author, or subtly to influence such an author to dissatisfaction with his present publisher in the hope that after a divorce he will come to me. Second, I pledge myself not to publish the book of an author who has left his previous publisher until I know the reason for this departure, and if his book has been rejected because of its workmanship I will be sincere in my own editorial verdict and not deliberately publish a poor book to secure a good author. Third, I pledge myself never to publish more than one book a year of any one author, because a book worth publishing demands at least that time for breadth and maturity. Fourth, I pledge myself, wherever possible, to discriminate against authors who have previously had magazine syndication, especially in fiction, because there is a growing divergence in the requirements of good magazine and book work, and an author writing with both in view is too apt to produce a machine-made book. Fifth, I pledge myself to forbid my salesmen to nag or bulldoze a bookseller into overordering, for I realize that an overstocked customer is a liability spiritually and financially. Sixth, I pledge myself never to pay an author a royalty above 20 per cent, and seldom that, because if I do so there is insufficient margin left to market the book properly, and either I make a failure of distribution or I lose money on the book. Lastly, I pledge myself, above all, to be sincere to myself and my public in my editorial judgments and not to put my imprint on a book unless I believe the book a valid and authentic contribution to American publishing.

Let us assume a garden of Paradise in which all the members of the Publishers Association meet and swear to uphold this creed. I say all, because a few publishers attempting to follow such a golden creed would bankrupt themselves to the profit of their more greedy brothers. No, it is either all or nothing. Yet I wish to emphasize that I do not regard these as altruistic visionings, too good for this world, but as hard-headed, practical, workable proposals to eliminate existing evils that are detrimental to every firm.

The booksellers, too, must subscribe to a creed to uphold their end of the bargain. For example: First, I will refrain from ordering in advance everything new offered by a publisher's salesman; I will say to the representative, in many cases, 'I have enough new books, and will buy more only when my present stock is reduced.' Second, I will not be overgreedy for the extra

discount and buy more than I can sell on this account. Third, I will spend at least 3 per cent of my total sales-income on advertising and not thrust the entire advertising burden on the publisher. Fourth, I will attempt to make my bookstore a true community centre, and will try by lectures, mail-order propaganda, circularization, and every method I can devise, to introduce my bookstore to every inhabitant of the community. I will acquaint myself with the best business practice of the day, as evidenced in successful businesses in lines outside my own, and see if I cannot profit from their methods. Lastly, I pledge myself, both in buying and in selling, to exercise more discrimination. I will buy more critically and refuse absolutely to purchase seemingly mediocre books — I will blacklist the line of any publisher whose books are steadily poor in content. I will train my clerks to know something of the contents of the books they are selling, to instill in them a pride in 'pushing' any book of merit, and to frown on their pushing nothing but the 'six best sellers.'

I am vain enough to feel that until these creeds are formally adopted, although unconsciously they are daily becoming the practice of alert publishers and booksellers, our present haphazard system will continue. The only final, all-embracing solution of our present order, or of any order, for that matter, is the universal economic law of supply and demand. Unsound currency will drive out a sound one, and if the publishers persist, over a period of years, in bringing out too many mediocre books they will so antagonize the buying public as to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. If, however, the booksellers realize the power that is in their hands and coöperate to eliminate 'fly-by-night' publishers and publications, these will soon be driven to the wall.

In other words, I feel that the only intelligent basis for the limitation of production is to kill off the admittedly weak and worthless titles, together with their sponsors, and then by every means within our power to concentrate on everything left. At a rough guess, I should say that the residue would amount to 6500 or 7000 titles a year. Below this I do not think we can safely go, for below this would be economic underproduction. Above all, we must increase the demand for good books. We can do this only by coöperation, for there can be no greater fallacy than that one branch of the book trade can be exploited at the expense of the other.

MEDITATIONS OF A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

BY ONE

I

I HAD the curious good-fortune of first seeing my mother-in-law without knowing who she was. This happened, of course, some time before I had been invited to marry her son. I caught sight of her at a lecture, of all places in the world, and as the programme went on I found myself stealing refreshing glances at her bright and quizzical face. After the lecture we drifted toward each other, as congenial spirits may, in the confused Virginia reel of greetings and remarks. For purposes of scrutiny she had greatly the advantage over me, because she did know who I was, and was looking upon me, doubtless, with mixed feelings of her own. But I was well enslaved and enchanted before she announced her name to me.

I wish that every daughter-in-law might have a preliminary moment of this kind, meeting her future mother-in-law as a private individual, unbeknownst, with no suspicion that she herself was being scrutinized. For I suppose that I shall never get over the feeling that she and I are independent friends, luckily given a chance to meet more often because her son and my husband happen to coincide.

If she were not in the world, I should be deprived of three distinct benefits that only a mother-in-law has power to confer. The first has in it an element of the pictorial, the second of the practical, the third of reverie and dream.

These three benefits, I think, are not consciously bestowed: certainly not the first, the picturesque presentation to me of the most gracious points in the family tradition. The experienced mother of a family holds the key to all the most charming customs, the most cherished rituals, the dramatic setting of her children's early home; each detail fragmentary in itself but significant as a clue.

For instance: it still takes my conservative breath away to observe this family's inspired capacity for transfiguring real estate into something far more beautiful than it was. All the members of the tribe think in the architect spirit. Blueprints run in their blood. To me, before my marriage, a house had always seemed a fairly substantial phenomenon, not lightly to be pulled about. Now I have seen what can be done with a flash of imagination and an astonished carpenter managed with a firm hand. I have seen an idea strike my mother-in-law at the dinner-table, at a time of family reunion at their summer home. I have seen her sons kindling instantly with hot-headed objections to her scheme — all pencils whipped out of their scabbards and brandished with reckless points, plans sketched rapidly on the backs of envelopes, slashing criticisms exchanged across the table, lines modified, lines crossed out — and the lady of the house finally collecting all plans, all criticisms, with a creative flash, and evolving a fire-new idea from the heat of argument: an idea better than her first, different

from her sons', bullet-proof, delightful, practical, instantly recognized by her roaring rivals as a flawless thing.

I have seen her convince a rebellious carpenter of the futility of a bracket. I have seen her make a blank staring window look romantic with a trellis, and a cramped entry look spacious by removing a meaningless bit of wall. 'It seems to me,' she told me once, 'that I have spent my life in taking down partitions.' She was thinking of lath and plaster when she spoke, but it is true also of the less palpable staging of spiritual life. Without my stirring mental pictures of her in the act of pouncing on crude materials, knocking them deftly about, clearing them of trash, and making them take on order and design, I could never have dreamed how implicitly I may trust in the similar inspirations of her son. My own cautious residential type of mind needs some such vivid reassurance before it can feel easy in the presence of the authentic builder — and judicious wrecker — type.

It is a great asset to know, through direct observation of one's mother-in-law, that certain traits which one's own family might have deemed out of the ordinary have always been considered the usual thing, safely domesticated, in one's husband's early home. A father-in-law might give one the same general information, but it comes more reassuringly from his wife.

The mental picture just described, of course, visualizes an important central trait. But I shall always treasure equally another sort of picture that my mother-in-law has given me, focused on a smaller scale. One afternoon early in our acquaintance I was invited to take tea with her, all by myself. As it happened, one of her adoring little grandsons had been left with her unexpectedly by his mother, who had dropped him there, like superfluous baggage in a checking-room, on her way to town. The little boy, with all the rapture that a three-year-old heart can hold, was encamped in the lee of the daffodils in the sunny bay-window, playing a game that had been invented by his grandmother once upon a time for a certain little eldest son of her own — a game especially adapted to eldest sons, because it can best be played solitaire. All the little boys of the family had played it, however, in their day; and this tiny grandson was sensitive enough to be doubly happy in playing with his father's and uncles' toys. They were only a collection of small tin things that would 'pour': a miniature coffee-pot, a teakettle, a tin dipper with a nose, a toy watering-can, and a fluted bowl, most perilous of all. To play the game you were allowed to have exactly enough cold water to fill the smallest of these. From this — the dipper — you poured into the next container, and from that to the next, varying your sequence and your fractions of volume at will, and never spilling overboard a single drop. The glory and pride of the game centred upon the budding masculine joy in an accurate eye and a steady hand, the unflagging thrill of highly specialized negotiations with a tricky fluid largely forbidden as a plaything in one's career.

It called for an imagination somewhat expert in spiritual values to invent and perpetuate that heavenly game for baby boys. In the midst of his play the little grandson turned to ask a question of his grandmother, and called her 'Mother' by mistake. Whereupon, remembering the conventions, he politely changed it to 'Drandma,' and they both laughed. His grandmother stepped over to the window to answer his question about a twist in the teakettle's spout. And now, if I choose to shut my eyes, I can see them still with their bright heads together, gravely

examining the tiny venerable bit of tinware in the sun. A rapid twitch with an accomplished hand, and the trouble was rectified; the thing poured straight as a die. Mutual congratulations followed — the entirely sympathetic triumph over material imperfections by two resourceful and exacting hearts. The scene was typical of hundreds that I watched later. Beginning at the beginning, she thoroughly knew the breed she had to handle, and all their springs of joy.

Such pictures as these that I remember are not only pretty — they are the bright window through which I understand the exquisite and ineradicable beauty of my husband's early home-life, the essential position that it will always hold in the sequences of his thought.

One day, later, when we were visiting the family, we rummaged out a heap of old advertising matter among my husband's treasure-boxes in the attic, and he told me with what fortitude his mother had borne her lot when he and his brothers were struck with a craze for machinery, and sent for catalogues of every kind purely for the pleasure of gazing upon the pictures of great machines. Their tastes were ambitious, and they gathered catalogues illustrating newest models of every mammoth sort. In consequence, in the daytime when the boys were in school, agents from all these companies would come out to the house, a ten-mile trip into the suburbs, supposing that they were on the trail of a 'prospect,' and thinking to place important orders for steam-turbines, oil-well machinery, traveling cranes, magnetic chucks and radial drills, steam and electric capstans and windlasses, drop hammers and power-shears, foghorns with electric and gasoline-engine drive, automatic stokers, Otis elevators, Bessemer converters, and reaping-machines. Their hostess received them all with charming apologies and light refreshments, and sent them away entirely mollified.

A comprehending mother of this stamp does not bring up a family for nothing. After thirty-five years of perspicacious manœuvres she is in a position to give a newcomer into the circle many practical points. With entire unselfishness she has given me all I asked, including her choicest and most secret copyrighted rules for celebrated dishes invented by herself. Thanks to her I am able to serve, of a Sunday night, a traditional supper-dish whose sheer aroma stirs memories of informal suppers with guests around the fireplace long ago, of far-away faces and eager talk, and of a certain active figure flitting incorrigibly about, not easily to be reduced to order — her sons, feeling their conversation wasted when she was on the wing, adjuring her at intervals to 'come and sit *down!*' To invoke the most lively memories of those days I have only to turn to certain extra pages pasted into my cookery-book, where in her handwriting I find the detailed rules that she wrote down for me one evening by lamplight at the beach.

II

The practical advantage of possessing a mother-in-law includes not only advice received and valued 'points,' but also the sense that in a dilemma there is always a court of grand appeal. For this purpose my mother-in-law has served her children well, a fact that is true of my own mother no less. In combination, these two can at any moment form an incomparable team. When my husband and I became engaged, his mother and my mother, living in widely separated towns, had never met. One day, in my own garden at home, he and I were discussing plans for the wedding, and struck a point on which

we were in doubt. 'Call up your mother on the telephone,' said I with sudden inspiration, 'and let my mother and your mother work it out together.' Accordingly he corralled my mother, planted her at the telephone, put in a long-distance call, and finally got the connection, with the two capable mothers, both laughing, on one wire. He introduced them elegantly, and then sat with me in attentive ecstasy on the staircase — while Greek, over the long-distance telephone, met Greek.

Perhaps one need hardly state that there remained, after that brisk conference, no shadow of doubt about our plans.

This practical department of a mother-in-law's proper function is, I suppose, the traditional field for clash. And I think, though my own experience has been perfect, that I know one reason why. Practical advice firmly administered implies sometimes a deficiency in the mental equipment of the advisee. Carried to a critical extreme, it puts the daughter-in-law chronically on the defensive, for she feels that every detail of her life's plan is being scrutinized. Of all beings on earth, the mother of married children has a right to scrutinize the world with the most apprehensive and responsible eye. The responsible eye is unwinking, very bright and clear. Its glance calls for an answer. The eye of Queen Marie of Rumania, mother-in-law of the Balkans, is responsible. The eyes of Buddha are not.

With the glance of our mother-in-law, however loving, upon us, we are anxious to toe the mark. We should hate to have her consider us a drag upon her son. Therefore the most tentative shaft of her criticism strikes home.

The classic mother-in-law remark in my own family was made by my father's mother on one of her delightful visits to us. Two of us children and the maid had recently recovered from what corresponded to influenza in those days. Everything had returned fairly to the normal, but certain of the usual household duties had been overlooked in the rush. We were all sitting around the fireplace after tea when my grandmother, then quite an old lady, turned inquiringly to her daughter-in-law at the opposite side of the hearth. 'Elizabeth dear,' said she to my mother, 'don't you *like* to have your andirons bright?'

After the shout that went up from the circle, our grandmother joined in the laughter at her own question with comforting chuckles, and assured my mother that she had been entirely innocent in her remark. She thought that the dull finish might be the latest style, and that the younger generation perhaps preferred its brasses with a little tasteful tarnish here and there. One never could tell unless one asked. But her question proved to be a paradigm remark. Ever since, the accepted formula for criticism in our clan is the half-anxious, half-indulgent query, 'Don't you *like* to have your andirons bright?'

It is not only keen-eyed criticism that has power sometimes to strike panic to a daughter-in-law's inmost heart. Nearly every good homemaker who has successfully managed her family has acquired an immense knack for what my own mother calls 'slave-driving.' We all used to take a morose sort of pleasure in calling her Simon Legree when we found her in this mood. 'Now,' my mother used to observe cheerfully upon occasion, 'I am going to slave-drive a little.' Whereupon we knew that some member of the family was about to be goaded on to vaster achievements and ampler fates.

A mother, with all the humorous backing of long acquaintance with her children, can slave-drive far more

safely than a mother-in-law. Yet it would be a calamity if our mothers-in-law could never give us suggestions, never spur us on.

It all depends on the vocabulary and the context and the mood. From my own experience I know that the thing can, with immense good profit, be neatly done.

For illustration: I had an ambitious project in mind not long ago that I knew would interest my mother-in-law. Said I to my husband, 'Shall I write and tell her?'

'Well,' said he, 'you must remember that any idea as interesting as this will act on her mind like touching off the fuse on one of these fireworks that we used to call a "flowerpot." You 've seen them — all sorts of things flowering out, Roman candles and pinwheels and chrysanthemums, ending with the face of Theodore Roosevelt and the American flag. If you don't mind *variations* on your plan, go ahead.'

I did not mind variations. I went ahead. And by the earliest possible return post my plan was doubled in value, alight with unexpected inspirations, brightened almost beyond belief. Yet it was my own workable plan still — only ever so much the better for being also hers and mine. With her knowledge of the available resources she was able to show me possibilities and practical expedients that advanced my project far beyond my dreams.

III

This sort of practical interchange would in itself be quite enough to keep our relationship unspoiled and sweet. But there is another realm of her influence more difficult to describe, one that penetrates to the rarely entered contemplative areas of my own mind. It involves her entire life and letters, and all her casual deeds. It is not enough to say that her achievements have shown me what can be done in the harmonious home-life of that particular family-line. That is part of it, but my contemplation is also fascinated by the entire tone and tenor of her busy days. And here is where, in the matter of benefits, the father-in-law comes in. Together he and she provide a precedent; they are a sort of College of Heralds to interpret the family mood and trend. They have blended for us, in a workable combination, all the various traits and tendencies of their separate ancestral strains.

And now, when I meditate upon them, I see them in a hundred flashing, companionable moods — planting a tree together, hatching business projects with a pile of papers between them, training up a rambler-rose vine, training up also, in belated details, their grown sons. I remember especially the ancestral homestead that they took me to visit, on the edge of the New England coast, where one of the great-great-grandfathers had lived in Colony days. I shall not forget the lovely moment when we all stood together at the quiet doorway of the house and watched the white sea-gulls flying over the dunes. A spear of beach grass by the pathway was describing perfect circles around itself in the wind, with the point of its blade in the sand. We let ourselves in with a big key, through the old doorway under the wide fanlight. The high, white-paneled rooms were empty for the moment, but they had been left spruce and neat, with a freshly laid heap of pine-cones and driftwood in the fireplace, traditionally put there always for the use of casual summer visitors among the scattered clan. As a very special treat, my mother-in-law told me that I might be the one to light the driftwood fire. And as we sat and watched it, it burned with all its long-stored colors of strange violet and

wavering green and electric blue. The moment seemed almost like an initiation ceremony to me. The hearth where we were sitting belonged to us all: to my father-in-law and to his son by right of lineage, to my mother-in-law and to me by right of imagination, and by election into the family line.

It is a good deal of a venture, this business of accepting an unrelated personality into the vivacious family group, with all the intimate privileges of full membership in the line. Mothers and fathers of grown sons and daughters perform, I think, their very most gracious act of generous love when they ratify these nominations, and make for the sensitive newcomer such a warm and beautiful hearthside place in the spiritual continuity of the home.

THE UNARMED INVASION

BY STUART H. PERRY

I

Not long ago, after a chase during which a hundred shots were fired, a motor-boat was captured off Long Island. It carried two hundred cases of whiskey brought from a liquor ship hovering just outside the twelve-mile limit, and in the captain's pocket was an unmailed letter from one of the ship's sailors to his parents in Glasgow. In it the sailor wrote: —

> Well, parents, this is a very exciting life up here. There are boatloads of Chinese, Italians, Greeks, and so forth, all waiting to be smuggled into the States. There are also a couple of steamers loaded with heroin, morphia, and cocaine, all of which is smuggled in day by day. We have a seaplane which comes out daily and takes nineteen cases [of liquor] every trip, making an average of six trips a day.

Regardless of the sailor's veracity as to the details of that particular case, his letter fairly reflects the character of present-day smuggling in the United States. Multiplied and magnified, and similarly interwoven, the same practices extend far and wide, the whole constituting a problem of grave import. Superficially, as this glimpse discloses it, the problem is only a domestic administrative matter; but, more deeply considered, it stretches away far beyond our time and our immediate affairs, and in its farther reaches it involves our polity, our relations with the world, our national and racial destiny.

The new smuggling, as thus disclosed, forms a chapter in the national control of foreign traffic that is unparalleled in both character and magnitude. The old smuggling, as it has been known for centuries among all nations, was almost uniformly an offense against revenue laws, its results being measured chiefly by the loss of customs duties to the Government thus defrauded. That kind, which exists whenever and wherever customs duties are imposed, raises only an ordinary problem of law-enforcement. The new

smuggling — of liquor, narcotics, and persons — is a far more important matter from the standpoint of national welfare and interests. It has to do, not with mere dutiable entries, but with entries that are wholly prohibited on high grounds of national policy, and, in so far as it succeeds, the result is not a mere pecuniary fraud but the defeat of policies deemed vital by the American people. Our exclusion of liquor and narcotics on grounds of social welfare is still a new policy, and though it is not uniquely American no other nation has applied it so rigidly or on so great a scale. Our exclusion of aliens is altogether new in both genesis and purpose, and, as will be pointed out later, is fraught with a novel and profound significance.

As the essential nature of the smuggler's offense has thus changed, so has the technique of his operations and of the necessary counter-operations. His pecuniary incentive is greater, his opportunities are enlarged, and the task of suppression is rendered more difficult by a variety of causes.

In mercantile smuggling of the old type the measure of the smuggler's profit in no case could exceed the amount of the duty, even if his operations could be conducted without expense. In the case of wholly prohibited articles, on the other hand, the profit from contraband trade is indefinitely great; the smuggler is no longer in competition with legitimate importers, and the only limit to his demands is what the traffic will bear. The profit on smuggled liquor may be several hundred per cent of its original cost. In the case of narcotics the profit is still more, and the risk and expense less. Thus morphine, for example, which in the inferior grades can be bought in Europe for two or three dollars an ounce, and in Germany as cheaply as a dollar, has recently been sold at $35 and $40 an ounce in the Detroit underworld, this being the smuggler's wholesale price to the 'dope peddler' who may make a further profit of from $100 to $150 an ounce.

In the case of smuggled aliens the possibilities of gain are even greater. As far back as 1913 the fee for smuggling a Chinese from Ensenada, Mexico, to the vicinity of San Francisco was $250, which rose to $650 as the efforts of immigration officials became more effective. One of the prosecutions in that year disclosed that a certain launch, whose total cost equipped was only $1300, brought from Ensenada to Half Moon Bay thirty-eight Chinese at $450 a head, earning over $17,000 in two weeks' time. Another launch carried twenty-two at $500 each. This, it is to be noted, was in a time of lower prices, and the aliens in question were Orientals of the poorest class. What the rewards are, or may become, for the smuggling of Europeans better supplied with money can only be guessed. According to Secretary Davis of the Department of Labor, aliens are willing to pay from $100 to $2500 for illegal passage from Cuba to Florida. For bringing an alien across the Detroit River, one of the simplest and easiest of such operations, the ruling fee is said to be from $25 to $100.

Not only are the profits of the new smuggling much greater, but various factors have combined to make the traffic easier, and detection and capture more difficult. Ships with the aid of radio can easily make a rendezvous with confederates at any desired point offshore, where motor-boats can soon transfer contraband persons or cargo — or if pursued can quickly lose themselves in some remote inlet or crowded harbor. Along our land frontiers automobiles and good roads have aided smugglers, as they have other kinds of criminals. Even aircraft is beginning to

engage in the traffic, and unquestionably will do so increasingly. Liquor has been carried in that way, and it is said that as many as two hundred Chinese have been brought by air from Mexico to points in California. The smuggler of aliens enjoys a further advantage in the fact that he can operate in remote places, and also in the fact that he collects his pay in advance and is quit of his charges as soon as they are landed, in contrast with the smuggler of merchandise, who must incur the trouble and risk incident to its handling and sale. Moreover the new type of smuggler has the aid of a much larger body of abettors and sympathizers than the old, whether he deals in prohibited articles or prohibited persons.

These factors of difficulty, from the standpoint of law-enforcement, are aggravated by certain other difficulties of an international nature. The law of the sea, not having kept pace with mechanical progress, hampers the authorities in operations of search and seizure. The restrictions on the activities of officials along the land frontiers remain the same as they were before railroads, automobiles, aircraft, telephones, or radio were known. As regards liquor, there is a conspicuous lack of sympathetic coöperation on the part of foreign Governments touching such matters as fraudulent clearance-papers and the exchange of information. In the case of aliens there is not only lack of voluntary coöperation, but a positive desire on the part of some foreign nations to unload their undesirables upon us.

A still further difficulty arises from the indifference of neighboring countries to the south of us, which themselves impose little if any restriction upon immigration, and which thereby become easy stepping-stones for persons seeking to enter this country illegally from Europe or Asia.

II

The three kinds of smuggling under discussion — liquor, drugs, and aliens — are so interwoven as to form a single problem; but the last is immeasurably the most important of the three, not only from the domestic standpoint, but because of its international bearings. Our immigration policy is in fact a challenge to the world, actuated by profound national motives on our part, but by the same token inviting foreign opposition the exact character and extent of which no man can foresee. In its larger aspect it involves nothing less than the question of what nations and races of the earth shall succeed to the yet unabsorbed residue of the earth's resources and opportunities.

This is strictly a modern question, indeed one largely of the future; for it has only recently begun to take form in the minds of the world's leading nations. Also, for the present, it is almost uniquely an American problem. Other nations, it is true, such as Russia and Turkey in recent times, have undertaken to exclude certain classes or nationalities, but those efforts at most had a limited objective. The restrictions imposed by Canada and Australia on Asiatic immigration parallel our action to a degree, but they are directed only against certain races deemed intrinsically undesirable. The present Canadian restrictions on European immigration, though rigid as far as they go, are occupational in character, no immigrant being disqualified for entrance because of his nationality, and no numerical limit being applied to immigrants of the occupations specified for admission. The United States is the first example of a great nation adopting a general programme of restriction against aliens of all kinds in order to carry out a far-reaching national, racial, and economic policy.

As long as the unoccupied areas of the earth seemed indefinitely great, natural resources scantily utilized and largely unappropriated, and populations in most countries not disproportionate to food-supply, the problem of either immigration or emigration was too remote for serious consideration. That was the situation up to about a hundred years ago. But the last century has seen virtually all unoccupied lands appropriated, and most of the known natural resources in the world either acquired outright by the more active nations or controlled by them in some way for national purposes.

During the same period the development of applied science has resulted in enormous industrial expansion and a corresponding increase of populations. This change was not the sole cause of the great wave of European emigration that began in the nineteenth century, but it greatly accelerated that movement. Even in the absence of such a development, and if each nation had remained self-contained economically, presumably populations still would have increased according to the normal curve until the exhaustion of food-supply stimulated emigration. But an unequal industrial development of nations took place, whereby the more active drew food and raw materials from the backward and undeveloped ones, making payment therefor by the exportation of labor in the form of manufactured goods. This in effect augmented the food supply of the progressive nations and permitted their populations to expand with a rapidity and to a degree that otherwise never would have been possible.

Thus the world, from the standpoint of food-supply and population, has come to a state of unstable equilibrium. Some industrial nations have reached, and others are approaching, the stage where a depression in their export markets or any serious disturbance of their industrial activity has the same effect as a crop shortage in an overpopulated agricultural country. In such a situation the result must be (*a*) further industrial expansion — that is, the acquisition of new markets — a step that only postpones the day of reckoning; (*b*) voluntary restriction of population; or (*c*) emigration. The last has been the historic answer of agricultural peoples to a diminishing food-supply, and it is likely to be increasingly the answer of industrial peoples to a waning standard of living.

The whole problem might be stated in terms of the standard of living. Whether among a primitive pastoral folk, an agricultural and commercial people, or a highly complex industrial community, the effect of overpopulation is to depress that standard, first among the economically weaker classes, and to a certain degree among all classes. There is no essential difference in that regard between the most primitive and the most advanced nations; the plain lack of food in the former is merely translated into diminished incomes and curtailed opportunities in the latter. Their reaction also is identical — an effort to expand, either by mass movement or infiltration, into regions where land is cheaper or, in the case of industrial peoples, where opportunities for labor and exploitation are better.

III

In the light of these fundamental historic facts we can appraise the situation of the American people, their opportunities, their necessities, and their possible dangers.

By good fortune America was colonized before the causes of economic migration began to operate. The United States had time to attain a secure independence and political maturity,

and to become populous enough to occupy its entire territory effectively, before the results of science and industry had greatly stimulated emigration from Europe, and before the rivalry for markets and sources of raw material had reached anything like its present intensity. During that long period we had no food problem, no land problem, no employment problem. Opportunities of all kinds were abundant and they were exploited with the utmost energy and success. The result was that by the time the pressure of population in the crowded industrial nations became acute — a condition visibly expressed in the Great War in Europe and in the Japanese programme of expansion — the American people had developed a standard of living unequaled elsewhere in the world.

To-day we live as in a walled garden of opulence, into which less favored nations gaze with envious eyes. Thanks to our geographical situation, the physical strength we have attained, and the rapid occupation of all our habitable area, the danger of any national invasion in mass disappeared long ago. But unarmed invasion, invasion by infiltration, took its place. The individual in Europe or Asia notes the superior opportunities in America, expressed in the American standard of living, and wishes to share them. The prevailing motive of this 'new emigration' is neither spiritual, emotional, nor political; it is one of material self-interest. And his Government, equally from motives of self-interest, favors and promotes such emigration. Especially it encourages the inefficient, the inferior, and the undesirable to emigrate to America and divide up with us the advantages that we enjoy. We, on the other hand, with an insight that is clear and unerring, though tardy in developing, are determined to conserve these opportunities for ourselves, to exploit them for our own national ends, and to maintain that superior standard of living which we have created.

In this policy, born of an absolutely logical and righteous determination, we array ourselves in interest against those nations that have reached, or are approaching, the limits of their economic opportunities. The lessons of history teach that no people can continue indefinitely to enjoy unchallenged any great economic advantage. When or how that challenge may come depends upon the magnitude of the advantage, the necessities of other nations, and their relative strength. We may be sure, however, of this much: that if we maintain and strengthen our restrictive policy it will be done not only without the approval of the older and crowded nations, but against more or less opposition on their part. How active that opposition may yet become, time alone can reveal. The attitude of the Japanese Government and people last spring was a sign that cannot be ignored.

Fog always lies between us and the future, but if anything takes clear shape on that distant horizon-line it is the inevitable alignment in economic interest of the more crowded nations against the less crowded. This is only another aspect of a forecast that has often been expressed in other terms — that the rivalries and wars of the future will be economic, just as the last war and the rivalries from which it sprang were economic. Religious, dynastic, and even racial factors become subordinate in the presence of the inexorable pressure of populations and declining standards of living; and it is precisely the most capable and energetic nations that will feel the effects of those forces most acutely. The form and extent of their reaction have no assignable limits. As against thinly populated nations that are weak, the

aggression of the populous ones may in some cases take the form of political domination or even conquest. In the case of the stronger ones, such as the United States and the British Dominions, it seeks the desired results through infiltration.

This process of infiltration naturally began in the United States, the land of highest standard and greatest opportunities. That movement we have forbidden entirely from Asia and undertaken greatly to curtail from Europe. This raises our immediate problem — the enforcement of our own law in our own territory. But the next stage involves us more broadly, for our sphere of national interest does not stop wholly at our frontiers. For racial as well as economic reasons we should regret to see Canada invaded by extensive immigration of nationalities that we deem it necessary to exclude; for, racially and economically, North America is virtually one country, and the maintenance of the American standard of living and of Anglo-Saxon supremacy in Canada is a vitally important corollary to our own policy. It is to be hoped that the Government and people of Canada will recognize, before it is too late, the essential identity of the alien-problem in the two countries by adopting a similar policy as far as the racial aspects of immigration are concerned. For political reasons we might be impelled to oppose an extensive Asiatic infiltration into Mexico — a process that might lead to the same results against which the Monroe Doctrine was directed. There may, therefore, be occasion for diplomatic endeavors to obtain the support and coöperation of other countries of the less crowded type, in which racial and economic changes might have a direct connection with our own interests.

The wisdom and expediency of maintaining our present immigration-policy, and even making it more stringent, ought by this time to be beyond argument. It is the only means whereby we can conserve our racial character, our Anglo-Saxon culture, and our political ideals. It is the only means whereby we can preserve the American standard of living, or retard its decline. The internal opposition, in fact, proceeds largely from alien elements, whose views on such a matter obviously should not be heeded, and from exploiters of cheap labor, whose attitude is self-serving and antisocial. There is another element of opposition, it is true, made up of those who would keep the doors open from motives of conscience or emotion; but it should be a sufficient answer to their plea to point out the fact that the filling-up of this country from Europe would be detrimental to America without being permanently beneficial to Europe. It would depress our standard of living, but it would not appreciably raise the standard of the crowded countries, because emigration from those countries would be replaced by new growth of population, thus keeping them constantly at the point of saturation.

America, too, will reach the point of saturation in time. Even if the period and extent of our growth should be enlarged through the development of new food-supplies, the final result would only be postponed — the stage when the limit of food-supply would check further increase. That stage, according to very convincing reasoning, is likely to be reached within two centuries at the latest, when our population will approximate 200 millions and our standard of living will inevitably be lower than it is to-day. The practical question, therefore, is whether we purpose to have this additional hundred millions of population made up of persons of our own race and traditions, or

recruited from the submerged strata of European countries; whether we shall try to retard this lowering of our standard of living or to accelerate it. The voice of wisdom can give but one answer.

IV

We are, then, embarked upon a vital national policy which is likely to be imperiled by forces both within and without the country. What measures should be taken to ensure its success?

Beginning with the domestic phase, which is merely one of law-enforcement, the only logical method of approach is to treat the whole collective problem of the new smuggling as a unit; since all three kinds are carried on more or less by the same persons and instrumentalities, and all tend more or less to the same result of forcing in upon us persons and things that we desire to exclude. With this in mind, and taking the weakest spot first, the primary step should be to strengthen the immigration service, in both personnel and equipment, to whatever degree may be necessary to obtain the desired results. Its equipment should at least be as effective as that of the Prohibition unit. The next should be to coördinate closely, and as nearly as possible to unify, the mechanism for the suppression of liquor- and narcotic-smuggling and that directed against the smuggling of aliens.

Three legislative steps also are particularly called for. One is the amendment of the lax and mischievous provisions of the La Follette Seamen's Act, whereby alien sailors may land on sixty days' shore-leave, regardless of their admissibility as immigrants, and under no control whatsoever. Through this loophole alone in the last fiscal year 23,194 aliens entered this country as deserters from merchant ships. Another imperative legislative step is a law requiring the registration of all aliens and providing adequate funds for the deportation of all that are unlawfully here — the latter feature being especially important because the funds now available are grossly inadequate, resulting in the virtual breakdown of that part of our immigration policy. The third, hardly less important, is the application of the quota law to Mexico, Cuba, and the West Indies — incidentally as an aid in stopping illegal immigration from those countries, but primarily to reduce an alarming and increasing influx of legal entrants who are less assimilable than perhaps any of the European races to which our quota law applies.

With these measures taken, we should be able to enforce fairly well our laws against all kinds of smuggling. However, to carry out our policy with full efficiency and in its broader aspects, certain matters of foreign relations are involved. Among those of immediate importance the first, already partly accomplished, is the extension of our right of search in territorial waters. The extension of that right by the recent British treaty, in the case of operations against liquor-smugglers, is a very important gain, evincing a spirit on the part of Great Britain which is fully appreciated in America. We should, however, try to extend the zone of our operations against all kinds of smuggling, and not only by specific treaty provisions but by efforts to bring the general rules of international law into closer conformity with modern conditions. This would involve seeking such changes in existing rules as the nations can be persuaded to accept — such, for example, as a broad interpretation of the principles of 'contact with shore' and 'hot pursuit' of offenders from territorial waters on to the high seas. It also might involve new rules touching the use of aircraft, giv-

ing all nations such freedom of action in the air outside their territorial limits as may be reasonably necessary to the enforcement of their laws. Diplomatic efforts should be equally directed toward securing all the coöperation obtainable from other nations in aiding our officials to prevent illegal entrances of all kinds from their ports or through their territory.

Such is the problem of the new smuggling — a problem born of our new policy of excluding persons and things on fundamental motives of national welfare. As such it obligates us to the utmost efforts on our own part to make that policy effective in all its three applications; and it also justifies us in asking from other nations such freedom of action as may be reasonably necessary, and seeking such coöperation from them as we can obtain.

The evil of liquor- and drug-smuggling is already familiar to the public in all its bearings, and the urgency of suppressive measures is recognized. The same is not true of the public attitude toward the smuggling of aliens. The exclusion of aliens is still a new policy, not yet completely mature. In consequence the public is not so fully aware of how that policy is being nullified, nor does public opinion foresee so clearly the results of its non-enforcement. Yet the fact remains that of all forms of smuggling that of aliens is incomparably the most important, and its consequences the most profound and irreparable.

This phase of the problem, therefore, is the one to which Congress should immediately address itself, the one upon which the sentiment of the nation needs most urgently to be awakened. Our immigration policy has come to stay, and is bound up with our future welfare as intimately as the Monroe Doctrine; indeed it is a logical and inescapable corollary to that doctrine and to the Declaration of Independence. As a measure of national conservation — economic, social, and racial — this great *démarche* of the United States has no counterpart. It is a normal product of new world conditions, and the worthy answer of a great nation to the demands of the time — wisely and presciently given while those demands still can be answered effectively.

We shall meet with difficulties, but the nation must follow its true course. There is no other course that does not involve a confession of impotence or lead to a surrender of our national birthright.

MAJORITY RULE

BY VALESKA BARI

With tropical swiftness the twilight faded. A few moments before the gayly clad groups blazed by. Now orange, purple, and magenta softened into the background of green and rose-colored houses. Norah Whitney closed the neglected book in her lap. She had not yet been away from New England long enough to gaze in unembarrassed idleness at the passers-by, but before the vivid panorama of the tropics the volume in her hands was the merest of excuses.

Still the little groups sauntered by. From the darkening verandah Norah watched them frankly — the pleasant, laughing girls, high-combed and hatless; the straight white figures of linen-clad men; the punctuation of tiny feet in high-heeled slippers; the click of fans incessantly opened and closed; and through it all the running inflection of clear Latin voices rippling through soft Spanish syllables. Suddenly a little group would halt. Someone was talking whose speech was accompanied by so many gestures that to walk at the same time was impossible. The little oration would end and the group would move on. It was the nightly parade, but their voices and gestures seemed unusually excited. In place of the customary sauntering back and forth everyone was going in the same direction.

At the end of the verandah Roman Angel was whittling sticks for a new kite. Norah called to the boy. 'Is something going on at the plaza to-night?'

Jabbing the knife and the sticks into the earth of a potted plant as he passed, the boy stood at Norah's chair. 'Going?' he echoed and shook his head doubtfully. 'Comes a man to the plaza to-night. He speakas about' — he hesitated — 'governamenta.' With the reënforcement of additional vowels Roman Angel attacked the word manfully. 'Shall you go — with me?' He paused, and added persuasively, 'a little time?'

So for 'a little time' Norah Whitney stood with Roman Angel Morales amid the swaying, attentive crowd. The blazing arc-lights fell upon faces of all shades from the blond of northern Spain to the black of Africa. All eyes were lifted to the speaker. Standing on the narrow platform at the centre of the idle fountain, he rested his hand between gestures on the shoulder of the cement fireman from whose hose — on Sundays and feast days when the water-supply was sufficient — gushed the fountain.

Every Porto Rican is an orator. From the lips of the speaker flowed soft, caressing words. 'He says,' interpreted Roman Angel after a few moments, 'he says, "How beautiful are the cocos!" He says it many times.' As though to acknowledge the tribute of the orator, a near-by clump of cocos bent their supple trunks to a passing breeze and bowed their heads with the soft 'Swish!' which is the accent of silence in the tropics.

The crowd was applauding. 'He says,' continued Roman Angel, '"The

coco is the friend to all man."' The speaker grew more emphatic. His gestures rose from horizontal to vertical. His words burst forth in a fountain of eloquence. 'Friend to all man,' interpreted the boy, 'poor man and richa man.' The eloquence rose to a climax. The crowd cheered wildly. 'He says: "Vote for the coco, and poor man can have cocos very cheap"' — another burst of applause — '"and can sell to the States for much money. Vote for the coco!"'

Back at the house Norah questioned her uncle. 'What is this "Vote for the coco!" and how are they going to have them for nothing and all get rich selling them to the States?'

The orange-planter smiled. Twenty years in the tropics brings great placidity. 'They 've one trick in politics that we have n't in the States. Congress gave them the vote without a literacy test. Most of the voters can't read, so they have to vote by pictures. For candidates it 's not so bad, but for measures they have to use symbols.'

'But how are they going to vote for free coconuts?'

The old man knocked the ashes from his pipe with exasperating deliberation. 'The coco on the ballot has nothing in the world to do with coconuts. It 's the symbol adopted by the prohibitionists. The islanders love their cocos and they 'll vote for that picture — and vote themselves dry in the bargain.' He rapped his pipe meditatively against the railing as he rose to go indoors. 'Democracy — ' and the door clicked sharply on the sentence he was wise enough to leave unfinished.

A moment later it opened again, but softly. With his good-night offering of a fragrant *refresco*, Roman Angel appeared, gently tinkling the ice against the glass, the wonder of newness still undimmed. Absent-mindedly Norah accepted the fruit punch. The boy waited silently for the glass. At last Norah laid it down. 'I think, Roman Angel, you 'd better recite your school lessons to me every night.'

The boy reached for the empty glass, but halted abruptly at her words. 'Recite lessons to you every night?' he repeated to make certain that he had heard aright.

'We can start to-morrow,' added Norah.

Slowly he picked up the glass. Only a shade of huskiness in the boy's 'Si, señorita' betrayed the leaping dream which would keep him awake for hours with its unfolding vistas of the great world opening to meet him.

It was through an official whom she had met on the boat that Norah had taken Roman Angel into her uncle's household. The story of his visit to the department of education had appalled Norah by its simplicity. In barefoot silence the boy had stood like a dusty apparition at the desk of the supervisor.

'Is this the department of education?' he had asked.

The supervisor had nodded. Something in his earnestness had prevented her from motioning him away to the information clerk.

'I want one,' he had said simply.

'One — what?'

'One education,' and his tone added 'of course,' as though that were the only thing one could possibly ask for at the department of education.

'You must take him,' the supervisor had concluded her story. 'It 's his one chance for an education. We 're swamped. The station doctor has taken the seventh child into his house besides having six children of his own. He 's been my stand-by, but I can't ask him to take another.'

'We must take him,' Norah repeated to her uncle after Roman Angel had

been presented for inspection. 'He can go to the town school here and I can teach him a lot, too.'

'Teach,' repeated the old planter, dropping his hand affectionately on her shoulder. 'And you might learn something, too.'

In quaint English which he had picked up from an Irish priest, Roman Angel told Norah scraps of stories from which she pieced together a picture of the life that lay behind him. He came from the mountain district of Moca, where the little coffee-planters stood by uncomprehending as the sixteenth century rolled into the twentieth. Each season more mouths had to be fed and less and less of the hillside lay idle from which friendly Nature could hold out gifts of bananas and other fruits to her children. Those of the workers who were landless now went down for the harvest to the cane fields in the bottom lands. Sometimes they returned with extravagant tales of having lived in wooden houses, of having rice to eat every day, of streams of water which flowed when one turned on a faucet, and even of strange, flat contrivances whereon one slept instead of in a hammock. One man had returned with still wilder tales; of a city with great houses of stone, of people who ate from white dishes with forks and spoons of metal, of sewers, and libraries, and free concerts, of great white ships which were said to come from incredible places, of people who paid huge sums of money to have their shoes cleaned, of schools of unimaginable size where the children learned everything and spoke in English.

The hill folk listened and shook their heads. Old men told tales of the time when land and trees and food were endless, when no one ever had any money and no one wanted to read and write, before the evil day when the land grew small and things began to have prices and someone invented work and education. Sometimes a boy slipped away from the hills, but none of these adventurers returned, and the little myths of their fortunes, and even of their existence, faded away.

Only surreptitiously had the city invaded the hills, until one year from far down in the valley there began to creep toward them the great white highway whose building was the wonder tale of Roman Angel's early childhood. From his hill perch, through the endless days of childhood, he looked down on the white ribbon crawling slowly nearer. In fascination he saw the white line move across the bright green world. His mother drew her foot across the narrow trail which led down to the stream. The ribbon was like the trail, only larger, she explained. With the valor of his six years Roman Angel tried to widen the path so that it too might turn a magic white. In one soft spot he pulled grass and uprooted bushes until the trail was fully three feet wide, but even then it failed to turn white. Disbelief entered his soul. The great white highway was something else.

In the early morning of a day of high adventure, Roman Angel started forth down the familiar path to the stream, but instead of halting at this point he made his way boldly across the water, stepping carefully from one to the next of the flat stones on which the women, a little later in the day, would squat at their eternal job of washing and beating garments. Beyond lay a wagon road leading to unknown territory and over this road he started out, terrified and exalted. The road went on endlessly. The sun stood still overhead. The few people he met on the road paid no attention to him. At last the road turned abruptly and before him lay the baking expanse of the great highway.

In the shade of a gorgeous red tree he sat down to gaze upon the untrodden road. Again curiosity surged. To the very edge of the white road he made his way and stretched out his foot. The beautiful white highway was hot and hard to his bare toes. He touched the broken limestone with his hand, gently. Down the road he peered until the ribbon curled out of sight. Up the valley it ran a little way, and there innumerable men were shoveling and raking and tamping. It was music, the sound of men, and achievement. In the shade of a near-by bush he squatted, to watch and to listen to the rhythm of movement and sound. It was a wonderful rhythm, exciting, then monotonous, and finally very, very sleepy.

The sun was straight overhead when Roman Angel awoke. A noise was screaming in his ears and a monstrous machine puffed slowly by before him. Again the giant screamed and Roman Angel leaped madly backward into the bushes. The man in the steam roller laughed and waved a friendly hand. Spellbound the boy gazed upon the monster puffing back and forth.

It was a day of unbelievable marvels, one crowding on the heels of the next. The god from the machine finally stopped for lunch. Seating himself in the shade of Roman Angel's bushes he shared strange, delicious food with the boy and through his hour of rest talked of the glories of building roads. He told of the great highway built by the soldiers of the Queen of Spain, which cost so much gold that Isabella swore she could see it glitter all the way across the ocean. What gold and the ocean and the Queen of Spain might be Roman Angel knew not, but uncomprehending he bathed in the glory. 'I too will build a road,' he promised at the end of the tale. Gravely the engineer shook hands with him on the promise. For a moment the little brown fingers rested in the big sunburned hand. It was a solemn occasion. 'I will give you one ride in the great machine and then you must go home.' Roman Angel agreed. 'And you must go to school. Roads are built with heads as well as with hands.'

For one glorious, thumping, puffing, screaming lap Roman Angel rode in the great machine. With a promise not to wander again — which he understood — and to go to school — which he did not understand — he started back to the hills.

From his hillside the boy watched the road stretch out until it was lost behind a hill. Later strange black objects darted back and forth over the white road, and later still came word that a school would be started in their district. It was another day of fulfillment when Roman Angel followed the older children to the tiny shack where the lone teacher struggled by day and by night to lift up his charges to meet the modern age which was seeking them. With eagerness not unmixed with doubt and suspicion, the countryside accepted education. Only Roman Angel surrendered his liberty with no hesitation. This was the school he had promised to attend, and at the end of school glittered a great white road.

Four years in the rural school opened and closed the door of education for the others. For Roman Angel the foot of the engineer kept the door from closing. On the rosy-cheeked padre who ministered to the group of mountain hamlets the boy tried out the snatches of English which the overworked teacher gave them along with all the other subjects, from arithmetic to agriculture. The padre responded. From his tales and instruction Roman Angel emerged with a working knowledge of English flavored delicately with brogue, and a disjointed familiarity with the battle won by Saint Patrick at Bunker Hill, and

other inspiring events in the history of the country that was his.

This was the age of fulfillment. The road and the school were the signs and symbols of a friendly world reaching out a hand to help every boy to follow in the footsteps of Washington and Lincoln. With never a doubt Roman Angel had taken the elaborately printed certificate from the rural school as his sole baggage and had started out for the capital over the highway of his dreams. Between lifts and walking, the sixty miles had been only an adventure. That the department of education had listened to his story and had found him a bed for the night was part of the kindness of a kind world, and when he found himself in the household of old Cyrus Whitney he accepted the miracle simply, as only a believer can.

With shy pride Roman Angel recited his lessons to Norah. His classes were still conducted in Spanish and the effort of translating to Norah brought a flush to his cheek and to his eyes a light that wavered between triumph and baffled impatience.

The class in geography had reached Alaska. 'The capital of Alaska is Sitka and Juneau is the largest city,' Roman Angel recited fluently.

'Juneau is the largest city,' agreed Norah, 'but the capital has been changed from Sitka to Juneau.'

Roman Angel's eye rested upon the closed book and then moved slowly to one who could so lightly contradict the authority of the printed page. Norah saw his doubt. She opened the geography to the page on Alaska and placed her finger on the word 'Sitka.' 'I know the book says Sitka, but the book is a little old and since the man wrote it the capital has been changed.' The doubt in his face darkened. To the child of illiterates the printed page was created inviolate.

'A man wrote the book,' repeated Roman Angel, trying to take in the import of the words. It was a new idea. Books came from the department of education. That back of the department some person wrote them was a disturbing, a revolutionary thought.

Norah watched the play of uncertainties on the boy's face. A curious sense of distance and helplessness came over her. 'All books have to be written by someone,' she went on. 'They write what is true' — her words fell on her ears as oversimple — 'but afterward things may change.' She hesitated. Roman Angel was evidently not convinced. Alaska was so vast and so cold and so far away that to visualize it at all was difficult. To visualize it in process of change was asking too much. From Alaska to his own valley Norah leaped. 'If a man had written about your valley ten years ago he would have said, "There is no highway," and that would have been true. But since then the highway has been built.'

Roman Angel nodded and the puzzled look left his eyes. 'All right,' he agreed. 'The capital of Alaska is — ' he paused to recollect the name.

'Juneau,' relief in her voice at hitting upon an acceptable analogy. In his geography she crossed out 'Sitka' and wrote in 'Juneau.'

'Juneau,' repeated Roman Angel. His tone was satisfied. The building of his road belonged to a world that changed and progressed.

It was an unhappy Roman Angel who brought back word of the rejection of his corrected information. 'Miss Incarnacion said, "What is the capital of Alaska?" and Luis said, "Sitka." And she said, "Yes." But I said, "No, Miss Incarnacion, now it is Juneau." She said, "Open your books!" and in all the books it was the same. It was Sitka!'

Norah suppressed a desire to smile.

'I wanted to tell her all about it,' went on Roman Angel, 'but she was too busy. She is always busy.' He glanced up at Norah for assistance. 'To-morrow,' he spoke the word slowly as though doom itself were contained in the word, 'to-morrow we will also recite the lesson of to-day. To-morrow Miss Incarnacion will say, "What is the capital of Alaska?" and I will say, "Juneau!"' His glance was tragic. 'And she will say: "Sitka!"'

It was a challenge and Norah accepted the challenge by writing a careful explanation to Miss Incarnacion.

With vindication in his hand Roman Angel set forth triumphantly for school. Crestfallen he returned. 'I told her and she read the letter. When she had read both pages she said, "Roman Angel, what is the capital of Alaska?" I was happy and I said, "Juneau!" Then she said, "Children, what is the capital of Alaska?" and all the children said "Sitka!"' While he spoke he jerked the leaves from a twig in his fingers. He threw away the bare stem. 'But I believe,' he added, earnestly, 'I truly believe that Juneau is the capital of Alaska.'

At recess the following day Norah appeared at the school. Until the question of Alaska was settled there could be no peace. Faith and belief as well as the whole principle of education and authority were involved.

With the courtesy which more effectively than rudeness preserves distance between people, Miss Incarnacion welcomed Norah. 'Will you drink a chair?' she asked with startling clearness. Her gesture explained her meaning, and Norah remembered that in Spanish to 'drink' and to 'take' are one verb. Choosing her words with the exactness of one born to a foreign tongue, Miss Incarnacion inquired about Norah's voyage, of the North, whither she hoped to go some day, of the differences between the North and the Tropics.

It was Norah who had to bring up the question of Alaska. By way of referring to a friend who had gone to the Territory, she spoke about the Governor's ball, the great party of the season, and then led up to the session of the legislature at Juneau.

Miss Incarnacion listened courteously but defensively. 'Alaska is very far away,' she commented politely. 'It is inhabited by Esquimaux, a variety of Indians, who speak a language of their own.' This sentence Norah recognized as a direct translation from the geography.

'They are strange people,' agreed Norah. The unlucky geography had contained pictures of them, ugly enough to grip one's attention. 'But also in Alaska there are Americans and Canadians and other people.'

A flash of dissent reminded Norah that the geography as translated by Roman Angel had omitted mention of any races save the Esquimaux.

The bell had rung. The children were passing to their seats in normal noise and confusion. Miss Incarnacion stepped to the front of her desk and rapped sharply for order. The noise quieted. The children moved hastily to their seats. All eyes were fixed on the tense figure of the teacher standing before her desk in an attitude dramatically protective.

The room was silent. Miss Incarnacion turned to Norah. A queen robbed of her throne could not have shown greater dignity. 'You desire to say that our books are not correct.' She spoke slowly, half turned so that the class could hear her words distinctly. 'You desire to say that Sitka is not the capital of Alaska!'

Norah sat still. Her tongue was tied, her gaze fascinated by the flash in the

eyes of Miss Incarnacion. In an overdramatic situation a self-conscious American is lost. As an outsider at a spectacle Norah looked on. The sanctity of a textbook to these children of illiterates! It was not a mere error that she was trying to correct. She was sweeping away their whole security.

Miss Incarnacion turned to the class. The tense silence was broken: 'We will vote!'

The responsive Latins sat upright at attention.

'Those who believe the capital of Alaska is Sitka will stand!'

With the exception of Roman Angel the class rose at the word. For a moment of triumph and vindication the teacher stood motionless. With a gesture she seated the class. Only courteous dignity was in her voice as she held out a generous hand to Norah. 'They have voted,' she announced simply, 'and the capital of Alaska is Sitka!'

As she crossed the plaza Norah tore from a tree a prohibition dodger. With a curious sense of unreality she examined it. There was the ballot, the picture of the coconut, and the box stamped to vote 'Yes.' With impatient neatness she folded the paper and slipped it into her purse.

Her footsteps quickened and then slowed down. She took out the ballot again and looked at it searchingly, then put it back and resumed her way: 'And I suppose some day I shall think this was funny!'

CAN CHRISTIANITY SURVIVE?

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

In his recent book, *Prospects of Industrial Civilization*, in which a brilliant and bitter cynicism begins to betray the inevitable consequences of a 'philosophy built on the firm foundations of unyielding despair,' Mr. Bertrand Russell outlines the future of our civilization and incidentally finds no place for religion in the task of redeeming society. He holds its extinction to be both inevitable and desirable; desirable because its constitutional traditionalism is inimical to social progress, and inevitable because it grew out of primitive man's conflict with the natural world. This conflict, in which man sought the benevolent intervention of a supernatural ally, has become too remote to influence the thought and life of a citizen of a modern industrial and urban civilization. The ills from which he suffers are obviously the consequence, not of nature's enmity, but of the cruelty and selfishness of his fellow men. If he wants for bread the cause of his hunger is not the reluctance of the soil to yield him her increase, but the unwillingness of the strong to make an equitable division of the riches which they have pressed from nature's bosom. In this situation modern men, particularly industrial workers, will become increasingly naturalistic and regard the Christian ethics as a fraud and religious faith as an illusion.

In this analysis Mr. Russell does not

take into account that religion is as much the product of man's conflict with himself as of his battle with nature; nor does he consider that even an urban civilization, in which man is divorced from the soil and freed from the caprice of the elements, cannot finally eliminate the grim hostility of the natural world to everything which man holds dearest and which he will try inevitably to save from nature's last and most implacable servant — Death. Yet, in the main, much may be said for Mr. Russell's analysis and prophecy, particularly since our contemporary life already threatens to fulfill the latter.

As a matter of fact religion is not at present a vital factor in our civilization. Its icons still adorn our family hearths and, in circumscribed fields of human conduct, it still influences moral life; but it is not reckoned with in the more complex moral problems and the wider social relationships in which the destiny of our civilization is being determined. If organized religion enjoys a prosperity in America which seems to invalidate Mr. Russell's argument, that is only because, in our paradise of national security and universal opulence, we have not yet felt the enormity of the sins of greed and violence which are corrupting our civilization and which seem to prove the impotence of religion. In fact, our American situation offers an interesting confirmation of Mr. Russell's observation that religion may long continue in the life of those classes which benefit, or at least do not suffer, from the limitations of our industrial civilization. These are the very classes which still maintain their loyalty to organized religion in Europe; and if religious sentiment seems more general in America than in Europe that may well be because these classes practically include our whole population.

What is true in Europe, and is becoming increasingly true in America, is that the humble and lowly folk, the world's burden-bearers, whose religious attitude was once proverbial, are not only alienated from but hostile to religion. This alienation is due not so much to the remoteness of the natural world as to the unwillingness of the dominant classes, who still profess religious faith, to be guided in their social actions by the obvious moral implications of their declared faith. For every person who has renounced religion in our day because it failed to convince his mind, two have renounced it because it outraged their conscience by its tacit support of traditional social wrong. So the sin of hypocrisy has generated the cynicism which is so characteristic of the labor revolt in every country, and the futility of religious idealism in economic life has produced the economic determinism which has become the worker's creed.

In France religion has never recovered the power which it lost when the Revolution found it in league with feudal reaction. In Germany, the cradle of more than one vital religious movement, the nation is being torn asunder by a violent communism in conflict with an equally extreme nationalism, and the Church survives only as a more or less despised ally of nationalism. In this desperate struggle Catholicism has gained some influence as a conciliatory factor in the conflict, but Protestantism has been rendered practically impotent. In Russia organized religion has survived the Revolution, but the class-conscious workers are its sworn foes. Even in countries which did not suffer from the war, such as Holland, Switzerland, and Denmark, and in which the class struggle is not quite so desperate, there is the same strong drift to cynical economic determinism among the workers. In England alone the situation is somewhat more

favorable, for the English Church never lost contact completely with the labor movement; and so the class struggle is tempered with a measure of religious idealism.

Contemporary European history shows quite clearly that any religious interpretation of the universe by which man maintains himself against the hostility of nature cannot survive in the modern world if it does not issue in a social morality which is inspired by a spiritual appreciation of human life. For men do suffer in the modern world more from the cruelties which in their mutual fear and their greed they inflict upon each other than from the hostility of the natural world. If the Christian Church is dying in Europe it is because it has failed to develop the clear moral implications of its faith and has not dared to insist that men are children of God and therefore neither to be used as things nor feared as devils. It has permitted an arrogantly secular industrialism to enslave human beings as tools of its avarice; and it has lacked the imagination to deliver the nations out of the vicious circle of mutual fears and hatreds into which a lack of confidence in human nature betrayed them.

This moral failure of traditional Christianity is regarded as inevitable by the cynics who believe religion to be without moral potency. Though immediate evidence may support their conviction it ought not to be accepted too readily; for it is quite obvious that a religion which teaches us to trust the universe itself as ultimately good can never completely disavow, though it may be too slow to avow, the moral implications of this faith, and must insist that men are to be trusted and loved. Religious transcendentalism does finally issue in a spiritual morality, and nothing less than a morality buttressed by such a faith can develop the strength to restrain and sublimate the baser instincts of men. Though the apostasy of the Church from the religiously oriented ethics of Jesus runs through its whole history, it has never been so complete and will not remain so general as in our contemporary civilization.

The complete secularization of society is a fairly recent historical development. The Protestant Reformation contributed to it immensely when it centred the moral dynamic of religion upon the drama of the inner life and removed every spiritual restraint from social groups. So Machiavelli's political philosophy became the creed of nations, and with Adam Smith business joined the State in its defiance of moral law. A soulless economics aggravated a pagan politics, both outraging the spiritual evaluation of human life and defying the moral law which was meant to preserve and protect it. It might be maintained that this secularization of economics and politics is not new, but as old as history, and that neither Christianity nor any other religion has ever really conquered a nation or brought economic relationships under the dominion of its conscience. But the naïve connivance of Protestantism with rampant nationalism and the economics of laissez faire will hardly compare favorably with the best that the Middle Ages accomplished when the Church tried, however qualifiedly, to subject social instincts, which express themselves in political and economic life, to some kind of law.

Thomas Aquinas's insistence on a 'just price' was a potent influence in the commercial life of the Middle Ages, and the modern doctrine that the avarice of producers should be restrained by nothing but the law of supply and demand was a heresy. Whatever may be said of the alloy of personal ambition which entered into the dreams of Hildebrand and the

achievements of Innocent III, they did place some wholesome restraints on the capricious self-will of nations. It is only in modern civilization that groups and nations are absolved from obedience to every law except the will to power. Economic and political ruthlessness has been the natural result of this freedom. Any political philosophy which insists that a nation is not subject to moral law is bound to issue in an international diplomacy which operates upon the assumption that nations are not to be trusted. And the political economy of Adam Smith inevitably creates the antithesis of the social philosophy of Karl Marx. The effort of liberalism to preserve peace between warring classes and nations by pitting self-interest against self-interest was bound to fail. It only served to aggravate the fears and hatreds which the groups and nations had for one another. The Great War came to reduce the whole philosophy of unrestrained self-interest and undisciplined power to an absurdity.

Among well-meaning people the hope arose that the war would profit mankind at least to the extent of revealing that absurdity to man's blindness. But that hope was vain. As the years pass and Europe remains fretted with national fears and class struggles the melancholy conclusion forces itself upon the reluctant mind that the war was an episode and not an epoch in the history of Western civilization. One need only analyze the perfectly hopeless situation between Germany and France, and the deeply ingrained conviction of each that the other is not to be trusted, to realize the anarchic condition of our modern life. It is the perfect fruit of modern paganism. There is neither mutual repentance nor mutual forgiveness and therefore there can be no mutual trust. Wherever national animosities are composed it is only by forces which hope to substitute the class struggle for the national conflicts and to eliminate vertical social divisions that they may create horizontal ones.

It is quite clear that such a world can be saved only by a spiritual ethics which will inspire men to trust human nature as essentially good, and which will make economic and political institutions subservient to human welfare. The Church has such an ethics in the Gospel of one whom it reveres as Master. In the original Gospel, which the Church ostensibly regards as revealed finality, the moral implications of a transcendental conception of the universe are made unmistakably explicit. We are bidden to love even our enemies and to trust our fellow men beyond their immediate ability to validate our trust. But the Gospel of Jesus became diluted with Greek philosophy, and the Church, which was sworn to teach it, became involved with social groups and nations whose interests and instincts ran counter to its ideals; so that in time an emaciated ethics of mere respectability was substituted for real Christian morality. This failure of the Church to insist on its own religion has been disastrous to civilization and to the Church itself. Having become impotent before or in actual league with the forces of economic greed and racial passion which have destroyed our civilization, it must face the scorn of the millions who suffer from the sins of modern society and are beginning to understand the causes of their misery.

There are indications that organized religion is awakening to the challenge which the sorry plight of modern civilization offers to it. The tendency of liberal Christians is to substitute the authority of Jesus for the authority of the Bible and thus to deliver the Church from the futile quietism which it derived from Paul and the barren Puritanism which had its roots in the

Old Testament. That is a tremendous gain. Yet Christian liberalism would do well not to be too sure that it is the force which is to vitalize religion and redeem civilization. It lacks the necessary passion for that task. Its position is weak because it was reached by a retreat and not by an advance. Liberalism rediscovered the religion of Jesus because it found the authority of the Bible untenable in the modern day. It was captivated by the theological simplicity rather than by the moral splendor of His Gospel. It was the impatience of our age with theological subtleties and dogmatic absurdities, rather than its sense of moral need, which prompted this development. Having arrived at the religion of Jesus by a strategic retreat, liberalism has lacked the spiritual passion to make a bold advance upon the positions of economic and political paganism which imperil our civilization. In its hands the heroic vigor of the Gospel has frequently been reduced to a few amiable ethical precepts which have no power to match the social iniquities of our day. If it believes that men ought to be loved and trusted it has gained that appreciation of human nature more from the Renaissance than from the genius of its own religion. It consequently fails to understand how evil essentially good men can be. That is why Christian liberalism, particularly in America, is corrupted and vitiated by a facile optimism. It deludes itself in the belief that the monstrous sins which lurk in our economic and political traditions may be overcome by a few well-meaning church resolutions, generally judiciously qualified to soften their rigor.

Spiritually the orthodox pessimism which thinks the world too evil to be saved, and waits for redemption upon a divine receivership for a bankrupt civilization, has many advantages over the fatuous optimism of most current religious liberalism. In Europe, where the forces which are destroying our civilization are less obscured and better understood than among us, a marked asceticism characterizes much religious thought. Even this asceticism, which offers the sensitive soul some way of escape from the sins of the world, is in some respects superior to religions which obscure rather than define the task which confronts modern civilization. Religions which despair of the world or persuade us to flee from it will of course make no great contribution to its redemption; but they have at least the merit of correctly measuring the strength of the forces against which the best in men must contend.

If religion is to be restored as a force in modern life, it must be able to gauge the evil in human life and yet maintain its faith in the spiritual potentialities of human nature. It must be able to deal with the problems of economic and political life in the spirit of scientific realism and offer for their solution the dynamic of a faith that is incurably romantic. Nothing less than a transcendentally oriented religion is equal to this task, but it must be a religion which fearlessly faces the moral implications of its faith.

THE LADIES

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

In those forbidden gardens that I pass,
With walls my eyes may never wander through,
There are paths I know like ribbons in the grass
Where the roses walk all summer two by two
As ladies do.

Up and down the garden all the idle day
They trail their skirts, and in the evenings
I always listen, for I know the way
The white rose whispers and the red rose sings
Of fair far things.

SAINT GEORGE'S EVE IN ALBANIA

BY ELIZABETH L. CLEVELAND

It was night — night on the mountain, and night in the house of Imer. The cattle were shut into their wicker pens on the ground floor of the solid stone building. The fierce wolf-dog was tied outside his kennel in the yard. The women, in their heavy mountain-clothes, their heads swathed in dark cloths, bent over the fireplace in the lower room, busy with the cooking of the evening meal — bread in the ashes, and a black, bubbling pot of corn-meal hung on the iron chain over the fire.

Upstairs, Imer and Imer's three tall sons sat cross-legged smoking by the ashes of another fireplace, for this was a rich house with two fires, and three rooms above the lower floor, one for the men and one for the chickens, and one for the women and children.

The four men were all giants; even the youngest, a slim boy, had already passed six feet. Imer was blue-eyed with sandy hair and clear-cut strong features. The others, with some darkening of hair and eyes from the mother, had thinner faces, through which ran a trace of the father's strength. All four were clad in the picturesque costume of the mountains: long white-felt trousers,

skin-tight, braided with black on the seams, and strapped low over the slim hips; waists wound with yards of colored cloth, red, green, and yellow; then, above, the snug short jackets that made no pretense of meeting over the sturdy chests.

The faint flicker of the dying fire glinted on the silver chains hanging from neck and shoulder and on Imer's long silver cigarette-holder, with the huge amber ball at the end to which every now and then he pressed his lips.

The men were not talking, for no one chatters in these high places. Men live too near reality to waste themselves in words. They speak only when they have something to say, so that here all words have meaning.

Suddenly a savage bark tore the silence. Imer lifted his head. He was the chief one of this household and as such must answer for all, good or ill, that might befall it. Perhaps someone passed to a house farther up the mountain. Perhaps strangers would knock for hospitality, or friends come late with news. The wolf-dog growled in frantic rage. Imer descended the steep wooden stairs. The goats bleated in foolish fear in the pen beneath.

The women had ceased their work and were waiting for Imer to open the door. Voices outside and the mad barking of the dog, stilled at last through the opened door by Imer's peremptory, 'Be still.'

And then, welcome in his voice, 'Qerim, my brother, God be praised that you have come! Enter, enter.'

Qerim, a tall lean cousin from a far tribe, came into the firelight, followed by two men, his traveling companions, for it is not wise to take the trail alone in these hills. One of these men was a gentle-faced creature with a graceful and unassuming bearing, known to Imer as a man of high standing in a near village, trusted, and enjoying always the prestige and privilege of that trust. He was safe anywhere among these people; his very escort meant protection. The other was a dark, sharp-eyed fellow, with a sort of quick liveliness that could make friends or enemies as occasion warranted.

Imer greeted them; Qerim with the cheek salute of intimacy and affection, for blood counts here; the second, Gjelosh, with a more formal greeting, yet warm; and the last, the stranger, he clasped by the hand and they exchanged the courteous phrases of an ancient and ceremonious hospitality.

The men went up the dark stairs. The eldest son stood at the top, holding a piece of lighted pitch-pine to show the way. Greetings were exchanged and all went into the men's room. Three little girls came shyly in and stood whispering in the corner. Imer piled the fire with fagots and set the tiny coffee-saucepan against the embers. The newcomers hung their guns on the wall, then squatted about the fire with the others.

The familiar queries as to the road and 'Have you been able to do it?' and 'Are you tired?' opened the conversation. The fire blazed up and blankets were spread for greater comfort, though Qerim had been given a sort of glorified three-legged stool with back and arm rests.

One of the younger children, a pale boy of perhaps eleven, quietly started cutting tobacco. He crouched over the rude cutting machine that he had carried into the centre of the room and the knife went chop-chop on the down stroke, shaving off the stacked leaves into fine shreds like soft hair. Gjelosh assisted with the coffee-grinding, the slim brass cylinder clutched in one muscular hand. He gently rotated it like a swaying top against the steady circular movement of his other hand, which turned the short iron handle, grinding.

One tall son stood gracefully at ease, his head reaching nearly to the low brushwood ceiling. In one hand he held the bit of burning pine, hardly more than a splinter, which with its murky light made fitful glimmerings over the shadowy room. The fire flared up and sank. Imer's wife came in bearing a fagot bundle and one or two heavier sticks. The fire revived. The coffee bubbled. Imer passed the hot little cups. The guests sipped. Cigarettes went round.

The dark stranger had an easy and intimate way with him. He slipped off his heavy jacket. He was wearing more clothes than the average mountain-man. He was extremely good-humored and extremely comfortable. He left the fire for a moment to return in the white trousers and shirt he was wearing under his heavy garments. He settled luxuriously before the flames, stretching — the clothes were tight — and scratching himself in a very abandon of comfort. He rewound his colored girdle — yards and yards of it — around his slim waist and hips. He was a good-looking rascal. He talked. He had a volubility unusual among these silent dignified men. He had much to say, story, anecdote, and opinions, and through all a sort of humorous twist and turn and the flash of his black eyes. He laughed at himself occasionally. He rolled a cigarette for his monstrous silver holder with its gigantic amber bead at the end. With compliments he took one puff and passed it to his host, his hand on his heart. Imer accepted it, responding with the conventional phrases of blessing and good-will. Imer asked his name. 'Ndue.' He had been named for Saint Anthony.

Ndue felt he was among friends and he related something of his past. He liked these men; two of them had befriended him on the road and had given him the protection of their company. He wanted to stand square with them. So he told a rather long story.

He was in trouble, very deep trouble. His family was 'in blood' — some regrettable incident of his father's life. The feud was the only mountain law. His brother had paid the penalty and the killing of his brother had angered Ndue. He had been very fond of his brother. He had decided to pay this debt to the full. He had descended one night on the village of his enemy, accompanied by two or three of his friends, and had systematically burned six houses. One sees burned houses now and then in the mountains. The thatched roof goes, and the store of corn, and all the laboriously made shelves and fixings of the simple interior; only a stone shell is left, blackened and forlorn and open to the weather. The friends had some grudges to square. The burning had been enthusiastically done.

The tribal council had met to settle what should be the penalty for Ndue. He had been conspicuously absent from home and from his accustomed haunts since the burning. The council had decided on the payment of a huge sum of money in an effort to terminate the feud and square all scores. Ndue had been notified that this money must be paid. He intimated he would pay it — it was law. But so far as he was concerned honor would inevitably drive him to avenge himself on the man he paid. So that was that.

The slayer of his brother, though houseless, was still at large, and here was a debt no money could settle. His brother's blood — and he had loved his brother — cried to him day and night. The black eyes grew serious. He sighed; he spat eloquently into the fire. He confessed there was a stupid prohibition that kept him from going to Scutari, the nearest city. Now where was one to buy cartridges except in the

city, and without cartridges — Well, a man must have respect. After all a man was a man, and how prove it with an empty rifle?

He looked quickly, frankly, about the little circle of men, who were silent, reflecting. These things to them were commonplaces — mere usual things, inherent in mountain life.

Ndue thoughtfully rolled another cigarette. He liked this house. These people trusted you. He helped with the coffee, rinsing the little cups and pouring out the water on the hearth.

Suddenly the fierce half-growl, half-bark of the chained dog outside cut jaggedly the quiet of the room. No one started, but all looked up. The lateness of the hour brought question. Imer went to the door as before. In mountain tradition guests were sacred — an obligation never refused, a responsibility never shirked, more often eagerly sought. And the responsibility was real enough in a land where tribal law and a man's gun were the only forces respected and a guest came under the protection of the host exactly as if he were one of the family — as, for the time being, he was. All hurt or insult to a guest became hurt and insult to the host himself, and feudal practice demanded blood payment to keep clean the honor of the family.

But as Imer greeted the man at the door none of these thoughts crossed his mind, for this code was part of his very life, accepted and lived by unconsciously. And the man entered, sure of welcome and safety.

A stranger he was to Imer, and by his costume, the pattern of black braiding on his trousers, a member of Ndue's tribe. But, when with Imer he entered the upstairs room, Ndue showed no sign of intimate recognition, merely rising for the formal greetings with the rest and returning to the coffee, which he now got ready for the stranger

The evening meal was imminent. The women had brought in the low circular table. The guests gathered — squatted — around it.

It was Saint George's Eve and a candle must be made in the Saint's honor. Ndue wished to help and offered his services. One of the sons handed him a cake of beeswax, greenish wax and very holy, blessed by the priest across the river. The village had no church of its own. Ndue had proper respect for holiness. He crossed himself before taking the wax in his hands, then kissed it, pressed it to his forehead, and crossed himself again, three times rapidly.

He began to roll, reverently, but swiftly, efficiently. The candle took shape. He modeled it around a strip of woolen cloth. Crossings and mumbled prayers continued until at length the wax assumed the veritable shape and being of a candle. Ndue gave a quick glance around as if for approval.

All at once, and quite quietly, as if someone had given the signal, everyone in the room stood up. The three little girls stood quietly in the corner; the little boy had stopped cutting tobacco and stood also; two sons of Imer towered in the shadows near the door. The eldest still stood gracefully like a sculptured torchbearer, motionless, holding the flickering pitch-pine. Qerim and Gjelosh were standing near the low table, the stranger beside them. Imer took the candle from Ndue's reverential hands. Everyone bowed his head.

Imer lighted the candle. The murmur of prayer filled the room, quick crossings and moving lips. Saint George was being invoked. For several minutes men prayed and the Saint listened. Then, the ceremony ended, Imer fastened the candle in a niche in the stone wall. The men seated themselves again on the floor, the guests about the low table. Cheese and raki, the native brandy, were passed about.

Downstairs the women poured melted butter on the hot white corn-meal and counted out the wooden spoons, one for each man. They had heard the murmur of prayer above. The sacrificial candle was burning. Their men had propitiated their gods. Surely their house would prosper, no evil should befall them or theirs.

They silently carried up the food and set it before the men, the wooden bowl in the centre of the low table. With deliberation, spoonful after spoonful, the corn-meal was eaten. There was conversation, ceremony. This was not mere feeding of hungry stomachs.

Ndue was more silent than before. The stranger spoke easily but seldom. After the last courteous phrase of praise for the meal and gratitude to the host had been spoken, and the crumbs of the coarse corn-bread had been swept with the brush-broom into the fire, the men, guests and family, settled themselves to their cigarettes. The women and children withdrew to their sleeping-quarters.

Songs were in order, the shrieking falsetto chantings of the mountains. Was no singer among them? The stranger bowed and began. Through three long sagas he carried them, old histories of fights and feuds, persons and politics, the working-out of tribal law and vengeance, called always justice and honor. All things were celebrated, traditional sanctities, the sacredness of hospitality, or this sanctuary broken to make the theme for death and tragedy.

The third shower of thanks and compliment had barely died when the singer rose and, tightening his girdle, made known his intention of leaving. Imer, amazed, for the trails were seldom used at night, pressed him to stay.

'Whoever heard of leaving shelter late like this,' he chided, 'and only half my hospitality partaken of.'

But the man was obdurate, though courteous always. One gathered an unwonted necessity was upon him. He made apologies for this unusual faring-forth as best he could, knowing the slight it was upon his host's generosity. Then he bade prolonged and ceremonious adieu to Imer and his sons, Gjelosh and Qerim, and to Ndue.

Imer went with him to the lower door. Ndue heard the heavy bolt sliding into place again, and back came Imer to the upper room.

The candle of Saint George was burning low to its finish.

Outside the stranger shifted his rifle to his other shoulder and set his feet to the trail that led down the hillside.

Upstairs the men smoked the last cigarette together — that good-night ceremony between host and guests — quietly, ruminatively.

Then, as by mutual consent, off came the colored girdles, socks, and sandals. It was time for sleep.

Ndue stretched himself, feet to the fire, with the rest, and Qerim spoke as if in slow reflection: 'Odd the man left so late. These are hard trails at night.'

Ndue raised himself on an elbow. The half-light of the dying fire lit his face. The black eyes sparkled. Across his features flashed and died excitement, pain. And then his finely formed chin took on new lines; determination shone from his face like a still light — resolve it was, grim and unshakable, yet impersonal as justice is impersonal.

His eyes sought Qerim's calmly.

'He will go far to-night,' he said. 'And to-morrow my brother's blood will set my feet on the trail he takes.'

A GERMAN VOICE OF HOPE

BY KUNO FRANCKE

I

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING has recently attracted international attention through brilliant and intensely original essays on political and industrial subjects of the day. It would, however, be a mistake to think of him chiefly as a man interested in contemporary problems of practical affairs. What he really stands for is a moral reconstruction of Europe, a fundamental and abiding remodeling of the spiritual structure of the individual, a new outlook upon life in all its higher possibilities. An analysis of this inspiring personality from a somewhat wider point of view seems worth while.

Keyserling belongs to that Baltic nobility of German stock which for centuries has been one of the foremost outposts of German culture on Slavic soil. The history of his family contains a goodly number of names prominent in the annals of the landed gentry of Lithuania and Esthonia, of leaders in local and provincial administration as well as in the literary, social, and political life of the Russian capital. His own make-up combines in a remarkable degree the aristocratic virtues of the cavalier and the man of the world with the unbiased temper of the scientist, the democratic leanings of the rationalist philosopher, and the universally human sympathy of the mystic dreamer.

In 1902, as a youth of twenty-two, he took his degree of doctor of philosophy at the University of Vienna, having specialized in biology and geology. There followed years of travel and study in all European countries, alternating with periods of solitary meditation in the retreat of the ancestral estate of Rayküll in Esthonia. The years 1911 and 1912 were devoted to a trip around the world, the early part of 1914 to observations in Africa. The World War brought complete isolation in the Rayküll countryseat, until the victorious drive of the German armies reëstablished connection with Central Europe. The Bolshevist revolution swept away all the family possessions, and the year 1919 saw Count Keyserling a refugee on German soil. Here he married Bismarck's only granddaughter; and in the following year, at forty years of age, he founded in Darmstadt, under the patronage of the former Grand Duke of Hesse, the 'School of Wisdom,' a loose intellectual organization analogous to the Platonic Academy, which is meant to form a rallying-point for free spirits seeking, in the midst of the wreck of all traditional forms of state and society, the foundations for a new life of the soul.

The key to this strangely complex, world-embracing character is to be found in the 'Travel Diary of a Philosopher' (*Das Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen*), a comprehensive record of the impressions, emotions, and thoughts called forth by experiences in the Far East and North America during 1911 and 1912. Its first draft was finished just before the outbreak of the war; but

it was revised, in part at least, in the midst of the war, and published in 1919. An English translation has been recently brought out in this country.

'The shortest way to one's self is by a détour around the world' — this motto on the title-page aptly expresses the state of mind in which Count Keyserling approached the various countries, the many different racial and national types, religions, philosophies of life with which his travels brought him in contact. From beginning to end this book is not so much an account of ethnological facts or social conditions as a reflex of successive inner experiences, the gradual and consistent self-unfolding of a spiritual personality. It should be read — so the author tells us himself — as a novel of the inner life.

Keyserling is indeed something of a Wilhelm Meister. His emotional and intellectual life is in constant flux. Transformation is a demand of his innermost nature. So he greets the beliefs and ideals of one people after another, as long as he dwells among them, as opportunities of identifying himself with them. Buddhism, Hinduism, Confucianism, Japanese self-mastery, American belief in progress, European striving for culture — of each and all he tries to see the positive side, the most fruitful part; in each and all he finds something helpful, some stimulus for heightening his own personality, for linking himself to what is more than personal, what is beyond all individual limitation.

II

I doubt whether the spell of India — the first country where a longer sojourn was made by the world traveler — has ever, by a European, been put into words more impressive or genuine than in this notebook. By this I do not mean descriptions of scenery or art or people — the tropical exuberance of vegetation, the marvelous effects of light and shade, the wonders of temples and palaces, the inexhaustible variety and beauty of human types. To all these Keyserling does justice. But the real spell of India is reflected in his reaction to the vital energies of the Indian mind.

The fundamental quality of this mind Keyserling sees in its universality, its acceptance of life in all its forms and phases. For even the Buddhist negation of the ultimate reality of this world of appearances does not imply indifference to the forms in which this essentially unreal world happens to appear to us. The Buddhist conception of charity may be cited as one among many evidences of this spirit that forced themselves upon Keyserling. 'Christian charity,' he says, 'means the desire to do good to others; Buddhist charity means understanding and acceptance of others, each in his own place. For it is common Indian belief that every individual holds exactly the place where he belongs, whereto he has ascended or descended according to his own merit; every stage of his existence therefore has its inner justification and its own ideality. Christianity, as long as it was ascetic, rating the worldly life far below the monkish, would have liked to relegate all mankind to the monastery; Buddhism, although on principle still more hostile to the world than early Christianity, and although on principle rating the ascetic life as the highest of all, is far from condemning the lower on account of the higher. The flower, to the Buddhist, does not deny the leaf, the leaf does not deny the stalk and the root. To wish well to our fellow men does not mean to attempt to change all leaves into flowers, but to let them be leaves and love them as such. This superior charity shines forth from the faces of all Buddhist priests, however intellectually insignificant.'

It is, however, not in this abstract

realm of Buddhist doctrine that the universality of the Indian mind has found its widest manifestation. For Buddhism was after all a disintegrating influence in Hindu religion, comparable to the rôle played by Protestantism in the development of Christianity — a narrowing-down of all spiritual effort to one specific problem of individual redemption; and it has, as a church, ceased to be the religious interpreter of India. The catholicity of the Indian mind comes to light in forms of conduct and belief dominated by Brahmanism, the ancient but ever-youthful and honored popular religion.

With the avidity of a soul thirsting for the infinite, Keyserling drinks in all that he sees and hears of popular Hindu spirituality. Again and again he marvels at its wide sweep, its human breadth, its freedom from dogma, its sympathy with all living being. As its deepest source, however, he discerns the cardinal conception of the primacy of the psychic over the physical; and in this conception he finds an explanation for everything which in Hindu life appears strange and fantastic to the Western mind: the caste system, the exaltation of silence and meditation, the excesses of trance conditions, the indifference to material progress. But he also sees in it an important element of culture, the engrafting of which on our own mentality, overburdened with external things, would make for the rejuvenation of the Occidental world.

Two consequences of this Hindu insistence upon the primary reality of the psychic, and the derivative character of the physical, Keyserling singles out as of paramount significance for our own civilization: the Hindu ideal of perfection and the Hindu practice of Yoga.

The state of mind in itself and not what it accomplishes, not its relation to physical conditions, is according to Hindu belief the true measure of character. To be sure, this insight is not a monopoly of Hinduism. The Beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount as well as Kant's definition of goodness mean essentially the same thing. But nowhere, Keyserling thinks, since the early days of Christianity has this principle had so deep a hold upon ideals of life as in the India of to-day; nowhere has it brought out so strikingly the fundamental difference between perfection and progress. The Hindu believes whole-heartedly in perfection, but only qualifiedly in progress. He believes that to each individual there is assigned in the universal scheme of things an individual sphere of outward activity within which he may reach perfection, but which it would be wrong to transcend. He believes that a lower state perfectly fulfilled is nearer to the Godhead than a higher state imperfectly fulfilled. At the same time, he believes that this very restriction of individual perfection to specific spheres established by an over-individual power may, through reincarnation, lead to individual progress beyond these spheres. He who has faithfully and with complete self-surrender lived out the tasks of a lower form of life will be reincarnated in a higher form; and thus there is indeed an ascending line of spirits spread through the universe.

Thoughts like these naturally appeal to a man of Keyserling's spiritual bent. To him the Hindu ideal of perfection appears indeed, theoretically at least, as the very climax of human wisdom. And he is willing to accept its practical consequences even in so extreme a case as that of the hermit saint who in absolute detachment and absolute silence spends his years of meditation on the banks of the Ganges, worshiped by the whole countryside. For this man is to him an embodiment of the profound truth that it is not doing — not even doing good — that counts, but only

and exclusively being: that is, the state of mind in which one does or does not as the case may be. Since happiness and unhappiness entirely depend on this inner state, even the most favorable change of outward conditions does not accomplish anything truly essential. To do good is a wise rule of conduct not so much for the sake of the beneficiaries as for the sake of the benefactors. The beneficiaries indeed are very often inwardly harmed by these very acts; they are confirmed by them in their selfishness, they are hampered in the necessary task of becoming free from themselves. The benefactors themselves, on the other hand, are helped by these acts toward their inner freedom. Complete freedom from self, however, the highest goal, is best typified by such an existence as that of the hermit saint by the Ganges. He lives as an example of what others strive for, a life raised above both egoism and altruism; and such an example is worth more than any quantity of good acts.

With equal open-mindedness and sympathetic understanding Count Keyserling enters into the second fundamental Hindu conception, the practice of Yoga, the training of the will by ever-repeated concentration upon its higher possibilities. He is not blind to the fact that this practice is often perverted from its true purpose; that instead of leading to the freeing from selfish desires it often leads to the very opposite: to the concentration of the mind upon nothing but itself, and thence to individual self-glorification and self-adulation. But that an immense service has been rendered by this practice to all higher life in India seems to him beyond question. He has tried it himself and found it so useful that he would advocate its being made an integral part of all education everywhere.

Can there be any doubt that the three essentials of Yoga practice — heightening the power of concentration, putting a stop to the vagaries of automatic soul-action by fixing one's mind upon its deepest sources of strength, vitalizing psychic processes the prevalence of which will increase the soul's efficacy — are all of them calculated to make a man master of his soul in the same sense in which an athlete has become master of his body? These exercises, then, trivial as they may appear to the superficial observer, may indeed be made most powerful instruments in the spiritualization of a man's whole being, in raising him to a new and higher level of consciousness. This higher level of consciousness, a chronic state of inspiration, so to speak, induced by calling up the innermost and essential energies of the subconscious self, is the avowed goal of all Hindu philosophy. The need of this in our present age, estranged from the religious faith of former centuries, harassed by national passions, overwrought by humdrum toil, material greed, and sensual excitement, is so self-evident that any rational help for attaining to it must be welcomed. Keyserling is convinced that among all the helps offered for a similar purpose from many quarters the Hindu call to the deep is the most rational[1] and the most momentous; he sees in the reception of India's message by Western civilization a real hope of restoring Europe to her spiritual equilibrium.

These are some Diary entries from Benares: 'The great superiority of India over the Occident consists in the fundamental insight that true culture cannot be acquired by expansion, but only by deepening of one's self; that the process of deepening is necessarily a process of concentration. Hindu philosophy, so called, does not rest upon what we understand by thinking.

[1] For myself, I confess that I do not see its rationality. But I feel its inspirational quality.

Witness the traditional Hindu method of instruction, as described in the Upanishads. When the pupil raises a question, the teacher does not answer direct, but simply says: "Come and live with me for ten years." And during these ten years he does not instruct him as we understand the word; he gives him some maxim for meditation. The pupil is not to criticize it, analyze it, develop it; he is to sink himself in it until his whole soul has been completely suffused by it. Kant used to say to his students: "I am not going to teach you a particular system of philosophy, I am going to teach you how to think." Just that is what the Hindu guru does not teach his pupil. Instead, he tries to help him to reach a new level of consciousness, through transformation of his psychic organism to get beyond the limits set to ordinary human experience.

'The Hindus, one might say, have replaced the static conception of knowledge by a dynamic one. Sooner or later we also shall come to see that knowledge of the essence of things is not to be attained by however far-reaching a perfection of our critical faculties, not through however exhaustive an analysis of our consciousness as it is, but only through the evoking from the depths of our being of a new and higher form of consciousness. Man must lift himself above his secular instrument of knowledge, he must reach out beyond the biological limits the classic definition of which is contained in Kant's *Critiques;* he must outgrow his present measure; his consciousness, instead of clinging to the surface, must mirror the spirit of the deep which is the psychic foundation of its whole being. This higher development has begun in India, hence the wonders of Hindu insight into the essence of things. It is for us to carry this development further.

'This is the path, the only one, that leads beyond our present state. We need not renounce any of our intellectual achievements. The breadth of horizon acquired by the modern mind is not to be reduced. The enormous differentiation of our faculties is a gain and must be maintained. The task is to make all these differentiated faculties subservient to our inmost central being. If we succeed in this, we shall have made ourselves types of a new and higher humanity.'

It is a pity that Count Keyserling did not see India after the Gandhi movement had stirred all classes of the nation to a new and unprecedented spiritual effort. The last days, however, of his Indian sojourn were devoted to a stay with the other great representative of modern Hindu culture, Rabindranath Tagore. Of an evening spent at his house, listening to native musicians, he says: 'Indian music is only another, richer, and fuller expression of Indian wisdom. He who wishes to understand it must have realized his own self, must know that the individual is only a fleeting tone in the great world-symphony, that everything belongs together, that nothing can be isolated, and that every objective existence is only the glimpse of a moment in the current of mysterious ever-flowing life. He must know that all phenomena are only a reflection of the invisible Being, and that our redemption lies in anchoring our consciousness in this Being. Tagore himself impressed me as a visitor from that higher region. Never perhaps have I seen so much spirituality concentrated in a human form.'

III

It is not easy to state briefly[2] what spiritual harvest Count Keyserling

[2] Perhaps I should say that in this whole essay I have taken the liberty of condensing and in a way vulgarizing Keyserling's highly metaphysical and often elusive language.

gathered from his contact with the two other great Asiatic civilizations: the Chinese and the Japanese. Certain it is that he entered into both of them with the same divinatory understanding, the same capacity for reproducing in himself states of mind traditionally not his own, which had been such a help to him in fathoming the Hindu soul.

What in China seems to have impressed him more than anything else is the settled popular belief in the fundamental harmony between the moral world and the physical, and the serene submission to the natural order of things resulting from this belief. The Chinaman, as he appears in this Diary, is the very embodiment of proper adjustment to existing conditions. His is a static world, but this static world contains a wealth of refinement, of beauty, of happiness, of wisdom, such as the restless striving of the Occidental mind rarely brings about. Neither Confucius nor Lao-tse distinguishes, as most European thinkers have done, between the inexorableness of matter and spiritual freedom; to them there is nothing but nature — nature living out a moral process, and therefore easily accessible to moral appeals and motives from the human end of it. Whereas Christianity and Western philosophy challenge man to rise above the world of the senses into the free realm of the spirit, Confucianism counsels man to adapt himself to the all-embracing law of nature. The former inspire us to dare the impossible, the latter teaches how to accomplish the possible. Instead of the Kantian imperative 'Thou shalt,' Confucius holds out to his followers an alluring 'Thou wilt.' Instead of addressing himself to the chosen few, he appeals to the multitude of average men. Obviously Confucianism does not lead to the cultivation of highly differentiated individualities, but it does lead to a mass morality of an extraordinarily high order, perhaps the highest in existence.

Two types of Chinese character as described by Keyserling — the peasant and the high official — may serve to illustrate the effect of such principles upon human conduct. This is what the Diary records about the Chinese peasant in Shantung Province or the basin of the Yangtze River: 'Nowhere have I seen such impressive pictures of country existence as on this trip through the interior of China. The whole soil is under cultivation, carefully enriched, neatly and skillfully tilled, reaching up to the highest crests of the hills, which slope down, like the pyramids of Egypt, in artificial terraces. The villages, built of clay and surrounded by clay walls, appear as integral forms of the landscape; so little are they set off from the brownish background. All over the wide plain the peasants are at work, methodical, deliberate, serene; the blue of their frocks is as necessary a part of the picture as the green of the fields or the glaring yellow of the dried-up riverbeds. But this whole plain is also one immense graveyard. Hardly an acre that does not contain numerous burial mounds; again and again the ploughman is compelled to wind his way around the memorial tablets. No other peasantry creates so strong an impression of autochthonousness. Here all life and all death are absorbed by the ancestral soil. Man belongs to it, not it to man; permanently entailed, it never releases its children. Be the increase of their number ever so large, they remain upon the soil, forcing its chary returns by ever more assiduous toil. In death they return confidently to the bosom of their common Mother. There they live forever, and the glebe exhales their spirit to reward the descendants for faithfulness in work or to chastise them for neglect of duty. For the responsibility of the peasant is great. He is the foundation of the whole order of the

world. If he does not live up to his duty, then heaven and earth are shaken, and the whole moral order is out of joint.' But if the peasant's life is as it should be, then nature also will be in a friendly mood, and the long-looked-for rain or sunshine will come.

And this is from the notes on a company of viceroys, governors, and other high officials ousted by the revolution, whom Keyserling met as exiles at the then German port of Tsingtau: 'These men are superior types of humanity, whatever they may have been as officials. Not alone because they are masters of their exterior fate, at present so distressing. They are above their own thoughts, their actions, their selves; not in the manner of the Yogi, who has lifted himself above the realm of phenomena, but in the manner of the man of the world who in the midst of the affairs in which he partakes has preserved his inner freedom. In India the people as people had disappointed me; they are less than their thoughts. Their highest and profoundest being has found expression in abstract knowledge; and the living Hindus are for the most part not incarnations but actors of their striving for the ideal. The Chinese intellectuals are more than their wisdom. They live Confucianism. What I looked upon as a theoretical postulate is to them the natural form of their existence. To all these statesmen it seemed self-evident that the State rests on a moral basis, that politics is the practical expression of ethics, and justice the normal outgrowth of benevolence. Our own political culture is something of an external garment; it is the result of a system which forces the individual to act correctly; it has nothing to do with the soul life. The political culture of the Chinese rests upon the cultivation of this very thing, the inner life. And if we remember that the Chinese Empire has been ruled for thousands of years hardly worse than modern Europe, without much of an administrative mechanism automatically keeping people in order, solely through the moral qualifications of its citizens, one must admit that the average level of moral culture among the Chinese intellectuals must be remarkably high. Remarkably high it surely was with the intellectuals with whom I came in contact. . . . They consider us moral barbarians. Our systems, they admitted, were admirable; but what of the men and their fundamental character? I fear these gentlemen are right. Our political systems are functioning with precision. But we are inferior to our systems; the Chinese are superior to theirs. That is the result of Confucian education.'

To sum up. China, Imperial China (for the Chinese Republic is still a thing of doubtful character and uncertain prospects), has given to mankind a highly valuable type of collective moral strength, based upon a view of the world of striking unity and consistency. According to this view the moral law and the physical law belong to the selfsame all-embracing system of terrestrial existence. Identical norms regulate moral conduct, the sequence of the seasons, the recurrent changes of night and day. There is one great living whole which contains in itself the human and the nonhuman, the organic and the inorganic, the natural and the moral, as component parts of a higher harmony. The moral element, however, is the primary element. Therefore nature runs the risk of sinking back into chaos when men neglect their natural duties; when the fathers are no good fathers, husbands no good husbands, princes no good princes, subjects no good subjects; when the five heavenly virtues — justice, magnanimity, courteousness, insight, loyalty — are not assiduously practised. As

soon, however, as the moral law is upheld, everything else automatically sets itself right. In this fundamental trust in moral principle lies China's greatness. 'China has remained great, although she hardly ever was a great political power, and although in war she has almost always been defeated. China will remain great, even if she should be divided up among other nations.'

It would seem that the liberal-conservative Keyserling was better qualified to appreciate Chinese civilization than the radical Bertrand Russell, who from his recent sojourn in Peking brought back as his chief impression the conviction that the sacrifice of the individual to the social order is the curse of all Chinese life. Keyserling, indeed, like Bertrand Russell, clearly sees that the cultivation of mass morality entails the danger of leveling all individuals down to the standard of the average. But, being temperamentally given to seeking out the positive side of things, he discounts this defect of Chinese culture in comparison with the inestimable benefits which all mankind may derive from the Chinese principle that ethics is the only safe basis of conduct in all human affairs, private and public, national and international.

IV

What is it that in Japan impressed our traveler as containing a message of world import? Many of his observations are in line with what other writers, from Lafcadio Hearn on, have told us about Japanese landscape, Japanese feeling for nature, the exquisiteness of Japanese art, the charm of Japanese women, and the depth of Japanese patriotism. One contribution, however, of Keyserling's to the understanding of Japanese character seems to me to outweigh all the rest.

He objects to the word 'imitative' as applied to it. No, the Japanese are not imitators — they are exploiters, appropriators, adaptors. Without having the depth of the Hindu absorption in the infinite, they have evolved from Buddhism a religion of superlative heroism. Without their artistic originality and productiveness being equal to that of the Chinese, they have, by closest observation and assimilation of Chinese models, in many ways outdistanced Chinese art. Without having invented any of the methods of modern strategy, they have applied them with such supreme skill as to shatter the military strength of the vast Russian Empire. Theirs is a civilization of mental tactics; the fit symbol of their whole national life is their method of wrestling, the jujutsu. As the Japanese wrestler watches every play of muscle, every fleeting facial expression, every involuntary motion on the part of his opponent, and instantaneously adapts his own movements thereto, so the Japanese as a nation are constantly on the alert in trying to find out what in other national cultures is either strikingly beneficial or strikingly harmful, so as to avoid or adopt similar characteristics or states of mind as quickly as possible. They are fully abreast in this respect with the progressive nations of Europe.

V

So Japan forms intellectually as well as geographically a fitting transition stage to the last protracted stay in Count Keyserling's flight around the civilizations of the globe: the United States of America. And here the observer of the past turns into a prophet of the future.

His first pilgrimage is to the giants of the Mariposa forest. He greets them with enthusiasm as messengers of the

spirit of the West: exuberant nature, which in India produces a promiscuous, bewildering jungle, creates on American soil the mighty, sovereign sequoia, sharply outlined, rivalry-defying, soaring skyward: what a symbol of American individualism! What an encouragement to the Occidental state of mind in general! For it is the spirit of modern Occidental Europe, carried to its furthest limit, which Keyserling sees everywhere in the United States, from his first sight of the Golden Gate to his passing the Statue of Liberty.

Being by temper and tradition a conservative, and having just steeped himself in the conceptions and ideals of the timeless, immutable East, he has a keen eye for the defects and dangers of a society the very essence of which is fluidity and absorption in the moment. The modern individual in general, and the modern American in particular, only too often is a fanatic of progress. There is nothing definitive for him; everything is but a stepping-stone toward something else; instead of identifying himself, like the Hindu, with a permanent task and striving for perfection in it, he thinks of it as a rôle temporarily assumed, and the change of rôles quite as much as the acting of them is what gives zest to his life. The same fanaticism of progress is responsible for many other defects and dangers of modern European, and particularly American, life: its prevailing materialism, its lack of true culture, the enslaving influence of machinery, the impoverishment of the soul by what is called success. Keyserling's notes are full of serious observations on these evils.

And yet, that first vision of American greatness which came to him at the sight of the giant sequoias in the Mariposa forest was not a fleeting dream. It stands by him as he crosses the country; it upholds him in Chicago and New York; it gives to the last chapters of his book the character of a strikingly hopeful finale. All the evils mentioned and many others are to Keyserling after all but necessary concomitants of a comprehensive movement essentially forward and upward: movement from a democracy of material wealth toward a new aristocracy of the spirit.

Even Europe has been transformed during the last hundred years by the typically Western spirit of individual initiative. In many ways this spirit has acted as a destroyer. It has broken up inherited allegiances, undermined religious beliefs, subverted moral systems, disintegrated governments, leveled down social distinctions, sacrificed beauty to utility, commercialized and barbarized the soul. But it has also freed from bondage, bettered social conditions, increased popular health, brought forth great leaders, strengthened the will, created a new idealism, throughout Europe. Present-day America, however, is the classic soil of this spirit of individual initiative; here its effects have been unparalleled, both for good and for ill. As for the latter, it is hardly necessary to dwell on the avalanches of ugliness with which individual enterprise has covered the country; or on the singular form of barbarism to which it has led by producing a class of inordinately rich totally unable to enjoy their riches æsthetically; or on any other distortions of human nature for which it has been responsible. The point is that Keyserling, while not ignoring these distortions, keeps his gaze steadily fixed on the positive contribution which this intensely individualized American society has made to the world's advancement, and on the prospects which it holds in store for the future.

America, Keyserling thinks, is of all countries the country where a higher type of the Occidental temper is in the making.

In the first place, the Occidental conception of strife as a fundamental form of human existence has in America been modified by a peculiarly optimistic and humane tinge. The American rightly feels that the conditions under which he lives are such that he can enter the strife with a good chance of winning out. This gives to American business competition a certain charm of daring adventure, hiding the bald egotism which underlies it after all. And, by giving larger scope to the principle of fair play, it takes away from the struggles of industrial life, violent as these struggles may occasionally be, much of the bitter and chronic hatred which in Europe poisons the relations between Capital and Labor. These are, however, not the only instances of the American's good-natured acceptance of fight as a part of the day's work; the national games, college rivalries, the contest of political parties — all have this same aspect of boyish exuberance and delight in trying one's limbs, literally and metaphorically. In fact, the whole history of the settlement of the continent and the opening-up of vast areas to civilized life has been one continuous testimony to the optimism of a people spoiling for a good fight. What this means for the future of higher culture in America, it is hard to overestimate.

The optimistic and frankly condoning attitude toward material wealth, so characteristic of American life, is another point in which America is carrying forward tendencies that have long been at work in Europe, and is bringing them to their full fruition. Early Christianity was, theoretically at least, a religion for the poor and an enemy of riches. Luther reasserted the dignity of secular pursuits; Calvin made worldly efficiency a touchstone of spiritual selectness. But in America for the first time has worldly success been sanctified, not only by popular opinion, but by the churches as well. With the exception of the Salvation Army, there is indeed no Protestant church in America which did not make its primary appeal to the well-to-do, and was not chiefly supported by them; and the two most modern and particularly active sects, Christian Science and New Thought, avowedly cultivate a state of mind that makes for a happy and prosperous material existence. Who would deny that revolting consequences have arisen from this union of Church and Mammon? But who would not also agree with Count Keyserling that it is after all a good symptom when rich men are beginning habitually to supplement their quest for the goods of this world by the striving for ideals? Where wealth, as is the case in America, is looked upon by the rich themselves as carrying with it the obligation to provide for the things of the spirit, the rise of an intellectual aristocracy seems assured.

Is it fanciful to believe with Keyserling that its rise is also being prepared by the present rapid strides in substituting machinery for human labor, or by the extraordinary advances in the organization on a large scale of all the agencies catering to the daily needs of life? Perhaps he is a little too confident that the energy released by these changes will really be put in the service of the spirit. One aspect, however, of his augury of the future we can accept without reserve and whole-heartedly: the new aristocracy of the spirit, destined to bring about a golden age of American culture, will recruit itself largely from the ranks of the intelligent, moderately well-to-do freemen — farmers, mechanics, village storekeepers, engineers — who constitute after all the vast majority and the true strength of the American people. In them the Occidental spirit of individual initiative has found representative

types of rare sturdiness and efficiency; and in the fluid state of the society of which they are a part there is nothing to hinder their sons and daughters from rising, externally as well as internally, to higher strata. Of this type is peculiarly true what Keyserling says of the American in general: 'Aus ihm kann noch alles werden (in him there is the making of everything).'

VI

The Hindu ideal of individual perfection within a given limit, Chinese belief in the harmony between the moral and the physical order, Japanese genius for intellectual exploitation, American power of individual initiative — these, unsatisfactory as all such formulas are, may be said to constitute the mental harvest which Keyserling brought back from his trip around the world.

More valuable, however, than any of these acquisitions was to him and is to us the fact that his very delving into the differences of national types and beliefs strengthened and vivified his feeling of the solidarity and common humanity of these different peoples, and thus gave him something of that over-individual consciousness which he had set out to attain. This feeling upheld and inspired him when in the midst of the World War, on his lonely estate in Esthonia, he set to work digesting and revising his travel notes. And ever since he has devoted himself to the spreading of this gospel of a new world-consciousness, a world-consciousness based not upon illusive notions of a supposed equality of national types, but upon exact knowledge of their differences and of their peculiar contributions to the common stock of humanity. Poor, embittered, downtrodden Germany is the land where this message at the present time is perhaps needed most, but it is needed everywhere. And, wherever it is heard, it cannot fail to bring a new hope for the future.

'We are coming' — these are among the closing words of this remarkable book — 'We are coming to a broadening of the generally human basis of our life such as was never known before, and at the same time to a deepening and intensifying of every individual racial tendency equally unparalleled. While formerly there was the alternative, nationalism or cosmopolitanism, there will henceforth be a mutual penetration of the two. The different types of culture and belief will come to respect each other as necessary complements of each other. The former "He or I" will more and more be transformed into a conscious and deliberate "We." And this will take place almost independently of all good will, because the life of the world is itself a connected whole. Already, in science, in money, in economic interdependence, foundations have been laid on the basis of which mutual agreement is inevitable; soon the same will be the case in legal relations. These objective realizations of internationalism, on their part, react upon the subjective side, the states of mind. More and more leading minds are renouncing all exclusiveness of national culture. The international solidarity of Labor is daily becoming more powerful. On some day of grace all humanity will feel as one, in spite of all conflicts and contrasts.

'To help in bringing about this blessed day and this better world — that, and not the Occidentalization of the rest of the globe, is the mission of us Occidentals. It is the mission of the West to put into practice what the East, and especially India, has first understood as a theoretical command.'

MRS. BUCKLE

BY ELIZABETH DE BURGH

I

CHARLES liked Mrs. Buckle from the very first moment that he saw her. It happened that we needed somebody temporarily in the house while our regular prop and mainstay went home to help her mother during a period of domestic embarrassment. I was away when Mrs. Buckle came, in answer to our advertisement, and Charles found her so attractive that he quite forgot to ask for references. The only doubtful point seemed to be her age, but she anxiously assured him that though she was 'coming' fifty-seven she did n't feel a day over forty.

'And it's all in what you feel, sir, ain't it? My old Dad always used ter s'y so, and now there's that there forring gentleman, Mr. Coo-ee — 'e comes along and says the sime. It's all in what you feel, that's what it is!'

And so I returned to find Mrs. Buckle engaged. Thereafter she came at eight and went at five, and if she had her drawbacks she had her virtues as well.

For one thing, there was no false pride about Mrs. Buckle.

'None of yer lidy-'elps for me,' she declared, when Charles was politely engaging her, 'I'm a char, I am. I've seen some of them reel lidy-'elps in me time — 'elp-compangions they calls theirselves — the ones what sings duhets with the curate and messes about with fancywork in the droring-room. All I've got ter s'y is, Gawd 'elp the 'ouse *they* henters!' She drew a finger pityingly across her nose. 'Not but what you don't feel sorry for 'em, some'ow. Always the same broken-down, skinny old maids. Not 'ardly what you'd call sextual, if you know what I mean, sir.'

Charles tactfully admitted he quite understood Mrs. Buckle's meaning.

It will easily be seen that Mrs. Buckle was not born on this side of the Atlantic. London was the city of her birth. She came, to be exact, from the Walworth Road, S. E.

The name seemed vaguely familiar to Aunt Emily. I once overheard her asking Mrs. Buckle if that was n't where Wat Tyler lived.

'Don't know about Wat,' said Mrs. Buckle, 'but there was *George* Tyler, the chimbley-sweep, 'oo lived at an 'undred and seventy-seven. A nice, sorft-spoken man 'e was too, 'cept p'raps of a Saturd'y night when 'e'd come 'ome from the Marquis of Granby with a drop too much and set about 'is old mother somethink chronic. P'raps 'e was the party?'

Aunt Emily explained that he was not. *Her* Mr. Tyler lived long before Mrs. Buckle's time.

'Ah, then it must 'ave bin 'is Grandad,' declared Mrs. Buckle, not to be balked. Now she come to think of it, 'e was a 'W.' She remembered seeing it in the cemet'ry the time they all went on young Georgie's birthd'y for a bit of a spree.

In appearance Mrs. Buckle is small

and wiry. She has beady black eyes, a long, inquisitive nose, and a thick raven-hued fringe. Seen from behind, her hair appears scanty and gray, but the fringe, doubtless purchased many years ago in the Walworth Road, heroically defies the passage of time and refuses to keep in step with the rest of Mrs. Buckle.

She is an enormous eater, with a passion for pickles. On one fatal occasion I unfortunately left a large new bottle of Aunt Emily's special gherkins open on the kitchen dresser. At three o'clock I observed, with a start, that the bottle was half empty, but refrained from moving it for fear of hurting Mrs. Buckle's feelings. At six-thirty, I regret to say, the bottle was found — high and dry. Vinegar and all had disappeared! Temptation had proved too strong and Mrs. Buckle had fallen. After that we were careful to provide a supply of the delicacy 'in bulk' for her own particular consumption.

'I don't mind a pickle or so, once in a while,' she remarked the first time that I produced her cardboard boxful, 'but too many of 'em ain't good for you; gives yer what the doctors call larfing gastritis — that's wind on the stummick. And it ain't no larfing matter, neither. Buckle used ter suffer from it somethink crool. 'E was a marster to 'is digestion, Buckle was, but 'e would n't never give in to it. "I 'as to eat, Mother," 'e used ter s'y to me, "or else I car n't 'eave me bricks. And then w'ere should we be?" I can see 'im now, setting over a rare old blow-out of sausages and mashed, with a panful of fried onions to bring out the flavor, like. 'E would n't never give in ter nothink, Buckle would n't. To 'is dying day 'e could eat 'is three pounds of beefsteak with anybody!'

'Marvelous!' I exclaimed in amazement. A quaint martyrdom indeed!

In dress Mrs. Buckle rises superior to fashion. Her bonnet proved a continual source of wonder to Charles. It was small and black — or blackish — with a crown like a giantess's thimble, and with a little piece bitten out at the back to allow for the display of Mrs. Buckle's 'bun.' (A courtesy title, this!)

It was rich in trimmings — an assortment of beads, some loops of ribbon, and a minute, forlorn-looking bit of ostrich feather. But the pièce de résistance, the crowning glory of the whole, consisted of a pair of quivering wires, each supporting a large knob of jet. These antennæ, once on the head of Mrs. Buckle, were never for a moment still. They seemed to transform her into some sort of grotesque, rusty, energetic, but entirely respectable, insect.

At first Charles used to worry as to where Mrs. Buckle would purchase the successor when the present bonnet wore out. Fashion, he said, did not appear to smile on that type of headgear nowadays. I explained to him that the dodge was worked by means of a 'shape' — a white skeleton of a bonnet — decorated in the privacy of the home. But I assured him that he need have no fears. Mrs. Buckle's bonnet might be retrimmed; the ribbon loops, for instance, might be superannuated; the ostrich 'tip,' in time, might pass away; antennæ might come and antennæ go; but the shape would survive forever.

An admirable arrangement, thought Charles.

II

Conversation was as the breath of life to Mrs. Buckle. Well, hardly conversation, perhaps. A listener was all that she desired. It happened that I was rather busy during the time of her occupation and I was anxious to

work in the library absolutely free from interruption. I had not, however, the heart to say so. Every morning the door would open and Mrs. Buckle, armed with dusters and mops, would enter beaming, and moistening her lips with her tongue by way of dreadful preparation.

'I 'opes I'm not disturving you, m'm?'

This was invariably the overture, so to speak. Had I put my foot down the very first day all might have been well, but unluckily I failed to do so. There was Mrs. Buckle, her beady eyes gleaming with friendliness, her tongue loosened for chatter, and her poor nobbly hands grasping her mops.

I caught her eye.

'Not at all, Mrs. Buckle. Come in!'

That settled it. How easily bad habits are formed!

It was during this time that the hot weather set in. On the fiercest morning there came the usual rap at the door.

'Come in!' I called wearily.

The door was pushed open.

'I 'opes I'm not disturving you, m'm?'

She advanced, damp but smiling. Considering the weather and considering the work, I thought that verging on the heroic. Though all I had to do was to sit quietly at a table I felt distinctly bad-tempered.

''T ain't arf warm!' remarked Mrs. Buckle briskly. 'I'm all of a sweat, I am, and no error! You jest ought to feel me! I'm ever so!'

She had drawn close to the electric fan on the writing-table and, stooping, received ecstatically the full benefit of the breeze. Immediately the fan proceeded to flirt with the 'front.' Mrs. Buckle did not seem to mind, but I was hypnotized with horror. Every moment the fringe appeared about to break loose from its moorings and be whirled aloft, leaving a strange, transfigured Mrs. Buckle beside me.

At last, however, my suspense was at an end. Mrs. Buckle suddenly straightened herself.

'Well, must n't stand 'ere all day. Got work ter do, I 'ave.'

She began operations with the carpet-sweeper. I rested my head on my hand and wondered if another aspirin would do any good.

Mrs. Buckle observed me.

'Got an 'eadache, 'ave you, m'm?' she asked sympathetically. 'It's this 'ere sweeper, p'raps. I'll stop it.'

'It's this confounded weather,' said Charles, who had come in for a paper-knife. 'That fan makes the devil of a noise, too.'

Mrs. Buckle beamed.

''Ow I *do* like to 'ear 'im say that, m'm! Sounds like a man about the place! I miss it, living alone as I do. Never 'ave got used to being single, as you might say, in spite of all these years. I told you about Buckle, m'm, did n't I?'

'Did you?' I said rashly, occupied in wiping my leaking pen on a piece of blotting paper.

I had made a slip and was lost. Mrs. Buckle seized her opportunity.

'Buckle and me crorsed the ocean twenty-one years ago come September.'

I was in for it — there was no escape. But after all, work was almost impossible.

Mrs. Buckle cleared her throat for prolonged action and I put down the pen.

''E was a fine, well-set-up man, Buckle was. Stood five-foot eleven in 'is socks, and was that broad, you would n't 'ardly believe!'

'He must have been a splendid man,' I said.

Her eyes gleamed with delight. I could not disappoint her. After all, it was a very cheap way of giving pleasure. I settled down to it.

'Why did you leave England?' I asked.

She drew in a breath. 'It was like this 'ere,' she said. 'Buckle 'e 'ad a roving dispersition. 'E was always hitching to be orf somewhere. Even as a nipper 'e found 'is way to Gravesend once, and 'ad 'is Gran'ma in fits. 'E did n't arf catch it when a copper brought 'im 'ome!'

'I suppose he did n't,' I said. There was something wrong about this, but it was far too hot to try again.

Mrs. Buckle continued. 'So when Buckle's Uncle 'Erbert left 'im twenty-five quid 'e says ter me, "Come along, Mother," 'e says, "let 's skip over to America!" "Go hon!" I says, "don't you talk so silly! You don't catch me going on no water!" But the very next day 'e went and paid for the passages, and as we could n't waste the money we 'ad to go. 'E *was* a dashing man, Buckle was!'

She gave a rapid whisk under a bookcase with a mop, just to show that the work was going forward.

'And to see 'im on the ship! 'E was n't arf a comic, Buckle was n't. 'E 'ad the wimmin larfing fit ter split the 'ole way over. Well, when we got acrorst we thought we 'd better stay a bit in Noo York and save up till we could pay our way out to California, where Buckle was mad ter go. So 'e got a good job as bricklayer's laborer until 'e went and fell orf of a scaffolding two weeks after we landed.'

I expressed my sympathy.

She swelled with pride. 'It was the biggest drop, so 'is mates told me, as they ever seed. 'E come down wallop and lay on the pavement. The police 'ad a job moving the crowd on!'

Mrs. Buckle breathed heavily. It is n't everyone who can boast of such a happening in the family.

''E did n't arf make a beautiful corp'. I wish you could 'ave seen 'im, m'm. I buried 'im quiet 'cos I did n't 'ave much cash. As it was, I 'ad ter borrer from some of 'is friends — they was very good ter me, them chaps was — but it took me two years to pay it orf even then.'

Poor little Mrs. Buckle!

'After the accident I went to work to save up money to go 'ome on, 'cos my girl Mabel was in London along of 'er 'usband and the kid.'

I asked her how it was that she was still here.

'Well, you see, m'm, it was like this,' she explained. 'I was saving slow-like, and getting on nice, when Mabel wrote to s'y as 'er 'usband — Tissick, 'is nime was — 'ad gorn — 'opped it with another woman!'

'Abominable man!' I said.

'Not arf 'e was n't!' agreed Mrs. Buckle, her eyes snapping with delight. 'I never did take to that Tissick. Could n't think what Mabel ever seed in 'im meself. 'E looked at yer that crors-eyes it fair give yer the creeps!'

'But why could n't you have gone home then?' I asked.

'It was like this 'ere, m'm. I 'ad n't quite enough at the time, and I thought I could 'elp better be sending somethink back at once. So I did. And then I kep' it up. It seemed the best way.'

'I expect it was,' I admitted, 'but you must have been very lonely here all by yourself.'

'Not arf I was n't! I fair et me 'eart out at first. But you get used to everythink in time. Mabel would n't come out 'cos she would 'ave it that Tissick might go back to 'er some day. But I prayed to Gawd 'e would n't — prayed that she 'd seen the larst of 'is ugly mug!'

She gave another twirl to the mop.

'Abominable man!' I said again. 'She seems to have been well rid of him.'

'You 're right, m'm,' said Mrs. Buckle. 'Well, sending money 'ome

reg'lar left me little to save on, after I 'd paid me board and lodging, and the years flew by somethink chronic!'

III

She blew upward to cool herself and the fringe jumped responsively. Then, for a brief interval, she returned to the mopping. I snatched a hasty glance at the newspaper and managed to read half-a-dozen lines before we picked Mabel up again.

'As I was going to tell you, m'm — when Mabel's boy began to earn a bit on 'is own I did n't 'ave ter send so much, so I saved a bit quicker. Then the war come and 'e lorst a leg, pore lad. 'Owever, 'e got a good persition as 'all-porter at a club, through one of 'is ossifers, and 'e 'as 'is pension, so Mabel was n't ser badly orf. That give me a chancet to get a'ead.'

'You waited very patiently,' I remarked.

'Oh well,' she said cheerfully, 'it ain't no use kicking against the pickles, as I 'eard one of them Romeopathic clergymen say once. It did me a world of good, 'earing that. "That 's the ticket, Eliza Kate Buckle," I says to meself, "you tike what 's put before yer and be thankful!" I made up me mind that 'aving waited so long as I 'd done I 'd save till I 'ad not on'y me passage money, but a bit over, so as not to be a burden to anybody.'

'Your daughter would be glad to see you,' I said confidently, 'money or no money. I 'm sure of that.'

'I reckon she would,' agreed Mrs. Buckle, wiping her face with the duster, 'but I 'm doing it for me own satisfaction, see? The money 'll larst a goodish while. I 'm just on sixty-five and I don't count to 'ang on much over eighty. I can always do a bit of charring to 'elp things out, too.'

'Sixty-five?' I exclaimed in utter astonishment. 'I never would have believed it!'

Had there not been something about 'coming fifty-seven' and a certain foreign gentleman of the name of Mr. Coo-ee? Mrs. Buckle, however, appeared to have forgotten. Or, if not, she ignored it most magnificently. At any rate I need feel no embarrassment.

'Yes,' she said, 'I 've put by a fairish bit be now, so I 'm thinking of going 'ome this year. In October I believe I 'll go — and walk slap in on Mabel! You see, she don't expect I 'll ever come after all this time. I ain't said nothink about it for years. Fancy seeing London Bridge again! And the "Ephelant"! And a muffin-man! What-o! And I ain't going steerage this time, neither. I 've bin thinkin' it over and I 'm going to blow meself on one of them one-clarss boats sailing from Montreal or Quebec. Gawd, if on'y Buckle could see me!'

She gave a screech of delight. I tried hard to imagine Mrs. Buckle reclining in a deck chair, or dining in state at the chief engineer's table, and failed utterly. Do what I would I could never see her entering the dining-room or gracing the deck unless accompanied by mops and brooms, and wiping her shining face with a very dusty duster.

She turned to the mantelpiece and I took up the paper again. I was still reading the front page when heavy breathing informed me that Mrs. Buckle was in the rear. The dusting had stopped.

'*Puh!*'

I knew, though I could not see, that the fringe had jumped again.

'Take things quietly to-day, Mrs. Buckle,' I said. 'Don't try to do too much.'

'You 're right, m'm.'

I continued my perusal of the paper. Two whole columns were devoted to the sufferings of the children in the

poorer districts during the great heat. The Fresh Air people were appealing for funds to enable more of the little ones to be sent to the country. There were several photographs of little thin babies at the top of the page.

At this moment I was aware of a hand on the back of my chair. Mrs. Buckle, still breathing heavily, was looking over my shoulder.

'Pore little kids!' she said. 'Ain't it a shime? Tchk, tchk, tchk!'

To my relief she turned to her work again, tchking frequently. But she was curiously silent. Only now and again she would shake her head and say, 'I carn't 'elp thinkin' of them pore little kids. It 's bad enough w'ere I live.'

On the last day she came to say good-bye, tying her wisps of bonnet-strings carefully.

'Have you decided on a boat yet?' I asked her.

Immediately an odd little look of defiance came into her eyes.

'Well, m'm, to tell you the truth, I ain't ser set on them one-clarss boats no more. I was thinkin' of it over, and I should n't 'ardly feel at 'ome, as you might s'y. 'T is n't as if Buckle would be along with me, to 'elp me keep me lip up. Why, there might be lidies on board 'oo went orf into V-necks and elbow sleeves in the hevenings, and I should n't arf look a fish out of the frying-pan! I ain't one ter go in for a lot of dressing up — never 'ave bin. So I 'm going back steerage after all. I 'll be more in me emelent there. One-clarss boats ain't in my line, and that 's flat!'

Her eyes, as she spoke, were brighter than ever. The antennæ indicated considerable emotion.

'We shall miss you very much, Mrs. Buckle,' I said, as I shook her nobbly, grimy hand. 'Good luck to you, and a happy journey!'

'The sime to you, m'm, I 'm sure,' she said, 'and many of them.'

She walked to the door.

''T ain't arf warm to-night,' she remarked briskly. 'I 'm all of a sweat, I am, and no error. You 'd 'ardly believe!'

The door closed behind her. Gallant Mrs. Buckle! I hoped fervently that the 'Ephelant' would be looking its very best and that a muffin-man, tray on head and bell in hand, might still be found to ring his cheering way along the Walworth Road.

PERSONALITIES AND POLITICS IN FRANCE

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

I

DURING the past year a new France has emerged: it is the France which makes peculiarly its own ideas of internationalization, of pacifism, of universal friendship. It is possible to discover many flaws in the present reasoning of France, and some of the political beliefs which are held argue a strange credulity. Moreover, Radicalism — it is perhaps necessary to state that radicalism in France has not the same implications as in America — is overlaid with many foolish and false doctrines; much of the religious controversy which has been raised was altogether uncalled for. It did not appear that the new majority could at once behave differently in any material sense from its predecessors. The elections had not been fought, for example, on the question of the Ruhr, and nobody could pretend that the Herriot Government had a mandate to reverse the policy of M. Poincaré. Yet, although it seemed to be hard to deflect the current of public opinion, and although it seemed at least doubtful whether M. Herriot, and many of his followers who leaned toward the Right, seriously wished to deflect the current, in the sequel it was shown that none of us had sufficiently realized how, when once a stream is turned, its new direction may bear no relation to its previous course. The application of metaphors to politics is always misleading, and certainly it was wrong to imagine that the bed of the stream could be shifted a few feet to the Left or Right; the truth is that a new orientation was effected, and the current began to flow in an almost diametrically opposed direction.

For years we had been accustomed to a France that relied upon coercion. We had seen France chiefly desirous of stereotyping the victory of 1918. Germany was to be kept down at all costs; if possible, she was to be broken up. M. Clemenceau had agreed with Marshal Foch that the Rhine was the real frontier of Germany, although he was unable to impose his views straightforwardly on the Peace Conference and was obliged to accept an occupation of Rhineland nominally limited in time, though in reality capable of indefinite extension. M. Poincaré had, after many manœuvres, managed to extend the occupation in a territorial as well as a time sense. Impossible reparation-claims were maintained, chiefly, it appeared, in order that the nonpayment of Reparations might be exploited. France was engaged in constructing a chain of States from the Baltic to the Black Sea, designed to create a permanent coalition of interests against Germany. Militarism was rampant; the army was to be maintained even in peace time at the amazingly high figure of nearly three quarters of a million men, while in Central Europe France encouraged the maintenance of armies which she helped to equip.

Public opinion, both in England and America, although sympathizing with

the unhappy experience of France, nevertheless turned against her because the country was supposed to have adopted conceptions based purely on the employment of force. Just as Germany had endeavored to dominate Europe by mere brute strength, so France, after the victory rendered possible only by British and American aid, was supposed to seek the domination of the Continent by material might.

Even those Americans who do not favor the League of Nations in its present form do at least recognize that for Europe some such clearing-house for quarrels has become a necessity; but from the beginning France was seen to be cynically antagonistic to the whole notion of the League. There can be no doubt that France had come to be regarded as a public nuisance — a country altogether reactionary. This was not entirely her fault. The manner in which the country had been treated by its war associates was hardly creditable: England had taken what she wanted in the shape of the German colonies and the destruction of the German fleet, while France, who had been promised enormous sums by way of Reparations, found that little was to be obtained. America, though declining to take anything for herself, had gone back on promises made by President Wilson, which the French justifiably supposed had been made in the nation's name. The Triple Pact, which was to guarantee France against invasion, had fallen to the ground. The United States neither ratified the Treaty of Versailles nor accepted the Covenant of the League. Both England and America held over France the menace of huge war-debts that had been incurred in the common cause. England and America together had become the financial leaders of the world, while France's finances were — partly owing to her advances for the repair of the devastated regions — in parlous case. In addition there was a feeling that France was being dragged down to the level of a second-rate nation, compelled to obey the behests of England as represented by the astute Mr. Lloyd George and the overbearing Lord Curzon. And when France believed herself deserted by her allies and swindled by her former enemies she determined on the desperate policy that resulted in the seizing of the rich Westphalian coal-fields.

There was much excuse for France; but whatever her provocation, she incurred the reproaches of the world; and the other France that has always been in the vanguard of civilization, that has always generously originated and fostered ideas of human progress, appeared to be obliterated — altogether forgotten. It seemed hardly possible that there could be a speedy reversal, that France in a few months could recover her old position as one of the moral leaders of mankind.

But the miracle happened. It happened much more quickly than anybody could have anticipated. The bitter feelings that had been engendered between France and England were swept away as if by magic; the Reparations problem was — at least provisionally — solved by the acceptance and application of the Dawes Report; there was a promise to abandon the Ruhr within a stated period of time; more normal peaceful relations between France and Germany were fostered, and the two countries began to hammer out economic and commercial accords; the League of Nations, which had been scoffed at from its earliest days, was suddenly rediscovered; and France was foremost in promoting a protocol that — with all its defects — may at any rate lead to general disarmament. The stigma which had been placed upon France was removed: no longer was she represented to be a

militarist country, bellicose and aggressive, ungenerous and unimaginative, immorally taking advantage of her victory; she was now recognized to be peace-loving, inspired by high ideals, striving for the general good.

That this extraordinary transformation should be brought about in a few months may well appear to be one of the most surprising facts of modern history. It is interesting, therefore, to examine some of the causes and to glance at some of the persons who have contributed to this remarkable emergence of the new and — as many would say — the true France.

II

In the first place, the greatest tribute should be paid to America. Only American participation in the proceedings of the Dawes Committee could have imposed a Reparations settlement on France and on Germany. There are many critics of the Dawes Report. It is possible that the scheme simply gives us a breathing-space: that in a few years it will break down completely. Even its authors recognize that the difficulties of transferring large sums of money from one country to another have not been overcome. Nobody — neither banker nor expert nor statesman — has anything but the vaguest plan for making use of the money which Germany is to pay into a pool at Berlin for Reparations purposes. The central problem has not even been tackled. But enough has been done to satisfy both sides for a few years; and in a few years we shall be able to look at the whole question in an entirely different spirit. Further, the onus of collection is placed upon the Allies, and Germany cannot be held to account for defaults for which she is not responsible. There is no acute quarrel between France and Germany, and a means is provided by which France can honorably evacuate the territories which she holds, perhaps illegally, without doubt unfruitfully.

It is impossible to exaggerate the enormous service that America has rendered to Europe in furnishing this way of escape, which even M. Poincaré could hardly refuse to take. The money for various purposes — including the restoration of Germany — which America has contributed is of first-rate importance, as opportune and as vital as the intervention of America in the war. Just as American soldiers saved the situation in Europe in 1917 and 1918, so did American financiers save the situation in Europe in 1924. Any account of the change in Europe which did not take heed of this factor would omit the central circumstance; but we must further give every credit to the MacDonald Ministry which, whatever its record in domestic affairs, in nine months accomplished more for the pacification of Europe than all the preceding governments had accomplished in five years.

It would not be too much to state that Mr. MacDonald, inexperienced as he was in practical statesmanship a year ago, proved to be the best Foreign Secretary that England has had in recent times. Lord Curzon and M. Poincaré between them had made Anglo-French relations worse than they had been for many years, and bad relations between France and England meant bad relations between France and Germany. It was not by bullying or threatening that M. Poincaré could be dislodged and French sentiment could be changed. Had Lord Curzon continued in office, M. Poincaré would have been supported even by the Radicals, and there would have been no substantial turnover at the May elections. The tactics which had been pursued were altogether wrong.

Mr. MacDonald tried a new method,

one that succeeded. He set out to make friends with France, and a rapprochement between France and England meant the possibility of a rapprochement between France and Germany. The great merit of Mr. MacDonald was to rediscover the elementary truth that to come to terms it is necessary to talk reasonably; that it is impossible to talk reasonably in an atmosphere of hostility; that a common policy can be discovered only by nations who are animated by good feeling toward each other. Such a return to the rudiments of diplomacy — which had been overlooked by proconsular persons — was the signal service that Mr. MacDonald rendered to Europe. The Labor Government in England, whatever may be said about it in other respects, was timely and admirable in that it determined the victory of the Radicals in France. The mood altered amazingly; France was just as anxious for an all-round understanding as she had appeared — in the earlier years — to be anxious for perpetuation of misunderstandings as the alternative to a complete surrender of England and of Germany to her own views.

It is of relatively little importance to ask whether the arrangements that have now been made are workable or not; the essential thing has been accomplished, and the essential thing was to foster a fresh spirit. The London Conference was the most helpful one that has yet been held. It was followed by the League Assembly at Geneva, whose practical results may be questioned, but whose moral effect on the relations of European countries is excellent. If it is foolishly premature to say that war has been abolished, at least it is possible to say that an attempt has been made to exorcise the malign influences which separated peoples. The inclusion of Germany in the comity of nations — and presumably the ultimate inclusion of Russia — means that in future European countries can discuss without passion the problems which remain.

III

Although a good deal has been written about M. Herriot, most of the men in France who have helped to fashion the new policy are almost unknown abroad.

There is, first of all, M. Gaston Doumergue, the President of the Republic. His part has not been very active; at the Élysée, warned by the fate of his predecessor, he practises impartiality to a point where it would seem to resemble lack of convictions. But at any rate, the presence at the Élysée of a man who will not oppose the party in power has rendered possible the making of numerous concessions which, had M. Millerand remained in office, would not have been accorded. It should always be remembered that the French president has nothing like the authority of the American president; he may, indeed, be a mere cipher. Some of the best presidents of France have interfered with the course of events to an exceedingly small degree: one would put President Loubet and President Fallières in this category; they were popular, and managed — unlike most of the French presidents — to reach successfully the end of the seven-year tenure of office. Other presidents, with the exception of M. Poincaré, — who had certainly more influence on events than M. Loubet or M. Fallières, but who nevertheless never openly opposed his Prime Ministers, — fell before the expiration of the period for which they were elected and fell because they tried to become real rulers. The French are afraid of a dictatorship: they shrink from the Bonapartist tradition. Napoleon I seized the reins of power by sheer

force of character, indeed, of genius; but Napoleon III — Napoleon the Little, as he was called by Victor Hugo — was originally elected as President, turned himself into Emperor, and the disastrous crash of the Second Empire is vividly remembered. When General Boulanger appeared to be seeking personal power, he was ruthlessly broken by the French. The struggle with Marshal MacMahon, who sought as President to exercise real authority, lasted for some time, but it was MacMahon who was crushed. Any president who is not content to be a mere figurehead runs great risks.

M. Millerand, who in 1920 was elected to the presidency, was a somewhat headstrong, obstinate man, who tried to direct affairs as he considered a president should. He did not disguise his party leanings; he was the founder of the Bloc National, and stood even more than M. Poincaré for a policy of military alliances and of military coercion of Germany. It became necessary, in the opinion of the leaders of the Radical Party, to get rid of a president who claimed to count in the ministerial councils. M. Millerand was suspected of aiming at a sort of dictatorship. By a series of manœuvres — in reality a strike of ministers — he was compelled to resign, and the National Assembly, that is to say, the Senate and the Chamber meeting together, on June 13 elected M. Gaston Doumergue as the thirteenth President of the Third Republic. The Radicals would have liked to place M. Paul Painlevé in this position, but in the two Houses they had not sufficient strength to impose their own partisan choice.

In these circumstances it would be surprising if M. Doumergue — selected chiefly because he offends nobody — were to be anything more than a colorless President. His function is to make pleasant speeches of a meaningless character, and to allow the Cabinet to govern as it pleases. So far, M. Doumergue has not gone outside the rôle allotted to him, nor is it likely that he will take sides in any quarrel. When he is called upon to form another ministry he will have no prejudices; he will accept whatever prime minister is designated by the sentiment of the two Houses. He would be equally at home with M. Poincaré, whose friend he is, — were M. Poincaré again to be indicated, — as with M. Caillaux, for whose acquittal he voted when M. Caillaux was tried by the Senate on various charges concerning his relations with emissaries of Germany.

Though the part of M. Doumergue in the making of the new France may fairly be described as negative, this does not mean that M. Doumergue is without character; he has throughout his career shown considerable ability and exceptional political sense. As is fairly common in France, he has risen from the most humble beginnings to the highest post. His father was a small farmer at Aigues-Vives in the South, and considerable sacrifices were necessary to send the boy to the Lycée of Nîmes. There he distinguished himself, and an effort was made to enable him to continue his studies until he became a lawyer. He went as a judge to Cochin China and then, after a short Colonial career, entered politics. Here his cordiality, industry, attention to affairs, and care not to make enemies, served him in excellent stead. He has held a number of ministerial posts. Doubtless a good deal of luck has aided M. Doumergue; nevertheless he is precisely the type of politician who in France, where personal jealousies and intrigues are intense, is often destined to succeed. M. Doumergue, if not a great figure, is at least a charming one, and he permitted M. Herriot, leader of the Radicals, to have full scope.

M. Paul Painlevé, who was his opponent at the presidential elections, is a man of another type, who counts for much in the shaping of policy. He was made President of the French Chamber, — in itself a post calling for impartiality, — but personally is a Radical of the Radicals. He feels strongly, thinks quickly, and expresses himself with emphasis. As he is one of the most brilliant mathematicians in France, one may well be surprised at his strong and ardent feeling; but one must remember that great mathematicians are not necessarily cold and cautious. Intuition's swift leaps are, as Henri Poincaré pointed out, essential to the mathematician — indeed, to any scientific man who is not content to be the mere professorial person. Brilliant guesses and flights of imagination must afterward be checked and verified, but the true scientist is also an artist. Such is M. Painlevé, a strange mixture of the emotional and the critical faculties. He has an extraordinary facility of instructing himself in a subject through conversation. M. Henri Poincaré, the finest mathematician that France has produced, would read through a hundred pages of an abstruse memoir in a few minutes, and completely absorb it. M. Painlevé prefers the method of talking with an author, of putting penetrating questions. He too extracts the quintessence in a few minutes and he never forgets anything he has thus acquired.

Although M. Painlevé has never neglected to keep himself informed of the progress of mathematics, and was able to engage in a memorable discussion with Einstein two years ago, his attention has for a number of years been turned to politics, and with his lightning-like intelligence he gets to the heart of any question of domestic or foreign politics. For example, — if a personal reference be permitted, — I was greatly impressed when, after I had expounded in an hour-long lecture a subject to which I had given particular study, M. Painlevé, who was in the audience, arose and compressed into a dozen pregnant sentences all the points of my own discourse. In foreign affairs he not only knows the French point of view but, unlike most other French politicians, has thoroughly grasped the American and the British point of view. It is this ability to assimilate that has made him one of the most redoubtable of French statesmen, and although he formed no part of the Herriot Government he had more influence over some of its decisions than any other man. The part he plays in the present Parliament will probably be more conspicuous than it has been hitherto.

IV

In the background there is M. Caillaux. In spite of his misfortunes he is looked upon by many Frenchmen as the financier who will eventually tackle the greatest of all French problems, that of the national finances.

Certainly everything will be done to bring him back. There is a good deal of opposition to him, and while the Bloc National held the majority there was no chance whatever of his return. But now that his friends are in office it is anticipated that he will, sooner or later, become not only again a member of parliament, but even a minister. This is possible, yet there is undoubtedly much against him; the handicap which he will carry may prove to be too heavy. It is unnecessary in this place to retrace his political life at any great length; it is sufficient to say that he was bitterly reproached for his negotiations with Germany in 1911, which resulted in the cession of a portion of the French Congo to the country that even then was threatening war; and that during the

Great War he was arrested by M. Clemenceau on the allegation that he had improperly entered into relations with German agents. After his trial by the Senate, sitting as a High Court of Justice, he was deprived of his political rights and prohibited from entering the French capital for ten years.

This ban naturally had to be lifted when the Radicals won the elections. There were many Frenchmen who held that, although M. Caillaux had permitted himself to be mixed up in a number of unfortunate affairs, there was no real evidence of his disloyalty; nevertheless he has been branded as a pacifist and a pro-German. It remains to be seen how far he will be able to live down this reputation, how far some of his actions and aspirations may, indeed, in France's new frame of mind, be regarded as to his credit. Since the days when he was the acknowledged chief of the Radical Party other chiefs have arisen, and he will not find it easy to overcome a certain personal opposition in his own party. Yet even when he remained in his retreat at Mamers his speeches and his writings and his interviews with prominent Radicals and Socialists were by no means negligible. His power, exercised openly or occultly, was indeed formidable. The present tendency is clearly toward a real reconciliation with Germany, and there are those who go so far as to foresee a definite economic and political union of France and Germany which will constitute what is known as a 'Continental bloc.'

In addition to the fact of M. Caillaux's attitude toward Germany, a legend has sprung up around him as being the great financier who alone can put France on her feet again financially. It cannot be denied that the budget which M. Clementel, the Finance Minister in the Herriot Cabinet, prepared for 1925 is altogether inadequate; it does not go to the root of the French trouble. Probably one could not expect more to be done in a few months, but before the expiration of the four years for which the French Parliament is elected it is imperative that a better budget be prepared. For many, M. Caillaux is the man to prepare it. While England is financially sound and economically sick, France is economically sound and financially sick. The chief point to notice is that, altogether apart from the French debt to the United States and to England, there is an internal debt which is altogether out of proportion to the annual revenue of the country. If one assumes that the annual revenue must remain somewhere around the figure of thirty milliard francs, at least half this revenue must go, not to the current needs of the State, but simply to the service of the internal debt. There is the canker; and German payments to France, even at their highest, hardly touch the spot. Can M. Caillaux indeed discover the way out? He is certainly skillful, but those who call him the new Necker have perhaps chosen an unfortunate name for him. Necker did not avert the crash in the years which preceded the French Revolution.

M. Caillaux is one of the originators of the income tax in France and, as its protagonist, may be able to apply it better than it is applied to-day. His personal character is not, however, altogether *sympathique;* he is proud and irascible; he cannot lightly support contradiction; it is to be doubted whether he could long hold together any team.

Aristide Briand considers that he has found a Chamber after his own heart. Strictly speaking, he is not a Radical, since he stands aside from the parties, but he undoubtedly leans to the Left. It is believed that the ultimate configuration of the Chamber will be such

that neither the Left nor the Right will have a clear majority. At the beginning the Radicals were able to govern with the active support of the Socialists, but the Socialists refused to enter the Radical Cabinet and the assistance which they gave could be withdrawn at any moment. There were, from the beginning, many reasons for supposing that the union of Radicals and Socialists could not long continue: if M. Herriot accepted the Socialists' support, he had to accept to a large extent the Socialist doctrines or he would be overthrown in the Chamber; if he accepted the Socialist doctrines, then he would sooner or later be overthrown in the more moderate Senate. Thus the proper solution, as seen by some of the best observers, was a coalition of the Radicals with the moderate Republicans sitting on their right. A Cabinet of Concentration — a sort of Centre Party — was indicated.

Now M. Briand was capable of leading such a coalition. He is the most supple politician in France. He has been compared with Mr. Lloyd George; but Mr. Lloyd George, in the strict party-system which prevails in England, had not the same opportunities as M. Briand in France, where the group system usually operates. Mr. Lloyd George, during the war and the years which immediately followed the war, was eminently successful because the party system was broken down and there was, indeed, the possibility of a coalition. But now England has had enough of coalitions. France, on the other hand, appeared to have reverted to a more English system of party divisions; but in reality the groups still exist with their chances of multiple combinations. It is in manipulating the cards that M. Briand excels. Already he has been seven times Prime Minister of France — a remarkable record, which is not even approached by any other French politician. His versatility, his tact, and one may say his sense of opportunism are unequaled; his policy is always nicely balanced and full of nuances. He is a great improviser. There are more florid orators in the French Parliament, but for persuasiveness he is unmatched. His voice is deep and rich like a violoncello, and he plays on every chord; it changes perpetually in accordance with the effect he is producing on his audience, and nobody has ever been better able to catch the mood of an audience.

Certainly M. Briand will come again to the front in the present Parliament. With his stooped shoulders, his inveterate smoking of cigarettes, he gives an impression of indolence and, in fact, he is not to be numbered among the tremendous workers, such as M. Herriot and M. Poincaré. He depends upon his alert intelligence, his ability to appreciate instantly what should be done. When he is not in office he spends much of his time in the country on his sheep farm in Normandy. It was expected that M. Herriot would offer him a place in the Cabinet as his Foreign Minister, and failure to do this was perhaps a mistake; but M. Herriot's temptation to put himself in the limelight was great, and at London he was eminently successful.

Nevertheless, when the Geneva Assembly met, M. Herriot had thought better of his desire to fulfill all the tasks himself; and with some difficulty he persuaded M. Briand, whose skill as a diplomatist is well known, — witness his wonderful handling of the Upper Silesian dispute and his all-but successful attempt at Cannes to bring about a European settlement, an attempt spoiled only by the intervention of M. Millerand, — to represent France at the League of Nations. The reëntry of M. Briand at Geneva was taken to foreshadow his early return as Prime Minister.

America knows M. Briand chiefly because of his oratory at the Washington Conference for the limitation of armaments. His efforts will, on the whole, be directed toward the furtherance of a permanent peace.

V

M. Louis Loucheur is a man of great ambition, and believes that he too, during the coming four years, will be given an opportunity of presiding over the Council of Ministers. He hesitated when the offer of an ambassadorship was made to him, because he did not want to be absent from Paris at the moment of crisis when he could best push his claims.

M. Loucheur is eminently likable; he seems to be all things to all men. He was a minister in the Clemenceau Government, and he then contrived to be a minister in the Briand Government. With the accession of the Radicals he at once made his peace with M. Herriot and was chosen one of the representatives of France at Geneva, where he was ubiquitous. He talks with volubility, and is certainly skilled in figures. What is reproached against him is that he is somewhat too volatile, and is inclined to mistake his wishes for realities. The truth has never been completely known about the mission on which he managed to get himself sent to London during the Poincaré régime, in order to effect a reconciliation between France and England; but it is significant that M. Loucheur's own account of his conversations with British ministers was vastly more optimistic than the official account. Unfortunately his speculations were without solid foundation, and it is to be feared that his effusiveness is generally apt to evaporate into nothing. Nevertheless, he is one of the most remarkable of the newer men, and if he becomes a little more sober in his judgments he will clearly be one of the leaders of the present Parliament. For a long time it was the fashion to rail against him because of his reputed riches: M. Loucheur is the type of the great industrialist who, after acquiring an immense fortune, comes more or less accidentally into politics, acquires a liking for the game, and applies to politics the principles which have served him well in business. He is on good terms with everybody, is extremely active, and in the end will probably obtain all that he desires.

The greatest revelation of the Geneva Conference was M. Paul Boncour. He is an excellent orator of the florid kind, indulging in long, rolling, picturesque phrases and striking statuesque attitudes. In his manner on the platform there is much which is Dantonesque. His pink, clean-shaven face, surmounted by a shock of white hair, is the face of an actor. M. Paul Boncour is a successful advocate and one of the chiefs of the Socialist Party. He is a man of letters, and an authority on education. His knowledge of the law is profound; his argument is conducted with convincing logic. Altogether, he must be put among the intellectuals, with whom the Socialist Party in France abounds. Whatever may be true of other countries, it is true of France that Socialism seems to produce the greatest scholars and the best thinkers. Of course I do not refer to the revolutionary Communists; but the Socialists proper are in no way dangerous: they simply express and stand for a deep desire for human justice, human culture, and human uplift.

While Paul Boncour is somewhat to the Right of his party and favors the greatest possible coöperation with the bourgeois parties, M. Léon Blum, who has even more authority, insists on remaining aloof and was, from the

beginning, ready to break with the Radicals if they did not do his bidding. M. Blum may not unfairly be described as the man who pulls the strings. He is exceptionally clever, and is one of the most learned men in France. He has written on a variety of subjects, literary, dramatic, and social. Politically he has devoted special attention to financial questions. Some of his speeches on this subject have been masterpieces of exposition.

M. Henry de Jouvenel is a Senator, and the editor of *Le Matin*. At a time when his newspaper was giving its support to M. Poincaré, M. de Jouvenel was — curiously enough — personally showing the greatest possible liberalism. Somehow he manages to combine friendship for M. Poincaré with a policy of the Left, and although his influence has perhaps not yet been conspicuous in the new France, he is alive to the changing needs of the hour. He has identified himself with the cause of the League of Nations, and has spoken eloquently on its behalf. In France he has been one of the ablest lieutenants of M. Léon Bourgeois, the venerable father of the League, who now appears to be dropping out of active public life. Others are now rushing to the rescue of the League, which has established itself, if not as a world institution, at least as a European institution; but M. Henry de Jouvenel had faith in it from the first, and deserves the utmost credit for his valiancy and his vision.

On the side of the Opposition there are few outstanding figures. They seem to have been entirely routed by the elections. M. Poincaré himself has become silent, and is content for the time being with a decent obscurity. It is M. Millerand, the defeated President, who is chiefly endeavoring to rally the scattered forces. He is a stalwart fighter, and may be depended upon sooner or later to engage in a serious battle with the Radicals. His principal assistants are M. Maginot, the former War Minister, — distinguished for height and pugnacity, — and M. François Marsal, the powerful financier who gallantly agreed to form the short-lived Government that presented to the Chamber and to the Senate the messages of M. Millerand just before his resignation, during the strike of the ministers who could command a majority. Although Radicalism as such may not remain exclusively in office, it is doubtful whether the Opposition properly so-called will recover its lost ground until 1928. It may be taken that France has now entered upon a path leading away from the things for which M. Millerand and his followers unreservedly stood; but among those followers M. Poincaré is not to be numbered. In spite of his policy from 1922 to 1924, M. Poincaré professed liberal doctrines.

VI

M. Herriot is not and never will be the rigid, austere, haughty statesman. He is incapable of animosities, he is incapable of concealing his frank delight in the majority of persons whom he meets. He is always acting unconventionally, out of the bigness of his heart — is not afraid to be a shirt-sleeved Prime Minister. One can really picture him in the magnificent *cabinet de travail*, of the Quai d'Orsay, with its gilt ornaments and its Gobelin tapestries, taking off his coat to tackle a job. He shocked State officials by smoking the plebeian pipe over his papers; there were even some remonstrances against the supposed lack of dignity in his pipe-to-pipe talks with the British Prime Minister. But his homeliness was honest: he comes from the people. His erudition, his taste, his clarity, and his industry made him first an excellent professor, then a sound author and jour-

nalist. Those same qualities were used in his administrative work at Lyon and his parliamentary work at Paris. His activity has always been extraordinary. For a score of years Mayor of Lyon, he would two or three times a week make the journey between that city and Paris to attend to his parliamentary or his municipal duties, snatching brief sleep in the train.

Whether M. Herriot declines or develops, he is certainly to be thanked as the man who, above all others, gave the impetus to the movement for better relations with England, with Germany, with Russia, and indeed with America. He is to be thanked as the man who led France from a policy of isolation, which the uncertain alliances with little States in Central Europe did not seriously modify, to the policy of coöperation and universal friendship. He is to be thanked as the man who, more than any other, made the new France — which is really the old France, the traditional France of generous impulses — the France which marches in the vanguard of civilization. He has probably made many mistakes during his administration; he has not been able to prevent the religious strife which some of his followers desire; he has not yet been able to place the nation's finances on a sound basis; he has possibly underrated the forces of reaction in France and in other European countries; it is urged that he has indulged in a vague idealism, moving with his head among the clouds and his feet not always on the solid earth. But when criticism has done its worst, M. Herriot has in truth given a new turn to events. He has begun a fresh chapter of French history.

One could perhaps make up the number of pivotal men of the Third Republic to half a dozen, but outside this half-dozen the rest are mere politicians, who come and go and play their parts for good or for evil, who carry on for better or for worse, but historically do not represent supremely significant dates and events.

Herriot does represent one of the supremely significant dates and events of the Third Republic. He represents a turning-point. It would be invidious to attempt to determine how far this honor falls accidentally upon him, but that it has fallen upon him there can be no doubt: M. Herriot has been the instrument of the emancipation of France from the war mentality. He has unlocked the prison in which the nation after the war voluntarily placed herself, and France again walks freely and splendidly abroad in the wider world.

THE TRIUMPH OF ATHEISM IN RUSSIA

BY STANLEY HIGH

I

THE Marxian text, on which the Soviets base their programme of aggressive atheism, brands religion as 'the opiate of the people.' To the end that 'the drug' may be stamped out, Russia has been generously placarded with that declaration. It is posted conspicuously, near the shrines and churches. It is blazoned on the wall of a building across a narrow street before the Shrine of the Iberian Virgin near the Kremlin. Yet through the day this Holy Place is thronged with worshipers. Beggars clutter its little square. Passers-by, pausing before it, cross themselves devoutly. For six years atheism has been officially enthroned in the Kremlin. But the people of Moscow still go, as they have always gone, to the city's shrines, and neither heed nor care how Karl Marx regarded their faith.

And the Soviets, themselves, now that the frenzied period of the revolution is past, tolerate the faithful. They even take some pride in insisting that the guaranty of 'full freedom for religious and antireligious propaganda,' contained in the Soviet Constitution, is upheld. This tolerance obviously is dictated, not by a friendliness toward religion, but by a recognition of the fact that the vast majority of the Russian people — the non-Communists — are deeply religious, and that religious persecution in Russia throws serious obstacles in the path of the advances of Chicherin and the Soviet Foreign Office to the Christian nations of the West.

But passive tolerance, however much it may characterize the attitude of the Soviets toward Russia's religious elder generation, cannot be said to describe their policy toward the youth of the nation. If the youth can be won to atheism, it is of no importance that their elders die in the faith. Religion in Russia, it is confidently predicted, will pass with the passing of its elder devotees. And the Government, certainly, is sparing no effort to make sure that a new generation of believers does not arise to perpetuate it.

That the Communists are master propagandists is indicated by the fact that the methods of this attack on religion are not merely negative and destructive. The destructive methods, of course, are the more spectacular, and in consequence have served to furnish most of the material for those who have sought to describe the antireligious activities of the Soviets. The fact that the direction of this phase of the campaign is in the hands, largely, of turncoat priests accounts for the unusual degree of plausible familiarity with the history and sacred rites of the Church that it reveals, and the extraordinary blasphemy that characterizes it.

The Russian Clergy has been divided into two classes: the 'Whites' and the 'Blacks.' From the Black Order — composed entirely of monks — the higher clergy, the bishops and officials of the Church, were chosen. The White Order was composed of the village

priests, the pastors. Between the two Orders there have been frequent and most bitter feuds. It is from the White Order, largely, that the Communists have recruited their clerical support. For the 'village popes,' as they have been called, were almost always very poor; their work was confined to the routine of prescribed services; their education, frequently, was little better than that of their illiterate congregations. Many of them lost all touch with the world beyond the village, and fell into ways of ignorance and sloth. They were often in secret sympathy with the advocates of revolution and in touch with the underground organization that fostered it. They were of immediate value to the Communists when the Revolution toppled the throne of the Tsars.

These priests edit *Without God* — the slander sheet of antireligion. They furnish the material for many of the pamphlets that are spread among the youth of the nation. Cartoons and songs and antireligious slogans are, frequently, of their inspiring. Without them the Soviet campaign against religion would be carried forward with much less show of success.

I have seen the handiwork of these elder atheists in many places. For instance, every clubroom of the League of Communist Youth — the organization through which the atheistic regeneration of the youth of Russia is to be carried out — has an 'Antireligious Corner.' Displayed in that corner are pictorial representations of religion as it appears to the young Communist — representations obviously inspired elsewhere. Many of the posters are as ingenious as they are blasphemous. One in particular — a Crucifixion cartoon — is very popular. In it Christ is represented ascending Calvary. He walks alone, and behind Him the cross is borne by the toiling masses. Astride the cross, grinning triumphantly, sits the Capitalist, weighted down with moneybags.

In these clubrooms, too, the members of the League of Communist Youth gather for their religious 'sings.' The music of the ancient hymns and chants of the Church is adapted for use with new and mocking words. I have seen groups of youths, under the leadership of a designated 'priest,' go through a mock church-service, every part of which was a carefully calculated caricature of religion.

II

This, as I have indicated, represents the destructive aspect of the antireligious programme of the Soviets. Ridicule and slander are used to popularize atheism. Although there has been no apparent modification of the Communist's determination to uproot every vestige of religion in Russia, there has been a rather widespread revulsion against the employment of these methods toward that end. A greater emphasis is being laid at the present moment, therefore, upon what might be termed constructive atheism. Religion, we are told, may still persist indefinitely, even though it is ridiculed and its adherents persecuted. It is necessary, therefore, that religion be supplanted, since, apparently, it cannot be crushed. The Soviets, in consequence, have set about it to provide substitutes for religious faith.

Consequently, instead of decrying the Christian Holy Days, the Soviets have organized substitute celebrations of their own. Sunday, for example, is observed by the Communists, particularly by the Communist Youth and Young Pioneers, — the Communist Boy Scouts, — with hikes and concerts, with classes in nature study and great festivals of sport. The value of Sunday

is readily admitted, but every effort is made to organize the day in such a way as to ensure a decreasing interest in the prescribed Church observances of it. Thus too, at Christmas, the effigy celebrations that were very popular find less favor, and the holiday among Communists is observed to commemorate the achievements of their own leaders. Easter, explained as the Christian myth of Spring, is likewise celebrated, not only with broadcast denials of the resurrection of Christ, but with popularized accounts of the scientific laws of life and growth that Spring typifies.

A pamphlet entitled *Christ Did Not Rise* was given to me by a member of the League of Communist Youth. 'This,' he said, 'is our Easter message to the youth of Russia.'

The cover, in striking colors, shows a youthful Russian, dressed in the hiking outfit of the young Communists. 'We've done with devils and gods!' he shouts, as he kicks high into the air an Easter egg, the sacred symbol of Russia's Easter celebrations.

Chapter one of this pamphlet describes Easter as 'A Holiday of Suppression and Deception,' and chapter two outlines the 'Origin of the Tale of the Resurrection of the Son of God.'

'The tale of Easter,' so the Communist story goes, 'runs back two thousand years, but its origin is much earlier. It had its beginning when men first began to realize the significance of spring — with new life appearing after the long death of the winter. To the world, living then in superstition, this new life seemed like the revelation of a great God who was giving humanity its chance to live. To-day, of course, we know better. Now our young people have learned of astronomy, of the influence of the sun, and of the laws of growth. Science has taken the place of the God of Easter.'

Chapter three recounts how 'Jews and Slaves Created the Tale of the Resurrection of Christ.' The hope that Easter represents was born of the despair of oppressed peoples, we are told. 'Mysterious tales about the miracles of Christ were circulated and finally believed. But Christ never existed. No one of the ancient scientists or historians saw him. Few old books mention him. The information upon which religious people base their proof of his life was created by priests who saw, in the story, the hope of profit. Christ, therefore, is only an imaginary being.'

And Easter, the pamphlet points out, 'has been, since then, at the service of the landlords and the capitalists. At Easter the priests walked about among the people, saying that Christ had suffered and that, in consequence, they should be willing to suffer. "All power," said the priests, "comes from God. Therefore do not turn against the landlord. If he smites you on one cheek, turn to him the other. Love your enemies. Forgive your landlords!" Thus the representatives of the landlord's Easter went about, in white robes, to quiet the people with superstitions.'

But now, the concluding chapter declares, there is 'The Resurrection of Suppressed Humanity.' 'When the Revolution took away the treasures from some of the churches, the old priests began to yell. They attempted to ring the church bells. "Christ is risen!" they said. But the people answered, "Enough of this, my gentlemen. You've had a fine time doing that, but we are through with your myths."

'And there is a new Easter. It is a very sad Easter for the priests and those who oppose the Revolution. It is seven years now since the capitalists have gone. Soon the revolutionary thunder will be rolling into the West. Religion, the snake that suppressed the

people, is dying in anger. The proletariat hears the church-bells ringing the funeral of the dying old world. The springtime now has become the humanity holiday. Oppressed peoples are fighting for the future. Looking back on the burning remains of the slave world that has been damned, they are asking: "Is the suppressed world risen?" And the answer, already, has come: "Yes, it is really risen. This is Easter."'

'There is no God but science,' a prominent Communist declared to me, and science-worship, clearly, is the cult with which the Soviets propose to supplant Christianity. Darwin shares with Marx the homage of the devotees of this new faith; the *Origin of Species* and *Kapital* jointly provide their Bible. In pamphlets without number the Soviets have sought to make scientific refutation of every important Christian doctrine. They have done more than pamphleteer. The destruction of the straw-stuffed 'bodies of the Saints' in some of the peasant churches was carried on, not so much as an act of ruthlessness, but as a scientific experiment to prove that, regardless of the incantations of the priests, the bodies of the Saints did not and could not possess the magic they were declared to have. From Genesis to Revelation, the antireligionists are seeking to demonstrate their ability as destructive higher critics. When they set out to destroy the religious worth of the Bible they make a clean sweep of it. Their attack is based, almost exclusively, upon the extra-religious element in the Bible literature. But their conclusions are in conformity with those Fundamentalists who assert that, if one jot or tittle is questioned, the significance of the whole is destroyed.

That there can be any reconciliation between science and religion is, of course, bitterly denied by the Communists. Such a proposal, in fact, would be viewed with the utmost suspicion and hostility. Exactly as the efforts of capitalistic nations for improving the condition of the working classes are regarded, by the Soviets, as means for the further enslavement of the masses, so the reconciliation between science and religion would be regarded, inevitably, as a fine cloak beneath which all of the old and ragged superstitions were hidden.

III

The religious situation in Soviet Russia cannot be understood unless it is made clear that this antireligious wrath, however blasphemous, was stored up by the Church itself against this day of reckoning. It is not necessary to go into a long account of the extent to which religion in Russia was the instrument of political oppression. The period just prior to the Revolution is typical. For nearly twenty-five years the procurator of the Holy Synod of the Russian Church was Pobiedonostsev, a layman and a worthy exponent of tyranny. His hatred of democracy and his scorn of the cherished hopes of the proletariat were unbounded. His religious policy was that of the mailed fist and his persecutions were relentless against all sects. His aim was to drive from Russia all faiths save that which he represented. The record of Constantine Pobiedonostsev furnishes unlimited material for those in Russia who seek to prove religion the tool of autocracy.

Pobiedonostsev was succeeded by a German who took the name of Deviatkovsky. The policies by which the faith was protected did not change with procurators. The masses of the Russian people, however pious personally, began to look upon the representatives of religion with mistrust. Many thousands grew to hate the Church with a

bitter hatred, as they hated the police and Cossack emissaries sent out to do their bidding. The ranks of revolution were thus increased, and the fate of the Church in Russia became linked inseparably with the fate of the Tsarist Government.

And while the people were kept in line by force, the doctrines preached were those of Christian humility, submission, patient suffering here that one might merit reward in the hereafter. Such preaching, strengthened by superstition, was a powerful antidote for whatever poisons of unrest threatened to infect the people.

But now the Soviets, so they declare, have stamped out the last vestiges of priestly tyranny. They have thrown open the windows and doors of Russia so that the old darkness may be dispelled before a flood of light. Religion is to be exposed as a colossal fraud, and not a shadow of it allowed to remain in any corner of the land.

But religion in Russia is neither dead nor dying. Nor is the Church greatly weakened, though it has endured, through six years, the most bitter attacks without resisting. The Soviets have followed the same policy of hostility toward religion that the Powers have followed toward the Soviets. The results, in both cases, have been the same. The authority of Communism has been prolonged because it has become a martyr cause; and for the same reason the hold of the Church upon many thousands of the people has been strengthened.

'Not less than 95 per cent of the whole population in our country believe in God, in various ways,' declared a Communist at a party meeting recently. And that, I suppose, is not an exaggerated statement. During the recent 'cleansing' of the universities, when from 30,000 to 50,000 students, for one cause or another, were dismissed from their studies, considerable concern was expressed among Communist officials that so large a number of the most intelligent students examined confessed to and defended their religious faith.

The support of religion, of course, varies greatly between the cities and the country. Practically the sole remaining strength of the Church in the cities comes from the old bourgeois class — the remaining remnants of it. Persecution only served to increase the loyalty of these people to all that the Church stands for. The churches and the ancient ceremonies of worship constitute the strongest remaining link between the impoverished bourgeois of the present and the golden prerevolutionary period. The workers, however, were never so loyal to the Church, and their support of it now is negligible.

In the rural districts the peasants were held to the Church, to a very large degree, by superstition. That superstitious hold continues even under the Soviets. There have been efforts to discredit the religious significance of the Church ceremonies, and to disprove the efficaciousness of certain of the practices of the Church. But these efforts have had no very widespread influence. The Soviets assert that the complete rout of religion in the rural districts of Russia will come when education has raised the intelligence of the peasants to the point where skepticism is possible. Until then, despite the furious assaults upon religion, the peasant, doubtless, will maintain his loyalty to the Church.

And both in the city and in the country many priests with whom I talked declared that their churches, since active religious persecutions had ceased, were more crowded than in prerevolutionary days. Certainly the reverence of the masses of the people for religion and their religious leaders is very little diminished.

There is hardly any possible denial of the fact, however, that some of the leaders of the Church were, in the early days of the Soviet rule, actively engaged in counter-revolutionary propaganda. Since the Church was the sole remaining rallying-point for the anti-Communistic, bourgeois element in Russia, it was to be expected that whatever counter-revolutionary activity was carried on would find its leadership, to a certain extent at least, among the churchmen.

Among those most bitterly accused by the Soviets was Tikhon, the Patriarch of the Russian Church. Tikhon, who was born in 1865 and educated in the theological schools of St. Petersburg, was consecrated Bishop of the Aleutian Islands and Alaska in 1898. He spent several years in the United States, returning to Russia in 1907 as Archbishop of Jaroslau, later becoming Archbishop of Vilna and in 1917 Metropolitan of Moscow. In November 1917 he was chosen for the Patriarchate, Russia's highest ecclesiastical office.

Tikhon first encountered the hostility of the Russian Government when he refused to permit Soviet officials to confiscate certain of the 'superfluous' treasures of the Church for famine relief. A certain number of these treasures were taken, despite this opposition, but it is noteworthy that impartial investigators have declared that the 'despoilers' of the churches, in almost every instance, left untouched the icons, crosses, banners, and other symbols of worship, and confiscated only the gold and precious stones that served as embellishments.

Later developments, however, seem to connect Tikhon more directly with the counter-revolutionists. Certain documents, captured by the Soviets, appeared to indicate his connection with a council of Russian Church leaders at Karlowitz where plans were definitely discussed for the overthrow of the Communist régime and the re-establishment of the Tsarist Government. On the basis of this evidence the Patriarch was arrested and the date of his trial was set for April 23, 1923. The summary execution of Monsignor Butkevich of the Roman Catholic Church, early in 1923, despite the united protests of the Christian world, appeared to indicate the fate that awaited Tikhon.

But unexpected developments intervened. The Patriarch was held in detention at the Donskoi Monastery on the outskirts of Moscow. A few days before the date set for his trial he was taken violently ill. His friends believed that he had been poisoned, and the Soviet Government, unwilling to risk the fate of so distinguished a prisoner, removed him to a Moscow prison. What took place there can only be surmised. Tikhon had already been unfrocked by the All-Russian Church Congress — the Congress of the Living or 'Red' Church movement. His influence with the people, so far as the government officials could estimate it, was on the wane. Pressure was brought to bear upon him, doubtless, to recant and agree to live at peace with the Soviets. This he did in a confession published in Moscow on June 27, 1923. His release followed immediately.

IV

The imprisonment and subsequent confession and release of Patriarch Tikhon aroused the believers of the Russian Church as did no other event during the Revolution. His confession, to be sure, aroused widespread bewilderment among those who had remained loyal to the Church. The Church, it appeared, was succumbing to the influence of the Soviets. But this

bewilderment was of short duration. It was quickly recognized that the Church, if it survived at all, must maintain a wholly extrapolitical position. And at whatever price Tikhon purchased his freedom he was soon acclaimed, again, as the rightful head of the Church.

To-day Tikhon occupies two low vaulted rooms on the wall of the Donskoi Monastery. To reach his audience chamber one follows a guide up a narrow stone staircase into a ramshackle room that was evidently built as a storehouse. This room, on every audience day, — and each day save Sunday is audience day, — is always crowded. A motley crowd it is, too: peasants from the Caucasus; down-at-the-heel intelligentsia from Kiev; a delegation of Siberian priests; a landed proprietor, who no longer has any land, from a city in the Volga Valley. Day after day religious pilgrims wait in that room to bring their messages of loyalty and to receive the blessing of the Patriarch. When the Patriarch, as he rarely does, goes into the city to conduct a service, he is acclaimed on the way by reverent throngs, and the church where he speaks and the streets before it are crowded long before his arrival.

This loyalty to Tikhon and the Church was strikingly revealed in the so-called Living Church movement. Two years ago, the Living Church movement held out the promise of a genuine religious reformation. Its origin dates from the great famine of 1922, when Bishop Evdokim declared that, contrary to the proclamation of the Patriarch, the church treasures should be surrendered for famine relief. Immediately many of the more liberal priests rallied to his support, while the old and, in some instances, counter-revolutionary leadership of the Church bitterly opposed him.

As the Living Church movement grew it came to represent an earnest effort within the Church to liberalize religion and bridge over, without compromising the faith, the gulf between the Church and the Revolution, that is, between religion and the new Russia. In the winter of 1923 an All-Russian Church Congress was convened. At this meeting Tikhon was unfrocked on the ground that he did not represent the religious demands of present-day Russia; and the machinery of the Church passed into the control of those who led the Living Church movement.

Up to this time there is no question that many of the leaders of the Living Church movement were earnest priests, devoutly seeking to revitalize the Church with a message for the new Russia. But at the Congress of 1923 many observers saw the hand of the Government. The Living Church, from the Soviet point of view, was an instrument for dividing the Greek Orthodox Church and, thereby, weakening the hold of religion upon the people. It deserved official support for that reason. And many of the leaders in the new group proved susceptible to political influence. When the All-Russian Congress finally convened it was charged that the Government, by refusing passports to supporters of Tikhon, packed the meeting so as to ensure a Living Church victory.

However that may be, the movement, thereafter, was widely discredited among Russian believers. It became known as the 'Red' Church. Many of its priests found themselves without congregations. There was a great flocking to the churches of those who had remained loyal to the old leadership. As a result the priests who had deserted, many of them, began to seek a return to the fold. Upon the release of Tikhon the members of the Living Church, more or less en masse, sought reconciliation with him. The Patri-

arch's influence has been enormously strengthened by this surrender of the reformists, and by the demonstration of intense loyalty on the part of the people. Officially, at any rate, the division within the Church has been closed. The Living Church leaders themselves, such as Krasnitsky, agree upon the undesirability of developing further Church factions.

Meanwhile there has been a remarkable increase in the size and influence of the various Protestant groups in Russia — known as Sectarians. There are over 5,000,000 of these various Protestant organizations and their numbers have increased enormously since the Revolution. The Sectarians commend themselves to Soviet toleration for several reasons. In the first place, they represent no centralized organization, no hierarchy that can become threatening. The organization is very loose and informal and differs in different sections of the country. Then too the mode of life of many of the sectarian groups has been organized, through the three hundred years of their history in Russia, along Communal lines. In more recent history the Sectarians — since they are, very largely, pacifists — led in the movement, just prior to the outbreak of the Revolution, against a continuance of the war. But it is safe to say that they will not, in all probability, provide Russia with a new religious leadership of sufficient virility to meet the atheistic advances of the Soviets.

V

The more closely one studies the religious situation in Russia, the more apparent it becomes that the Greek Orthodox Church, regardless of the fact that its present leadership is said to be inadequate, affords the only available channel through which the stream of Russian religious life may continue to flow. As at present constituted and led, however, there is little enough of promise that the Greek Orthodox Church will soon awaken to its responsibility in the present religious situation.

I asked Tikhon whether or not, in consideration of the present Russia, the Church was called upon to bring a new interpretation of Christianity.

'How can there be any change,' he replied, 'in that which is already wholly true, and all truth?'

When I asked Metropolitan Peter of Siberia the same question, he said: 'Neither the people nor the priests want reformation. What all of us want and need is a return to the purer orthodoxy of the Middle Ages.'

But that the future of religion in Russia depends, very largely, upon a widespread reformation in the approach of the Church to the people is apparent. The faith of the present generation of Russians is too deeply planted to be destroyed. The faith of the next generation, unless religion finds new prophets in Russia, will be planted less deeply and wither more easily. The Church can hardly continue to speak as it has spoken in the past and reach the youth of Russia. A new religious message, however, will require new religious leaders to declare it, for the present leadership of the Church, with rare exceptions, is unalterably opposed to reform.

To a small but, I believe, significant extent, that new leadership is developing. The Living Church movement, however far short it fell, released certain forces that are still at work, particularly among the younger priests. Two theological schools — the only two open at the present time in Russia — were organized through the Living Church and supported in large part from American sources. They retain, at the present, the vital elements represented in the Living Church

and are not compromised by political commitments.

The students from these schools, several of whom I met, are preparing themselves to preach and are preaching an intellectually respectable social gospel. Their message takes account of the facts of science upon which is based the Soviet programme of constructive atheism; and of the further facts of community welfare, so largely ignored by many of the priests and so insistently advocated by the representatives of the present Government.

I have visited their church services. Many of the routine ceremonies are discarded. An evangelical preaching is introduced. There is congregational singing — a revolutionary innovation. One of these young priests has organized and made extraordinarily successful a week-night course in Bible study. And this man explained to me that he has abandoned the dress of his office, save for Sabbath worship, because, as he expressed it, 'I am needed as a man with the people, more than as a priest apart from them.'

Needless to say, no other gospel than that represented by these young men can make much headway against the Soviets. If their ministry is not suppressed by the vigilant agents of atheism, they have the courage and, I believe, the ability to bring before the Russian people a religion that can prove to be a strong support for every constructive achievement for which the present régime is vigilantly striving.

Meanwhile the increase of friendly contacts between Soviet Russia and the nations of the West is certain to bring a modification of the programme of aggressive atheism as it will bring a modification of aggressive Communism. Isolation, more than any other factor in the last five years, has served to strengthen the extremists of the Communist Party. Isolated, the Soviets are martyrs to the concerted hostility of the world. In isolation, moreover, it is not difficult for the government propagandists to maintain the integrity of the illusions concerning capitalistic nations upon which the Communistic programme is based. Every friendly negotiation with a Western Power and every creditable business transaction, however, makes it more difficult to uphold, among the workers and the peasants of Russia, the conviction that capital and the so-called bourgeois Governments are the enemies of the people and that proletarian justice can be won only through world revolution and Communism. Every negotiation with Russia's Government aids the evolution away from Communism. When, in the course of that evolution, a less ruthless period is reached, there will be, I believe, a religious as well as a political open-mindedness; the day of Communism and of atheism will be done, and a new Russia will emerge, fitted to assume, with honor, its place at the council tables of the world.

OFF THE COASTS OF GREECE

BY ALVIN JOHNSON

I

THE sun sets red among the burned-out hills of northern Epirus. The burnished copper that was the sun's path spreads wide and thin over the smoothly billowing blue of the Straits of Otranto. Twilight comes on swiftly; a nagging wind whips your face; there is a whistling in the guy ropes, a flapping of canvas, and a plaintive creaking of the ship's timbers. The horizon draws closer; you can barely see the ominous outlines of the thunderous heights of Acroceraunia. The stars come out: the Seven Plough Oxen who never bathe in the streams of the ocean; the Swan; the Eagle; Jupiter, trespassing as of old in other stars' blue gardens; Polaris, whose only claim to human attention is his official position. The moon rises, a huge disk edging along on the deepened horizon-line, with a yellow path under which the waves wriggle uneasily.

You feel curiously out of place and out of time.

Over these very waters the Venetian galleons, bent on conquest or trade, swept through the Straits; the proud galleys of the Roman Empire before them; the Greeks still earlier, in their search for lands to colonize. Here Antenor sailed from Troy to found Padua; here the Phœnicians fought with the Minoans, who in their own time had driven earlier traders off the seas. They are all sunken below these oblivious waves, which play as freshly under the ship's prow as if the world were new-made to-day.

One by one the passengers desert the deck with its confusion of the ages, and settle into the armchairs of the saloon under the reassuringly contemporaneous electric lights. All the passengers are there this evening except an American lady, who has looked us all over and decided we are ambiguous brigands, and dull. By the grace of God — I reflect complacently — I am the only American man on board. We are something of a nuisance to one another, we Americans abroad. We feel too much mutual responsibility, like the members of a family that has lately come up in the world. The American scholar winces when the American business man asks at Tivoli, 'Who was this fellow Hadrian, anyway?' The business man winces as he surveys the scholar's baggy clothes. Both wince as they observe narrow foreign eyes watching the antics of the American young girl of flagrant demeanor and virginal intent.

Foreigners are n't like that. Most of them limit their sense of responsibility to their own behavior. As we say in America, they have no social sense.

But for the American lady who avoids our company, I alone represent the United States of America on this good ship, bound for Piræus, Stamboul, and Odessa, under orders to bring back a cargo of old iron — bloodstained, I am sure.

First to command your notice is a ponderous old gentleman with a face

that reminds you at once of Bismarck and H. G. Wells. He always carries a great wad of manuscript under his arm; he is probably an historian of some forgotten religious schism. He is attended by a rotund, suave man whose profession appears to be deference. The three other Englishmen are coöperators, on a mission to buy Christmas plums for all the Little Jack Horners in Manchester: a spare man with tight lips, a dogged man, and a patient man from Ulster. I doubt if the Turks and Greeks will be able to hold out a single plum on such a team as this. They ignore the presumptive historian of the forgotten schism, and hate his companion cordially for his unctuous way of saying 'Lady But-lar.'

'You Yanks,' remarks the tight-lipped coöperator, 'you Yanks think you won the war. What you really did — you gathered in the shekels.'

'Just so. And incidentally we saved a bit of British bacon.'

These little courtesies, as some wise man has said, don't cost anything, and they help on marvelously the cause of Anglo-American understanding.

There is a slim dark man, with deep eyes and shoulders made supple by shrugging. A Frenchman? I try my pathetic odds and ends of French on him. No, he is a Spaniard and, Heaven be praised, he speaks French about as badly as I do, hence a meeting of minds is practicable. There are two men chattering volubly in an unknown tongue; one is shifty, subtle, Oriental in manner, with a face that is unimpressive when it is full upon you, but made up of magically flowing lines in profile. The other is blunt-faced, myopic, with the fashionable German hair-cut that reduces the whole expanse of skull to a stubble like a ten days' beard, except for a forelock equivalent to a shaving-brush. Both are Greeks, I find, but the German clip is a Doctor of Letters from Jena, who likes Ludendorff and admires Mussolini passionately. The other is a merchant, with grandiose political ideas. The solution of the world problem can come, he says, only through a coalition of the three vital nations, Germany, England, and the United States. Germany would contribute order, England would contribute sound ideas of business and social life, and the United States would contribute money. Under such a coalition the little peoples of the world could live in peace and the enjoyment of the good gifts of the gods.

There is a Swiss who looks like the Kaiser but speaks only French. He is a bank auditor, going out to establish clarity in the accounts of a Constantinople branch. He is amiable, but restrained by a feeling that an auditor has nothing to say that anyone will care to hear, except once a year. There is a square-headed Dutchman who speaks all languages well, has sampled all philosophies, has no convictions, and enjoys life royally. A plump ship's officer, with enough braid on him for the ruler of the Queen's Navee, speaks a little English so well you never can convince yourself that those first five sentences are absolutely all he has. Still, his account of the harbor of Yokohama the day after the earthquake, told in explosive phrases of Italian, French, and German, supplemented by a vast repertory of gestures and grimaces, is as vivid as anything I have ever heard.

Finally, at a corner table, sipping Mattoni mineral water, is a married pair. The husband is about sixty, narrow-faced, with pointed old-ivory beard, cheeks glowing with purplish-red surface-capillaries, nose long and thin and sensitive as a rabbit's ears. The wife may be of any age under forty. Her complexion is a dusky cream; her eyes are dark gems that sparkle,

her brows are exquisite curves, and her lips are full and sweet. She carries her shapely head like a caryatid and is altogether lovely. She is an Armenian and her husband is a German who has been so long in Turkey that all his manner is Oriental. He wears the title of Pasha with becoming grace; he wants you to know that he is of some importance, but would n't for the world have you suspect that he is so important as he really is. He is bound for Angora on a 'mission.' He is very pro-Turk, but not so pro-Turk as his lovely Armenian wife. Blood is thicker than water, but Near-Eastern intrigue is thicker still.

II

The sun stands high. Our ship moves slowly in a zigzagging strait with rugged hills of naked red stone on either side: Albania and Corfu. We are about to anchor at our port of call, Santi Quaranta, a fringe of mean houses on the narrow margin between the sea and a steep slope of rocky detritus from a dull brown height. On an adjacent hill is the ruin of a monastery, according to tradition the home of the Santi Quaranta, the Forty Saints. Religious discussion must have run high among them: not only the roof but the whole superstructure of the building appears to have been blown off.

We sit interminable hours under the awning, while valiant brown oarsmen in rowboats tow huge lighters to our ship's side and tow them away laden with boxes and crates. A drove of savage long-horned cattle files down a military road in a pass between barren crests; the beasts meet a Ford truck and try to climb the perpendicular sides of the road. Presently they disappear behind the buildings of the town. An hour later you see them again, crowded on a lighter that is being towed out to a Greek ship. The manner of loading them on the ship is novel. A noose is dropped from a spar over the horns of an ox and drawn tight. Then a windlass hoists the ox clear of the lighter, his legs straight forward, his tail straight out, like a gigantic animal-cracker. Those ox-necks will be substantial eating.

Under the awning we talk intermittently, pooling our English, French, and German, and taking out such profit of understanding as we can. We talk of liberty, the one thing the people on these barren hills have to fight for; of peace, which only the Englishmen and I accept as a practical ideal. The Greek Doctor of Letters returns to his praise of Mussolini; the commercial Greek points significantly toward a hill on our right; just beyond it, he says, is the unfortified town of Corfu, where Mussolini heroically bombarded the home for refugee children and managed to kill and maim a handful of them. The Doctor of Letters retires into disgruntled silence; he knows that his frivolous fellow-countryman will never understand true greatness. The German-Turkish Pasha regales us with anecdotes exhibiting British and American gallantry and magnanimity in the World War, as contrasted with French meanness and barbarity. Like so many of his compatriots, he is very pro-American now, in spite of the fact that he believes firmly that we entered the war to save our British and French investments, and that the Fourteen Points were a clever swindle. I always knew the Germans entertained some such erroneous belief; what surprises me is the number of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Italians, as well as neutrals, who labor under the same delusion. On the whole it appears to hold sway at least as widely as the dogma of the sole responsibility of Germany for the war.

III

If time meant anything to the mariners on the Ionian Sea we should have rounded Cape Malea by morning. We should then have had the delight of a near view of the eastern shore of Lacedæmon. The widespread arms of Argolis and Sunium would have welcomed us into the Gulf of Ægina and our eyes would have rested on the Acropolis with the last rays of the sun. But in Levantine waters time is a dream, which comes or goes by its own will.

The sun was already low as we issued from the narrow strait between Cythera and the Malea promontory. Cythera is a barren island now, with bold headlands looking out upon the Mediterranean. On one of these stood the temple of Aphrodite within its sacred enclosure. Dark slender maidens attended the rites of the goddess; sailors skimming by prostrated themselves on the decks as their eyes caught the gleam of the marble columns in the morning sun. But that was when Cythera was a fairer, greener land. In the remote south a pyramid point on the misty line of the horizon reminds you of what was once the centre of civilization. It is a mountain peak in Crete, 'land of a hundred cities.'

Malea promontory stretches out miles and miles, an immense calloused index-finger, crooked with rheumatism, pointing toward Egypt. Infrequent villages of square stone houses find lodgment on its rocky sides; around them a gauze of olive and vine green flutters over the red-brown soil. Near the very point of the cape a precipitous crag throws out two broad arms to the beating surf. Between them is a little garden of vines and fruit trees, with a tiny white house, shaped like the traditional beehive. It is the cell of a holy hermit, who will never be able to get out of his garden until he grows wings. Year after year he will sit before his cell, looking out upon seas magically calm or wild beyond belief. It is calm now. The smooth, coppery wave from the ship's prow rises through a whole scale of blues, to dip over into ultramarine.

This is Malea, the 'graveyard of ships' of Greek times and beyond. For ten thousand years tall ships have been foundering here, under the savage winds that spring out from the Ægean or from the Ionian Sea. The bottom must be paved with bronze beaks, the nautical machinery of all ages, treasure chests, talismans and images that keep the sailor safe from harm. I can imagine no more fitting final resting-place for ship or man than the sea floor under these waves, copper and gold and blue, fringed with dazzling foam at the foot of the brooding cliff.

IV

It is morning, and we are at anchor in the harbor of Piræus. In the remote distance one discerns a tiny gray hill with a bit of toy architecture on it: the Acropolis. Hymettus lies majestically beyond, and Pentelicon, not yet healed of the deep gashes whence all the ancient world drew its finest marble. You try to imagine where the Long Walls ran that protected the road from Athens to Piræus and Phaleron. But Piræus has grown beyond the ancient limits, obscuring the ancient topography with its tedious modern buildings.

Near us is anchored a small ship flying the British flag. It is packed from stem to stern with people of all ages, in clothes of all colors. An excursion boat, we surmise, returned from Delos or some other enchanted isle. No, the captain explains, they are refugees — Asia Minor Greeks, newly expelled from their homes under the

treaty clause dealing with 'exchange of populations.'

I had supposed that this peculiar atrocity of the war period had been long discontinued.

I focus my field glasses on them as they descend the ship's ladder into the rowboats that are to land them on a soil that their ancestors left — some of them — at the time when Jason set out to loot the Golden Fleece. There are youths and maidens irrepressibly alive to the new world before them; mothers with shapeless bundles on their backs and alert-eyed babies in their arms; wizened old women; tottering old men. I mark the absence of men in their prime.

'Of course the Turks could not let them go. They might take up arms against Turkey.' So the Pasha's Armenian wife explains.

'They are already dead? Or dying in work-gangs?'

She shrugs her shoulders. 'I wonder what you Americans would do to aliens who took up arms against you when you were fighting for your national life.'

There is no pity in her face for the refugees. But her jeweled eyes are lovely.

I walk down the deck to the Greek merchant.

'It 's a great problem,' he comments disconsolately. 'We have no need for them. Suppose somebody drove fifteen million people into the United States: you 'd have a problem like this. What to do with them nobody knows. And they have lost the spirit of work — most of them. They expect to live the rest of their lives at our expense.'

I approach the Dutchman. 'Sad, sad, of course,' he remarks briskly, 'but it was always so in this country. Migrations, massacres, mass expulsions. Many die, but those who live forget it soon. They have short memories, these people of the Levant, and no sense of the future. You know, yourself, you can't be very unhappy in the present: it is too superficial, without the past and the future. A little pain is all it will hold. Look at them now, on the wharf. It 's a picnic to-day; and to-morrow? You recall the pseudo-Anacreon: —

'τὸ σήμερον μέλει μοι
τὸ δ'αὔριον τίς οἶδεν;'

But for me it was the present that was hard to hold fast; and it came to the same thing. Disregard this fungus growth of modern buildings, of people in contemporary costumes, of present hopes and despairs, and Greece lies before you as she lay before the Dorians when they came down from the north three thousand years ago. So she will lie three thousand years hence — tragic, but gay.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE PAINTER AND OUR SPRING

I THINK the month was February, but naming the month tells very little of the tale of the seasons in our country. Spring, for instance, is purely a matter of rains. The rains may come anywhere from November to March, bringing in their wake soft skies, a veil of green over the sandy earth, and flowers. If it has been a dry year the grasses turn quickly to gold and bronze and brown, and the year's youth is over. If the wet season has been prolonged we have spring almost as they know it in other regions, except for a fragility of grass and flower that green lands do not know.

On the afternoon we remember, a south wind blew softly up from Palomar, and high white clouds trailed their shadows over the bare ranges. The ridges of San Jacinto looked Olympian in the dreamlike remoteness the drenched air gave them. With such an earth and sky it was impossible to keep indoors, so we said we would go and see if the river was running and if the windflowers had come into bloom.

We took the winding road across the plateau to the river-bed. The tops of cottonwoods and willows and sycamores, faintly green with the first leaves, showed above the rim of the bluff. Against a miniature Grand Canyon of a cliff across the stream, swallows were darting in and out of airy dwellings, crying with delight over their return. Our hearts rose on a great surge of life and gladness at their cry, and we hurried our pace, longing to be down by the running water.

But as we turned into the Indian road that wound down the bluff we had to pull out abruptly, for there, square in the track, his easel planted as if for all time, was the painter.

The painter had been in our valley for several weeks. He was a quiet, reserved man, pleasant enough when spoken to, but apparently not interested in making acquaintances. We had not even known whether he was much of a painter or not until a sophisticated Eastern visitor instructed us about him.

'Not one of the extreme moderns,' said the visitor, 'but with a vogue both here and abroad. His landscapes are haunting.'

We could agree with the visitor there, for we had already had glimpses of familiar bits of road and mesa caught on his canvases. It was uncanny the way he could gather up the color on a dun slope, or suggest by vague splashes of paint the distances a sycamore lane can hold, or the lonely shadows a shadowless waste can draw to itself in the evening. We had seen him tell with a few strokes of his knife the starkness of yucca and dune and earthquake scarp; but this afternoon for the first time we saw him at work on clouds and running water. He was painting — it seemed to us without distinction — a bit of river and cottonwoods and sycamores along the green bench below.

I think he was bored with his own work, for he greeted us with an interest he had never shown before. He asked us where we were going, and because spring was in our blood we answered him with enthusiasm. We said we

were going to look for windflowers and to watch the river run.

He smiled at our proud mention of the river. He was a Maine man himself, and used to real rivers. This river — why, he was told it was bone-dry most of the year!

We thought we understood now why he was painting our river so badly; but not being accustomed to telling artists their shortcomings we held our peace, and after a few commonplaces on the weather we left the car and went down the bluff, carefully avoiding the rags and palettes flung in lordly monopoly of the trail.

Cloud shadows moved quietly over the sward, picking out the various grasses and making them separately alive and full of color. Vernal and feather and dropseed and creeping grama grass veiled the wild phlox and tidytips with a mist of green-bronze, green-gold, and blue-green. We watched with a pleasant thrill of alarm a snake in its bright new skin glide away from under our feet, bending the grasses as a wind from Pluto's world might bend it, with a stirring of roots rather than tops. With eyes on the ground, so as not to tread on the sliding danger, we came to the bank where the brown water lapped the reddened roots of sycamores. There in the dark leaf-mould washed down from the upper mountains were the windflowers — blood-red, solitary, so fragile that with the gentlest touch their petals loosened from the stem and drifted away.

Blood-red windflowers, such as once long ago we had seen by a short-lived Attic stream. We bent over them, gazing at their beauty, gazing also back over the years at those other blossoms we had known when we were still too young to be quite sure the gods were dead. And while we were kneeling there the painter joined us.

He wanted to know jokingly if the sight of so much water had hypnotized us; and then his eyes fell on the windflowers in their dusky plot, and he took off his cap and knelt on the sycamore roots beside us and, bending his close-cropped head, looked in silence at the slender-stemmed blossoms, faintly tremulous even to the stirring of our breath.

I think it must have been the way the painter looked at those windflowers that broke the ice, for presently we were talking to him as if we had known him well, telling him why our river had a charm beyond the rivers of his land. Those, by his own confession, were like Tennyson's tiresome stream, rippling on forever. Ours was a more magic river, akin to the limpid waters beloved of gods and muses, Ilissus and Eridanus and the Dircæan streams, coming with the spring and vanishing before you had drunk to satiety of their beauty.

And like those rivers, we told the painter, ours left a marble loveliness behind in the dry white bed that was so mysterious under summer moons.

But you did n't get the river life along uncertain waters like these, the painter protested. No river life? we said. We showed him the swallows crying down the wind. We showed him the dragon flies dreaming on an island of reeds in the middle of the river where, even as we looked, a young Indian Pan waded, bare to the knees, cutting a straight-stemmed tule for his primitive flute. We held our peace, and the painter could hear the cry of killdeer and the hum of bees in the wild parsley at his feet.

We did not see the painter again before he left the valley. He was not talked of among us as most visitors are, having kept himself apart from valley life. But when the Eastern visitor returned next winter she had

much to say of the painter's success in an autumn exhibit. The critics, it seemed, had been chiefly impressed by a canvas called 'Brief Spring.' She herself did not see much in it, merely a dun cliff above a small river and some blurred figures on a shadow-flecked strip of meadow with bright patches of flowers. It reminded her of our own valley, and she thought perhaps that was why it made her feel so odd when she looked at it. She much preferred one of the painter's earlier canvases called 'April in Maryland.' There was real, luxuriant spring for you, the sort you felt as if you could reach out and touch.

We listened in respectful silence; but in our hearts we wondered if it were not the sight of our river that ran but a little while, of our wind-flowers that vanished at a sigh, that had helped the painter to his triumph; if through these things he had learned the great secret and had been able to trouble the idle gazers with a glimpse of it — the secret that only brief loveliness can be immortal.

CARCHEMISH — 1924 A.D.

By the river Euphrates in Carchemish.
— Jeremiah xlvi. 2

THE Fourth of July in Aleppo is clear and blazing like any other day in July. At half-past five in the morning the sun already burns down with all the force of the Syrian desert, as I pick my way across lots to the Bagdad station. Fadil is there first with the lunch. It is to be a day's excursion, just the two of us, friends in spite of those algebra classes down in Beirut. We go to see what remains of the old Euphrates city after centuries of war and massacre.

The Aleppo station of the Bagdad-bahn. It is a beautiful depot in Oriental style, but with modern equipment. The railroad has a fine roadbed, a block-signal system, beautiful cars, where even the third-class compartments have curtains over the windows, and now there are three trains one way out to the great river and two trains back every week. So says the schedule, at least. The extra allowance seems to be for those trains which fall into the hands of the bandits and do not get back.

At the ticket office there is a crowd of would-be passengers, mainly wild men from the desert, not the kind one would want to meet alone in the open on a dark night. The rail in front of the window tries to keep the people from getting in more than one at a time, but it does not work. They come from both sides; they stand outside the rail and reach across. But we can push and elbow with the best of them and we get there.

'But, monsieur, there can be no ticket to Jerablus without permission from the police.'

We find the police. The American passport is solemnly examined, especially the French and British visas, which have nothing to do with the present situation, but they want to show me that they are thorough. There is a slight hitch when it is discovered that the name above the picture on my passport is Charles E. Hughes, while my card bears a quite different one; but that is soon explained, and the permission is given. But as for Fadil, he is a Syrian. He wishes to go a hundred yards into Turkey. For that he must have special permission from Angora, a matter of two weeks.

The boy chokes back his tears. 'Sir, take the lunch.' He is off before I can see how badly he feels over getting left. I go ahead, though I know no Turkish and little of any other language that is likely to serve.

The train was ready, of course, an hour ago. Ah! this railway is a magnificent monument to the frustrated ambition of those who conceived the whole *Mitteleuropa* scheme. It is five minutes to six. Dang-da-dang-da-dang-da-dang — *dang* — DANG! It is a second bell. No one ever heard a first bell rung in these stations. Pandemonium increases. Papers, food, shines, all are provided and ready for those with the silver *barghuts* at hand, for these people have no use for the legal money, based on the fluctuating French franc. At six the bell is rung with great fury, and at the end comes *dang*, DANG, DANG! The train is ready to go — almost. The engine whistle blows three times, the conductor blows his horn three times. The engine whistle blows two times, the conductor blows his horn two times. The engine blows its whistle once, there is much shouting, and the train starts.

There are stations every twenty minutes or so, and at each stop most of the passengers leave the train to get water from the wells which the German engineers have dug all along. Again the bells ring, the people make a mad scramble for their places, the whistle and the horn blow their blasts, and the train gets off to a leisurely start. Between the stations the police come and demand the passports of all the travelers. They note down on their forms the name, age, profession, destination, father's name, mother's name, their ages, and all other facts that they can elicit, all of which is to be copied off on the record books of the *Serail* or foreign office at Aleppo or Angora. And then the gendarme writes his name in Turkish or Arabic on the passport, so that 'the *khawaja* may take it to America.'

The train rambles on. It is only a hundred level miles, but it takes more than four hours to get there. We reach the Turkish-Syrian frontier and run along it. On the left side of the train, at each station, march the Turkish soldiers; on the right side march the French. A French soldier, on his way out to the camp at Jerablus, wants to get off and go to the well to fill his canteen, but the well is fifty feet from the train and on the Turkish side, so that it is in a foreign country. Hard is it to tell what international tension might result in Paris and Angora, to say nothing of London and Rome, if that soldier in uniform were allowed to make that trip into Turkish territory. But the sentinel is awake. He lowers his bayonet, the Frenchman steps back. The situation is saved. And then another Turk standing near offers to walk over with the canteen to get the water, and the poilu's thirst is quenched. All is well.

At last we come to the Euphrates, and here the train must stop. The bridge was blown up during the Great War and is not yet repaired. My passport has disappeared with the last policeman, and I go in pursuit. Finding it in an office with several officers of the forces of the Turkish Republic, I advance with much trepidation. His Excellency looks me over. 'Where the hell do you want to go?' says he in his best Turkish. I answer in all the Arabic I know. He does not get it, but would rather not appear to me to be ignorant, so he very doubtfully lets me go, and orders a soldier to trail me. The man does, but a cigarette is enough to persuade him to sit in the shade while I explore the ruins until I am ready to come back to the station. Then he takes up the pursuit again and all appears to be in order.

I wonder if it was this hot when Pharaoh Necho and our old friend Nebuchadnezzar had their skirmish

on this field. If so, I don't blame Necho for starting back for the comparative coolness of the Nile Valley. Lizards and snakes share the ruins of the great city with me, and a very old lizard, the size of a young crocodile, comes out to watch me stroll along the muddy bank of the tawny Euphrates.

The speeches and fireworks of the cities of America seem a long way off to-day, among all these reliefs and inscriptions of the Hittites.

It is early yet, but I have seen enough. The sun burns through the inch of cork over my head, and there is no real shade nearer than the station. So back there I go, followed by my private sentinel. By this time they have found someone who speaks French and they hope to satisfy themselves as to the strange doings of this queer-looking foreigner. But the explanation is stranger than the performance. They finally decide that it is just another of these fool Americans, who risk their necks and go off into the heat and dirt to see a lot of miserable ruins, when it would be much more comfortable in some café back in the city, with plenty of boza and a cinema.

And so I return to Aleppo. The train has many freight cars to pick up here and there, and takes more than five hours for the trip. A Turk comes over to show that he knows just a little French, and for the prestige that he will get in the eyes of his fellows from conversation with me. I learn much wondrous historical and political gossip. There is no doubt that the Hittites and the Ottoman Turks are one and the same people, and that it was one of Mustapha Kemal's own ancestors who built this city here at Carchemish. All are sure that there will be a war along here before the end of the year, when Turkey and England fight over Mosul. Such are the strange and false ideas that can be absorbed in such a place.

The sunset is hotter than the sunrise was, as the engine and carriages meander back into that palatial Aleppo station. The youthful Turk, by name Suleyman, has been waiting for me for two hours with the tennis rackets ready for a game; but it is too late now, and there is nothing to do but go to his house, and there in the fragrant and cool garden, by the playing fountain and under the orange trees and grape arbors, eat our supper. And we talk of radio and the chances of hearing Berlin and Paris while we sip our bitter Arabic coffee, in this, perhaps the oldest city in the world now standing.

The Fourth is over.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE experience, the searching speculation, and the irony that made *Dædalus* the most discussed scientific book of the year have been again employed by **J. B. S. Haldane** in this new essay on the inevitable association of chemistry and peace. 'We have to get over our distaste for scientific thought and scientific method,' declares the author. Surely there is no quicker way than by the study and enjoyment of such work as this. Mr. Haldane is the Sir William Dunn Reader in Biochemistry at Cambridge University. ¶Through the utterances of our own State Department **Imogen B. Oakley** proves the ignominious and divided allegiance which foreign laws have imposed upon naturalized Americans. Mrs. Oakley is the author of an authoritative history of civil-service reform. ¶Marking, as they do, days of fearful suffering and adversity, these leaves from the secret journal of **Jane Steger** are fired with such spiritual fortitude, joy, and devotion as ought to resolve us all for the New Year. ¶In this time of inquisitional examinations the actual and significant record of **F. S. Broun** should be an inspiration to boys who have their way to make in the world, and to those who would guide them. **Phyllis Bottome,** one of the most skilled and dexterous of English novelists, has created a character and a pathos deeply touching.

* * *

Morley Dobson, recently a student of Cambridge old and new, writes with a lyrical delicacy and grace that is reminiscent of his namesake, Austin Dobson. ¶Many readers will satisfy an old curiosity with this outspoken statement of a **New York Publisher-Bookseller,** in which no mystery of the book trade is held too sacrosanct for contemplation. ¶Moved by the meditations of a perfectly defined mother-in-law, which appeared in our September issue, a married daughter has composed her gracious reply. Reading this pretty tribute every Naomi in the land will rise up to call her Ruth blessed. **Stuart H. Perry** warns us that the present smugglers' invasion of our shores is but the premonition of a more profound and dangerous conflict. His conclusions recall the old proverb that 'those who come through the doors of birth shall break the doors of kings.' **Valeska Bari** writes us what she terms 'a simple tale of Tammany in Porto Rico.' We could wish that politics were always so full of pleasant humor. ¶Reappearing in our pages after nearly a decade, the **Reverend Reinhold Niebuhr** of Detroit speaks his full mind with sense and eloquence.

* * *

From Raleigh, Tennessee, **Anne Goodwin Winslow** sends her song of gardens and ladies as fair as those of Charleston in the 'old days.' **Elizabeth L. Cleveland's** letter is a prologue to the drama which she here records: —

DEAR EDITOR, —

I am submitting a manuscript which relates an incident of Albanian mountain life, with which I became familiar during a stay of nearly two years in the northern part of that country.

Most of the incidents of the story happened in my presence. I have held faithfully to the spirit of the culture of this still mediæval race, so far as this can be done by an outsider. Their unquestioning obedience to their own law is an essential characteristic of mountain life. The spirit of the feud, which to European or American seems so frankly savage, is most convincingly otherwise as carried out. There is no violent motive such as anger. On the contrary there is an impersonality about the deed which to a foreign mind seems incompatible with the act of killing. It is as though the avenger were under compulsion; he appears influenced by something outside himself, inevitable, inexorable. He is driven, as Orestes, without choice.

Even Ndue's personal feeling about his brother was rare, and only admissible on the score of his warm, volatile, and lively nature. He was not, as I have tried to show, a typical mountain personality; rather an existing rarity, who is nevertheless acting under the same harsh imperative as the rest. His love for his brother

is irrelevant; he feels this, and it is not this motive but the motive of clearing the family honor which the other men respect.

Manners, as tribute to individual human dignity, are esteemed enormously important under such a culture. The stranger could not leave immediately on recognizing Ndue without grave insult to Imer, the host. As it was, he committed a serious (the word 'social' is too trivial) error in leaving early; though with his songs and self-enforced tarrying he partly compensated for the unforgivable rudeness of going before morning. Ndue could not molest him in Imer's house without involving Imer's family for generations in a feud with his own, to say nothing of the implication of both their tribes in the trouble. Neither could he follow immediately after the guest, as guests continue under a host's protection several hours after leaving the house. If this is not self-control, what is? It is this absolute and unflinching fidelity to tribal law which makes the hard life of the mountains livable. . . .

Dr. Kuno Francke is Professor Emeritus and honorary Curator of the Germanic Museum at Harvard University. ¶'Mrs. Buckle,' the delicious protégée of **Elizabeth de Burgh,** is a cousin of that 'Mrs. Bodfish' who appeared in the *Atlantic* household in September. The pictures of these cousinly 'chars' may be found in any Belcher cartoon.

* * *

Ranging through **Sisley Huddleston's** portrait gallery of French politicians, one may remark the faces which have launched the new Ship of State. ¶As a special correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor,* **Stanley High** spent the past summer traveling far and wide throughout Russia. ¶An economist of serious reputation, **Alvin Johnson** has written a nimble account of a pretty and light-hearted excursion.

* * *

That the sincerity of Mr. X has struck a responsive chord in other sympathetic minds is shown in the many commentaries on his article, 'The Jew and the Club.' We quote from two letters and regret that we have no space for the score of other genuine expressions.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I lived in a small Eastern city. My brothers and sisters and I were always sent to the schools, where we were among the few Jews, often the only ones. Our friends were as much Gentiles as Jews. We were invited to their parties, but seldom encouraged by our parents to go. When we gave parties, we were never allowed to include our Gentile friends. Our social life was circumscribed because our parents wished to protect us from two things which they regarded as imminent if we associated with Gentiles: insult, and the imagined catastrophe of intermarriage!

Judaism itself meant nothing to us. It was not a religion, not a precious tradition, but a heritage which meant no more than blue eyes or brown. We were brought up with the idea that Jews and Gentiles are different. Hundreds of times I have heard, 'Oh, those Gentiles! You know how they live!' It was perhaps a sincere effort to make us feel racial superiority. I did not see any difference in the way we lived from that in which my friends lived, but for sixteen years I took it for granted. Then I went to boarding-school, where I was one of four Jews; to a university, where I was the only Jew who had ever happened to live in the house; yet I found myself surrounded by 'my own kind.' We all acted, thought, dressed the same way, had the same manners. I remember my astonishment when, early in the year, I was asked to assume a responsible position in the class. My only response was, 'But you know I am a Jew,' which I thought must end it. They laughed at me. Then I began to find out what a fetish I had been worshiping. Every moment of my university life was full and happy. There was nothing closed to me on account of my being a Jew; my friends were both Jews and Gentiles, one kind chosen with the same ideals in view as the other.

I have known more prejudice, heard more disparaging remarks, seen more unkindness to Jews from Jews than from all of the Gentiles in my acquaintance; and yet the cultured Jew, yielding to the group judgment, makes up his mind on scattered and unreliable evidence that he is not wanted here, there, and yonder, gives up his Gentile associates, and settles down into a group of Jews. If he is in a small city, he does not find among them his own kind in sufficient numbers to satisfy him, and so he either gradually sinks to the lower standard in order to answer his cravings for social life, or simply gives up social life entirely. In the large cities he may find a few congenial spirits among the Jews. These few perhaps form their own circle, and being refined, cultured people they make every effort to live their lives quietly and inconspicuously, dissociated in part from the larger circle of Jews.

The result is that Gentiles do not meet, do not know the best type of Jew, who is as different from the conspicuous, noisy, pushing, overdressed, nouveau-riche Jew as is his counterpart

in Gentile social circles. It may well be asked how this can be done, but it is not so difficult. Let the Jew continue his childhood associations with his Gentile friends. In nine cases out of ten it is his own fault that they cease as he grows up. Let him talk frankly about the entire question, that his Gentile friends may know that he truly discriminates, that he, no more than they, will associate with the Jews who have neither the education, culture, nor manners to entitle them to a place among refined, cultured people. Let him take a sane point of view as regards intermarriage, and realize that unless he is willing to lose his group identity and become assimilated he cannot expect to be accepted as a part of another group whose whole excuse for being is to bring together those having common interests and ideals, perpetuating itself through the marriages of its members.

Faithfully yours,
S. M.

Surely aspiration is irrespective of race or class or color.

October 13, 1924

DEAR EDITOR, —

I appreciated very much the article in your October issue, 'The Jew and the Club,' by X. Mr. X has written a very strong argument, though not intentionally, for *all* socially ostracized groups in America. He believes his appeal is only for the Jews, since he writes: 'The Negroes belong mostly to the laboring class, with little of the social aspirations of the educated and cultured.' Mr. X errs in thinking that the laboring class is without aspirations. Next, in not knowing that there is a fair proportion of Negroes, as well as 'a large number of Jews,' who 'as regards breeding and education belong to the highest social strata.'

Negroes as well as Jews realize that life cannot develop freely when walls are erected between groups or individuals. In the case of the Negro, however, he has seven times seven walls to break down. It is not surprising then that he has not reached the innermost rampart.

If Mr. X will read a few Negro magazines and papers he will find an expression of a desire and a striving for social recognition. Better still, he may even glimpse a kindred spirit.

From One of the Laboring Class

* * *

It cannot be otherwise than moving to hear a voice from within 'the dark forest.'

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Charles Magee Adams has written a remarkable article on the psychology of blindness. It comes home to me personally because I lost my sight sixteen months ago. When one is exploring a new country it is helpful to hear the experiences of one to whom it is familiar ground. However, we have different points of entry, and that of necessity makes for different experiences. Mr. Adams entered the land of darkness at the age of eleven, when life was just beginning to unfold, with only the impressions and knowledge of a boy. As for me, I crossed its border after having lived a full life in many lands, and taking with me the experiences and accumulated interests and responsibilities of an average lifetime.

Blindness is not a problem in psychology to me: it is a study in human relations. It would be difficult for me to think of it in a cold, detached, scientific, and analytical manner. To treat blindness only from the psychological point of view is like thinking of one's birthplace in terms of latitude and longitude. Blindness entails enormous disabilities and no persons know this so well as those who are called upon to face them late in life.

We are deprived of the sense which served us best in earning our living, in going about the world, in our daily contacts with our fellow men. We are cut off from many of our friends. We have to give up our hobbies, our pastimes, the reading which is so essential in business and so pleasant in our hours of leisure. Our movements are circumscribed; a long walk is rarely possible; even a short one has lost much of its interest. Travel is no longer desirable or profitable. We can follow the events of the day only with difficulty, and the discoveries and inventions of our marvelous age become more of a fairy story to us than a reality. I don't think a blind man would have much use for a club — he cannot even play bridge. I have always been fond of sailing — now that I cannot trim sheets or handle a tiller, the pleasure is gone.

We have to reconstruct our lives, and cut our coat according to our shrunken cloth. It seems to me that loss of sight in later life needs be reckoned 50 per cent sense deficiency rather than 20, as Mr. Adams rates it.

Blindness shuts out a great many of the petty annoyances and less agreeable things of life. We are unable to see the ugliness so common in our cities. We do not readily notice untidiness which would have bothered us formerly. It is like enjoying the orchestra without being disturbed by the mannerisms of the conductor, or the performers.

It speaks well for our country that so many people should be willing to give so freely of their time and money to help the blind. Their interest is in itself a mitigant. An article such as Mr. Adams has written is valuable in clearing up

many points which would ordinarily escape the observation of those who see. In making his appeal to the intelligence rather than the emotions, he brings the blind man's world home to the seeing. No one could help being interested in it, as he charts it.

Yours very truly,

J. E. Macrae

* * *

We welcome this lyrical lumberjack to a seat beside our hearth and we are sorry that we can find no place for his verse.

Three Lakes, Washington

Dear Atlantic, —

Please do not discriminate against this from my having taken too seriously Ramsay Traquair's remark that the Pacific shore is almost a foreign land having only faint, fond, fair memories of an all-but-forgotten ancestral Atlantic shore.

Voices of the Pacific have no medium of expression on this side of the continent anywise approximating the *Atlantic*. If the *Atlantic* is hospitable to those voices from these shores that reach its height, mayhap we 'll never need a Pacific counterpart of the *Atlantic*, because the *Atlantic* is a leisurely magazine, its worth unspoiled by five railroad days or two airplane days.

So, be hospitable to the voices from the Pacific, remembering that the Pacific Coast is growing like a mustard plant and that by and by we shall have an immense population, as our commerce grows with the awakened Orient, with resuscitated Russia, and with developing Alaska. Then, if the *Atlantic* shall have served us well we shall have no need to supplant it, but shall welcome its Pacific Coast edition, radioed from Boston.

However, I shan't judge the *Atlantic's* hospitality toward the Pacific by its treatment of my offering, should it be disdained. You see, I 'm only a lumberjack out of a regular job and watching in a sawmill by Panther Lake on a Sunday, and though I may be bursting with lyric feeling up to my pencil's point I have no just means of knowing how much, if any, of the lyric spills off and enwraps itself in my words. And yet, there are lyric strains in it — I can prove that to you.

Considering you 've had laundry workers, janitors, and cooks in your columns lately, the motley array might squeeze over enough to let in a lumberjack, don't you think? Well, anyway, *Atlantic*, I 'm knocking at your door.

Sincerely yours,

Roy A. Hoffeditz

So long as there 's a new limerick left in the world, joy still resides in life.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

Dear Atlantic, —

My scrapbook contains the following, which I have always admired from the standpoint of art for art's sake. I quote from memory: —

She frowned on him and called him Mr.,
Because in merry sport he kr.;
And so in spite
That very night
This naughty Mr. kr. sr.

You may say this is not quite the standard limerick metre; but I guess the metre is as good as the ethics.

I have myself been inspired to the following unpublished one, which will be recognized as true to life by all who derive their conceptions of life from the comic cartoons: —

A gentleman wearing a bbl.,
For lack of all other appl.,
Was hailed, just like that,
With 'Where is your hat?'
But he felt he had no time to qql.

Steven T. Byington

* * *

Here's a conundrum.

St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Editor, —

Please give me statistics on how much cash money it takes to raise a boy from birth to sixteen years, or put me in touch with those who are able to do so.

R. S. S.

His weight in gold, we think.

* * *

With sincere thanks to a generous public we announce that this complete edition of the *Atlantic*, 150,000 copies, is the largest in its history. On January 1, 1916, we printed 8000 copies. May the past foretell the future.

* * *

After a fashionable schooling in crossword puzzles one may be graduated to an Intelligence Test of *Atlantic* grade. See front advertising page 4 and look forward to a busy month.

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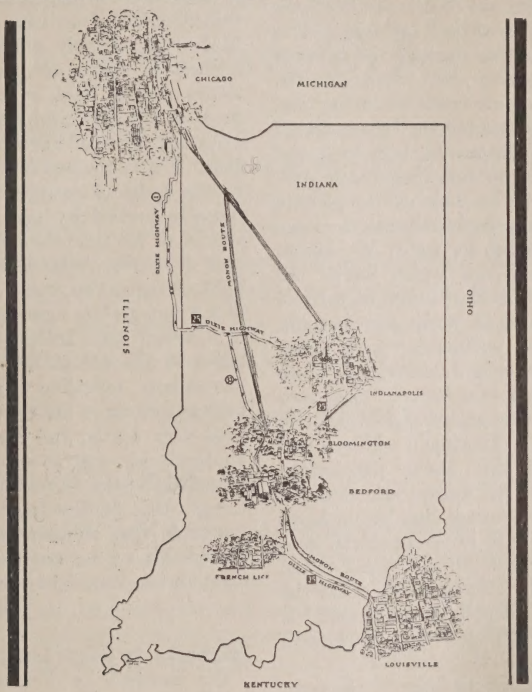

An Invitation

Bright prospects mark the opening of the New Year. The business horizon is aglow, for fundamental conditions never were sounder. Building construction will continue in large volume. Steady growth of the nation makes this inevitable. Builders are anticipating their 1925 needs. During the next two months thousands will visit the famous Limestone district.

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

Conversations in Ebury Street, by George Moore. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1924. 8vo. vi+314 pp. $2.50.

THE line that divides the fastidious from the supercilious is indistinct at best, but such as it is it traces an uncertain way through the pages of this latest, and possibly last, book of Mr. George Moore; indeed one might go further and say that Mr. Moore is himself the least common multiple of the two qualities. In these frank and intimate conversations between himself and such well-known persons as he may use to point a moral and adorn a tale, we find always the same clear and delicate English for which Mr. Moore is so justly esteemed and which marks the fastidiousness that is so frequently in peril of superciliousness. There is much else besides: keen comments and estimates — not infrequently of a kind that would be caviar to Main Street — and epigrammatic heresies that produce the chuckle of unexpected endorsement of unavowed convictions. To some it will be a real pleasure to hear that 'Mr. Hardy popularized pessimism and coaxed his readers into drinking from an old tin pot a beverage that had hitherto only been offered them in jeweled goblets,' and that while Shelley wrote the best prose of the nineteenth century Mr. Hardy has written the worst, or again that 'The Lady of Shalott' is 'the one poem whereby poor Tennyson justified his existence.'

Not the least refreshing are some of the comments on education in the conversations with the American 'Mr. Husband' and with Granville Barker. 'To admit that one man brings a gift into the world and that the next man does not would amount to an admission that the Liberal Party cannot rectify Nature's mistakes. And what would become of the constituencies if such a thing were admitted?'

'Martyrs are beginning to appear; not long ago a mother said she would prefer to go to prison rather than send her son to school after he was fourteen, urging on the magistrate that the time to learn a trade was between fourteen and sixteen. Whilst admitting her contention to be reasonable, the magistrate could not avoid sending her to prison, for such is the law. She accepted prison, heroic woman, and it is heroism such as hers that may in the end redeem us from a system that comes between man and his instincts.' 'A man cannot be taught. But though he cannot be taught he can learn, meaning thereby that he may discover a self within himself.' In the end he does not hesitate to say that for himself he would even 'welcome a reawakening of theology' if by that he could compass that 'renaissance of illiteracy' he holds to be necessary if we are to escape from false standards and bring in an era of right living.

These and the like are pale flashes of the bitter, critical mood of an earlier day. In general the book is surprisingly gentle, with a certain mellowness of warm autumn. When Mr. Moore writes of Saint Paul, as he does only too briefly, he is at his best, and one need not accept his exegesis to give full value to his delicate appreciation. It is in the last few pages, however, when in the midst of memories of Moore Hall, but recently burned by the Irish Republicans, he speaks of his grandfather, that this gentleness and unfamiliar sweetness show in the clearest light. Neither this, nor really any material part of the book, is 'the egregious Mr. George Moore' of a decade ago. Instead it is the portrait of a sad and thoughtful and somewhat fastidious gentleman, revealing itself through mental portraits of many lifelong friends who are treasured very dearly, and are used, not as foils to another's wit, but as copartners with him, for friendship's sake, in matured estimates of many things. One finishes the book with a feeling of gratitude that another and undoubtedly truer George Moore has come into view through the calm and mellow light of a matured experience.

RALPH ADAMS CRAM

Mårbacka, by Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1924. 8vo. xi+288 pp. $2.50.

WHAT we vaguely term folk-quality is that beauty which comes into being almost unconsciously, as a by-product of some other intent. In the sturdy utility of peasant architecture and furniture there is a subtlety of line, a perfection of detail, which studied imitations never recapture; in the naïve frenzy of the old morris-dance there is a frolic grace wholly absent from the antics of those who have revived its measures but can never revive its spirit. So it is that we hail with particular delight, in these sophisticated days, any work well done which, both in matter and in manner, exhibits the true folk-quality, baffling in its perfection.

Of such a nature are these childhood sketches by Selma Lagerlöf, excellently translated by V. S. Howard. They are of varying merit, to be sure, especially toward the end of the volume, where the subject matter becomes slightly attenuated; but in all of them there is a direct style which moves unswervingly along its way, never consciously pausing to create an artistic effect, but throwing out beauty as it advances. Mårbacka,

A Notable January Book

TWICE THIRTY

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By EDWARD W. BOK

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Seventh Large Printing

The White Monkey

By John Galsworthy

"Far the most amusing and the most daring, and in some ways the most successful of all the books Mr. Galsworthy has written. . . . The book may fairly be called a masterpiece. A fine creative gusto gives life and energy to the whole. Mr. Galsworthy's great, his supreme merit is as a story-teller. He makes you want to read on. Moreover, the note of gaiety is unforced. Surely it is a remarkable thing for an author with such a record of considerable work behind him to produce something fresher, more vital and spontaneous than he has ever produced before."—*The Saturday Review (London).* $2.00

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By E. P. Mitchell

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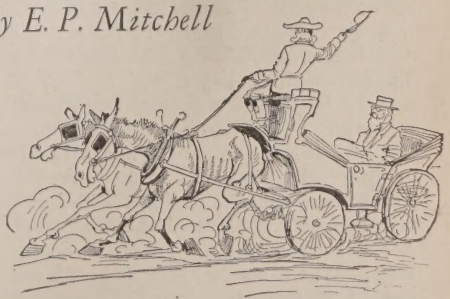

Cartoon of Charles A. Dana in Kidney Bill's hack in E. P. Mitchell's MEMOIRS OF AN EDITOR. Mr. Mitchell's half-century career in journalism brought him in contact with great men and great events.

These books are sold at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

the prosperous farmstead of the Lagerlöf family, is really the central figure round which the portraits, legends, and impressions are grouped. The old place takes on the mood of the people who pass through it: it becomes sorrowful with the sorrow of Mamselle Lovisa; it expands, on festival days, with a great hospitable inhalation to welcome the small fry and large fry of the neighborhood; and now and then, in the still of the night, it gives back its ghosts.

But there are no unintended ghosts in these pages; all the characters, no matter how unimportant, take on the very semblance of life. Individually the Lieutenant, Fru Lagerlöf, Kaisa Nilsdotter, and the rest, become as distinct to us as to her who knew and loved them; as a group they re-create for us all the gusto and strength of the old rural life which, even in Scandinavia, has now almost disappeared. And through all the sketches humor and sentiment are so skillfully modulated as to avoid caricature, on the one hand, and sentimentality on the other. The author herself remains in the background, observing and comparing, with the quick eyes of a child. I note that the publishers call the book the loveliest of autobiographies. It is lovely, but it is the most modest of autobiographies. It is less the story of Selma Lagerlöf's childhood than a calling back to life of a vanished era, a preoccupation with the nobility of simple people and the beauty of simple things.

ROBERT HILLYER

My Brother's Face, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1924. 8vo. viii+367 pp. $3.00.

LIKE every message that comes to us out of the East, this book has its twofold significance. It is at once a picture of modern India and a spiritual parable. It is a photographic presentment of certain twentieth-century Indian types: the Holy Man; the rich manufacturer and his wife; the university student; the peasant of the jungle with his vegetarian leopard; Brahmin; Mussulman; freethinker. The figure of Mahatma Gandhi illuminates many pages, and a third of the chapters is given to a detailed autobiographical transcript of the evolution of that most important of all Indian types, to-day, the revolutionary patriot — Mr. Mukerji's own brother, if the parable does not here impinge. But it is also a mystical study of the soul of India; a religious meditation upon the relation of the East to the West. 'Who *is* our brother? Is he the man we find, or the man we look for? The sages of the Upanishads have answered that our brother is He who wears the One Face dwelling in the thousand faces of all life.'

Aside from its vital theme, there are at least two other reasons why the book deserves to be read and pondered. First: the poetical beauty of its style, an Oriental splendor in the use of words; the subtle, floriated Hindu mind penetrating the alien English speech with a facility and a freshness little short of amazing: 'Suddenly, a trumpeting of gold rose in the east. Below it ran a silver light like the slow zigzagging of lightning. The clouds below caught fire, and before us the wall of inky silence began to crumble down.' Very Shelleyan, this, but the ease of his ordinary English is even more unusual in a foreigner.

Secondly, and chiefly, the book deserves sympathetic attention because it is modern India from the point of view of a modern Indian who also knows through experience the civilization of the West, especially our American West, and who finds some of it good; a Hindu who loves individual Americans even as he loves individuals among his own people. It is a plea for a better understanding of an ancient and deeply significant culture which has its contribution to make, as one brother to another, in the family of nations. That the author, an ardent son of India, should be free from prejudice is more than anyone ought to demand; the wonder is that, feeling his country's wrongs so deeply, he can still write in a temper so ironic. If among our American writers there were one now interpreting our country to the rest of the world with the insight into spiritual values, the religious seriousness, the humor, and the international friendliness of a Mukerji, we should be fortunate indeed. To so fair-minded a patriot much exaggeration of our home-grown virtues, even much of prejudice, might be forgiven. Love of country, as revealed in *My Brother's Face*, is a holy passion, purified of the menace of provincialism.

FLORENCE CONVERSE

Critical Studies of the Works of Charles Dickens, by George Gissing. With an Introduction and Bibliography of Gissing by Temple Scott. New York: Greenberg, Publisher, Inc. 1924. 8vo. vii+165 pp. $3.00.

Charles Dickens: A Critical Study, published in 1898, was George Gissing's twentieth book. Its nineteen predecessors, embracing a creative period of as many years, had all been novels with the exception of one collection of short stories and sketches. Two more novels and a book of travel — one of the best ever written: *By the Ionian Sea* — followed during the next three years, and in 1903 issued an admirable abridgment of Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens*, wherein Gissing 'permitted himself to substitute here and there (by no means always) remarks of his own for Forster's critical comments.' The same year saw a fulfillment of early vows in the publication of *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*. It was the year of Gissing's death. Two novels, one a fragment, and a collection of short stories appeared posthumously in the succeeding three years.

There is inevitable significance in the fact that of the four books outside the province of the story-teller, in this list of twenty-eight, two have to do with Charles Dickens. This significance is not lessened with the recent publication of the critical papers which Gissing wrote as introductions to the Rochester edition of Dickens's

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now fifty-six, was born in what was then Russian Poland, one of the twelve children of poor parents. His father was a member of one of those patriotic bands which staged the rebellion of 1863 and a strong sense of nationalism was instilled into all his children.

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"Autumn" is now ready. "Winter" will be on sale January 2nd. "Spring" and "Summer" will follow in April and July respectively. $2.50 each, at all bookstores.

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BORZOI BOOKS

works. This edition was inaugurated in 1900, and appeared volume by volume until six works had been published. Whatever the reason for the suspension of the venture, one may be sure that it was not the introductions. Including the six which appeared, nine of these papers are collected in the new volume of Studies. For good measure there is a happy concluding piece, 'Dickens in Memory,' which Gissing contributed to the old *New York Critic* in 1902 — an essay characterized by a mellow warmth of feeling one does not customarily associate with the man, and, from the point of view of the reader more intimately interested in Gissing than in Dickens, the most important thing in the book.

There is no surer index to the universality of Dickens's appeal than the finely tempered critical admiration of such a mind as George Gissing's. Strained through a coarser intelligence, this admiration must have emerged as a mere banal idolatry, or at best as a diluted imitation of obvious artifices of style and method. Gissing was before all else a student, and a better student of art than of life. There is rarely a hint, in all that Gissing wrote, of any attempt to translate Dickens into Gissing. Yet Gissing's criticism is supported by a meticulous familiarity with his subject — a familiarity dating back to his childhood.

Gissing's devotion is tempered with a critical discretion that permits a sound appraisal of Dickens's real or conventionally accepted stylistic defects. He acknowledges his subject's bias to the histrionic, his occasional lapses into mawkishness and bathos, his failure in deliberate analysis of character. He utters what should be acceptable as the final word in his judgment of the blunt irony of the American interlude in *Martin Chuzzlewit:* 'Dickens in America was Dickens the satirist without counterpoise of his native tenderness.'

One damns an anthology for the poems it does not contain. While such a charge can hardly be directed against these Studies, since they number all the introductions extant, one may pardonably regret the inevitable omission of essays on *David Copperfield* and *Great Expectations* — even on *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Our Mutual Friend.* The collection is perforce a fragment, but it is a fragment worthy to be preserved and to be read.

JOHN T. WINTERICH

The King of Elfland's Daughter, by Lord Dunsany. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1924. 8vo. xx+301 pp. $2.00.

Blind Raftery, by Donn Byrne. New York: The Century Company. 1924. 16mo. viii+175 pp. $1.25.

'SUCH speed was new to the dog, and he went in a long curve after the troll, leaning over as he went, his mouth open and still, the wind rippling all the way from his nose to his tail in one wavy current.' This sentence comes from a page of Lord Dunsany's latest book, *The King of Elfland's Daughter,* from the seventh chapter of it, entitled 'The Coming of the Troll.' Please notice that, while in this sentence there is the mention of such a fairy thing as a troll, there is in the rest of the sentence but the description of a very real dog running in very real fields.

I point this out because it indicates the manner which Lord Dunsany has of endearing what is familiar to us, by introducing gently, delicately into it the things of Elfland. That manner is indeed what we have most to thank him for, and what he himself would seem to take for his greatest delight.

For instance, the story of *The King of Elfland's Daughter* is, in spite of its dramatic and beautiful ending, a loitering one. Our enjoyment in it comes from the loving and intimate glimpses of this world, of 'the fields we know,' as he calls them, which this story makes possible. We all have seen foxes. But in Lord Dunsany's book we learn how white a fox's breast must look, when seen by a troll over the tips of the buttercups. We all have seen marshlands. But how blind we have been to the many secrecies of marshlands we better realize when we see in the gray of the evening against the dim green of the fields a traveler, black in solemn clothes and high grave hat, going down to the edge of a marsh. He is a troll in disguise.

Mr. Donn Byrne has, I should judge, a power of perception almost equal to that of Lord Dunsany. No two winds are to him alike. The sun is sometimes 'like golden ale' to him, and on one page a road is as 'shining as pewter.' He rejoices in his eyesight. If a man has a moustache, let that moustache look like a horseshoe as he plunges it into his mug of ale.

His story, *Blind Raftery,* is a real story, and it is told in the face of many self-imposed difficulties, not the least of which is a lofty lyric style maintained throughout. The first two sentences of chapter ten, for instance, can be placed one under the other with this result.

Builded now was the leafy house of June.
Each tree was dressed like a young girl for a dance.

That Mr. Donn Byrne could succeed as well as he does in telling his story, in giving those explanations and dialogues which are necessary for a novel, all in a style so poetical, if not ornate, bespeaks to all of us most eloquently his skill and to some of us his wisdom. He leaves everything half said. He describes one thing by describing another. He is marvelous in his condensation. We have but several glimpses of Raftery and Hilaria, yet we know them.

The care, conscious or unconscious, given to both these books is exquisite. One word put out of its place would change the pace of either book. We can take off our hats then at least to craftsmen — or is it to harpers?

'I wish I were a good harper,' Raftery was musing, 'for the sake of the harp.'

DANIEL SARGENT

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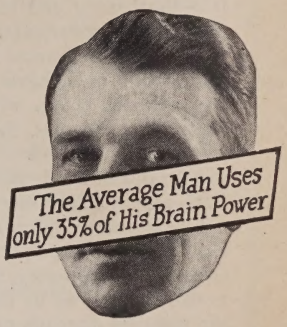

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

The White Monkey, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. 8vo. viii+328 pp. $2.00.

'He might wish and wish and never get it — the beauty and the loving in the world.' With these words the reader of the Forsyte Saga takes leave of Soames Forsyte, seated by the family vault in Highgate Cemetery. Throughout the series of novels which form Galsworthy's masterpiece, Soames, the Man of Property, has been a dread embodiment of the possessive instinct. But he is a human being, not an abstraction, and in *The White Monkey* other traits of nature appear — different, yet of a piece with the old. The sense of property, it seems, implies also thoroughgoing honesty, in allegiance to which he is able first to lead by the nose and then to defy the spineless directors of the P. P. R. S. Then, too, he now stands on the threshold of the world of beauty and of loving. The warmth of human affection is beginning to enfold him; he is not likely to retrace his steps.

In short, Galsworthy is revealing to us, in Soames Forsyte, by an inspired vision as it were, the mystery — that is, the contradictions and yet the essential unity — of a human soul. From the first Soames has fascinated us; now, thanks to Galsworthy, we give him what he has ever craved — love. And so, with a fear that is full of tenderness, we await the picture of his Indian Summer.

But to the younger generation, about whom and for whom *The White Monkey* is ostensibly written, 'Old Forsyte' is a dud. The insistent and all-else-excluding present is their care. Fleur and Michael interpret it: Fleur, a true daughter of Soames; Michael, compact of jesting and loyalty, a being who wins our hearts from the first moment. (Forgive the uncritical language; but he is flesh and blood!) Like the white monkey in the symbolic picture, they taste the fruits of life, cast the rinds aside, and then, on a sudden, in spite of their *carpe diem* philosophy, find themselves in the clutches of nature with a small *n*, facing the question: What is beyond? Faith, sentiment, beliefs, they have, as they think, discarded; but in time of stress the age-old grit and loyalty of the race seems to be theirs, as it was their ancestors'. Through it they win the answer: 'It *did* matter that some person or some principle outside oneself should be more precious than oneself — it dashed well did!'

This, in drab prose, is 'what the book is about.' The analysis of a symphony on a concert programme may perhaps prepare the mind for the spell the music weaves; it cannot hint the magic in the sounds, or tell us when and how we are to be enlightened, uplifted, or searched to the very depths of our being. But the symphony is there, waiting for us to 'tune in'; so is *The White Monkey* here; so, also, all about us, is the life which it interprets. Close your programme book, therefore; give ear to the music, and let the master have his way with you.

Henry Greenleaf Pearson

Joseph Pulitzer: His Life and Letters, by Don C. Seitz. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1924. Large 8vo. xii+478 pp. $5.00.

Mr. Seitz has enriched the history of American journalism with one of the best of its biographies. His portraiture is of a personality as vivid, as potent, and in many ways as engaging of the imagination, as that of any other of the half-dozen really great editors since the first of them, Benjamin Franklin. With sane discernment and full knowledge there are traced not only the incidents but also the impulses of the most extraordinary career that any chapter of the annals of the profession records.

In this tale of the editor-proprietor who, blind and on the edge of nervous collapse, a fugitive from every disturbing sound of voice or foot-tread, marked by an incurable malady, nevertheless from thousands of miles away conducted his great paper for years with the minutest attention to detail and with the unflagging interest and incandescent energy of his own youth, the biographer of Joseph Pulitzer has chronicled the triumph unexampled, over deadening conditions, of an indomitable will, persistent to the end.

The only dissenting comment I have to make on the unusually faithful book is that in perhaps too many instances the competent writer has permitted his pages to reflect ephemeral aspects of minor office-politics, personal antagonisms long since cold, the climbings-up and pullings-down of satrapies within the establishment. To a certain extent such revelations of domestic jealousies and rivalries throw light upon the trials of the central figure; at times they seem unnecessary, if not inurbane. On a surface almost uniformly brilliant the spot is a small one, possibly not worth the mention, but there is a fine art of forgetting as well as of remembrance.

Surely there is interest enough for everybody along the main threads of such a story, told as this is with great literary skill, independence of judgment, and enthusiasm of friendship tempered by that respect for the verities which the subject himself would have enjoined, at least in his more philosophic moods. Even the reader

This would have been Theodore Roosevelt's way of judging

Edward W. Bok's TWICE THIRTY

On page 215 of this autobiographic narrative Mr. Bok relates this incident:

"I heard a voice say, 'Oh, it's you, is it?' and President Roosevelt stood by. 'I've been wondering for the past fifteen minutes who was back of that book. What is it you're reading?' and his hand went out for the book.

"'Oh, yes, I've heard of it,' he said. 'Any good?' . . .

"Then he turned to the chapter heads in the table of contents, and looked them over. 'Oh, yes, I must get that and read it,' and then he added: 'The table of contents is about the best guide I know of to a book. It beats the critics for me, as to whether I want to read it or not.'"

These are the chapter headings of this fascinating volume of narrative and reflection:

Contents of TWICE THIRTY

Why This Book Was Written
On Being Born
The Child with the Inquiring Mind
My Friend, the Truck Driver
That Muffler at Dubernell's
The Tale of a Tail
"From Paper, Pen and Ink"
In Pursuit of the Great
The Hands that Wrote Them
"An Experience You Know Not Of"
"My Own Four Walls"
An Experiment with Two Lives
"Which Grain Will Grow"
When Youth and Greatness Meet
The Twenty-sixth President of the United States
The Joys of the Road and the Rostrum
My Most Unusual Experience
A Gentleman Among the Nations of the World
"Well, I Didn't Know That!"
Do We Really Do Things?
The Worst Birthday in a Man's Life
When Tom Went to France
Your Neighbor at an English Table
The Man Who Saw the Sea
The President
Twice-Born in Twice Thirty
After Five Years of "Play"
"Out of Touch" in Florida
The Man Who Wouldn't Sell His Father
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who cares little about the technics of newspaper-making, and nothing whatever about the persons engaged in the business, will delight in Mr. Seitz's fine achievement of characterization, which from the very first paragraphs summons back the man who died thirteen years ago, restoring to him by touches that are masterly the distinctness and vigor of life. As the author proceeds to fill the bold outline with circumstantial narrative and documents, largely of frank self-revelation in letters amounting to autobiography, I think that some who may have been inclined to regard Mr. Pulitzer as a rather acrid intelligence, or as an unscrupulous contender for circulation and profits, or as a pernicious influence for the debasement of journalistic ideals, or, again, as a callous autocrat in his relations with subordinates, will be quick to discover in him something quite different.

It is not the least valuable of Mr. Seitz's services to the memory of his chief that that remarkable man is made, by exhibit rather than by description, to appear clearly to us — not as the 'Liberator of Journalism,' for he was not journalism's liberator in any sense that I can understand, but as an uncommonly brave human being, genially humorous at times in the recognition of his own limitations, contradictions, and mistakes; delicately considerate of the feelings of those whom he instructed or inspired from afar with a Niagara of communications sharply contrasting with Dana's systematic policy of *laissez faire;* intolerant of no failing in his trusted people unless it was professional damfoolishness; and, above all, neither dismayed in spirit nor deterred from large accomplishment by the pathetic extreme of physical misfortune.

EDWARD P. MITCHELL

The Divine Lady, by E. Barrington. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc. 1924. 8vo. viii+417 pp. $2.50.

THE last few years have seen a marked increase in the popularity of historical and semihistorical romances. If this, as many think, can be ascribed to the influence of the films, it will cover a multitude of their sins. From a great 'screen spectacle' with an historical background to Sabatini's tales is but a step; the taste which applauds one is bound to enjoy the other. From Sabatini to Buchan, Strachey, and Gamaliel Bradford is, perhaps, a wider gap, but we venture to think that it has already been bridged and that the general reader is already convinced that history contains fully as much romance as fiction.

It has been well said that 'the eighteenth century was unkind to nature.' This may help to explain the tragic and ever-appealing story of Emma Hamilton, perhaps the most perfect example of a child of nature that eighteenth-century England produced. Had she lived two centuries earlier, one is tempted to think that Fate would have used her differently; yet in no other age would her star have shone so brightly. The sordid elements in her history on the one hand and unreasoning worship on the other have obscured the true character of this remarkable woman until she has become almost as much of a problem as Lucrezia Borgia. To date her best biographies have been 'the lovely portraits Romney left of his Divine Lady'; in Mr. Barrington's charming sketch we have an equally valuable supplement.

Mr. Barrington takes up her story after the most sordid part of her life was over, and he ends it with the death of Nelson when, with nothing more to live for, the worst side of her still uncivilized nature burst through the barriers which even the careful schooling of the polished Charles Greville could not make permanent. The delicacy and the sympathy with which the tale is told give it high place as a work of art not unworthy of its subject; psychologically and historically, it appears to be the best evaluation of Lady Hamilton which has thus far appeared. Some of her evil influences are, indeed, glossed over: for example, one finds no mention of the effect of her influence on poor restless, unstable Romney. It can hardly have been wholly beneficial, however much happiness it may have brought him or however much inspiration she may have supplied to his fitful if brilliant genius. In passing, it may be remarked that Romney, like Nelson, had a neglected and unhappy wife; but it may be too much to lay this at Emma's crowded doorstep.

More serious, from the point of view of historical impartiality, is the minimizing of her connection with the 'judicial murder' of Admiral Caraccioli, which was then regarded — and has remained — a blot on the otherwise stainless official record of the 'greatest sailor of all time.' The Lady Emma's feelings on the subject may be inferred from her remark to Lady Nelson when they met in London: 'Indeed I am certain her ladyship must have rejoiced with the rest of us when she heard that such a traitor had met with his reward.' How far she was responsible for this unfortunate affair is, of course, a disputed point, but since Nelson was completely under her influence and had already risked everything for her sake, it is hard to believe that, in ordering an execution so foreign to his conduct on other occasions, he was not carrying out her wishes.

By making Nelson and not Emma the central figure in the second half of the book, Mr. Barrington has sacrificed that biographical unity which the first half promised. But he has gained more than he has lost, for if the Divine Lady is to be appreciated at all it must be through the joy and inspiration she gave to Nelson. Greville and Hamilton and the others were, after all, only means to an end — a great end, as most of us think to-day. From the moment Nelson came into her life she ceased to exist save in him; this, if it were needed after her devotion to her mother, is proof of the essential depth of her character.

If the true mission of history be to re-create the past so that it may be understood, then Mr. Barrington has written history as well as an

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artistic romance. He knows his eighteenth century so well that he does not need consciously to paint in his background; we feel it in every line. And so successful is his idealization of Emma that, like him, we are inclined to admit that 'without her inspiration, Trafalgar might not have been.'

EDWARD ALLEN WHITNEY

The Slave Ship, by Mary Johnston. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1924. 8vo. vi+307 pp. $2.00.

A GREAT novel should have both soul and body, and this, it seems to me, Miss Johnston's latest production, *The Slave Ship*, possesses in abundance — would that more of our novels showed the same attributes!

The body of the story, so to speak, is its engrossing narrative, sweeping the hero on a swift current of events from the Tolbooth in Edinburgh out to Colonial Virginia, and thence into the dark adventure of the slave trade. There is no writer at present with Miss Johnston's power of carrying the reader back into an historic past, and one may read and read of David Scott's adventures, forgetful that the hours draw toward morning, and that this is the twentieth rather than the eighteenth century — all honor to the skill of her pen!

But a novel, like a sacrament, should have more than its outward and visible sign — it should have an inward grace as well; its characters, setting forth some universal theme, should move against a tremendous background, giving the impression of a *something more*, a larger significance, impinging upon all the little moments of life which the author has chosen to portray. This feeling of something more Miss Johnston has conveyed with power and restraint. Her hero is himself, David Scott, a young man caught in the vicissitudes of his day; but he is much more — he is humanity enslaved; his struggles and questionings are the old universal hesitancies and inhibitions of the race, and his final release, in the climax of the book, is a way of escape for all mankind. The author goes below the surface of life, and strives to portray the Great Adventure. She has had a vision, and in *The Slave Ship* she has woven her vision and her art into an harmonious whole. With her sincerity, her power, and above all her insight, she stands head and shoulders above the welter of cheap and clever writers — those who say nothing very dexterously, and who, immersed in their own smartness, are unaware that mere cleverness is almost the easiest form of writing which can be produced, that it draws from the shallowest of inspirations and in the end is about as valuable as the crackle of thorns under a pot — or a potboiler, perhaps one should say more truly.

Miss Johnston's inspiration is never shallow, and in the present book she has achieved a success in that most difficult form of writing, wherein, with careful balance, the spirit infuses the narrative, without crippling the vision on the one hand, or sentimentalizing the story on the other. How difficult a medium this is the 'dreadful little clever people' are in no danger of discovering, for there is no fear of their ever being inspired to attempt it; but that Miss Johnston has been so inspired we may well be glad, and return thanks for the courage of her attempt, and for the good work she has done in *The Slave Ship*.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

A Story Teller's Story, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc. 1924. 12mo. viii+442 pp. $3.00.

AVOWEDLY autobiographical, *A Story Teller's Story* is in the final analysis a portrait rather than a chronicle. The reader who takes up the book expecting to find a painstaking amplification of a Who's Who entry will be disappointed; but anyone who delights in making acquaintance with a gnarled, strong-fibred, distinctive personality will tingle with pleasure as he turns these pages.

In them the external and the actual are freely bent to the elucidation of the inner reality. The author inherits his father's love of a tall story. Though he tells it with an occasional astringent grin, the fever of invention is not checked. Yet in his very stretching of the facts he is trying to shape symbols to convey truth. The superficially disconnected, often extravagant experiences and fancies that form the substance of his book are so many facets of truth. Sherwood Anderson in the flesh may or may not have fled from his factory as Christian once fled from the City of Destruction. Nevertheless it is certain that in one way or another there did come over him the shattering conviction that for him there lay in the machinery of modern life nothing less than death; and following that conviction he renounced that life. One may not rely upon these reminiscences as evidence in a court; but one does read them with a full persuasion of the fundamental honesty of their narrator as well as a surprised enjoyment at his skill in combining and breathing life into materials so diverse.

It is not a fancy portrait that emerges from this odd story wandering through the past with Shandean irresponsibility, but rather a figure at times clumsy and groping, at times vain and strutting, at times a bit pathetic in its conventional rebelliousness; often betrayed by weakness into humiliation; always a dreamer and always a questioner. The metaphysical cast of the writer's character is revealed unmistakably. Rich as is his delight in sensuous beauty, the veined surfaces of marble, the fragrance of trees, the hiss of rain, he is never content to dwell long with the senses. He must incessantly be probing into the dark chambers of the mind, exploring with eager curiosity the secret caverns of thought and mood. In his seemingly heavy-footed but astonishingly agile fashion he constantly searches for windows

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in the thick walls of custom and habit behind which lurk other souls. He wants to break down walls, because to him they are not shelters but barriers. And what he discovers he is impelled to express, though the expression costs agonizing effort. The soul that is thus presented is restless, very much alive in its inconsistencies and foibles, not starched and rationalized out of all likeness to reality.

Much might be made of the social criticism involved in the reactions of a high-strung temperament to our roaring mechanical civilization. However, the indictment of our standardization unfortunately possesses no novelty; it can be found in Ruskin, in Arnold, in William Morris, better done than here, where it seems almost futile, like shoutings in a vacuum. Here, after all, such matters are incidental.

One's thoughts turn rather to considerations of personality, as one puts down the book: to the boy who could brood over a bit of nitroglycerine until he saw infinity; to the man who has won enviable success, yet feels himself the prisoner of his limitations as he contemplates the golden name Balzac. It is a very genuine, richly human individual that with miraculous cunning is evoked from the seeming chunks of chaos constituting this unusual and arresting autobiography.

GEORGE B. DUTTON

The Little Girl, by Katherine Mansfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. 8vo. viii+243 pp. $2.50.

Elsie and the Child, by Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1924. 8vo. vi+344 pp. $2.50.

ONE might expect that to read Katherine Mansfield's *The Little Girl* would be to watch a rare and beautiful art in the making. As a matter of fact, the experience which the book gives is not exactly this; for though the authoress withheld these early stories, as prentice work, from publication in book form, they show in an astonishing degree the elements of her mature power. In these sketches, some of them so fragmentary, there is already the matchless economy of detail and sharpness of visual images; there is the biting irony, the whimsicality; the unsentimentalized tenderness for children, in all the coil of their small, puzzled existence; the delicacy, the grimness; and sometimes the flash of absolute beauty. There is also the ugliness. For with all the violence of her recoil from 'the wrong of unshapely things,' Katherine Mansfield did not, with the poet, feel it 'a wrong too great to be told'; on the contrary, she depicted the sordid and the repulsive with a singularly complete unreticence.

Immense variety is in these sketches, which range from the brutality of 'The Woman at the Store' to the exquisiteness of 'Childish but Natural,' which paints the ecstasy, the innocent passion, and the beautiful absurdity of puppy-love. 'Millie' is a study of the slow, painful awakening of pity in the heart of a stupid and hard woman, and its sudden savage extinction. 'Sixpence' depicts the blundering remorse of a father who has whipped his adorable little son, for the first time and quite unjustly, in an explosion of nerves, and who tries to reëstablish with a present of money the child's trust in his tenderness. 'The Black Cap' shows the dire power of the grotesque to wreck romance, if the romance be of a somewhat flimsy nature. Indeed, the irony is never more effective than when it deals with shallowness of feeling.

For all the sardonic tone of the book, a positive and gallant spirit, a fiery sympathy, — mainly limited, as is natural in a young artist, to youth, — is at the core of it.

In *Elsie and the Child*, Mr. Bennett treads a more level path. Here there are no flashes of beauty, like the sudden soaring of white wings, but neither are there bottomless pits of darkness. There is more belief in the toughness of the human spirit, in its power to worry through somehow. Even the gravest of the stories are lighted with humor, and many are pure comedy. One of these, 'The Paper Cap,' which recounts the pursuit and capture of a disillusioned but only half-reluctant male by a resolute woman, contains a notable analysis of the psychology of the man who is kept waiting by the woman whom he has asked out to dine. In the amazing and admirable tale, 'During Dinner,' the tragic and the fantastic are blended, in Mr. Bennett's peculiar manner, no more daringly than successfully. It is characteristic of the author that the only deeply romantic story is the unrealized romance of the old painter, Raphael Field, 'the eternal boy,' whose whole life is built around a memory of briefest but most intense happiness.

The title-story continues the history of Elsie, the heroine of *Riceyman Steps*. The story smells less of cabbage than the novel, and has at least equal power. Its two themes — Elsie's love for her husband, shell-shocked, fierce, soft-hearted Joe, and her worship of little Miss Eva, the guiltless but obnoxious victim of her mother's spoiling — unite in the scene where Joe speaks his mind to Miss Eva, and one beholds the really terrible spectacle of the complacent soul that sees itself at last as its sternest critic sees it. Perhaps even better is the scene where Elsie reconciles Joe, in one of his worst nerve-storms, with the dog which he has savagely beaten, and which has crept back, foolish, forgiving, and inopportune, before the storm has subsided.

On the whole, this book is as entertaining and comfortable as the other is brilliant and disturbing.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1925

DIGGING THROUGH THE AGES

BY IRWIN L. GORDON

I

At one known spot on the earth man has dwelt continuously from the Stone Age to the present time. Originally a hill of rock, primitive man sought shelter there; then came huts, walls, fortifications, houses, temples, fortresses, basilicas, whole cities, until the accumulations of ages have elevated that hill to a commanding size as each civilization built upon the remains of its predecessor.

Furthermore this eminence flanked the path of empire trod successively by the masterful peoples of the ancient world. Whenever Egypt marched east, or Assyria, Babylon, or Persia marched west, when the phalanxes of Alexander the Great swept over Asia, when Pompey made Rome lord of the East, their armies passed this way to victory or defeat. Proximate victory, eventual defeat — for though they might pass as conquerors, and tarry a few centuries more or less in lands won by the sword, they departed in due time and modern Palestine knows them no more. They garrisoned this hill, they left their dead in the cemetery across the Jalud, they drove their captives past laden with spoils of war, and now the only marks of those tumultuous efforts, those vast miseries and conflicts, are the stones they carved, the tools they used, and the pottery they made. The Pharaohs were mighty and advertised their might on walls and obelisks, but time is mightier and the steles of Seti and Ramses lay broken in the dust at Beisan awaiting the coming of a modest archæologist from the United States.

To-day Arab laborers under American direction are leveling that hill, cutting through the centuries and revealing, in what is perhaps the most remarkable work of the kind ever undertaken, an unbroken line of civilization back to remotest antiquity. Some twenty feet of the hill have been removed, leaving fifty more to be cut before rock is reached. Already the scientist has laid bare layer upon layer of historical facts covering a period through Biblical times to the present day, while a test shaft has yielded traces of peoples who lived beyond the dawn of recorded history.

The hill is at Beisan, Palestine, known successively as the Bethshean of the Old Testament and the Scythopolis of the Hellenistic and Roman periods, when it flowered forth as the chief of the ten cities of the Decapolis. Situated eighteen miles east of Nazareth

and some fifty miles north of Jerusalem, it is a little Gibraltar commanding the highway through the Valley of Armageddon at the head of the plain of Jezreel and dominating the fords of the Jordan River. Here for countless ages ran the main road from Egypt to Syria and Babylonia. The power that held the little hill of Beisan was master of the commercial and military routes between Egypt and Mesopotamia, between Jerusalem and Damascus. Allenby's cavalry passed that way in the 1918 campaign that broke Turkish resistance.

From the references to Bethshean in five books of the Old Testament — I and II Samuel, Joshua, Judges, I Kings, and I Chronicles — Biblical scholars have long been able to locate the scene. Positive identification was made by George Adam Smith in his *Historical Geography of the Holy Land.* But the hill and town of Beisan belonged to the Turkish Sultans and until the end of the World War no archæological work could be undertaken there. Dr. George Byron Gordon, Director of the University Museum, University of Pennsylvania, who had long been attracted to the site, visited it in 1919 in company with Dr. Clarence S. Fisher, formerly of the Palestine Harvard Expedition. To Dr. Fisher was given actual charge of the work of excavating. They found the hill to be from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet in height, overgrown with underbrush, and approximately one half mile in circumference at the lower level where the River Jalud sluggishly moves toward the Jordan through the malarial swamps. The entire district lies well below sea level. The modern town of Beisan, a mean Arab village notorious as a centre of brigands, is a short distance to the north. Mount Gilboa rises a few miles to the west.

Dr. Fisher's first view of the spot where he was to undertake his work of revelation was reassuring. In referring to it he says:—

'I was attracted to Beisan at first sight. Not only was it the most perfectly shaped hill I had ever seen, but — even more important to the archæologist — not a single modern building or tomb was there to interfere with complete excavation. I knew the Biblical references and was aware that the site was mentioned in the religious records of the Byzantine Church, but our hopes went far beyond these scant bits of history, because everything pointed to Beisan's having been, by reason of its location, the commanding site of the district.

'When work began we knew nothing of what the hill contained. Not a sign remained of buildings except a few outcropping walls of the latest occupation. As we went down, the discovery of evidence proving the presence of material of every important building-period in a perfectly clear, logical sequence is one of the most inspiring things I have ever experienced.'

Save for sheep and a few lazy herdsmen, the place was a wilderness. After making peace with the local Arabs, Dr. Fisher employed several hundred men and women to work for the expedition. He also brought fifty or sixty of his most experienced men from the University of Pennsylvania Museum excavations at Memphis, Egypt. For three years from two hundred to four hundred men and women have been laying bare each level of civilization as found, and measuring, sketching, and photographing the findings to provide historians of the future with accurate data for their studies.

What appeared to be outcroppings of natural rock soon were seen to be formidable walls, and as the dirt was

removed an uncompleted fortress of the Crusaders came to light. The outer fortifications appeared, then the living-quarters, the refectory, kitchens, bakery, and some partially constructed outer buildings. Recognizing the military value of the site, the Crusaders established here an outpost under Adam, Lord of Bethune in France, who afterward called himself 'Lord of Bessan.' But the citadel was never finished, because the pestilential climate drove the Crusaders to a more favorable site northward. The Lord of Bessan, ancestor of George V of England through the Woodville line into which Edward IV married, looked over Jordan as master of the country round about Bethshean in the early years of the twelfth century when Baldwin of Flanders was King of Jerusalem. No wonder the armor-clad Crusaders ran away from Bessan, its malaria and suffocating heat. But the stone benches on which the knights sat, the table, the rock on which bread was kneaded, and some of their cooking utensils had been kept safely in the bosom of the earth.

When this heavy masonry had been shifted the early Arab remains were beneath. The site fell to the Saracens in 632 A.D. After the fashion of the East, the newcomers built a fort, a mosque, and a town over the buildings of their enemies, the Christians. Of this Arab town little need be said; its ruins, while abundant, were cleared away for the sake of more important things below. Then there came to light all that is left of the historic city of Scythopolis, known by that name for nearly a thousand years, from the third century B.C. to the seventh century A.D.

II

Christ was reared and grew to manhood not far from Scythopolis in one of its most influential periods, when it was probably the most prominent city in the interior of Palestine. Following Pompey's campaign in Palestine (64–63 B.C.) ten cities, nine of them located in the Jordan Valley or on the Sea of Tiberias, formed the confederation of the Decapolis for mutual protection. Keeping in close touch with Greece, they became centres of vigorous municipal life which, after the Greek manner, found expression in literature, athletics, and commerce. Chief of these focal points of Greek culture was Scythopolis itself, which, by virtue of holding the trade route between the Jordan Valley and the sea, soon became the most important city in the league. Various explanations have been given of the Hellenism of Jesus, the Jew who thought as Greeks thought, the Oriental whose philosophy has conquered the Occidental world. Need we look beyond the influence of Scythopolis on Nazareth for the explanation? While there is no record of the Saviour visiting Scythopolis, we may be sure he went there occasionally as an impressionable boy. Even in his little village he could not escape the cultural influences of the great city which overshadowed the district both culturally and commercially.

For the Scythopolis of Christ's youth far exceeded in population and splendor the Jerusalem of the same period. It early was famed for churches and monasteries. Noble houses and other buildings stood not only on the hill but in the valley below, as the city walls at that time had a circumference of nearly two miles. In the valley beyond was grown flax of finest quality, and the city was the centre of the linen manufacture through the Roman period. But the city and its prosperity vanished in 632 A.D. under Heraclius, when the defenders, pressed by their Arab foes, cut the culverts of the

waterways, thereby turning the entire region into a malarial swamp where even to-day the archæologist is in constant danger.

In 300 A.D. Scythopolis was the centre of Christian culture as well as the capital of the ten-city league of Palestine and Syria. The first recorded bishop was Saint Patrophilus, who apparently erected the first large church on the summit, portions of which were used again in the later and greater basilica. In 361, soon after his death, occurred the anti-christian riots under Julian in which the city was looted and the first church burned. The tomb of the Saint was opened, his bones desecrated, his skull used as a lamp. Dr. Fisher has been able to retrace portions of the earlier church under the floor of the basilica, of which certain bronzes and mosaics have been actually found.

Its Christianity reviving after the wave of Julian's persecutions passed, Scythopolis built its second church, one of the largest and loveliest religious edifices of its era, about 400 A.D. The feature of this great basilica was a circular rotunda, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. The dome was supported on columns of green-and-white marble brought from Europe, with bases and capitals of white marble. The walls and floors were covered with religious scenes in glass mosaic, while the floors were inlaid with marble mosaics. Portions of this floor and two of the columns have been shipped to this country and will be placed in the new wing of the University of Pennsylvania Museum. An equal amount of the exhumed material goes to the new Museum at Jerusalem, maintained by the Government of the mandate territory of Palestine.

Side by side with the uncovering of massive foundations and statues went on constantly the recovery of the smaller and less conspicuous tools of the ancient common life. The cisterns of the old town are rich deposits of antiques. While much of the record of Beisan is martial and religious, it is equally accurate to think of this famous site as a community in which chatting servants, drawing water, carelessly let their vessels slip out of their hands into the depths, no doubt to be soundly berated by their mistresses. And not only ewers and pitchers, but likewise rings and hair-combs and whatnot — even nails. One pictures some carpenter contemporary of Jesus leaning forward for a drink while his crude hand-drawn nails slipped from his apron into the water, to be recovered centuries later by men of another age. Of all this multitude of common antiquities only a few specimens of each kind can be retained, but all significant pieces are measured and sketched, the cards filling drawer upon drawer in the Museum.

When the archæologists had dug away all the remains of the Byzantine period more huge columns appeared — the fallen pillars of a Roman temple. And then for one year Dr. Fisher slowly removed débris and reconstructed a Græco-Roman period from 200 A.D. to 300 B.C. Then the summit of the hill was crowned with a temple of Dionysus or Bacchus. This god of green things growing, of wine and harvest, was supposed to have been born here. A portion of an enormous foot, in all probability from a heroic statue of this deity, came out of the rubbish. The building itself had gigantic Corinthian columns six feet in diameter. It probably was destroyed by earthquake, together with most of the material used by the early Christians in erecting the early church and basilica. Some delicate Roman mosaics, utensils, and statuary have been pre-

served. Inscriptions tell that the structure was erected by Demetrius I, who was King of Macedonia from 294 to 287 B.C. Many inscriptions of early visitors to the place — tourists, if you please — were written on the fallen columns. A hoard of silver coins of the Egyptian King, Ptolemy Soter I, of this same period, were recovered in an adjacent house.

After months of wearisome labor, the stones of the Roman days were removed to improve the roads of the Holy Land near Beisan. Under these stones were remains of a Scythian occupation. In spite of the evidence of the place-name fixed by local tradition, the reality of an invasion of Palestine by the Scythians had been questioned. The finding of the remains of their crude mud huts in the corners of Egyptian ruins indicates that these barbarian warriors of the steppes actually swept into the Jordan Valley — presumably about 627 B.C. — in an attempt to invade Egypt. They never advanced beyond Jerusalem, where they met defeat and retreated to the north. The ruined Egyptian city of Bethshean attracted some of these refugees. It was the descendants of these nomads whom the Greeks found there, and from them the place was called Scythopolis.

III

But the greatest discoveries were to come. Sweeping away the ruins of the Scythian hovels, the American scholar located remains of the Egyptian domain in Palestine and established the fact that this strategic hill was the great outpost of Egypt in Palestine throughout the militant XVIIIth Dynasty. From here the armies of the Pharaohs moved northward in their conquests of Syria. Here a fortress, burned and charred, yet standing from six to ten feet in height, came from the earth as the digging progressed. This fortress marked Egyptian supremacy at Beisan from 1313 to 1200 B.C. It was still standing, but no longer in Egyptian possession, in the time of Saul and David, and saw the rise and fall of the Philistine kingdom. From its heights the women of Bethshean looked across to the bloody slopes of Gilboa, where Saul and his sons fell beneath Philistine spears, in revenge for which David put Bethshean to the torch.

Seti I, Ramses II, and Ramses III made conquests from this hill fortress. One stele found in the ruins, and now preserved in the national Museum in Jerusalem, tells of the local campaign of Seti I and gives a detailed account of the composition of an Egyptian expeditionary force. In addition to proving that the essentials of military strategy are old as man, this record reveals a shrewd recognition of the propaganda value of high-sounding names for armed bodies. When the chief of Bethshean asked his aid against the 'vile one' of Hamath, who had formed a league with the men of Pella across the river, Seti was quick to make this local quarrel serve his imperial designs. With four divisions he was occupying the western end of the valley of Jezreel preparatory to marching north against the Hittites. Straightway he sent his Ra division ('manifold of victories') to occupy Bethshean, while that of Amon ('the strong bows') proceeded against Hamath. In order that his punishment of Hamath might not be interfered with by the equally vile Hittites, with whom Egypt had not yet come to grips, the Pharaoh sent his Sutekh division ('powerful of bows') northwest into the foothills of the Lebanon to protect his flank. Meanwhile his Ptah division was left behind to keep

the road open to Egypt. There were generals in those days even if they lacked high explosives. Needless to say, the last line of Seti's stele records a complete victory.

The most important Egyptian discovery, however, was a companion basalt stele, that of Seti's son, Ramses II, which contained among its flowers of self-praise one vital, long-sought line: 'I have collected the Semites that they might build for me my city of Ramses.' Here, at last, is definite verification of the Israelitic bondage. It is regarded by Egyptologists as the last evidence required to establish Ramses II as the Pharaoh of the Oppression, and consequently places his son, Mineptah, as the Pharaoh of the Exodus. By a strange coincidence it was Dr. Fisher, now conducting the work at Beisan, who three years ago excavated the palace and throneroom of Mineptah at Memphis under twelve feet of Nile mud. To an American institution have come both these ancient treasures — the portals of this palace through which Moses and his brother-in-law Aaron must have passed on their way to appear before Pharaoh, and this stele of Ramses II, on which the record of the Israelitic bondage is preserved.

Egypt held this hill of Beisan as a great garrison-town until the end of the reign of Ramses III, when her power waned in Syria as it had waned before and was destined to wane again under the Ptolemies. Seti's occupation, in fact, represented merely a return of Egypt to power in the Jordan Valley. Thothmes III, of the preceding dynasty, most energetic of all the Pharaohs, had broken an earlier Syrian revolt in battle at Megiddo, between Beisan and the sea, and chronicled his victory on the walls of the sanctuary at Karnak, together with brief reports of his subsequent expeditions in Syria. These expeditions were no less than seventeen in number, in the course of which this mighty ruler crossed the Euphrates and made himself master of all the territory between the Euphrates and the Nile. The Egyptian outpost of Beisan appears to have remained in the hands of his successors down to the fourth generation, when the extraordinary figure of Akhenaton, great-great-grandson of Thothmes III, and father-in-law of Tutankhamen, allowed the military phase of Egypt's greatness to languish in order that he might build a new heaven on earth.

Thrusting the old gods of force aside, Akhenaton established the worship of one god, Aton, the sun or life-giving principle, and relied upon good-will rather than the majesty of arms to maintain his dignities. This renunciation of power, however, exalted as it may have been spiritually, brought chaos to the frontiers. Amid the ruins of Akhenaton's palace at Tel-el-Amarna were found three hundred letters in clay from distressed Egyptian captains on the fringes of the empire, begging for aid to maintain their positions in the face of the enemy — letters which the pacifist Pharaoh disregarded or to which he returned a sublime refusal. Beisan is represented in these appeals, and the next layer to be excavated will no doubt reveal definitely the XVIIth Dynasty's occupation of the hill and furnish traces of the other end of the El-Amarna letters. Test sinkings indicate this strongly. By the end of Akhenaton's reign, about 1350 B.C., Egyptian rule in Syria had gone down under the indifference of the altruistic monarch on the Nile and the pressure of the militant natives of the marches of the empire. It remained for Seti and his strong bows to make Egypt once more dominant in Palestine and master of the hill of Beisan.

For a time after the Egyptian stronghold at Beisan was abandoned, in the twelfth century B.C., the place was a town of the Canaanites, well equipped to raid the plains with their chariots. 'And the children of Joseph said, The hill is not enough for us: and all the Canaanites that dwell in the land of the valley have chariots of iron, both they who are of Beth-shean and her towns, and they who are of the valley of Jezreel.' The historical importance of the site revived with the Philistines who settled there. The original Philistine settlers are believed by Dr. Fisher to have been mercenaries in the employ of the Pharaohs. When their kinsmen swept down from the north in the great invasion, the Philistines of Bethshean opened the gates of the city to them, and what had been an Egyptian fortress became the stronghold of the enemies of Israel. Cutting the nation of the Jews in half, it menaced the entire growth of Israel, and it was here, just outside the walls, on the slopes of Gilboa, that Saul met defeat.

'And the battle went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him; and he was sore wounded of the archers. . . . Therefore Saul took a sword, and fell upon it. . . . So Saul died, and his three sons, and his armourbearer, and all his men, that same day together. . . . And they put his armour in the house of Ashtaroth: and they fastened his body to the wall of Beth-shan. And when the inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead heard of that which the Philistines had done to Saul, all the valiant men arose, and went all night, and took the body of Saul and the bodies of his sons from the wall of Beth-shan, and came to Jabesh, and burnt them there.'

When the messenger brought the news of the defeat of Saul to David, he gave voice to that beautiful lament in II Samuel: 'The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!' following with a curse upon the scene of the tragedy: 'Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings.' David shortly appeared before Bethshean and defeated the invaders. He burned the fortress; and the completeness of his vengeance may be read to-day in the charred bricks and fused metal in the ruins. Thus have come to light the very walls on which the naked body of Saul was nailed, while his armor was hung in triumph in the temple of Ashtaroth. All through Biblical history Bethshean was a dagger pointed at the heart of Jewry, in the hands of whose enemies it prevented the effective coöperation of Israel and Judah, earning the wrath of both great sections of the Jewish race. In spite of David's vengeance, the Jews had only slight control of the place, holding it for less than a score of its more than three thousand years of recorded history.

IV

The work at Beisan stands to-day as perhaps the greatest single achievement of American archæology. Fifty more feet of rubbish, ruins, and earth must be removed before rock is touched, but already the record of countless ages is known to live below. Dr. Fisher recently climbed down a well and cut within ten feet of rock. He detected stonework of the earlier Egyptian period and Hittite buildings. No doubt both Hyksos and Hittites, in the imperialist eras, maintained great fortresses here. Under the remains of these he believes Babylonian structures will come forth, while at bed rock itself implements of the Stone Age will be found — in fact, traces of

these implements already have been seen.

In the side of the hill across the river Dr. Fisher has opened many graves. Valuable jewelry, pottery, and household utensils have been recovered. Some tombs of the Hyksos have been opened and one skeleton, that of a woman, found intact. Here also he located the tomb of Antiochus, son of Phallion, first cousin of Herod the Great. Unique terra-cotta coffin-covers were saved from the tombs and are believed to have been made by mercenaries in the Egyptian armies, possibly by men from distant islands. Resembling grotesque masks, these covers are thought to reveal Sardinian characteristics, a suggestion that rouses a whole train of questions as to the early flow of peoples in the Mediterranean basin.

Thus, day by day, the haunts of men of other ages are being bared to the sun of Palestine. It will require at least ten more years to complete the work to bed rock.

'In the field of archæology,' says Dr. Fisher, 'Palestine alone seems to have been neglected. One hesitates to think that this neglect was due largely to the fact that active exploration there does not produce enough of material value, for we cannot hope for the wealth of beautiful art-objects which both Greece and Egypt have given us. We should look to Palestine for something other than this. Of fine art it had little, but it did have a history and an influence throughout the Near East which must be reckoned with.

'Beisan will furnish us with a complete chronological sequence of the various occupations of this "key to empire," each represented by its buildings, tools, and weapons. There is always, too, the hope of alighting upon some inscriptional evidence for the more accurate datings of events now disputed or preserved only in the uncertainties of folklore. We have too long looked upon Palestine merely as the Holy Land, meaning the country sacred as the birthplace of our religion and filled only with associations of the life of Christ. Our interest has rarely gone beyond this point and we seem to have shrunk from desecrating its soil by scientific exploration. The Biblical archæologist, I am afraid, has been considered too much of a destructive critic and a modernist to entrust to his skeptical hands any large sum of money for research. This feeling is a quite mistaken one. No excavation I know of in Palestine has thus far done anything but confirm in a remarkable manner the statements of Holy Writ, and I have no fear that any excavation ever will. In the coming years Palestine is going to attract more and more of our attention, outrivaling Egypt, and we may expect many great and astonishing results.'

Among these 'great expectations' roused by the excavations at Beisan are hopes of solving some of the puzzles of history. Who were the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, invaders and rulers of Egypt? Perhaps they too held the hill of Beisan long enough to leave evidence of their origin; at least there are Hyksos remains in the cemetery across the Jordan. And who were the Hittites? Light may be thrown on the spread of the gifted Semite race and its dispersion into clans throughout the vast areas in which history begins. The confusion of tribal names that have descended out of the dim past, antedating written records, may be somewhat, if not altogether, cleared away as the Beisan diggers proceed toward bed rock, going further and further back in time with each level until finally the kitchen middens of the elemental Flint Age are exhumed.

For in Palestine, as far as human knowledge goes, man has always lived by preference on the hilltops.

Eight distinct civilizations occupy twenty feet of vertical space at Beisan. In this distance the excavators have dug through thirty-two centuries. If the intervening space between bed rock and the Egyptian level represents an equal compression of time, approximately eighty centuries more await their picks and shovels. That might push the curtain of history back to 9300 B.C. And if the first layers above bed rock contain authentic relics of the Flint Age, the interval between Beisan's first settlement and the present day may be as much as 20,000 years. The possibility that Beisan may furnish the data with which to check the fundamentals of human existence through such a long period makes it the outstanding spot in the world's archæological research. Other sites may reward searchers with more refined objets d'art, but none offers such promise to history.

At sunset to-day in far-off Palestine the foreman's whistle blows and the Arab diggers troop noisily down the slopes of the hill of Beisan toward their homes. The more experienced men from Egypt return more leisurely to the camp of the expedition, leaving a lonely guardian on the excavations to commune through the night with the ghosts of the past. Now and again some Arab urchin takes his flock a short cut over the hill, and the notes of his pipe coming across the Jalud make a melancholy accompaniment to our thoughts of the departed grandeur of these ancient cities.

PETER'S COAT AND THE TARIFF

BY WILLIAM L. CHENERY

THE builder was in an expansive mood. The trade was recorded and he had no hope of more deals. He was minded to be frank, recklessly frank.

'Yes,' he said, 'I built those houses, and I put the prices a little too high. I figured that as the winter came on and people came back from the country they would just have to buy. I set my traps — but somehow the rabbits did n't run.'

Often we have recalled that conversation, Dai and I, as we have wrestled with the stream of problems which a home entails. We have repeated the contractor's phrases with sardonic emphasis: 'Traps for rabbits; and we are the quarry when we run true to expectation, and homes such as this are the traps!' Why not? Was not the builder telling the truth as he saw it? His words may have been bitter because of his disappointment, but at worst he was no hypocrite. Does not everyone treat the consumer as a rabbit — a rather foolish wild creature, too easily caught to be game for the sportsman, but plentiful enough to provide a living for those who put profits first?

We remembered the builder vividly one day when the time arrived for

the annual budget-making of our small household. The prospect of smaller income-taxes gave a certain feeling of prosperity to the ever trying business of accommodating dollars of desire to dimes of income. Perhaps with the reduction of another year we might get another car. The paint on the family flivver had been a bit thin for a long time and its joints were undeniably creaky. Would n't it be fine if economies by Uncle Sam were to permit us to make this desired purchase? We got pencils and paper, and began to make our estimates and to arrive at conclusions by an experimental balance.

The saving on the income tax was real and substantial. It would not purchase an automobile, but still it was the nucleus of a fund. We reckoned that the tax reduction put through Congress in 1923 will save us nearly $275. That was heartening. Then Dai turned to the items in the budget for which she is responsible.

'Wait a minute,' said she; 'let's see how food and clothing are coming out before we decide on anything else.'

'Both should be cheaper,' I replied, adding, with that fervor which a conjugal conference on the cost of living is so apt to inspire, 'it seems to me that a woman who uses business sense ought to spend less the further the war gets away. You don't expect to pay war prices forever, do you?'

In such discussions wives are sometimes patient, and on this occasion the general manager of our home determined to be calmly explicit and tolerant. Ignoring the insinuation of extravagance, she resumed: —

'Let's examine a few details. Peter will of course have to have a new coat, and a suit, and at least two pairs of shoes before summer. I have not noticed any drop in prices. On the contrary, I fear I shall have to pay a little more. Is the war the only cause of high costs for clothing? What about the tariff? How does the tariff affect Peter's new overcoat?'

The question was a fair one and we proceeded to search for the answer. Digging through the thickness of the Fordney-McCumber Act, we attempted to find items labeled 'overcoats for five-year-olds.' Detailed as it is, the tariff law is not quite so specific as the catalogues of mail-order houses; still the information was attainable. We discovered that wool clothing bears an import duty of sixty-five per cent.

'How much was clothing taxed in 1922?' asked the woman of the house.

'The Underwood rate was thirty-five per cent,' I replied sadly, realizing already that I was beaten. But the boy's mother was not content to let Peter's overcoat disappear in vague estimates, so she continued: —

'Then the tariff takes thirty per cent more than it did when we paid our 1922 income taxes. Let's see how that works out. Two years ago, by careful shopping I found a satisfactory coat for $12.50, although I might easily have paid more. You know little boys' coats are made in England — or at least fashioned after English models. Now we will assume that the shop which imported Peter's coat paid $7.00 for it, duty and all, two years ago. That's about right, is n't it?'

I replied that I had been informed that the stores found it necessary to mark-up what they sold at retail by from seventy-five to one hundred per cent of the wholesale cost, and that accordingly her reckoning seemed tenable. She went on: —

'Two years ago the duty, you say, was thirty-five per cent. Then the actual cost of Peter's coat, as it arrived at the customhouse, was about

$5.00. Now take a coat of similar quality, whose actual cost is still $5.00. The tariff increases its cost to about $8.25. The mark-up makes the $12.50 coat of two years ago worth about $15.00 this season. Is my calculation right?'

I could not controvert it in essentials. The discussion, however, had barely started. The homemaker was intent on pressing her advantage, and she continued: —

'Very well. Now Peter needs other clothes, and so do Janet and Burnley. You remarked that your own overcoat had best be retired on account of age. You expect to buy one or two suits. You may think that you will economize and skip a season, but you know what happens: the first day the bright sunlight chances to light up a spot or a bald place on last year's purchases you will go to the tailor. You always do. Does the tariff touch your clothes?'

'The duty, madam,' said I, with that dignity which the weak end of an argument often suggests, 'is sixty-five per cent.'

'All right,' she replied. 'Now, strange as it may seem, I too wear clothes and occasionally — very occasionally, I may add — I must buy new ones. You realize that my trousseau of eleven years ago is hardly in style?'

I conceded as much, and we returned to finances. 'What is the duty on cotton?' she asked.

'Clothing is taxed at forty-five per cent,' I answered, after delving through the pages of the Tariff Act. 'Laces, however, pay sixty per cent.'

'How about silk?'

Further inquiry showed that silk clothing must pay a duty of seventy-five per cent, while materials are rated at sixty per cent. Then she turned to her account book. She said: —

'We actually spent but $600 for clothes two years ago. That was too little, according to the budget prepared by experts: as you know, they figure that at least twelve per cent of a family's income should, or at least ordinarily does, go into clothes. But assuming that clothes for three children can be bought for as little as clothing for two infants — which is n't so — and assuming that we had to buy only the articles which we purchased two years ago, how much does the tariff add to the bill?'

'The increases vary greatly, but taking wool, cotton, and silk together, a fifteen-per-cent estimate would be an understatement,' I ventured.

Dai picked up her pencil and made a quick calculation.

'Fifteen per cent of $600 is $90,' she remarked. 'Now subtract that $90 from the $275 we shall save on income taxes. That leaves $185 as a start on your nest egg for the new automobile. You will have to save a while longer. But wait. How about food? Does the tariff touch that?'

The answer was 'Yes,' and we began to look for the items. 'The duty on butter is twenty per cent,' I remarked.

'Oh yes, I remember now,' she said; 'don't you recall that two years ago we were getting that good Danish butter five, six, and seven cents cheaper than the American creamery product? I have n't seen any Danish butter for a long time. So that's the reason. Read on. What are some of the other tariff rates?'

'The duty on sugar,' I discovered, 'is thirty-three and one-third per cent. Candy is taxed at forty per cent. Canned fish and vegetables at twenty-five per cent. Flour takes a toll of thirty per cent. The price of eggs is increased eight cents a dozen. The price of poultry is six cents a pound higher. Shelled almonds cost fourteen cents a pound more than they would

without a tariff. Rice bears a rate of one cent a pound. The desirable Scotch marmalade costs at least one third more because of the import duty. Lemons are rated at two cents a pound, oranges and grape fruit at one cent a pound.' The list seemed endless.

'But America produces most of the food we consume,' the house-manager observed. Then she asked: 'Do these duties affect the prices of what is grown and manufactured in this country?'

'Well, rather — or else why have a tariff? For what purpose do you imagine the almond-growers of California demanded an impost of fourteen cents a pound on their crop? Why do the packers want a tariff of four cents a pound on lamb? Naturally the consumer pays the price at which the foreigner could send his products to America, plus the tariff. The idea is to raise the price so that the producer can get more. If American products were to be sold at the same price, regardless of import duties, Congress would never have a request for a tariff.'

'What, then, is the average duty on food?'

'On the larger items a twenty-per-cent increase would be a just approximation. Two years ago food generally could be imported without paying any duty. One-fifth increase in the wholesale costs would be very conservative.'

Again the pencil was active. After making a few black marks on white paper, Dai looked up and said: —

'Now I see. I have been wondering for months why my grocery bills kept so high. I have bought more closely recently, but the bills kept climbing. Food in 1922 cost us $1150. Now we spend about $116 a month. Twenty per cent increase over $1150 would be $1380. That is not far from the actual sum we shall spend in twelve months at the present rate. Get your pencil. You saved $275 on taxes. The tariff on clothing, you figured, took away $90 of that, and I think you did not allow enough. At any rate you had left a saving of $185. Now food costs $230 more. Can you subtract $230 from $185?'

'If you will give me a bottle of red ink, I will,' was my grim rejoinder. 'We have discussed just two items in our budget and already, instead of saving, we have a deficit of $45 — a minus quantity, do you understand? If this keeps up I shall have to ask for a Federal receivership. I certainly do not know how to live on a deficit.'

Neither does the lady to whom I said, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' at a time when my estate consisted of four boxes of books, a student lamp, and a typewriter. She returned to her account book and, after a brief consideration, said: —

'We have an item labeled "household furnishings." It runs rather high, since year by year we have bought what we could. We did not begin life with a well-furnished home, you know. We have got to have more furniture, and we must replace broken china and worn-out kitchen utensils. Has the tariff anything to say on this interesting subject?'

Once more I examined the pages of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act. 'Yes, it says quite enough,' I replied, without much hope of making the evening cheerful. 'Suppose I start with the *A's*. Aluminum is rated at eleven cents a pound and fifty-five per cent on its value. If instead of a kettle you buy something electrical, you may add another ten per cent. There has been, roughly, an increase in the tariff of forty to fifty per cent in the last two years. Do you use much aluminum?'

'You know I have little else in the kitchen,' was the answer. 'But go on.'

'Well, other household utensils now are rated at five cents a pound and thirty per cent on the cost paid by the importer. The increase in two years is ten per cent — approximately. The tariff on scissors has been trebled. Sewing machines are rated at fifteen to thirty per cent — but fortunately we don't have to buy a new one every year. China and glass have been increased ten to fifteen per cent. Furniture is rated twenty-five and thirty-five per cent higher. Brooms are up thirty per cent. Bread knives at least fifteen. Do you want to hear more?'

'I have heard nothing for some time,' was the amiable reply. 'I was thinking about that secretary I saw at the rooms of the dealer in old furniture, and wondering whether it would look better in my room or down here. How much did you say household goods have gone up?'

'Oh — be conservative and say ten per cent. Actually it is higher.'

'All right. We have been spending about $300 a year on furnishings. Add ten per cent of that to your deficit and see if it is enough to buy a secretary even if the automobile has been lost.'

I assured my conferee that not even imaginary furniture could be paid for with an actual deficit; and besides that, even if the $75 were plus instead of minus, the wise old cabinetmaker would not take twice such a sum for the specimen she desired. By this time nothing seemed to matter much and so I continued to read, gleefully pursuing horrible details. My eyes rested at the line listing 'dolls and toys.'

'Do you want to know how much Uncle Sam contributed to a Merry Christmas?' The most restrained curiosity was acknowledged.

'All right, I'll tell you, anyhow. Dolls, the grotesque bisque figures your daughters strew about the house, are taxed at the rate of just seventy per cent, and the pushmobile and the velocipede and the various other contraptions which your son permits me to pick up and put away every afternoon, when his interest in them has ceased, are rated at the same figure. I guess that of the $120 you spent making your progeny and your nephews and nieces happy at least half went into the tariff and the extra profits made possible thereby. I assume that enfranchised mothers will direct their intelligence to such affairs.'

'How long have you been voting?' was her question.

'If you mean how old am I, no answer is needed. You recall my birthdays with a vividness and a precision which at times I am inclined to regret. If you mean how long have I and my forbears been entitled to play a part in political affairs, I should say at least seven hundred years — say, since the Magna Carta. But what of it?'

'How long have we had tariffs?' was her follow-up.

I attempted to retrieve my scant historical memories.

'Well — at least since the Constitution was written,' I admitted. 'Yes, even before the Constitution was formed the tariffs were levied. The colonies had their separate systems. In fact there is some reason to think that the need to abolish the colonial tariffs was one of the strongest influences making for the unity of the American States. But why do you ask that?'

'I was just thinking,' she responded. 'Men of the privileged classes have had the vote in the English-speaking world some seven hundred years. The tariff system is at least as old as the Republic. How long has it taken the lords of creation to understand the intricacies of this little subject? How

many women have asked for tariff protection? Did n't I once hear something about "infant industries" when I was in school? Well, my industry is infants. What did you say the tax is on toys? I remember: seventy per cent. And how much is Peter's coat taxed, and your suit, and my new outfit? Sixty-five per cent? What justification have men to offer for making it so difficult for their wives to buy the clothing essential to a family?'

'One theory is that the high prices you pay make prosperity for American workmen,' I replied. 'At least that has been said since workingmen were given the vote a hundred years ago, although the idea — to be frank — was not invented so long as factory "hands" had no voice in politics.'

'Does the sixty-five-per-cent boost in the price of Peter's coat and other things actually make American workers prosperous?' was her question.

'It does not seem to have helped the textile-mill workers much. The looms have been still much of the time during recent months, and the wages paid have always been low — so low that once Congress was officially informed that not one man outside the executive force in a large textile centre earned enough, unaided, to support a family at any tolerable standard of living.'

'Who then is benefited by the prices made higher through the tariff?'

'America is the land of opportunity,' said I, 'and one of the most coveted opportunities is to get a favorable place in the tariff schedules. For example, the Census Bureau has lately reported that the value of aluminum products rose from $45,822,161 in 1921, the year before the tariff bill was passed, to $106,930,367 in 1923, the year after the law went into effect. Of course the tariff was not the only factor in the aluminum prosperity; monopoly also played its part in swelling fortunes already large. Our country is famous for the number of its rich men.'

'Yes, I see. The tariff is very interesting. The government gives us one dollar back in income taxes, which we can see, and takes away two dollars in the indirect levies of the tariff, which we can't see so plainly. Uncle Sam has strange ideas of economy, and he seems to have favorites among his nephews and nieces. I don't believe women will be blind at the same spots or quite so partial in distributing benefits. But let's get back to the budget. What were you saying about a new car?'

AM I TOO OLD TO TEACH?

BY 'OLD P——'

I

Of course I am not old, or not convinced of oldness, or I should not be writing down a question about it. I am not gray — quite — or bald or very wrinkled. My step is forthright and my shoulder blades are flat. I do not have rheumatism or dyspepsia or high blood-pressure, if my rarely consulted physician tells the truth. I play tennis rather well — better than my young son — and golf like a novice. If the younger members of my department are taking the measure of my shoes I am not aware of it. I have no reason to think that the Board of Governors is forecasting my retirement or thinking of offering me a pension. When I utter my views in faculty meeting I am listened to not with patronizing and inconsequent deference but with open-eyed — though sometimes skeptical or combative — respect. There I still have battle with my peers. Yet I wonder if I am too old to teach.

The idea has been in solution in my mind for some time, but I have ascribed it to weariness or to the preoccupation of extrapedagogical duties which make it difficult to fix the mind on teaching alone. But the mood in which I picked up my subject and met my classes this fall has made me disturbedly question its source and its permanence. I can recall the rush with which in other days I flung myself upon work, the readiness, the mental hospitality with which I welcomed each student-mind, the pleasure of feeling overworked with a rich and generous busyness. Compared with that, to-day's performance — and it is only November — seems as solid and steady and prosaic as the telephone directory. Yet to speak fairly — I need not cumber myself with modesty when writing anonymously — many things afford me pleasure now which earlier days did not hold: some authority as a scholar, some reputation for writing in my own subject, some association with the great men in my field. There is pleasure in all of that. Yet romance has gone from the day's work. I march up to it in the morning; I do not run to it.

That is not the worst. I used to read over my class lists when they came to me from the dean's office, with curiosity of which I was a little deprecatory. For I was tremendously interested in students. Now I don't look at the lists until I come before the class, and I mispronounce names or stumble over them with a manner that throws all blame on their owners. I used to look over my first assembly with unconcealed interest. The class was not just a body; it presented as variegated a landscape as a Swiss canton. There were heights in it to be looked at approvingly and valleys to be eyed alertly but a little tenderly, and plains to be brought up to some degree of differentiation. With them all I expected to establish a relation; and I expected to see them depart

from me at the end of the term with a sense of separation and to wonder a little over the unfortunate ones, as to whether I had really done my best for them. But last June, I recall, I made out my grades with the coolness and click of an adding machine, and dismissed the matter from my mind. My chief hope, as I departed for the summer, was that I should not meet anyone under twenty-five until I returned.

I rather upbraided myself for that wish when I found myself uttering it openly. I even saw signs of disapproval on the faces of my more serious listeners. It has always been an accepted and caressed theory that the mature should love the young and that association with youth will keep us youthful. I have been congratulated on the advantages of my profession in having such association. Frankly, I don't care to be kept young any more than I should care to be kept childish. I am contented with maturity. Perhaps in ten or fifteen years more that contentment will begin to wane. But there is nothing in the world more ungraceful than the gestures with which maturity strains backward after a receding youth.

I believe that I should not have given so much thought to the matter last summer had I not come across so many stories and articles, in the lighter reading of the dog days, the thesis of which seemed to be that there is a logical and authorized combat on between age and youth, in which youth is always ardently right, and pathetic fifty is prejudiced, limited, and dully wrong. Having discovered this thesis I pursued research for further exploitation for it. Everywhere I found this contest recognized — especially, I thought, in English tales. It seemed to have become, while my eyes were off fiction for a season, an essential theme of creative literature. Twenty-two-years-old, male and female, perhaps especially female, suddenly knows more than all the world. The thirty or forty intelligent years which may follow are valueless. Opinion is as solid, as sensible, as potent, in the third decade as it ever will be again — as it never will be again! Thought and imagination and especially feeling stop at thirty, perhaps at twenty-five. The bodies under a lava flow are not more completely solidified than are living persons of forty. This is especially true, I gather, of parents and professors.

Thus much I collected from my summer reading. I had rather suspected it before. I had not been facing roomfuls of Twenty-two-years-old without some partially alert consciousness of the superiority before me. But in this formulated statement of it I suddenly discovered a reason for my professional ennui. I am rather tired of youth. I had said that to myself sometimes in the middle of the night. But I had thought that I was only wearied of the immature mind and its limited furnishings, of the meagre experience, the lack of curiosity, the secure but unstudied opinions. I felt sometimes as if I were reading endlessly in a badly printed book, full of mistakes and imperfect language. I had upbraided myself for the feeling, of course. And now I discovered that the distaste and the reason for it lay all in myself. Alas, the pathological state was my own, no other's!

II

Well, since that is true I may speak with the frankness of a mind awry. Candidly, I do not find the satisfaction in teaching that there was twenty years ago — I can hardly claim intelligence in teaching earlier than that,

if I can claim it then. Mine is a subject which can use or stimulate much enthusiasm; not merely the spirited love of learning which may belong to any department of knowledge, but the enthusiasm of idealism and imagination. In other years, as I recall, it was easy to stimulate a response to high thought or romance. It was often a temptation to depart from the actual text of fact and to illuminate or illustrate great principle or feeling or the charm of a bygone phase of life. I have seen a lecture-room half-shyly aglow with the response of idealism or imagination. I thought then that that belonged to youth and would always be so. To me there is no conception of reality, scarcely even of fact, that does not use the imagination.

But a kind of shyness in myself has of late led me to omit or scant such passages. When, after I have indulged myself in eager lucubrations, I face only stolidity or a mild cynicism in my audience, I realize that I have been speaking a language ineffective to their ears, and I withdraw abashed. When a Crusader only reminds them how clumsy and slow former methods of warfare were, and the feudal castle is merely 'without modern conveniences,' and the age of chivalry is 'undemocratic' and foolish, and all costume earlier than their own is funny and absurd, and a saint in the wilderness is not 'the man who does things,' what speech can you utter to them? The Renaissance, as a thing that was lived and lived deeply and eagerly, may be outside the conception of the best date-learner in the class. I sigh, and return from my foolishness to dates and names.

Of course I am overstating. But I am also resisting the temptation to make the statement even stronger. For my disappointment is often keen. I recall other days, and even at my honestest I am not convinced that the difference lies wholly in myself or the fault only in my being out of date. But when the student's chief reading has been a speedometer or a sporting page or the captions on films or the modern novel — filthily modern sometimes — what can Dante's passion or Cranmer's burned hand mean to him? The movies are closing the imaginations of all the world, especially the young world. And our students are bred and fed on them. In them mere improbability and spectacle stand for creation. They have no subtlety, either of conception or of execution, no suggestion, no stimulus. The mind is not led either backward or forward, or beyond. With all their sensational effort they are prosaic, as prosaic usually as they are tasteless and inaccurate. But enough of the movies.

It is not only that youth is now hard to stir imaginatively. I am appalled sometimes at the harshness and unashamedness of their material views, their frank acceptance or approval of selfishness as the normal motive. The sensitiveness of youth to fineness is less than it was. I dwell less on noble incident than I once did, because I have sometimes suffered the rebuff of having a generous motive taken lightly or derided, or an ignoble one regarded as merely natural. I am left with enthusiasm on my hands.

Egotism and romance, I have always found, do not house well together. For romance has an element of humility, an eagerness to worship, an expectation of unmerited pleasure in the remote, the external. But the egotist has few surprises, has no mellow haze over his anticipations. I think about this sometimes when I am dining at a chapter-house. I have time for thought, for I think while my hosts are singing. Periodically the chapter says, 'Who 'll we ask to dinner

Thursday?' They have heard of *whom*, but they don't care for the people who use it. And someone says, 'Let's ask old P—— and his Frau. I've just got to kill that course of his this time.' On this basis we are invited. Often we go and are compassed with pleasant young attentions. We dine. At intervals during the meal our hosts burst into song — usually just between the subject and predicate of my sentence. Do they sing a passionate ballad, gallant and gay? Do they sing of old unhappy far-off things, or of love, or war, or Alma Mater? No, they know no such songs. Even what were once called college songs are unknown to them. The Spanish Cavalier has gone into his retreat permanently. They sing — it surprises you when you first hear them — their own praises. Sometimes they sing before they begin — a blurb instead of a grace. Their own glories flavor the meat. But they don't exhaust their merits with that. The soup dishes removed, they warble again — their pin, their flower, themselves, their honor, their friendship, their supereminence. You don't know just where or how to look. How do you look when a man is telling you earnestly that he is the greatest man that ever lived? You don't look anywhere but at your wife, and you see that she is sweetly composing an appropriate thing to say when they have ended the blurb. You leave it to her. To be fair, though, there is one point on which they make no boastings; they never weave mention of their scholarship into their lays, with their other forms of eminence. I know that they are looking on me with condescending eye.

III

Well, I am only writing myself down vinegary and shriveled of nature. But I shall let my acid sayings stand. I have not yet finished them. I am about to say something worse. I am unashamedly bored with the clamor for democracy in education. I am more bored with its results. I can ignore the clamor by avoiding the utterances of modern theorists in education; but I cannot ignore the results which come to my classroom. Outside of mere questions of human rights, democracy, in its current application, usually means mediocrity. Every addition to university curricula which has the purpose of democratizing education — and that means commonly merely preparing not too ambitious men to make a living — has tended to multiply the mediocre result and reduce the finished one. A country must have a body of men above the practical and material, whose spirit is to a degree liberated by contact with pure learning and who can see clearly, without limitation or obstruction by what are only material considerations. It would, I dare to think, be better to educate a smaller number highly and nobly than to pseudo-educate thousands, as we are doing, on the level of their own mediocrity, and to let the practical purpose of the many determine the training of all.

I confess that as the years go by I grow more aristocratic in my notions. And when I say that, I recognize a meaning in the word which it once did not have for me. There were young uninformed days when I saw aristocracy only as antipodal to liberty or equality or fraternity. Now I know, or think I know, that a race must have all these and aristocracy. I hope as eagerly as ever for the upward growth of the race. But I believe now that this is to be attained, not by making an average for everyone and holding mean and fine to that, but by developing a body of greatness which in turn

will permeate downward. It is magnificence which the colleges should create, a magnificence which even Spenser would recognize and approve. The college should be unashamedly idealistic, in my notion. It should have no shyness over a purpose of fostering love of beauty and love of thought and love of pure goodness in the youth it nourishes. In comparison with that, how dreary, how dull, the training designed only for the recognition and handling of material values.

In one more point I find myself often alien. The proud modernity of students leaves me cold — to use their own phrase. I often seem to be only a left-over from an outgrown period. I suppose my vanity is flicked. But what can you expect of students who have been taught poetry from a twentieth-century anthology instead of *The Golden Treasury*, or any golden treasury? Much of their early education has been apparently purposed to divorce the present from the past, and addressed to that end. They learn the times because these seem more nearly related to them than the eternities. They are given the tawdry, the unproved, the insignificant, merely because it is current. Thus they come into college with an exalted notion of the immediate, the passing. In history they realize no ancestry, no precedent, no foundation. I blame not them, in this case, but the instruction they have had, instruction from the uninstructed often, without perspective, without emphasis, without scale. They look on both the custom and the event of the past with indifference. Norman castle and Celtic illumination and bishop's brocade are alike merely queer to them — so out of date. They read life into none of them. They regard all that preceded this glorified modern time as merely a bridging over to it, now negligible and decayed.

Again I am probably coloring my statement with my own unsympathy. But the fact is indubitably there. The passion of the past is largely gone from the schools. Far-away and long-ago can hardly be made thrilling terms. What emotion they once gave! And how the past piled up, in our early instruction, — its thought, its notions of beauty, its romantic custom and accomplishment, — while the present seemed greater as we learned of its inheritance from the past! Surely it is the business of a college to help man to place himself among the years of the world. But my students, alas, — hence my weariness! — prefer to think of themselves as rootless. And rootless as puffballs I fear many of them will be.

Well, that is also a part of my separation from them. They see themselves in one eternal moment and I see them growing into other moments, based on this brief one. It is not merely the years between us that put us apart. It is our view of the years. It is, for example, — or for symbol, rather, — my misfortune more than my fault that the physical beauty of youth, or what is commonly called its beauty, suffers such diminution in my mind. It is rarely that youth does not have some beauty, some charm of color, some sweetness of curve, at least some freshness of look. Much of that, I think, is lost in the present time, when the artificial color is so seldom pleasing and when sophistication so often takes the place of freshness. And still there is, or should be, some charm remaining. But it is my unfortunate habit, as I look upon the youths before me, often to add automatically ten or twenty years to their age and to see, not what is, but what will be. The misshapings of figure or feature that are now concealed in the soft lines or surfaces of

youth will be brought to view oftener than they will be corrected. The tricks of face or of gesture which are so charming or so piquant now will themselves develop unlovely lines or angularities. I see that that pleasant softened aquilinity, now lending an air of distinction, will grow sharp and clawlike, that that jolly boyish roundness will grow heavy and inundate the features, or that those neat regular features will grow pinched and meagre. I know because I have seen. Sometimes when I halt at a period in a lecture for the less nimble-fingered to overtake the speaker — brisk fingers and a fluent fountain-pen being more important than agile wits in the note-taking race — my eye has time to record details of what sits before me, and I seem to see only the material of what life is to shape, and often to shape unbeautifully. And sometimes beautifully also. Character and conduct will make their mark. But this is my degree of sophistication and the statement of it is part of my confession.

IV

Well, there it stands. How far should I take to my conscience my lack of sympathy and of proximity? And does it put me outside of the teaching attitude entirely? Something — my own egotism — makes me think that I have a thing to impart which once I did not have. I know that I have a perspective and a mellowness which once were impossible. Once I rode with my bit of knowledge like colors on my helmet. It was my possession, to use and to wear proudly. Now what I know possesses me and I am only in the midst of it. Once I saw my own individual subject of learning as a mountain in a plain — many teachers do, I know — and myself leading others up its sides. Now I see a great plateau 'crowded with culture' and room for many dwellers on it. All I ask is to move and have small place among them.

But have I, in reaching this view, lost an emphasis which was in itself effective? Have I walked too many years companioned by my own bit of learning, seeing it daily in clearer perspective? My young instructors are more emphatic than I am. Part of one's early enthusiasm in a subject of knowledge is, I admit, not just love of the content of that subject, but pleasure in one's own command of it. It is not merely zeal for the subject, but zeal for one's self. But that very type of zeal has a communicableness due to its concentration which a mellower view does not have. My young instructors, caressing their Ph.D.'s, are often very successful teachers. If as I look at them and listen to them I sometimes am reminded of the mellow old scholar who in his ribald young days wrote of the 'scholar who 's hourly expecting his learning,' I reprove myself for the recollection and feel in nowise superior to them. I am pretty sure that they refer to me as 'old P——,' but I am not disturbed. Yet they do not speak at all of these faults which I find in my students. Being young and generally gifted in some degree, they speak often and vigorously of the stupidity of their students; they use the word 'moron,' now a popular sophomoric term. I never do that. In fact I don't consider my classes, in general, unintelligent. But I have a dissatisfaction much deeper than that of my young assistants.

Thus I am out of tune. And it is only natural that I should ask myself whether my arm is growing too shortened to reach across the space between me and those whom I am supposed to be guiding.

DIZZY ARITHMETIC

WHEN NUMBERS TALK

BY A. S. EVE

I

MANY people find large numbers difficult to understand and hard to appreciate. Hence they do not follow with ease many of the interesting results which have, during the last quarter of a century, flowed in so large and increasing a stream: results which refer to the size of the universe, to the distance of the stars, or to the minuteness of the atoms and of their constituent electrons.

It is worth an effort to simplify this difficulty or remove this barrier by a few simple examples and explanations, and thus to convey an impression of the relative sizes of the objects which surround us in our world.

Men when they walk take about one hundred and twenty paces in a minute, so that a foot is placed on the ground every half-second. Hence in a working-day of eight hours they would make $120 \times 60 \times 8$ steps or paces and this number is 57,600. Continuing this for twenty days, they will have walked a million paces.

It is easily seen that they must continue for fifty-five years in order to have marched a thousand million paces. This great number is called in America a billion, a term which in England is reserved for a million times a million.

It would thus take, always at the same rate, 55,000 years to achieve the number of paces indicated by an English billion, or by a French trillion.[1]

There is, however, a simpler and more direct method of appreciation of the magnitude of large numbers. Trees breathe the air by means of little openings, mouths, or stomata on the underside of their leaves, and the number of these small mouths on a single leaf may exceed a million. On the other hand, the leaves of a single large tree may and often do exceed one million in number, so that their joint area would cover a city block measuring 400 feet each way. Thus by thinking of a tree with its million leaves, each with a million mouths, we have a quick road to appreciating a million times a million. This number would be represented by a 1 followed by twelve zeros, ciphers, or noughts (sometimes wrongly called *o*, the letter preceding *p* in the alphabet — an ill use due to telephone practice). It is very convenient to

[1]

	American	*English*	*French*
10^6	million	million	million
10^9	billion		milliard or billion
10^{12}	trillion	billion	trillion
10^{15}	quadrillion		
10^{18}		trillion	
10^{24}		quadrillion	

This French nomenclature (billion, trillion) originated in the sixteenth century, and was conserved by the English, while the French changed from the original, followed later by the United States.

denote a million million by 10^{12}, meaning twelve tens all multiplied together, or 1 with twelve noughts following it.

But we can readily continue further with the trees, the leaves, and their small mouths, toward the idea of still larger numbers. The population of the world has been estimated at 1500 million souls. There are certainly more than a thousand times as many trees as men. Hence we can arrive at the idea of a million million trees, each with a million leaves, and every leaf with a million mouths! Hence there are at least a million million million million stomata or mouths breathing the same air that we do, extracting the carbon from the carbon dioxide in the atmosphere and emitting the oxygen, whereas men inhale the oxygen and burn it with their food, emitting carbon dioxide.

This beautiful balance of Nature depends upon sunlight, upon chlorophyll, — many chemical miracles taking place in the living plants, — and upon those 10^{24} stomata, more or less, as the lawyers cautiously insert in their deeds.

In dealing with large figures it is often wise to use what are called round numbers: thus 3,560,481,724 can just as well be written 35×10^8, for it is only the two figures on the left that really interest us, and the other digits or figures are not generally known with sufficient exactness to be quoted. Also 3.5×10^9 is equally good. Thus a man of 65 is more than 2×10^9 seconds old, a terrible number of seconds to be responsible for; and his heart has made about 3×10^8 beats.

II

Some examples of the quaintness of large numbers and of the unexpectedness of the results obtained may next be quoted.

Lake Ontario is a large lake, about 140 miles long and 40 miles broad, at the widest. Let us take its area at about 3600 square miles, or 10^{11} square feet. Imagine the whole population of the world placed in the lake, and they would have plenty of room to float or even to swim, for each person would have no less than 60 square feet to himself.

On the other hand, submerge them all beneath the waters of the lake and its surface would rise less than half an inch: a result easily obtained as follows. A cubic foot of water weighs 1000 ounces or $62\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, so a man of 125 pounds occupies about 2 cubic feet; for a man's body is about as dense as water, otherwise he could not just float with lungs inflated and sink when they are full of water. If then a man occupies 2 cubic feet and has 60 square feet to swim in, on submerging him the water must rise $\frac{2}{60}$ of a foot, or $\frac{1}{30}$ of an inch.

A more interesting example is, I think, due to Doctor Aston of Trinity College, Cambridge, a Nobel prizeman, famous throughout the world for his work on isotopes. The illustration is intended to convey the idea of the enormous number of molecules contained in a moderate quantity of water, each molecule consisting of one or possibly more groups of H_2O. Take a glass of water and empty it in the sea. Wait until winds, tides, evaporation, clouds, rain, and snow have thoroughly remixed that water, originally in the glass, with all the water on the surface of the earth. Now dip your glass into the sea, and you will probably recapture, on the average, about 2000 of the very molecules which were originally in the glass. And the reason for this is clear enough. Scientific men can number the molecules in a tumbler of water, and they can calculate the amount of water in the seas. Using

these numbers, it is found that the one is 2000 times the other.

The present writer has extended this idea to a quaint case not without interest.

There is a book written by Sir Arthur Shipley of Cambridge, called *Life*. He was asked to write this book by the Macmillan Company, publishers, with a view to 'making undergraduates think.' With so praiseworthy an object the book needs every encouragement, and yet so many people are busy trying to make the undergraduate think, that he often has to resist the pressure in a spirit of rebellion and self-preservation. The book helps quite ordinary people to think, too. Incidentally it points out that our two cubic feet of body consists more of water than of all other substances put together. *Punch*, in its review of this book, quoted a quaint passage: that 'even the Archbishop of Canterbury consists of 56 per cent water.'

The cubic foot of water present in any ancient historic person, at any moment of his adult life, has by this time dispersed. Thus, for example, the 56 per cent water of Julius Cæsar at the moment of his death has long since spread and mixed with the waters upon the earth quite generally, and *you*, the reader at this minute, have probably within you about a million water molecules which belonged to Cæsar at the moment of his death; for, if a cubic foot equals 25 times the volume of a half-pint tumbler, then the probability increases, not as 25, but as the square of 25, or 625. Hence the 2000 may be raised to 1,250,000. And you, the reader, have now molecules of water which were once the property of Abraham, Napoleon, Alexander, William the Conqueror, George Washington, Judas Iscariot, or any other ancient person whom you please to name. Moreover, the air molecules which you now inhale and exhale were some of them breathed by any one of them, and in past time oxygenated their blood.

I do not know whether it is venturing too far to point out that at any time and at all times we have actually within us a part of the very body and very blood of that sublime and divine Master who nineteen centuries ago brought so dazzling and glorious a light to the rising race of man.

This conception of the use and reuse of materials was, like most things, familiar enough to Shakespeare, for we find in *Hamlet:*—

> HAMLET. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! May not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?
>
> HORATIO. 'T were to consider too curious'y, to consider so.
>
> HAMLET. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander turneth into dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make loam, and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?

In this passage we find no suggestion of transportation or movement of the material from the East to Denmark. But in the case of air and of water we do find, by winds, rain, tides, and currents, that great circulation and motion which ensure thorough and perpetual mixing. The pack is always being shuffled and reshuffled.

The molecules of water in our blood have thus visited — many of them often — all the oceans and continents, ascended as vapor, drifted with the clouds, fallen as tropical rain or arctic snow; they have formed an intimate part of countless living things, animal and vegetable, for a period which may

be as great as a thousand million years.[2]

As a final instance of the consideration of large numbers we may cite a remarkable calculation due to one of the great astronomers — either William or John Herschel, but whether due to father or to son I have not been able to ascertain. The theme is discussed in what might be termed a Lucretian poem of the present Poet Laureate, Doctor Bridges.

Imagine that 6000 years ago there were a man and a woman who had four children only, two boys, two girls; let those also in due course have four children, each pair. Let there be no deaths. Then, allowing 30 years for a generation, and supposing that the above process continues for 200 generations, there would be $2+4+8+16+$ — peoples all alive, where the series must be continued for 200 terms or so. This series is in geometric progression, each term being twice its predecessor, so that the sum is $2(2^{200}-1)$ or about 201 twos all multiplied together. A large number! Would there be standing-room for these people? No — they would be piled in solid heaps upon each other. They would occupy 2^{202} cubic feet or 10^{60} cubic feet.[3] Hence the mass of people would rise to a height of 10^{20} feet, far beyond the moon and indeed beyond the sun, for the distance from earth to sun is less than 100 million miles or 5×10^{11} feet!

This example of rapid and impossible increase shows that if there is to be youth and renewal of life, then death is inevitable; and if death is to threaten life, then there must needs be pain.

III

The question of a quick grasp and clear representation of small and minute numbers and sizes next demands attention. There is a very convenient notation used by scientific men which might with great benefit be adopted by the public. The fraction one millionth ($\frac{1}{1,000,000}$) is represented by 10^{-6}, where the dash or minus sign before the six indicates that a fraction is contemplated. Thus an American billion is denoted by 10^{9}, while one billionth part is represented by 10^{-9}.

For example, the diameter of an atom is of the order of 10^{-8} centimetres, where a centimetre is a legalized measure of length, and it is convenient to remember that an inch is a little more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ centimetres (one inch = 2.54

[2] Two acute-minded friends who read this paper quickly put a critical question: How long does it take on the average for a molecule of water to circulate from the ocean to the clouds and back again? A precise answer would be difficult, but a suggestive guess can be given.

The Caspian Sea, latitude 38° to 48°, is landlocked, with fresh water in the north, very salt water in the south, fed by four rivers, especially by the great River Volga. Russian engineers have computed that these rivers discharge sufficient water to raise the level of the Caspian five and one-half feet in a year, and the rainfall in it would further raise the level at least another foot and a half, or about seven feet altogether. But the level remains almost constant, because the rise is balanced by loss from evaporation due to the sun's heat.

Now the average depth of the ocean is 13,000 feet, so that in middle latitudes it would take nearly two thousand years to evaporate the sea away, if there were no rain or rivers to feed it. Near the equator much less time would be required, and in arctic regions much more. In the cool depths of the ocean there is little movement of water due to currents and change of temperature, and diffusion must be extremely slow. Such water takes little part in the circulation we are now considering.

Over the land, where there is vegetation, a large proportion of the rainfall is promptly evaporated. Taking all these things into consideration, it might be estimated that a small particle or molecule of water circulates from ocean to cloud and from cloud back to the ocean in an average time of something like a thousand years.

[3] Let $10^{x}=2^{202}$
then $x=202 \log 2$
so $x=60$

centimetres). Now it is believed on most potent evidence that atoms are built up of protons and electrons, their sole known constituents. Thus, according to Rutherford and Bohr, an atom of hydrogen consists of a proton or positively charged electron, around which rotates rapidly (10^{14} times a second) a single electron or negatively charged particle. The proton is the more massive of the two, indeed 1800 times as heavy; and if mass is due to concentrated electrical energy, then the more massive must be smaller and more condensed. Theoretically it may be deduced that the electron has an effective radius of 10^{-13} centimetres, while the proton may perhaps have something of the order of 10^{-16} centimetres as a radius. Here we have arrived at the smallest known entity; information as to the ultimate constitution of electrons and protons is not likely to be known to this generation.

We may perhaps pause to express amazement at the progress of physics during the present century, during which many of the mysteries of atoms have been unraveled through skillful experiment and acute reasoning by a small handful of men of outstanding genius. A similar tribute is due to biology, where the mystery of the Mendelian law is receiving some explanation in the marvelous properties of the subdivisions of chromosomes.

A word of caution is needed when the size of any object is stated. Take for example the sun, a spherical object of 400,000 miles radius. Is the sun wholly confined to that region? Does it not fling to us corpuscles which cause the aurora? Does it not produce magnetic effects which reach the earth and cause magnetic storms? Does not radiant energy, heat and light, pour forth and give us life upon this planet? But it may be argued that these energy manifestations have left the sun and no longer form a part of its fiery globe. That is perfectly true; nevertheless, when we consider the gravitational field of the sun, that certainly extends to us, and beyond us to Jupiter and Neptune, holding those great planets in their elliptical orbits around the sun by some means which, in spite of Newton and Einstein, still remains in blackest obscurity.

So also when the radius of an electron is quoted as 10^{-13} centimetres we must bear in mind that a moving electron carries with it an electric field and a magnetic field extending outside the radius, decreasing indeed in intensity as we go farther and farther from the electron, but not terminable anywhere in space. It seems to be true that everything is both where it is and where it is not. Or, if that sentence is repudiated as illogical and unintelligible, then it may be said that the total physical energy of any object, part of which we localize in our imagination and call matter, extends and permeates throughout space. Distant stars attract our sun and are attracted by it. The whole universe is an interwoven meshwork, not a conglomerate of separate and independent units.

It is customary to change the unit of measurement with the size of the object measured. This common usage is not necessary or even desirable, for with a little practice powers of 10 are readily appreciated. Regardless of repetition, the writer again emphasizes the idea that 10^{24} is not hard to appreciate by one who comprehends a million. The thousand million people of the world might have, each in the world, on an average, a thousand trees, each tree with a million leaves, each leaf with a million mouths or stomata. Hence 10^{24} stomata, or — written in full — 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 stomata. Note the convenience of the short notation.

We measure the diameter of a fine wire in mils or thousandths of an inch; the height of a man in feet; the height of a horse in hands; the depth of the sea in fathoms; the wave-lengths of radio in metres or kilometres; the radius of the earth in miles; the distance of the stars in light-years or in parsecs; and the confines of space in astronomical units or the distance from sun to earth.

Now all these might quite appropriately be expressed in centimetres with the correct number of tens affixed. In fact, such usage is common in scientific work, and it is used because it is the quickest in calculation and — what is more important — the clearest for appreciation.

IV

The now wearied reader, if he has followed this disquisition so far, may be relieved at a prospect of the final lap, wherein are set forth some distances, fair samples in ascending grade, from the radius of the proton (10^{-16} centimetres) to the supposed radius of the space assigned to each one of us, whereof each one of us is consummate lord, and at the centre of which space each one of us sits or stands triumphant, wherever we be in space and whatever time is for us *now*.

This radius is declared by Doctor Silberstein to be 7×10^{12} astronomical units; and an astronomical unit is 93 million miles or 15×10^{12} centimetres; so that the so-called radius of space is 10^{26} centimetres, and a line three times as long as that would perhaps go round our space, and, if so, is the longest straight line possible.[4]

All of which is noted with due reservations, awaiting interesting observations now in progress!

[4] Curiously enough, if R is the radius of space, its circumference is stated to be πR and not $2\pi R$.

A TABLE
OF APPROXIMATE SIZES AND DISTANCES

	Centimetres
Radius of proton or positive electron (perhaps)	10^{-16}
Radius of an electron	10^{-13}
Radius of an atom (about)	10^{-8}
Wave length of visible light	10^{-5}
Average distance between molecules in air	10^{-5}
Height of a man	10^{2}
Height of Mount Everest	10^{6}
Radius of earth	10^{8}
Distance to moon	10^{10}
Distance to sun	10^{13}
Distance to nearest star	10^{18}
Distance to Pole star	10^{19}
Ten thousand light-years	10^{22}
'Radius' of space-time	10^{26}

In front of each number, multiplying it, should stand a number between nought and ten, which does not interest us here because we are thinking of the *order* of sizes, not of the exact sizes.

This article has been written with a purpose, which is probably by this time clear enough to any reader. It is a plea for the general adoption in books, journals, and newspapers of a clear and useful notation which has stood the test of usage in scientific work.

The remarkable interest of a large part of the civilized world in the principle of relativity reveals a growing eagerness to grasp the conditions of our existence and the nature of our universe. There are other regions of modern science equally enthralling, but the language and symbols and units of science have drifted far afield from those used by the general public. The difficulty of bridging this gulf is great. A greater uniformity of numerical notation would remove one obstacle. A wise choice of units would be another aid; but this last great subject is too large and inflammatory for discussion at this time and place.

A JOURNALIST SEES LINCOLN

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD

EDITED BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, JR.

I WAS a fine figure to be introduced to great men, that chilly evening in April. Little had been done for my wardrobe since leaving Chicago, and that little had been adapted to prairie uses. My hair, always disposed to luxuriant growth, had last been cut on the shore of Lake Michigan, except a slash from a prairie fire. I was afterward informed by a fellow citizen that his first admiration of me had been inspired by the remarkable character of my cowhide top-boots, into which a pair of coarse trousers were tucked. My shirt was a blue-checked hickory, and under its ample collar was a flowing black-silk neck-scarf, a remnant of Rochester days. On my head was a broad-brimmed slouch felt hat, black, and my complexion was of the combined tint-effects of sun and wind and winter fever. On the whole, there was no other man in Urbana just like me when I got out of the wagon and walked around to shift for myself and to strike for a new field of action.

The next morning I was ready for my first attack upon local journalism, although the outlook was anything but golden. I had already been aware that a too sanguine literary adventurer had attempted to set up an 'Agricultural' weekly journal in West Urbana. His undertaking had failed, his entire outfit being bought in for eight hundred dollars, at a sheriff's sale, by a local medical celebrity named Dr. Walker Scroggs. He was a man of a million. Of medium height and thin, he was by no means ill-looking, and he dressed well; for in summer or winter he always had on a black frock-suit and a brilliant velvet vest of many colors. He also wore a stovepipe hat and had a pair of sharp, twinkling gray eyes.

On the ruins of the lost newspaper enterprise Dr. Scroggs had determined to establish a journal of his own planning, devoted to his isms and to a miscellaneous abuse of the many men whom he did not like. To his printing office, therefore, I made my way that hopeful morning. The paper was already three weeks old and its editor had won a sudden distinction which threatened him with libel suits and personal encounters with angry men. He had written his talk right out, in his wrath, and some of the words that he put in were of the kind mildly described as 'archaic.' It was, therefore, a dark morning for the *Gazette* and its remarkable conductor, and I had climbed into the gloom.

I

I had never seen the doctor, but there was no mistaking his personality as he sat there on the other side of the egg-stove, hugging his left knee over his right and wearing so sourly discontented a countenance. The printers were at their cases, picking type industriously, and there were no other visitors.

'Doctor,' I remarked, as if we were old acquaintances, 'you are trying to run a newspaper here?'

Only a nod and a grunt were his response, and after a moment of contemplation of the stove I added, kindly, 'You don't know how!'

That brought down his leg as he responded, 'I know that better than you do.'

I continued, 'You can't run a newspaper; but I can!'

His hands went behind his head half contemptuously as he replied, 'The hell you can! What will you take to try it on?'

'No pay at all, just now,' I told him.

I went on to make a business proposition, however, for I was well aware that he was losing money fast and needlessly. I told him that I would get out one edition of the paper, to show him what I could do. If all was then satisfactory, I would take no wages. I would agree that I would run my risk of making the paper pay its own way. As soon as I should do that, I was to have a full third partnership and control. In the meantime, at the end of the week he was to buy me a good suit of clothes and some other things and pay my board in a good boarding-house.

'Done!' he exclaimed. 'Take right hold. Take the whole d—— thing and run it! I'm going out to see a patient.'

Three days later I sent out the fourth number of the *Gazette*. The doctor was astonished when he read his paper. I had omitted some things that he had written for it and bluntly refused to put in any more personalities. He surrendered only after all the men and women he met had congratulated him upon the improved appearance of the *Gazette*. As yet, hardly anybody knew how it had happened, but folks were curious and it was time for me to put on my new uniform. That was what the doctor had agreed to and he seemed even in a hurry to keep his word, making energetic remarks about having such a looking customer the editor of the greatest paper in Central Illinois. I think it was the cash account that affected him most; he still kept his own name at the head as editor, while he ceased to take any care of the literary business except as a kind of skipping critic, after each consecutive issue came out.

On one of the warm days of that autumn I was upstairs at a piece of job work which a devil had carelessly pied. I was in a state of mind; my shirt-sleeves were rolled up to my shoulders and my hands were black with ink. There may have been streaks of darkness on my face. The doctor was below, rolling out some pills, and must have been standing with his back to the open street-door when a loud voice in the doorway hailed him as 'Doc,' and inquired into the condition of his health. I did not entirely catch the doctor's responses, but in a moment he was up at the head of the stairs and at my elbow informing me, in a suppressed tone which might have been heard all over the office, 'Stoddard! Old Abe is here and he wants to see you!'

My reply was in accordance with my state of mind.

'Come right down!' he said. 'But do fix up a little. Why, Stoddard, you are looking like the devil.'

I replied that all I would do just then was make a kind of compromise. If Mr. Lincoln wished to see me, I would go down and I would wash my hands, but I would not roll down my sleeves. The doctor was not at all satisfied, but I was aware of an audible chuckle in the room below. Up to that hour I had not met Mr. Lincoln, but had heard a great deal of him and did not believe he would care much for a little ink and

light clothing. The doctor, on the other hand, considered this visit of so prominent a politician a great affair, and he was a little afraid of big men.

Mr. Lincoln greeted me cordially and plunged at once into the causes of his coming. In a minute he had me not only deeply interested but somewhat astonished. I had supposed that I knew the people and politics of that county and he had been told that I did, but so did he. He could ask about the different precincts and their leading men almost as if he had lived among them. As he was then studying Champaign County, so he was investigating the State of Illinois and other states and was getting into close relations with the current of thought and feeling, North and South. The conversation was a long one and Dr. Scroggs soon got weary of it, for he had no part in it, and he went off 'to see a patient.' Lincoln went out and I went back to my pied job, and did not at all suppose that so unimportant an interview was to have any permanent effect upon my life.

II

Somewhere along in the winter I found means to secure a small cottage near the middle of the village, and in this my sister Kate and I began small housekeeping. It contained only two rooms besides the kitchen, but it would do.

In the spring of 1859 the new political campaign opened early and the whole country was on fire with excitement. The *Gazette* was also beginning to regard itself as an important journal, for we had a circulation of over two thousand, scattered over several counties. In all the long list of possible presidential candidates, the name of Lincoln had not been spoken of in any newspaper publication that I knew anything about. As a New Yorker, a born and bred follower of William H. Seward, I had been disposed to advocate him, but had at the same time a doubt of his ability to secure the Western vote. It was my opinion that the situation called for a Western man and I was not at all satisfied with any of the doctor's suggested candidates.

Just before I set up housekeeping I was temporarily boarding at the Doane House, the square hotel at the railway station. It was a temperance house and had no bar, but its office was a large room that had been intended for hospitality. In the middle of this office was an enormous egg-stove and near this, in the corner, was the office counter. Just beyond was the door from the dining-room.

One chilly morning in March I came to my breakfast as early as usual, and after eating it passed out through that door into the office. Just as I did so the street door opened and Abraham Lincoln came in. He had been to the post office without any overcoat and he may well have been chilly. At all events he walked toward the stove, drew up one of the much-whittled armchairs which ornamented the office, sat down in it, cocked his feet upon the stove hearth, took off his hat, and settled it between his knees. I think he always wore a very tall hat and one that was respectable for age. This hat, now between his knees, was so full of letters that one might have wondered how he managed to put it on. The volume of his correspondence was not surprising, however, for his law business was large and he was here in attendance upon the court which was in session at Urbana. On seeing him come in, I had paused at the counter, and there I continued to stand, for there was something in this man's face and manner that attracted me unusually. My old fad for studying remarkable men came upon me with power and I put away my first impulse

to go forward and speak to him. It was much better to watch him, and he appeared to be unaware of any other presence in the room. He and I were alone and he was much more alone than I.

I stood at the office counter, watching him. This morning was evidently a thoughtful one; his expression varied from minute to minute, all the while being cloudy. He read or looked at letter after letter as he opened them, and for some he did not appear to care much.

At last, however, he came to an epistle which I have wished I knew something about. It was written upon a square letter-sheet, in a crabbed but regular and very black handwriting, page after page. It seemed to interest him at once and he read on slowly, stopping at intervals as if to ponder ideas which were presented. His face at first grew darker and the deep wrinkles in his forehead grew deeper. I was also getting more and more interested. Then, if you can imagine how a dark lighthouse looks when its calcium light is suddenly kindled, you may get an idea of the change which came into the face of Abraham Lincoln. All the great soul within him had been kindled to white heat, and his eyes shone until he shut them. Before he did that, they seemed to be looking at something or other that was far away. I had seen enough and I said to myself emphatically, 'That is the greatest man you have ever seen!'

I did not disturb Mr. Lincoln or try to speak to him. I turned and made my way out of the hotel through the dining-room, and I did not pause until I had reached the *Gazette* office. I opened the door and walked in, and there at the table sat Dr. Scroggs, diligently at work upon his accustomed pills. His back was toward me and he did not turn when I came in.

'Doctor,' I shouted, 'I've made up my mind whom we are going for for President!'

'The hell you say!' was his mild and appreciative response. 'Who is it?'

'Abraham Lincoln of Illinois!' I shouted back.

'Oh hell!' he rejoindered. 'He'd never do for President. He might do for a nominee for Vice-President, perhaps, with Seward or some such man.'

I was obstinate and at the end of a sharp controversy he yielded, for I told him that as soon as I could run off the current editions of the *Gazette* and the *Ford County Journal* I was going straight to Springfield and to Bloomington, to see William H. Herndon and Leonard Swett and procure materials for a campaign life-editorial. That is precisely what I proceeded to do, without telling too many men what were my purposes. On my return the editorial was written, perhaps two full columns of it, and it was printed; but I did not stop there. I sent a letter embodying some of it to the *Century*, a New York weekly journal then recently set up by Horace Greeley's old partner, McElrath, and it was printed with approval. Meantime I had done something else. Our regular exchange list was large, but for that week I added to it not less than two hundred journals, all over the country, particularly the West. Then I waited to see the result of my experiment, and it altogether surprised me. I had marked my editorial in the copies sent out, and when the exchange papers came in it appeared to me that hardly one of them had failed to notice it, making extracts, and to give more or less favorable comments. Many of them reprinted it in full, or nearly so, and swung out the name of Lincoln at their column heads.

Besides the editorial, the *Gazette* of May 4, 1859, had further mention of Lincoln in its local column. The two articles read as follows: —

PERSONAL

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT. — We had the pleasure of introducing to the hospitalities of our Sanctum, a few days ago, the Hon. Abraham Lincoln. Few men can make an hour pass away more agreeably. We do not pretend to know whether Mr. Lincoln will ever condescend to occupy the White House or not, but if he should, it is a comfort to know that he has established for himself a character and reputation of sufficient strength and purity to withstand the disreputable and corrupting influences of even that locality. No man in the West at the present time occupies a more enviable position before the people or stands a better chance for obtaining a high position among those to whose guidance our ship of state is to be entrusted.

WHO SHALL BE PRESIDENT?

WE have no sympathy with those politicians of any party who are giving themselves up to a corrupt and selfish race for the presidential chair, and are rather inclined to believe that the result will be a disappointment to the whole race of demagogues. The vastness of the interests depending on the political campaign now commencing gives even a more than usual degree of interest to the question: 'Who shall be the candidate?' Believing that a proper discussion of this question through the columns of the local papers is the true way to arrive at a wise conclusion, we propose to give our views, so far as formed, and we may add that we are well assured that the same views are entertained by the mass of the Republican Party of Central Illinois.

In the first place, we do not consider it possible for the office of President of the United States to become the personal property of any particular politician, how great a man soever he may be esteemed by himself and his partisans. We, therefore, shall discuss the 'candidate question' unbiased by personal prejudices or an undue appreciation of the claims of any political leader. We may add, with honest pride, an expression of our faith in the leading statesmen of our party: that neither Chase nor Seward nor Banks nor any other whose name has been brought prominently before the people will press individual aspirations at the expense of the great principles whose vindication is inseparably linked with our success. While no circumstances should be allowed to compel even a partial abandonment of principle, and defeat in the cause of right is infinitely better than a corrupt compromise with wrong, nevertheless the truest wisdom for the Republican Party in this campaign will be found in such a conservative and moderate course as shall secure the respect and consideration even of our enemies, and shall not forget national compacts within which we are acting and by which we are bound: and the proper recognition of this feature of the contest should be allowed its due influence in the selection of our standard-bearer.

Although local prejudices ought always to be held subordinate to the issues of the contest, it will not be wise to overlook their importance in counting the probabilities of what will surely be a doubtful and bitterly contested battlefield. It is this consideration which has brought into so great prominence the leading Republican statesmen of Pennsylvania and Illinois. If these two states can be added to the number of those in which the Party seems to possess an unassailable superiority, the day is ours. The same reasons, to a less extent, in exact proportion to its force in the electoral college, affect New Jersey.

From Pennsylvania and Illinois,

therefore, the candidates for President and Vice-President might, with great propriety, be chosen. It is true that our present Chief Magistrate is from Pennsylvania, and other states justly might urge that a proper apportionment of the national honors would not give her the presidency twice in succession; but, while there are several good precedents for such a course of action, there is one point which outweighs in importance all others: to wit, *We must carry Pennsylvania in 1860*, and if we can best do it with one of our own citizens as standard-bearer, that fact cannot be disregarded with impunity. The delegation from the Keystone State will doubtless present this idea with great urgency in the National Convention.

Aside from this, there are other points in favor of the two states mentioned, which cannot fail to carry great weight in the minds of all candid and reasonable men. They have both been distinguished for moderation and patriotism in the character of their statesmen, with as few exceptions as any other states. They are among that great central belt of states which constitute the stronghold of conservatism and nationality. They are not looked upon as 'sectional' in their character, even by the South. They, moreover, are, to a high degree, representative states. Where will our manufacturing, mining, and trading interests find a better representative than Pennsylvania? Or what state is more identified in all its fortunes with the great agricultural interests than is Illinois?

The states themselves, then, being open to no valid objection, we come to the question of individual candidates. Pennsylvania has not yet determined her choice from among her own great men, but as for Illinois it is the firm and fixed belief of our citizens that for one or the other of the offices in question no man will be so sure to consolidate the party vote of this state, or will carry the great Mississippi Valley with a more irresistible rush of popular enthusiasm, than our distinguished fellow-citizen,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We, in Illinois, know him well; in the best sense of the word *a true democrat*, a man of the people, whose strongest friends and supporters are the hard-handed and strong-limbed laboring men, who hail him as a brother and who look upon him as one of their real representative men. A true friend of freedom, having already done important service for the cause, and proved his abundant ability for still greater service; yet a staunch conservative, whose enlarged and liberal mind descends to no narrow view, but sees both sides of every great question, and of whom we need not fear that fanaticism on the one side, or servility on the other, will lead him to the betrayal of any trust. We appeal to our brethren of the Republican press for the correctness of our assertions.

III

After that I attended the 'Rail-splitter' Convention at Springfield and I went into the political canvass head over heels, heels over head, with all the more enthusiasm because I had nearly all the stumping of Champaign County on my own hands.

Not to dwell upon the minor incidents of the political campaign, it was over at last and Lincoln was duly elected, to my great delight. At an early date after the election he held a sort of congratulation levee at the State House in Springfield. Hearing that he was to do so, I took a day off and went over to shake hands with him, for I believed that I had a vested right to tell him how I felt about it. I went to the State House and took my place in a

long line of people who were there to get a look at the coming President. Some of them, indeed, were from far away and had come to tell him how much they had done to secure his election and how ready they would be to serve him further in one or another of the fat offices at Washington. One of these disinterested patriots was next in line ahead of me and his account of himself may have added point to Mr. Lincoln's question, when he heartily shook hands with me and looked down two feet or more into my face.

'Well, young man,' he said, 'now — what can I do for you?'

'Nothing at all, Mr. Lincoln,' I responded, 'but I'm mighty glad you are elected.'

'How would you like to come to Washington?' he asked. 'Would n't you like to take a clerkship or something?'

I was just telling him that I was pretty well fixed now and had never thought of going to Washington when a red-hot thought came flashing into my mind and I added: 'Mr. Lincoln, the only thing that would tempt me to go to Washington is a place on your personal staff!'

'Stoddard,' said he, 'do you go right back to Champaign and write me a letter to that effect. Then wait till you hear from me.'

That was just what I did, but I did not say a word about it to any living soul, unless it may have been Kate. That was early in November and before the end of the month I had about considered myself forgotten. I did not yet know Lincoln. About the first of December I received a letter of some length from him, ordering me to close up my affairs, go on to Washington, and wait there until his arrival.

Great preparations were made for the Inauguration. The address was to be delivered and the oath taken on a temporary platform at the East Front of the Capitol, and I went and surveyed the scene beforehand. I remembered how I had managed to hear Daniel Webster and I tried those tactics again. It was at a pretty early hour of the fourth of March that I gave up the procession, the music, the military, and the dense pack of people upon Pennsylvania Avenue. I went and wormed in through the as yet not very suspicious crowd before the East Front until I secured standing-room just beyond the line at which the soldiers of the honorary guard were to stand at rest. There I waited and I was well paid for it, for I could look right into Lincoln's face while he was speaking and could hear every word he said.

I did not even try to see the President for several days, but I did go to admire the dense pack of office-seekers which had taken possession of the White House. It was two or three days later that I worked my way among them and struggled as far as the bottom of the main stairway. The stairs were a sweltering jam, but an usher at the top was managing to receive cards in some inscrutable manner. He obtained mine and it went in, and in a few minutes Nicolay came to the banisters to shout my name, while three or four eager patriots tugged at his coat-tails. I 'hollered back.'

'Do you wish to see the President?' he asked.

'No, I don't!' I shouted. 'Tell him I'm here, 'cording to orders. That's all. He'll know what to do. I won't bother him.'

I did not understand what a score of fellows found to laugh at in my reply to the great Mr. Nicolay, and it even seemed to please him. I hoped it pleased Mr. Lincoln; and it was only a few days before I received notice of my coming appointment as Secretary to sign Land Patents.

THE CITY OF REFUGE

BY RUDOLPH FISHER

I

CONFRONTED suddenly by daylight, King Solomon Gillis stood dazed and blinking. The railroad station, the long, white-walled corridor, the impassible slot-machine, the terrifying subway train — he felt as if he had been caught up in the jaws of a steam-shovel, jammed together with other helpless lumps of dirt, swept blindly along for a time, and at last abruptly dumped.

There had been strange and terrible sounds: 'New York! Penn Terminal — all change!' 'Pohter, hyer, pohter, suh?' Shuffle of a thousand soles, clatter of a thousand heels, innumerable echoes. Cracking rifle-shots — no, snapping turnstiles. 'Put a nickel in!' 'Harlem? Sure. This side — next train.' Distant thunder, nearing. The screeching onslaught of the fiery hosts of hell, headlong, breath-taking. Car doors rattling, sliding, banging open. 'Say, wha' d'ye think this is, a baggage car?' Heat, oppression, suffocation — eternity — 'Hundred 'n turdy-fif' next!' More turnstiles. Jonah emerging from the whale.

Clean air, blue sky, bright sunlight.

Gillis set down his tan-cardboard extension-case and wiped his black, shining brow. Then slowly, spreadingly, he grinned at what he saw: Negroes at every turn; up and down Lenox Avenue, up and down One Hundred and Thirty-Fifth Street; big, lanky Negroes, short, squat Negroes; black ones, brown ones, yellow ones; men standing idle on the curb, women, bundle-laden, trudging reluctantly homeward, children rattle-trapping about the sidewalks; here and there a white face drifting along, but Negroes predominantly, overwhelmingly everywhere. There was assuredly no doubt of his whereabouts. This was Negro Harlem.

Back in North Carolina Gillis had shot a white man and, with the aid of prayer and an automobile, probably escaped a lynching. Carefully avoiding the railroads, he had reached Washington in safety. For his car a Southwest bootlegger had given him a hundred dollars and directions to Harlem; and so he had come to Harlem.

Ever since a traveling preacher had first told him of the place, King Solomon Gillis had longed to come to Harlem. The Uggams were always talking about it; one of their boys had gone to France in the draft and, returning, had never got any nearer home than Harlem. And there were occasional 'colored' newspapers from New York: newspapers that mentioned Negroes without comment, but always spoke of a white person as 'So-and-so, white.' That was the point. In Harlem, black was white. You had rights that could not be denied you; you had privileges, protected by law. And you had money. Everybody in Harlem had money. It was a land of plenty. Why, had not Mouse Uggam sent back as much as fifty dollars at a time to his people in Waxhaw?

The shooting, therefore, simply cat-

alyzed whatever sluggish mental reaction had been already directing King Solomon's fortunes toward Harlem. The land of plenty was more than that now: it was also the city of refuge.

Casting about for direction, the tall newcomer's glance caught inevitably on the most conspicuous thing in sight, a magnificent figure in blue that stood in the middle of the crossing and blew a whistle and waved great white-gloved hands. The Southern Negro's eyes opened wide; his mouth opened wider. If the inside of New York had mystified him, the outside was amazing him. For there stood a handsome, brass-buttoned giant directing the heaviest traffic Gillis had ever seen; halting unnumbered tons of automobiles and trucks and wagons and pushcarts and street-cars; holding them at bay with one hand while he swept similar tons peremptorily on with the other; ruling the wide crossing with supreme self-assurance; and he, too, was a Negro!

Yet most of the vehicles that leaped or crouched at his bidding carried white passengers. One of these overdrove bounds a few feet and Gillis heard the officer's shrill whistle and gruff reproof, saw the driver's face turn red and his car draw back like a threatened pup. It was beyond belief — impossible. Black might be white, but it could n't be that white!

'Done died an' woke up in Heaven,' thought King Solomon, watching, fascinated; and after a while, as if the wonder of it were too great to believe simply by seeing, 'Cullud policemans!' he said, half aloud; then repeated over and over, with greater and greater conviction, 'Even got cullud policemans — even got cullud — '

'Where y' want to go, big boy?'

Gillis turned. A little, sharp-faced yellow man was addressing him.

'Saw you was a stranger. Thought maybe I could help y' out.'

King Solomon located and gratefully extended a slip of paper. 'Wha' dis hyeh at, please, suh?'

The other studied it a moment, pushing back his hat and scratching his head. The hat was a tall-crowned, unindented brown felt; the head was brown patent-leather, its glistening brush-back flawless save for a suspicious crimpiness near the clean-grazed edges.

'See that second corner? Turn to the left when you get there. Number forty-five 's about halfway the block.'

'Thank y', suh.'

'You from — Massachusetts?'

'No, suh, Nawth Ca'lina.'

'Is 'at so? You look like a Northerner. Be with us long?'

'Till I die,' grinned the flattered King Solomon.

'Stoppin' there?'

'Reckon I is. Man in Washin'ton 'lowed I 'd find lodgin' at dis ad-dress.'

'Good enough. If y' don't, maybe I can fix y' up. Harlem's pretty crowded. This is me.' He proffered a card.

'Thank y', suh,' said Gillis, and put the card in his pocket.

The little yellow man watched him plod flat-footedly on down the street, long awkward legs never quite straightened, shouldered extension-case bending him sidewise, wonder upon wonder halting or turning him about. Presently, as he proceeded, a pair of bright-green stockings caught and held his attention. Tony, the storekeeper, was crossing the sidewalk with a bushel basket of apples. There was a collision; the apples rolled; Tony exploded; King Solomon apologized. The little yellow man laughed shortly, took out a notebook, and put down the address he had seen on King Solomon's slip of paper.

'Guess you 're the shine I been waitin' for,' he surmised.

As Gillis, approaching his destination, stopped to rest, a haunting notion

grew into an insistent idea. 'Dat li'l yaller nigger was a sho' 'nuff gen'man to show me de road. Seem lak I knowed him befo' — ' He pondered. That receding brow, that sharp-ridged, spreading nose, that tight upper lip over the two big front teeth, that chinless jaw — He fumbled hurriedly for the card he had not looked at and eagerly made out the name.

'Mouse Uggam, sho' 'nuff! Well, dog-gone!'

II

Uggam sought out Tom Edwards, once a Pullman porter, now prosperous proprietor of a cabaret, and told him: —

'Chief, I got him: a baby jess in from the land o' cotton and so dumb he thinks ante bellum 's an old woman.'

'Where 'd you find him?'

'Where you find all the jay birds when they first hit Harlem — at the subway entrance. This one come up the stairs, batted his eyes once or twice, an' froze to the spot — with his mouth open. Sure sign he 's from 'way down behind the sun an' ripe f' the pluckin'.'

Edwards grinned a gold-studded, fat-jowled grin. 'Gave him the usual line, I suppose?'

'Did n't miss. An' he fell like a ton o' bricks. 'Course I 've got him spotted, but damn 'f I know jess how to switch 'em on to him.'

'Get him a job around a store somewhere. Make out you 're befriendin' him. Get his confidence.'

'Sounds good. Ought to be easy. He 's from my state. Maybe I know him or some of his people.'

'Make out you do, anyhow. Then tell him some fairy tale that 'll switch your trade to him. The cops 'll follow the trade. We could even let Froggy flop into some dumb white cop's hands and "confess" where he got it. See?'

'Chief, you got a head, no lie.'

'Don't lose no time. And remember, hereafter, it 's better to sacrifice a little than to get squealed on. Never refuse a customer. Give him a little credit. Humor him along till you can get rid of him safe. You don't know what that guy that died may have said; you don't know who 's on to you now. And if they get you — I don't know you.'

'They won't get *me*,' said Uggam.

King Solomon Gillis sat meditating in a room half the size of his hencoop back home, with a single window opening into an airshaft.

An airshaft: cabbage and chitterlings cooking; liver and onions sizzling, sputtering; three player-pianos outplunking each other; a man and woman calling each other vile things; a sick, neglected baby wailing; a phonograph broadcasting blues; dishes clacking; a girl crying heartbrokenly; waste noises, waste odors of a score of families, seeking issue through a common channel; pollution from bottom to top — a sewer of sounds and smells.

Contemplating this, King Solomon grinned and breathed, 'Dog-gone!' A little later, still gazing into the sewer, he grinned again. 'Green stockin's,' he said; 'loud green!' The sewer gradually grew darker. A window lighted up opposite, revealing a woman in camisole and petticoat, arranging her hair. King Solomon, staring vacantly, shook his head and grinned yet again. 'Even got cullud policemans!' he mumbled softly.

III

Uggam leaned out of the room's one window and spat maliciously into the dinginess of the airshaft. 'Damn glad you got him,' he commented, as Gillis finished his story. 'They 's a thousand shines in Harlem would change places with you in a minute jess f' the honor of killin' a cracker.'

'But I did n't go to do it. 'T was a accident.'

'That 's the only part to keep secret.'

'Know whut dey done? Dey killed five o' Mose Joplin's hawses 'fo he lef'. Put groun' glass in de feed-trough. Sam Cheevers come up on three of 'em one night pizenin' his well. Bleesom beat Crinshaw out o' sixty acres o' lan' an' a year's crops. Dass jess how 't is. Soon 's a nigger make a li'l sump'n he better git to leavin'. An' 'fo long ev'y-body 's goin' be lef'!'

'Hope to hell they don't all come here.'

The doorbell of the apartment rang. A crescendo of footfalls in the hallway culminated in a sharp rap on Gillis's door. Gillis jumped. Nobody but a policeman would rap like that. Maybe the landlady had been listening and had called in the law. It came again, loud, quick, angry. King Solomon prayed that the policeman would be a Negro.

Uggam stepped over and opened the door. King Solomon's apprehensive eyes saw framed therein, instead of a gigantic officer, calling for him, a little blot of a creature, quite black against even the darkness of the hallway, except for a dirty, wide-striped silk shirt, collarless, with the sleeves rolled up.

'Ah hahve bill fo' Mr. Gillis.' A high, strongly accented Jamaican voice, with its characteristic singsong intonation, interrupted King Solomon's sigh of relief.

'Bill? Bill fo' me? What kin' o' bill?'

'Wan bushel appels. T'ree seventy-fife.'

'Apples? I ain' bought no apples.' He took the paper and read aloud, laboriously, 'Antonio Gabrielli to K. S. Gillis, Doctor — '

'Mr. Gabrielli say, you not pays him, he send policemon.'

'What I had to do wid 'is apples?'

'You bumps into him yesterday, no? Scatter appels everywhere — on de sidewalk, in de gutter. Kids pick up an' run away. Others all spoil. So you pays.'

Gillis appealed to Uggam. 'How 'bout it, Mouse?'

'He 's a damn liar. Tony picked up most of 'em; I seen him. Lemme look at that bill — Tony never wrote this thing. This baby 's jess playin' you for a sucker.'

'Ain' had no apples, ain' payin' fo' none,' announced King Solomon, thus prompted. 'Did n't have to come to Harlem to git cheated. Plenty o' dat right wha' I come fum.'

But the West Indian warmly insisted. 'You cahn't do daht, mon. Whaht you t'ink, 'ey? Dis mon loose 'is appels an' 'is money too?'

'What diff'ence it make to you, nigger?'

'Who you call nigger, mon? Ah hahve you understahn' — '

'Oh, well, white folks, den. What all you got t' do wid dis hyeh, anyhow?'

'Mr. Gabrielli send me to collect bill!'

'How I know dat?'

'Do Ah not bring bill? You t'ink Ah steal t'ree dollar, 'ey?'

'Three dollars an' sebenty-fi' cent,' corrected Gillis. ''Nuther thing: wha' you ever see me befo'? How you know dis is me?'

'Ah see you, sure. Ah help Mr. Gabrielli in de store. When you knocks down de baskette appels, Ah see. Ah follow you. Ah know you comes in dis house.'

'Oh, you does? An' how come you know my name an' flat an' room so good? How come dat?'

'Ah fin' out. Sometime Ah brings up here vegetables from de store.'

'Humph! Mus' be workin' on shares.'

'You pays, 'ey? You pays me or de policemon?'

'Wait a minute,' broke in Uggam,

who had been thoughtfully contemplating the bill. 'Now listen, big shorty. You haul hips on back to Tony. We got your menu all right' — he waved the bill — 'but we don't eat your kind o' cookin', see?'

The West Indian flared. 'Whaht it is to you, 'ey? You can not mind your own business? Ah hahve not spik to you!'

'No, brother. But this is my friend, an' I 'll be john-browned if there 's a monkey-chaser in Harlem can gyp him if I know it, see? Bes' thing f' you to do is catch air, toot sweet.'

Sensing frustration, the little islander demanded the bill back. Uggam figured he could use the bill himself, maybe. The West Indian hotly persisted; he even menaced. Uggam pocketed the paper and invited him to take it. Wisely enough, the caller preferred to catch air.

When he had gone, King Solomon sought words of thanks.

'Bottle it,' said Uggam. 'The point is this: I figger you got a job.'

'Job? No I ain't! Wha' at?'

'When you show Tony this bill, he 'll hit the roof and fire that monk.'

'What ef he do?'

'Then you up 'n ask f' the job. He 'll be too grateful to refuse. I know Tony some, an' I 'll be there to put in a good word. See?'

King Solomon considered this. 'Sho' needs a job, but ain' after stealin' none.'

'Stealin'? 'T would n't be stealin'. Stealin' 's what that damn monkey-chaser tried to do from you. This would be doin' Tony a favor an' gettin' y'self out o' the barrel. What 's the hold-back?'

'What make you keep callin' him monkey-chaser?'

'West Indian. That 's another thing. Any time y' can knife a monk, do it. They 's too damn many of 'em here. They 're an achin' pain.'

'Jess de way white folks feels 'bout niggers.'

'Damn that. How 'bout it? Y' want the job?'

'Hm — well — I 'd ruther be a policeman.'

'Policeman?' Uggam gasped.

'M–hm. Dass all I wants to be, a policeman, so I kin police all de white folks right plumb in jail!'

Uggam said seriously, 'Well, y' might work up to that. But it takes time. An' y've got to eat while y're waitin'.' He paused to let this penetrate. 'Now, how 'bout this job at Tony's in the meantime? I should think y'd jump at it.'

King Solomon was persuaded.

'Hm — well — reckon I does,' he said slowly.

'Now y're tootin'!' Uggam's two big front teeth popped out in a grin of genuine pleasure. 'Come on. Let 's go.'

IV

Spitting blood and crying with rage, the West Indian scrambled to his feet. For a moment he stood in front of the store gesticulating furiously and jabbering shrill threats and unintelligible curses. Then abruptly he stopped and took himself off.

King Solomon Gillis, mildly puzzled, watched him from Tony's doorway. 'I jess give him a li'l shove,' he said to himself, 'an' he roll' clean 'cross de sidewalk.' And a little later, disgustedly, 'Monkey-chaser!' he grunted, and went back to his sweeping.

'Well, big boy, how y' comin' on?'

Gillis dropped his broom. 'Hay-o, Mouse. Wha' you been las' two-three days?'

'Oh, around. Gettin' on all right here? Had any trouble?'

'Deed I ain't — 'ceptin' jess now I had to throw 'at li'l jigger out.'

'Who? The monk?'

'M–hm. He sho' Lawd doan like me in his job. Look like he think I stole it from him, stiddy him tryin' to steal from me. Had to push him down sho' 'nuff 'fo I could git rid of 'im. Den he run off talkin' Wes' Indi'man an' shakin' his fis' at me.'

'Ferget it.' Uggam glanced about. 'Where 's Tony?'

'Boss man? He be back direckly.'

'Listen — like to make two or three bucks a day extra?'

'Huh?'

'Two or three dollars a day more 'n what you 're gettin' already?'

'Ain' I near 'nuff in jail now?'

'Listen.' King Solomon listened. Uggam had n't been in France for nothing. Fact was, in France he 'd learned about some valuable French medicine. He 'd brought some back with him, — little white pills, — and while in Harlem had found a certain druggist who knew what they were and could supply all he could use. Now there were any number of people who would buy and pay well for as much of this French medicine as Uggam could get. It was good for what ailed them, and they did n't know how to get it except through him. But he had no store in which to set up an agency and hence no single place where his customers could go to get what they wanted. If he had, he could sell three or four times as much as he did.

King Solomon was in a position to help him now, same as he had helped King Solomon. He would leave a dozen packages of the medicine — just small envelopes that could all be carried in a coat pocket — with King Solomon every day. Then he could simply send his customers to King Solomon at Tony's store. They 'd make some trifling purchase, slip him a certain coupon which Uggam had given them, and King Solomon would wrap the little envelope of medicine with their purchase. Must n't let Tony catch on, because he might object, and then the whole scheme would go gaflooey. Of course it would n't really be hurting Tony any. Would n't it increase the number of his customers?

Finally, at the end of each day, Uggam would meet King Solomon some place and give him a quarter for each coupon he held. There 'd be at least ten or twelve a day — two and a half or three dollars plumb extra! Eighteen or twenty dollars a week!

'Dog-gone!' breathed Gillis.

'Does Tony ever leave you heer alone?'

'M–hm. Jess started dis mawnin'. Doan nobody much come round 'tween ten an' twelve, so he done took to doin' his buyin' right 'long 'bout dat time. Nobody hyeh but me fo' 'n hour or so.'

'Good. I 'll try to get my folks to come 'round here mostly while Tony's out, see?'

'I doan miss.'

'Sure y' get the idea, now?' Uggam carefully explained it all again. By the time he had finished, King Solomon was wallowing in gratitude.

'Mouse, you sho' is been a friend to me. Why, 'f 't had n' been fo' you — '

'Bottle it,' said Uggam. 'I 'll be round to your room to-night with enough stuff for to-morrer, see? Be sure 'n be there.'

'Won't be nowha' else.'

'An' remember, this is all jess between you 'n me.'

'Nobody else but,' vowed King Solomon.

Uggam grinned to himself as he went on his way. 'Dumb Oscar! Wonder how much can we make before the cops nab him? French medicine — Hmph!'

V

Tony Gabrielli, an oblate Neapolitan of enormous equator, wabbled heavily

out of his store and settled himself over a soap box.

Usually Tony enjoyed sitting out front thus in the evening, when his helper had gone home and his trade was slackest. He liked to watch the little Gabriellis playing over the sidewalk with the little Levys and Johnsons; the trios and quartettes of brightly dressed, dark-skinned girls merrily out for a stroll; the slovenly gaited, darker men, who eyed them up and down and commented to each other with an unsuppressed 'Hot damn!' or 'Oh no, now!'

But to-night Tony was troubled. Something was wrong in the store; something was different since the arrival of King Solomon Gillis. The new man had seemed to prove himself honest and trustworthy, it was true. Tony had tested him, as he always tested a new man, by apparently leaving him alone in charge for two or three mornings. As a matter of fact, the new man was never under more vigilant observation than during these two or three mornings. Tony's store was a modification of the front rooms of his flat and was in direct communication with it by way of a glass-windowed door in the rear. Tony always managed to get back into his flat via the side-street entrance and watch the new man through this unobtrusive glass-windowed door. If anything excited his suspicion, like unwarranted interest in the cash register, he walked unexpectedly out of this door to surprise the offender in the act. Thereafter he would have no more such trouble. But he had not succeeded in seeing King Solomon steal even an apple.

What he had observed, however, was that the number of customers that came into the store during the morning's slack hour had pronouncedly increased in the last few days. Before, there had been three or four. Now there were twelve or fifteen. The mysterious thing about it was that their purchases totaled little more than those of the original three or four.

Yesterday and to-day Tony had elected to be in the store at the time when, on the other days, he had been out. But Gillis had not been overcharging or short-changing; for when Tony waited on the customers himself — strange faces all — he found that they bought something like a yeast cake or a five-cent loaf of bread. It was puzzling. Why should strangers leave their own neighborhoods and repeatedly come to him for a yeast cake or a loaf of bread? They were not new neighbors. New neighbors would have bought more variously and extensively and at different times of day. Living near by, they would have come in, the men often in shirtsleeves and slippers, the women in kimonos, with boudoir caps covering their lumpy heads. They would have sent in strange children for things like yeast cakes and loaves of bread. And why did not some of them come in at night when the new helper was off duty?

As for accosting Gillis on suspicion, Tony was too wise for that. Patronage had a queer way of shifting itself in Harlem. You lost your temper and let slip a single '*nègre*.' A week later you sold your business.

Spread over his soap box, with his pudgy hands clasped on his preposterous paunch, Tony sat and wondered. Two men came up, conspicuous for no other reason than that they were white. They displayed extreme nervousness, looking about as if afraid of being seen; and when one of them spoke to Tony it was in a husky, toneless, blowing voice, like the sound of a dirty phonograph record.

'Are you Antonio Gabrielli?'

'Yes, sure.' Strange behavior for such lusty-looking fellows. He who had spoken unsmilingly winked first one

eye then the other, and indicated by a gesture of his head that they should enter the store. His companion looked cautiously up and down the Avenue, while Tony, wondering what ailed them, rolled to his feet and puffingly led the way.

Inside, the spokesman snuffled, gave his shoulders a queer little hunch, and asked, 'Can you fix us up, buddy?' The other glanced restlessly about the place as if he were constantly hearing unaccountable noises.

Tony thought he understood clearly now. 'Booze, 'ey?' he smiled. 'Sorry — I no got.'

'Booze? Hell, no!' The voice dwindled to a throaty whisper. 'Dope. Coke, milk, dice — anything. Name your price. Got to have it.'

'Dope?' Tony was entirely at a loss. 'What 's a dis, dope?'

'Aw, lay off, brother. We 're in on this. Here.' He handed Tony a piece of paper. 'Froggy gave us a coupon. Come on. You can't go wrong.'

'I no got,' insisted the perplexed Tony; nor could he be budged on that point.

Quite suddenly the manner of both men changed. 'All right,' said the first angrily, in a voice as robust as his body. 'All right, you 're clever, You no got. Well, you will get. You 'll get twenty years!'

'Twenty year? Whadda you talk?'

'Wait a minute, Mac,' said the second caller. 'Maybe the wop 's on the level. Look here, Tony, we 're officers, see? Policemen.' He produced a badge. 'A couple of weeks ago a guy was brought in dying for the want of a shot, see? Dope — he needed some dope — like this — in his arm. See? Well, we tried to make him tell us where he 'd been getting it, but he was too weak. He croaked next day. Evidently he had n't had money enough to buy any more.

'Well, this morning a little nigger that goes by the name of Froggy was brought into the precinct pretty well doped up. When he finally came to, he swore he got the stuff here at your store. Of course, we 've just been trying to trick you into giving yourself away, but you don't bite. Now what 's your game? Know anything about this?'

Tony understood. 'I dunno,' he said slowly; and then his own problem, whose contemplation his callers had interrupted, occurred to him. 'Sure!' he exclaimed. 'Wait. Maybeso I know somet'ing.'

'All right. Spill it.'

'I got a new man, work-a for me.' And he told them what he had noted since King Solomon Gillis came.

'Sounds interesting. Where is this guy?'

'Here in da store — all day.'

'Be here to-morrow?'

'Sure. All day.'

'All right. We 'll drop in to-morrow and give him the eye. Maybe he 's our man.'

'Sure. Come ten o'clock. I show you,' promised Tony.

VI

Even the oldest and rattiest cabarets in Harlem have sense of shame enough to hide themselves under the ground — for instance, Edwards's. To get into Edwards's you casually enter a dimly lighted corner saloon, apparently — only apparently — a subdued memory of brighter days. What was once the family entrance is now a side entrance for ladies. Supporting yourself against close walls, you crouchingly descend a narrow, twisted staircase until, with a final turn, you find yourself in a glaring, long, low basement. In a moment your eyes become accustomed to the haze of tobacco smoke. You see

men and women seated at wire-legged, white-topped tables, which are covered with half-empty bottles and glasses; you trace the slow-jazz accompaniment you heard as you came down the stairs to a pianist, a cornetist, and a drummer on a little platform at the far end of the room. There is a cleared space from the foot of the stairs, where you are standing, to the platform where this orchestra is mounted, and in it a tall brown girl is swaying from side to side and rhythmically proclaiming that she has the world in a jug and the stopper in her hand. Behind a counter at your left sits a fat, bald, tea-colored Negro, and you wonder if this is Edwards — Edwards, who stands in with the police, with the political bosses, with the importers of wines and worse. A white-vested waiter hustles you to a seat and takes your order. The song's tempo changes to a quicker; the drum and the cornet rip out a fanfare, almost drowning the piano; the girl catches up her dress and begins to dance. . . .

Gillis's wondering eyes had been roaming about. They stopped.

'Look, Mouse!' he whispered. 'Look a-yonder!'

'Look at what?'

'Dog-gone if it ain' de self-same gal!'

'Wha' d' ye mean, self-same girl?'

'Over yonder, wi' de green stockin's. Dass de gal made me knock over dem apples fust day I come to town. 'Member? Been wishin' I could see her ev'y sence.'

'What for?' Uggam wondered.

King Solomon grew confidential. 'Ain' but two things in dis world, Mouse, I really wants. One is to be a policeman. Been wantin' dat ev'y sence I seen dat cullud traffic-cop dat day. Other is to git myse'f a gal lak dat one over yonder!'

'You 'll do it,' laughed Uggam, 'if you live long enough.'

'Who dat wid her?'

'How 'n hell do I know?'

'He cullud?'

'Don't look like it. Why? What of it?'

'Hm — nuthin' — '

'How many coupons y' got to-night?'

'Ten.' King Solomon handed them over.

'Y' ought to 've slipt 'em to me under the table, but it 's all right now, long as we got this table to ourselves. Here 's y' medicine for to-morrer.'

'Wha'?'

'Reach under the table.'

Gillis secured and pocketed the medicine.

'An' here 's two-fifty for a good day's work.' Uggam passed the money over. Perhaps he grew careless; certainly the passing this time was above the table, in plain sight.

'Thanks, Mouse.'

Two white men had been watching Gillis and Uggam from a table near by. In the tumult of merriment that rewarded the entertainer's most recent and daring effort, one of these men, with a word to the other, came over and took the vacant chair beside Gillis.

'Is your name Gillis?'

''T ain' nuthin' else.'

Uggam's eyes narrowed.

The white man showed King Solomon a police officer's badge.

'You 're wanted for dope-peddling. Will you come along without trouble?'

'Fo' what?'

'Violation of the narcotic law — dope-selling.'

'Who — me?'

'Come on, now, lay off that stuff. I saw what happened just now myself.' He addressed Uggam. 'Do you know this fellow?'

'Nope. Never saw him before to-night.'

'Did n't I just see him sell you something?'

'Guess you did. We happened to be

sittin' here at the same table and got to talkin'. After a while I says I can't seem to sleep nights, so he offers me sump'n he says 'll make me sleep, all right. I don't know what it is, but he says he uses it himself an' I offers to pay him what it cost him. That 's how I come to take it. Guess he 's got more in his pocket there now.'

The detective reached deftly into the coat pocket of the dumfounded King Solomon and withdrew a packet of envelopes. He tore off a corner of one, emptied a half-dozen tiny white tablets into his palm, and sneered triumphantly. 'You 'll make a good witness,' he told Uggam.

The entertainer was issuing an ultimatum to all sweet mammas who dared to monkey round her loving man. Her audience was absorbed and delighted, with the exception of one couple — the girl with the green stockings and her escort. They sat directly in the line of vision of King Solomon's wide eyes, which, in the calamity that had descended upon him, for the moment saw nothing.

'Are you coming without trouble?'

Mouse Uggam, his friend. Harlem. Land of plenty. City of refuge — city of refuge. If you live long enough —

Consciousness of what was happening between the pair across the room suddenly broke through Gillis's daze like flame through smoke. The man was trying to kiss the girl and she was resisting. Gillis jumped up. The detective, taking the act for an attempt at escape, jumped with him and was quick enough to intercept him. The second officer came at once to his fellow's aid, blowing his whistle several times as he came.

People overturned chairs getting out of the way, but nobody ran for the door. It was an old crowd. A fight was a treat; and the tall Negro could fight.

'Judas Priest!'

'Did you see that?'

'Damn!'

White — both white. Five of Mose Joplin's horses. Poisoning a well. A year's crops. Green stockings — white — white —

'That 's the time, papa!'

'Do it, big boy!'

'Good night!'

Uggam watched tensely, with one eye on the door. The second cop had blown for help —

Downing one of the detectives a third time and turning to grapple again with the other, Gillis found himself face to face with a uniformed black policeman.

He stopped as if stunned. For a moment he simply stared. Into his mind swept his own words like a forgotten song, suddenly recalled: —

'Cullud policemans!'

The officer stood ready, awaiting his rush.

'Even — got — cullud — policemans — '

Very slowly King Solomon's arms relaxed; very slowly he stood erect; and the grin that came over his features had something exultant about it.

LONDON FOLK

BY MORLEY DOBSON

THE folk who dwell in London town
  Are learned folk and wise;
The pageantry of the wide earth
  Passes before their eyes.
But there 's more than the London folk have seen,
  Beyond their dead gray skies;
There 's more than the London folk believe
  'Twixt sunset and moonrise.

Oh, there 's many and many a goodly sport
  Well known in London town;
But I saw King Oberon of Faëry
  In a wood by Merrow Down;
He had a sword of the moony silver
  And a dewdrop in his crown;
He hunted a bat in the still twilight
  For his skin so soft and brown.

And in London town there 's many a shop
  Will sell your heart's desire:
But by the red roofs of Prior's Marston,
  Which is in Warwickshire,
I came upon Robin Goodfellow
  Digging a field for hire;
I gave him a silver threepenny-bit
  To rest by his kitchen fire.

And in London town is the Queen of England,
Most royally fair to see:
But a road runs over Hollow Mill Cross
In the far North Country,
Where I met the Queen of Elfland riding
With a lordly company;
True Thomas rode by her left side,
And she kissed her hand to me.

It 's good to walk about London town
When one is blithe and young:
But I sigh to think of the chalk hills
Where elfin bells are rung;
My eyes are weary for red fields
The Warwick woods among;
My heart is sick for the bare high fells
Where my songs were first sung.

RELIGION IN THE FUTURE

BY W. R. INGE

I

THE trade of prophet survives every discouragement. But few prophets are at the pains to make a cool calculation of the forces the resultant of which they wish to determine. Most of us, when we make predictions, wish to encourage ourselves by declaring that our cause is sure to triumph, and to persuade others that the flowing tide is with us. We have also our optimists, whose barometer is fixed at 'set fair,' and our pessimists, who always report 'stormy.' And we have to reckon with a strong tendency to assume that the pendulum will go on swinging in its present direction.

For nearly two hundred years the Western nations have made a kind of religion of what they call progress. There is, they hold, a natural tendency, or a divine purpose, that the world shall go on improving from year to year. By progress they mean sometimes that kind of advance which may be measured by statistics, large numbers being superior to small numbers, and sometimes the victory of those causes which they have been taught to call progressive. It is a secularized, but by no means a scientific, form of millenarianism. Some even think that they can find it in the Gospels.

The study of history applies a cold douche to this facile optimism. Nature gives us nothing except at the price of labor, and the eating from the tree of knowledge always drives us out of some paradise or other. Even the paradise of fools is a pleasant residence while it is habitable. And when we look back over the past of religion in order to predict its future, which is our present enterprise, we find that the history of religions — I will not say of religion — has been usually a history of decline. A revelation is purest when it is fresh from the mint. The early preachers of Christianity would have been astonished if they could have seen their successors hunting for their skulls and thigh bones, flogging themselves on the tops of pillars, or, like the Spanish nobleman mentioned by Las Casas, burning alive thirteen Indians 'in honor of Christ and the Twelve Apostles.' Buddha would have been equally surprised to hear that his followers are now arranging to operate their prayer-wheels by electricity. The melancholy reflection is also borne in upon us that in religion nothing fails like success. The corruptions of the Western Church were never so flagrant as during the so-called Ages of Faith, when an emperor was obliged to hold the stirrup of the *Servus Servorum Dei.*

It is not surprising that many observers have predicted the gradual decay and ultimate disappearance of all the historical religions, not excluding Christianity. The notion that mankind can dispense with religion is indeed obsolete; history gives no countenance to Comte's successive stages, in which the worship of man is to succeed the worship of God, till the

philosopher of the future, like a new Narcissus, *se mirera dans son encrier*. But it is a plausible view that, as there seems to be no resurrection of dead mythologies, so Christianity will languish till a new religion captivates the imagination of men and sweeps victoriously over the world. These prophets admit that the time may be long. The Roman haruspices had smiled at each other for centuries before the monks came to relieve them. But, on this view of history, Christianity is a spent force.

This opinion is naturally inadmissible by Christians, and it is not really fortified by history. Religions are by far the toughest of all human institutions. If they die, it is usually because their worshipers have died out. The Olympians disappeared with the Greeks and Romans. The vital religion of the empire passed into the Catholic Church as one of its chief constituents; the *nomina* rather than the *numina* were changed. Christianity, thus uprooted from its soil in Palestine and turned into the religion of the European races, satisfied the spiritual and religious needs of those races so thoroughly that it became an essential part of their civilization, as it is to this day. It may be doubtful whether it will ever displace the still older faiths of India, China, and Japan; but any new religion for the white races is almost unthinkable.

II

But of course we must answer the question, What is Christianity? It would be difficult to find any common formula which would include Origen and Torquemada, the Templars and the Quakers, Newman and Kingsley, Oliver Cromwell and Thomas à Kempis. To identify Christianity with any corporation would be contrary to the whole spirit of the Gospel. Real Christianity must, I suppose, be roughly defined as a way of living and believing based on the recorded teaching and example of Jesus Christ, whose authority is revered as final and absolute. For the purposes of this article I shall assume that this fundamental loyalty underlies all the various types of Christianity.

The two questions to be considered are, to what extent the civilization of Europe and America in the near future is likely to be influenced by religion, and what type of Christianity is likely to be prevalent.

Some will say that a Christian can give only one answer to the former question. If Christianity is true, it must increase in power and influence from age to age, till all the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ. This, however, belongs to the superstition of continuous progress to which I have already referred. Whether the human race will ultimately reach moral and intellectual heights now undreamed of, or whether, after a comparatively brief episode of change and unrest, it will relapse into a condition of stable equilibrium, like the bees under their socialistic gynæcocracy of maiden aunts, no one can possibly say. Questions of this kind are not to be settled by revelation or faith. But as regards the near future we can say only this: that if the nations of the West are really progressing, not merely in wealth and scientific knowledge, but in intrinsic worth, moral and intellectual, their religion will become more ethical, more spiritual, more universal, less superstitious, and less obscurantist; while, on the other hand, if Western civilization has passed its zenith, and is now on the down-grade, we may expect to see a revival of magic, priestcraft, immoral superstition, and narrow bigotry — in a word, of that kind of religion to

destroy which Christ suffered Himself to be nailed to the cross, though it has too often flourished under His name.

The type of religion prevalent in any nation cannot be much in advance of the intellectual and moral condition of the population at large. It was alleged by an English official that in Haiti the Christian sacrament sometimes ended in a human sacrifice and cannibalism; and we should not expect to find a high type of Christianity in Abyssinia. An Indian tribe which had been Christianized in the early Middle Ages, and then isolated for centuries from all contact with the West, was found to have forgotten every particle of the Gospel except the two ritual practices of making the sign of the cross and fasting in Lent. In certain circumstances these fragments of ceremonial have been proved to have a greater survival-value than any of the weightier matters of the law.

III

An American divine, some twenty years ago, wrote a book on Coming Catholicism and Passing Protestantism. The course of events during what has passed of the twentieth century has favored this prediction, and the partisans of the Roman Catholic Church are full of confidence that the future is on their side. The number of conversions does not seem to be very great; but the Protestant Churches are visibly losing ground in many countries, and Catholic ideas have in some cases, as in the Anglican Church, transformed the outward appearance of religious bodies which are not recognized by the Romans as Catholic. In Germany especially we are told that Catholicism is 'winning all along the line.' The fall of the Hohenzollern dynasty was a blow to Lutheranism, and the threatened disintegration of that proud empire has driven many to look for some spiritual force which may restore unity and discipline. But it must not be taken for granted that Protestantism in Germany is really weaker than it was ten years ago. The very interesting 'Youth' movement for plain living and high thinking is spreading over the land, and the misfortunes which have overtaken Germany have deepened the religious tone, which under the rule of militant imperialism had become both shallow and coarse.

In England the Anglo-Catholics are confident and aggressive. They have become unequivocally Latin in their sympathies, and openly desire the reabsorption of the Anglican Church under the Roman obedience. But these epigoni of the Laudians and Tractarians have probably reached the summit of their success. They have no really eminent theologians, and appeal chiefly to the desire for sacerdotal magic, which is never far below the surface in religious minds of a certain type, and to the æsthetic love of ornate ceremonial. The movement is strongest in London, and in the districts fed by the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, where devout and honorable women mostly congregate. Although Anglo-Catholicism has a long history in the Established Church, it does not seem likely to have a future commensurate with the hopes of its supporters. A schismatical Catholic Church, which divides all other Christians into those who unchurch it and those whom it unchurches, is in too illogical a position even for Englishmen. And a wholesale secession to Rome is most improbable. As Santayana says, an Englishman can hardly become a Catholic in earnest without a breach with all the habits and traditions of his race.

The Roman Catholics place great hopes on the differential birth-rate.

They point to the almost stationary numbers of Protestants in the upper and middle classes, in contrast with the unrestrained fecundity of the Irish, Poles, and French Canadians. The superior fertility of Catholics will, they hope, give their religion a strong numerical predominance in another fifty years. This fecundity, which is usually ascribed to the condemnation of birth-control by the Roman Church, exists only where the population is on a low level of civilization, or where, as in Canada, there is room for more farmers. The Boers, who are Protestants, are as prolific as the French Canadians, and for the same reason, while the French and Belgians, highly civilized Catholics, have almost the lowest birth-rates in the world. The Irish and Poles underbid the Protestants in rough and cheap labor, because they are on a lower cultural level. The Slav races all have an enormous birth-rate and death-rate; in Russia before the war, for example, the birth-rate was 44, the death-rate 28, which may be compared with the figures for Australasia, 26 and 10, giving the same net increase. The probability of America being swamped with low-grade Catholic immigrants has been reduced by recent legislation, and the fecundity of the backward Catholic peoples may be a transient phenomenon. At present, however, it cannot be denied that the differential rate of increase threatens the position of the Protestant Nordic race. It is not primarily a question of religion, but of the survival-value of expensive classes and races as compared with those who are content with a lower standard of life.

Catholicism, as Eucken says, stereotyped as final the form which Christianity reached in the zenith of the Middle Ages, and can admit of no further development except on surface matters. If modern civilization demands changes of a more drastic character, Catholicism will be in a difficult position. Its strength is that it is well adapted to a stage of human culture which is likely always to be well represented, even in civilized communities. It corresponds with an idea of religion which was old before Christianity was young. The liturgy, indeed, and the theological literature, belong to the Græco-Jewish syncretism which was effected in the early centuries of the Church. It owes much to the pagan mystery cults, but it is not polytheistic. But popular Catholicism is very different. As Santayana says: 'While Mass is being celebrated, the old woman will tell her beads, lost in rumination over her own troubles; the housewife will light her candles, duly blessed for the occasion, to be protected against lightning. . . . Every spot and every man has a particular patron. . . . The miracles attributed to the Virgin under one title are far from being attributable to her under another. . . . A bereaved mother will not fly to the Immaculate Conception for comfort, but of course to Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows. . . . There is a perfect survival of heroes and penates on the one hand and of pagan funeral-rites and commemorations on the other. Add Saint Agnes's and Saint Valentine's days, with their profane associations, a saint for finding lost articles and another for prospering amourettes . . . this, with what more could easily be rehearsed, makes a complete paganism within the Christian tradition, for which little basis can be found in the Mass, the breviary, or the theologians.'

It would be rash to assume that a religion of magic, miracle, and idolatry cannot succeed in the twentieth century. Thirty years ago most men would have said this with confidence; but there has been an unmistakable revival of the lower kinds of religion

during and since the Great War, and a rebellion against the mechanistic science of the last century, fomented not only by ecclesiastics but by certain schools of philosophy and by the new sciences of biology and psychology. Psychology especially, with its reduction of philosophy to the study of the human mind and its states, is favorable to superstition, in so far as it disintegrates the firm and coherent scientific view of reality. The opinion is widely held that both chance and miracle have been somehow rehabilitated, and that we have a right to believe (at our own risk, we are sometimes told) whatever makes us happy or helps us to be and feel good.

The educated man, especially if he has a scientific training, finds it very difficult to understand the apparent indifference to truth among the majority of believers, and the general readiness to believe the most grotesque superstitions. When we have seen a cultivated man turn pale with terror at finding himself one of thirteen at table, or have noticed that fashionable marriages almost cease in the month of May, in obedience to a pagan superstition the origin of which could be only guessed by Ovid two thousand years ago, we can no longer wonder at the severe tests which the Roman hierarchy thinks it safe to impose on the credulity of the faithful. We old Etonians are of course pleased that our founder, King Henry VI, is to be beatified; but it will surprise most of us to hear that that unfortunate monarch is credited with three hundred and sixty-eight miracles, of which twenty-three have been selected as absolutely proved, in order to warrant his beatification. But miracles are taken seriously enough in some parts of the Catholic world. Last year, when Etna was in eruption, the inhabitants of Linguaglossa took the staff of their patron saint Egidio and carried it in procession in front of the lava stream which was advancing toward their village. The people of Castiglione, hearing this, feared that the lava would be diverted in their own direction; so, having no wonder-working relic themselves, they marched against the men of Linguaglossa to stop them from performing their miracle. The combatants were separated by the carabinieri after some casualties had occurred.

These absurdities do not trouble the educated Catholic much. Coventry Patmore wrote in his copy of Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma:* 'What's the use of argufying? When all's said, I take to the Catholic religion rather than to Atheism or Protestantism as I take to ale rather than to porter or half-and-half — because I like it better.' But the question is whether this religion is likely to triumph over other forms of Christianity which at least make some attempt to come to terms with science and humanism.

IV

We may admit that the stability of Catholicism looks much more assured to-day than when Winckelmann wrote in 1768, from Rome, that before half a century had passed there would no longer be either a pope or a priest in the Eternal City.

We may also admit that in a country where the average mental age of an adult voter and breadwinner is about fourteen — and if this humiliating fact has been proved for the United States, it is unlikely that any European country could show a better record — the majority might easily be induced to believe in sporadic miracles, such as the split hailstones of Remiremont, stamped with the features of the Virgin, reported from France a few years before the Great War. But the

whole trend of modern education and experience is strongly against supernatural phenomena. Even if the grandchildren of the present generation are somewhat less intelligent than their grandparents, they will be influenced by the cumulative effect of two more generations of scientific method, based on exact research.

There is now hardly any department of human industry which does not depend on the natural sciences. They are called in as a matter of course in every kind of manufacture and in all the operations of agriculture. The modern man lives in a world where scientific methods are constantly used, and where no irruption traceable to a supernatural agency is ever established. Magic and miracle have been wholly banished from his everyday experience; and it must become increasingly difficult for him to 'believe heavily,' as Renan said, that one particular religious corporation enjoys the privilege of upsetting, at frequent intervals, the ordinary course of nature. The theory of supernaturalistic dualism is so inwoven with Catholicism, it accounts for so much of its attractiveness, and it adds so much to its prestige and power of discipline, that it cannot be abandoned, though no doubt many educated Catholic laymen have practically discarded it. The Church itself utilizes the beliefs of the vulgar rather cynically, as in the instance of the miracle-working spring of La Salette, the fame of which began with an acknowledged hoax.

Another thing which is likely to tell adversely to the prospects of the Roman Church is the increasing difficulty of maintaining the monopolist claims on which its power largely rests. In a country like Spain it may be easy to attribute every enormity to the *eretico*, whom the populace seldom sees; but in America, where people of all religions and no religion rub shoulders every day, and where it is possible to form a fairly just estimate of a neighbor's character, it must be impossible to divide the sheep from the goats by a denominational wall of partition. The modern Catholic is not fanatical enough to believe that all his decent-living Protestant neighbors are doomed to eternal torment. The Roman Church, especially since the Reformation, has been one among many branches of the Church of Christ, and everyone can see that this is its present position. This, however, is a position which the Roman Church can never afford to accept.

It seems probable that the monopoly claim will have to be tacitly abandoned in countries where Catholics and Protestants live side by side, and with it will go the spiritual arrogance which gives so much satisfaction to Catholics, as well as the power of intimidation which they at present use with great effect. The isolation and backwardness of purely Catholic nations are likely to diminish; and the progress of industrialization is unfavorable to Catholicism, though at least equally so to Protestantism.

The irreligion of the masses is a new, strange, and ominous phenomenon. For the first time in history the masses are not superstitious, and seem indifferent to the higher claims and consolations of religion. Wherever the poisonous influence of Karl Marx and his followers has penetrated, the proletariat is bitterly antichristian and anti-religious. In England, and probably in America, the average workingman has a sincere reverence for Christ, combined with complete alienation from the Churches. His real religion is perhaps best expressed in such associations as the 'Brotherhood,' which flourishes in most of our urban centres. It is a religion without dogma, without church, and without eschatology. The only

virtues which are highly valued are kindliness and courage, though temperance and chastity are inculcated; and the moral life is presented as loyalty to Jesus Christ. The Gospel is wholly secularized; the future hope which alone evokes enthusiasm is the hope of 'a good time coming' for their own class.

I can form no opinion as to whether this greatly reduced Christianity will continue to satisfy the masses. So long as it does, Catholicism is likely to be strongest in the country districts, and institutional Protestantism is not in a better position.

I therefore disbelieve entirely in a sweeping victory for Catholicism. It is in no danger of rapid decay. Its dignity and prestige, the beauty of its services and legends, the inward peace which follows complete submission to authority, and the delicate, hothouse type of piety which it fosters, will draw into it a thin but steady stream of converts. An interesting question, which I shall not attempt to answer, is whether in the new democracies, such as the United States, Canada, Australia, and Argentina, the centralized autocracy which is at present the government of the Roman Church will be able to hold its own. There might be a political disruption of the churches under the Roman obedience, without any great change in the character of the religion.

Just as Catholicism was the last creative achievement of antiquity, so the Reformation was the creation of the Middle Ages. It was not the creation of the Renaissance, which began in the Latin countries, and tended rather to undermine Christian ethics than to plant a new and more rigorously ethical form of Christianity. The Erasmian Reformation may come about in the future; the revolt of the sixteenth century took another form.

Indeed, the *contre-coup* of the Reformation went far to dehumanize Catholicism, tightening its discipline and narrowing its scope. Arthur Clough, visiting Rome in the last century, asked indignantly how long 'these vile, tyrannous Spaniards' were to lord it 'in the country of Dante.' The Reformation was primarily a rebellion of the Northern Europeans against a rapacious bureaucracy whose open immorality scandalized their moral sense as much as their rising consciousness of nationality was insulted by an alien domination over their purses and their consciences. But the Reformers did not see clearly what they wished to do. They achieved their spiritual independence, but left untouched whole blocks of the Catholic system, which were bound to give trouble afterward. Santayana is partly right in saying that the Northern races have not yet achieved a really native civilization. As compared with the more experienced and sophisticated Latins, the English and Americans are still half barbarians.

V

Protestantism, therefore, has not yet completely found itself. It thought that in cutting off the accretions of Mediterranean paganized Christianity it was returning to the original Gospel. To some extent the claim was true; but just as Southern Europe paganized the Gospel, so the North barbarized it, mixing it with an element which certainly never came from Judæa — the Nordic code of chivalry and honor. In some ways, though not in others, Protestantism is further from Galilee than even Roman Catholicism.

The Gospel, as Santayana says, is unworldly, disenchanted, ascetic; it treats ecclesiastical establishments with tolerant contempt; it regards prosperity as a danger, earthly ties as a

burden, Sabbaths as a superstition; it is democratic and antinomian; it loves contemplation, poverty, and solitude; it meets sinners with sympathy, but puritans with biting scorn. Protestantism, on the other hand, — in its most characteristic form, Calvinism, — is convinced of the importance of success; it abominates what is disreputable; contemplation seems to it idleness, solitude selfishness, and poverty a sort of dishonorable punishment. It lacks the notes of humility, disillusion, and detachment. It is the religion of a healthy child, with pure but unchastened energies.

Protestantism is at present suffering from two causes of weakness, very unlike each other. The first is the collapse of the bibliolatry which used to be one of its chief buttresses. 'The Bible,' said Chillingworth, 'is the religion of Protestants.' The old uncritical acceptance of every verse of the Old and New Testaments as equally oracular and infallible has become utterly impossible. It could not survive even the first assaults of scholarship and critical method. But this blow has really been a blessing in disguise. For the theory of verbal inspiration not only was untenable; it committed those who held it to an irreconcilable conflict with natural science, and sometimes, as in the notorious case of witchcraft, it led the Protestant Churches into crimes from which their whole attitude toward God and man ought to have saved them. Bibliolatry has been a millstone round the neck of Protestantism, cramping its freedom and depressing its intellectual energies. The strange thing is that, as we can now see plainly, it has not and never has had any essential connection with the principles of the Reformation. The infallible Book was set up as a make weight to the infallible Church, because some external and incontrovertible authority seemed to be needed in the struggle against Rome. But the Bible has never really been the religion of Protestants. The seat of authority in religion is for them the inner light, the inspiration of the individual. Mysticism, as Troeltsch says, stands for the first time on its own feet in Protestantism.

It is of course true that the claim to personal inspiration leads to great absurdities if we forget that the Spirit of God speaks in others also, and perhaps in a special sense to the Church in a corporate capacity; but no vagaries of fanatical or unbalanced visionaries alter the fact that for the Protestant the conscience and spiritual experience of the individual are the foundation of faith and morals. This is being more fully recognized in our time than ever before. The centre of gravity in religion has shifted from authority to experience, and the battle between faith and unbelief has completely changed its ground. When this is recognized the fundamental strength of Protestantism will be understood; though, if we may venture to prophesy, it will be the stepchildren of the Reformation, and especially the Quakers, rather than the great Reformed Churches, which will show increased strength and confidence.

The other reason for the depressed condition of Protestantism is the decay of the old Puritan discipline. Calvinism is Christianized Stoicism; it has the same moral strength and the same emotional hardness which showed themselves in the disciples of Zeno. But Calvinism instituted a peculiar kind of asceticism which it put in the place of the disciplinary exercises of the Catholic Church. A man's work in the world was to be the field of his self-denial and his self-discipline. The typically godly life was to be a life not of withdrawal from the world and its

activities, but the conscientious and laborious performance of some branch of industry. It has sometimes been said that Calvinism created the type of the modern business-man. It should, however, be remembered that Calvin condemned avarice and usury, and also the manufacture of things which only subserve the gratifications of the world and the flesh. With this caution, he did encourage Christians to devote their lives to some productive industry, and it is not altogether a caricature to say that the advice of Calvinism is, 'Make and do something concrete and tangible — it does not matter much what it is.'

It is not necessary to remind American readers how large a part this teaching has occupied in the American ideal of good citizenship. It still exists in America, and in Scotland. But the divorce between religion and business is now almost complete. The progress of industrialism has removed the employer more and more from the actual and personal manufacture of commodities; the largest fortunes are made by men who know little or nothing of the crafts from which they derive their wealth; the old simplicity of life and the old scrupulousness are no longer easy to find. The great industrial machine grinds out results which are so unsatisfactory to our sense of justice that books like Samuel Smiles on *Self-Help*, popular half a century ago, arouse only bitter merriment. The ethics of money-making, without Puritanism, are not Christian.

Can we hope for a return to this, the best side of Calvinism, a recognition of the dignity and sacredness of work, as the chief means by which we may serve God in our generation? The decay of this conviction is notorious. Work is now regarded as an evil and a curse, or at best only a means of procuring the pleasures of idleness. There is even a perverted class-morality among the handworkers which prevents them from doing their best for their employers. I can see no signs of any improvement in this respect. In England the new attitude toward work threatens the final extinction of our national prosperity, already cruelly crippled by the war and by the defalcation of our foreign debtors. We can only say that any country in which a revival of Puritanism takes place will reap a rich material as well as moral reward.

VI

Ecclesiastics are apt to be pessimistic about the future of religion, and as far as the prosperity of church corporations is concerned their discouragement is probably justified. Church life is centred in the Sunday services, and these, we must admit, do not attract even the seriously minded among the younger generation. Nor can we wonder at this, when we consider the antiquated forms of our liturgies, and the poor quality of the average sermon. But there is a great deal of diffused religious feeling and conviction in the Western nations, which may yet find some corporate expression. Protestantism has long been feeling its way toward a complete reconciliation with humanism and science, a religion of personal conviction based on conscience, reason, and spiritual communion with God. In seeking this the spirit of Protestantism is seeking to realize, for the first time, its own fundamental principles. In our more hopeful moods we may look forward to a new Reformation, which shall embody the best part of the Renaissance tradition, which can be traced back, across the long night of the Dark Ages, to the enlightened Christian philosophy of Alexandria, and to Saint Paul and

the Johannine books of the New Testament. We may even say that it has a still longer ancestry, being the spiritual heir of eight hundred years of Greek philosophy, during the longest period of unfettered thought which the human race has yet been permitted to enjoy.

Our main hopes, I think, must rest on the possibility of this new, Erasmian Reformation; and there is enough in the present situation to make such hopes reasonable. The popularity of writers like Eucken, who insist on the independence of the spiritual life and the futility of mere revivals of old types, is a sign that this appeal meets with a large and generous response in our time.

Eucken tells us that in trying to ascertain the intrinsic truth of religion we may take our stand on the summit of its development. 'Our problem begins only when religion engenders a world of its own, and holds forth such a world over against the remainder of existence, thus transforming the remaining world through and through. Religion holds before man an invisible order of things, an eternal existence, a supernatural life, and claims his soul for all this. . . . It is a belief in the indwelling of a Divine in human nature — of the living presence of an eternal and spiritual energy in the deeds of man.' 'The world of spirit has in Christianity acquired a personal embodiment and an overwhelming clearness.' 'It has planted the fundamental conviction of Platonism of the existence of an eternal order among a great portion of the human race, and has given a mighty impetus to all effort. It has also brought back the eternal into time, and has for the first time proposed to mankind and to each individual a fundamental inner renewal.' He concludes by saying: 'If Protestantism is to remain true to its main idea, it must subjugate history to personal life, and this means a radical transformation of the traditional material.'

But we must take account of certain political possibilities, which may upset all predictions. Here the position of America is very different from that of Europe. America is now more secure against foreign aggression than any nation in history. No coalition could endanger her independence. Such clouds as may be visible on the horizon are only domestic and social troubles. Whether this security and the enormous prosperity which will accompany it are favorable to religion, may well be doubted. Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked. But America need not fear the devastating calamities which may overwhelm Europe. The revival of Napoleonism in France, to which Americans seem to shut their eyes, points straight to another European war in the near future; and such a war would leave civilization stricken to death. It is impossible to say what the religion of a dying continent would be like.

There is another possibility, a danger which seems to some observers more menacing than it does to myself. The international forces of revolution may threaten the forces of law and order in civilized countries. If this peril were felt to be imminent, there would undoubtedly be a movement to seek refuge under the other International — the Black International, as it is sometimes called. The Church of Rome might become the rallying-ground of all who wished to preserve the treasures and traditions of civilization against a cataclysm of frenzied savagery. The revolution would attack the Church, as it has done in Russia, partly as the custodian of the three primitive instincts, — religion, the family, and private property, —

which, as history shows, stand very closely together, and partly because the Church is a formidable enemy of all tyranny that has not come to terms with itself. The priests would suffer martyrdom with the invincible courage which they always display under persecution; and the Church would become the centre of a resistance which, if victorious, would leave Romanism with an immensely enhanced prestige. But I do not think the Communists will overturn the social order. The object lesson of Russia has not been lost on the world. The dictatorship of the proletariat has ended in the tyranny of an infamous gang of homicidal maniacs. After a time, history seems to show, the blood-lust spends itself, and the terrified populace implores the protection of some ambitious soldier.

It is possible that in part of Europe there will be a revival of military monarchy in alliance with the Church — the type of government called Cæsaropapism. We must not assume that constitutional experiments which are at present discredited will never be renewed. The suspicion that democracy has been tried and has failed is widely held in Europe, and seems to be growing. One nation after another is reverting to the rule of a single man. But the Church could no longer give the monarchy the amount of support which it gave in the Middle Ages, and it does not seem likely that even an autocratic government would think it necessary or prudent to give much power to priests.

To conclude. There are some discoveries or revelations on which the human race does not go back. Of these the Christian religion is one, and modern science is another. Both have permanently enriched mankind, and it is almost inconceivable that either of them should disappear. They will have somehow to be reconciled; and I agree with Eucken that traditional Christianity will have to be drastically revised. Whether the new form of Christianity will accept or reject the name of Protestant does not much matter. It will belong, I think, to the Platonic and humanist type, which has always existed in the Church. It will be entirely independent of Rome, and will not conform to the articles of belief of any of the great Reformed Churches. But it will accept the moral teaching of the New Testament, and its devotional life will continue to have its centre in the idea of the indwelling of Christ.

THANKSGIVING

AN ANSWER TO PROFESSOR LAKE

BY G. A. JOHNSTON ROSS

I HAVE been reading again Dr. Kirsopp Lake's beautiful, sad essay on Prayer, in the August *Atlantic*, and as I set the paper down I looked out and watched the beautiful, sad autumn-leaves, fluttering to earth, and wondered whether they were a timely symbol of the Church's decadent faith.

For one must listen, and respectfully, to Dr. Lake: not only because he is a master in scholarship and insight, but because he is a master no less in that difficult art or rare endowment of nature — religious charm.

Yet surely there is something wrong somewhere. He analyzes prayer thus: 'Prayer,' he says, 'means petition, communion, aspiration, and confession.' But surely — I have it! *He has left out thanksgiving!* And, leaving that out, he has given us a picture of the future of worship which is very subtly drawn and is colored by the loveliness of pathos, but which is simply not true.

For lying behind his paper is after all the utilitarian idea: 'If prayer in some of its aspects demonstrably does us no good, come, let us be scientific, or at least determined, and abandon that aspect.' But thanksgiving is one aspect of prayer which cannot be thus abandoned; for not only does it not depend for its validity on result, but within it is folded the justification for all the other aspects of prayer.

I say, 'Thanksgiving is not dependent for its validity upon result.' Supposing I could prove that the efficacy of prayer is a myth, I am not thereby released from the obligation of thanksgiving. The gifts I daily enjoy came from *somewhere;* science cannot tell me anything about their ultimate Source, cannot utter a single predicate about that Source. Well, that leaves me unreleased. The Source *may* be conscious of me or may not be — Science cannot tell. My business is to realize that my life is derivative and to behave accordingly. Derivative? It hangs as a matter of fact by a thread — a thread I cannot thicken or reënforce.

Thanksgiving may be totally 'intransitive'; nevertheless it is my plain duty — and it is plain common-sense and, if you like, plain good-manners as well — to recognize the position and offer the sacrifice of praise. If I have enjoyed a man's hospitality it is sheer decency to send him a bread-and-butter letter of thanks, even though I may not know and might not approve of his character in other relations. If I have enjoyed the hospitality of the Host of this universe, Who daily spreads a table in my sight, surely I cannot do less than acknowledge my dependence. The effect on me or on anybody else is not the point — even though it be true that it always pays to be mannerly.

And, if I were more careful to recognize in thanksgiving that I have nothing which I have not received, perhaps the other aspects of prayer — even

the petitionary — might begin to seem more reasonable. The Source Whom I hypothesize when I give thanks might conceivably draw near and, as my sense of debt widened, might take moral outline and reveal Himself as 'most blessed, most holy, and most free' — *especially the last;* and I might find it more rational to count on that freedom, and without restraint pour out my heart before Him.

Anyway, you can't build religion or a rationale of it on thanklessness. I don't wonder Saint Paul laid the evils of paganism at the door of ingratitude! 'They glorified him not as God, neither were thankful.' I think if a man came to me saying his personal religion was in ruins I should advise him to begin the work of reconstruction by trying not to eat food without some expression of gratitude. You smile at the idea of grace before meat being a gateway to the religious life? Is the principle really different from that which it is said the late Dwight L. Moody once applied to the case of a lady in religious distress? 'You say, madam, that you believe all that God has done for you in Christ?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'Then have you thanked Him for it?' Surely this is the idea of Schleiermacher in the simplest form: Religion is essentially the feeling of conscious dependence. No man can comprehend things like communion and confession who is not first bathed in an atmosphere of conscious grateful debtorship.

By the way, why does nobody take seriously the growing thanklessness of the population of our great cities? Dean Inge complains that our townspeople, because of their growing ignorance of history, are become *déraciné;* is it not true of their relation to that which is behind all history — the Source of the good they live upon? Not only do hosts of people, who in a sweeter civilization would have eaten their food in the privacy of home and given God thanks for it, now eat in godless gulps in noisy public restaurants, where even a simple gesture of devotion would be sneered at; but their food is often sold to them in a prepared form which emphasizes to the utmost human ingenuity and veils to the utmost the Ultimate Source of it all. If you were to tell a little New York street gamin that we live ultimately upon sunshine, which we can neither buy nor store nor explain, he would probably say, 'Aw, quit yer kiddin''; for he lives mainly upon delicatessen, which for the most part hide from the sunshine, and for which anyway it is honestly hard sometimes to give *anybody* thanks.

We had a shrewd mayor once in New York who, when someone suggested opening certain art-galleries on Sundays to the children, said, 'Pooh! What the children of New York need is to see a cow and a calf, a sow and a litter of pigs, of a Sunday stalled before the City Hall, that the children may learn where their food comes from.'

Well! The good mayor was so far right — it would have taken the children one little step nearer religion; and incidentally would have given them new thoughts about the animals, without which it is questionable whether religion is possible among us snobbish humans. For what animals — not counting a few birds and a squirrel or two in the Park — do the children of our streets ever see, except nervous dogs and laboring horses and the gloomy prisoners of the Zoo, dying of infinite ennui?

All this means that while the way to the God of the churches *may* be through 'petition, communion, aspiration, and confession,' the way to the real God — of nature and history, as well as of the Spirit — is first and foremost through beginning with facts as they

are: with thanksgiving valid so far as it goes, whatever the further side of Deity may be; thanksgiving becoming ever more comprehensive, more self-emptying, more astonished, more awestruck, till what began as simple recognition of fact and as decent manners may end as the prostration of the whole being before a Heavenly Father, in that attitude of confidence in which without clamor we 'make our requests known' to Him, and in a submission which is the culmination of religion and the answer of all prayers — in the 'Peace of God.'

I wish I could take Dr. Lake with me in spirit back to my native Scottish Highlands. I was brought up about the feet of people who could pray. Yet when I look back I do not seem to recall these prayers as riots of petition in the sense of that insistent and illicit importunity which Jesus condemned and which apparently He gave us the Lord's Prayer to counteract. I remember these prayers mainly as chaunts of grace, the utterances of men very sensible of being the recipients of undeserved bounties and anxious, *as such*, to lay their whole case, without feverishness, before the Source of their boons; and for the rest I recall these prayers mainly as lyric expressions of awed but contented souls resting, in a holy domestication, on the shoulder of God.

In devotion like this all aspects of prayer combine: 'petition, communion, aspiration, confession,' adoration, intercession; *but they blend into the white light of thanksgiving.*

I see still the far look in the eyes of venerable men as my Highland father thus gave out the sonorous call to worship on the Sabbath day: 'Let us resume the public worship of God, singing to His praise the Hundredth Psalm: —

'All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

'Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

'O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

'For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood
And shall from age to age endure.'

That surely is homage that carries its own validity in its heart. And if the Church ceases to be able to pray freely *within such praise as this*, then the beautiful, sad autumn-leaves of the Church's faith will be really beginning to shudder and shrivel into the chill winter of Death.

NEW STANDARDS IN ART AND LITERATURE

BY A. R. ORAGE

I

THE secret of practical success is to have defined and possible aims and to adapt one's means toward them. Vague aims and, still more, unattainable aims are destructive of commonsense in practical affairs. Everything in this sphere depends upon the calculable and the calculated; upon cutting one's coat according to one's cloth; upon precisely adapting means to a precise end; upon the correct use of tools for a given piece of work.

But what distinguishes art from practical conduct is the substitution, as end, of the impossible and unattainable for the possible and attainable. Art cannot have a circumscribed and limited aim, on peril of reducing its votaries to the rank of craftsmen simply. Craft has its aim as good craftsmanship, the production of the intended effect by the most economical use of means. But art, though it employs craftsmanship, has not the aim of good workmanship, or the production of an intended effect. Its aim is the unattainable, the unrealizable, the impossible; and all real works of art are the by-products of a striving toward what can never be produced. Only in this aspect is art comparable with religion, whose works likewise are by-products, addenda to the search for the unrealizable Kingdom of Heaven. An art without unattainable aims is at best journeyman art, never master art; and at worst it substitutes refinement of technique for culture of the spirit.

In no respect is modern art more defective than in precisely this and because of precisely this: that its standards and aims have ceased to be impossible. We are all practical men nowadays, and the doctrines of business have become the working rules of professed artists and writers. Just such and such a work must be produced; and just such and such a preparation, assemblage of materials, and even personal experience are necessary toward it — just so much and no more to produce the intended effect. Is it to present a section of American life or a cameo of life in Patagonia? One must have seen so much of the original, have been there for a sufficient length of time, to entitle one to the defined impression; and with this material the defined aim of presentation is presumably accomplished.

Critics, of course, succumb to this deadening influence more easily than artists. After all, artists have a conscience sensitive to the degree to which they are artists; and no amount of skill in craftsmanship, finesse, and technique, or the approval these receive, really stills an artistic conscience that has once waked and cried in the night. That artists are still capable of a degree of shame in presence even of their most successful works is evidence that the spirit of religion or the pursuit of the unattainable is not yet dead in them. Critics, as a rule, have

no such conscience; they are theologians — not saints. What are by-products for the artist are end-products for the critic; and since the critic is naturally unaware of the unattainable aim entertained by the artist, he can, even if he be so minded, divine its character and intensity only from the by-product it induces, for the invisible tree of art is known only to the artist, and the critic can judge only by the visible fruit.

For this reason it is exceedingly difficult to reinfuse art with its necessary impossible aims when once they cease to exist in the minds of artists. They are like a virtue of which the original possessor has lost the secret. The critic can see clearly enough that something has gone out of art: the fruit that drops from the invisible tree is not what it used to be; it is no longer paradisaical. At the same time the cause remains unknown and indiscoverable; and, in any case, much more than an analysis of the taste and flavor of the fruit is necessary to renew the life of the tree. Restoring art that has lost its unattainable aim is like attempting by reason to restore the youth of a religion. The source can be affected only by a fresh source, not by any of its own issues; and, in fact, no religion that has once died has experienced resurrection, and no art that has once declined has ever been renewed from within. Art cannot save art; and still less, when artists have failed art, can critics save it.

II

Hitherto there have been many happy accidents in the history of art in the West. Art has descended Parnassus through several millennia by a series of reënforced impulses, each phase at some critical moment of its development receiving from a superior stream a new force and direction. The Greek stream, at the moment when it was about to die of its own impulse, received by accident a tributary of Egyptian art which raised its source considerably above its original level, for the Greeks, in the absence of Egyptian tradition, and even with it, were 'children.' Still later the art of the early Middle Ages was miraculously saved from imminent death by renaissant contact with the classical sources, which themselves had been reënforced from the Egyptian. Later still, and on a different plane, what has been the history of European art since the Renaissance but the finding of a common level? Here Spain had something to give France; here Holland something to give England; and recently Russia something to give the Teutonic world. But these are trivialities only, details of local distribution. Cultures much on a level cannot profoundly affect each other; not renaissances, but only 'movements,' spring from the congress of coeval cultures. And ever since the Renaissance all European art has been nothing more than waves affecting waves. There has been no new tidal movement.

The more conscientious — or, rather, conscious — of both artists and critics are aware of the facts even though they are ignorant of the cause. Everywhere the rumor runs that art is dead: not too loud a rumor, lest the world lose hope; but sufficiently loud to be plainly heard, and uttered with more anxiety than is compatible with doubt of its veracity. But before the fact shall be publicly known and admitted that 'the King is dead,' shall we not try first to revive him and, if that fail, to prepare his successor? Necromancy has its place here maybe; and in the absence of necromancy perhaps a pseudo-idol may be manufactured: a visible and imposing dummy for an invisible king.

It is in this light that the recent attempts to infuse into art the blood of savage cultures may be understood: as also the various and numerous schools of art-invention. What profounder sources are accessible than our common aboriginal racial roots, the black, the red, the yellow? Let us look to West Africa, to Tahiti, to the Mayas and Aztecs, to China and Japan; concurrently let invention be tried: imagism, cubism, Joyceism, planes, solids, angles, and every verbal and geometric device. Alas, our aboriginal roots are just not dynamic sources. The invisible tree of art, like the tree Yggdrasill, is fed from the sky downward: its roots are in Heaven, in the impossible, in the never as yet, and perhaps never to be, actualized; not in history but in imagination, not in any past, however ancient, but in a future only potential. Invention likewise has its limitations in the already given; and combination is not creation. Neither by transfusion of blood from inferior races nor by any fresh combination of known elements can art be restored to life. Neither black magic nor sleight of hand can raise our dead.

III

But is the case hopeless, and is culture irrevocably doomed? There is a remedy and not an impossible one: its name is ancient India. Ancient India stands in the same relation to us 'children' of Europe as ancient Egypt occupied toward the 'children' of Greece. Europe to-day is ancient Greece writ large. India, moreover, is our most ancient parent; our oldest racial ancestor; our Adam and Eve. Truly enough, her visage is wrinkled with age, and her words are a mumble of incoherence. But so must, no doubt, have appeared to the Greek child the ancient wisdom of Egypt. Pythagoras is not reported to have found it easy to persuade Greece to go to school to Egypt. On the other hand, we are not obliged to speculate darkly in the philosophy of India. The philosophies of India are without exception no more than mummies, the enshrined corpses of once living ideas, and dead very long since. And, even if they could be revived, art can no more be saved by philosophy than by art itself. The dead cannot raise the dead. Nor need we spend any time with the Indian antiquarians. Scholarship of whatever degree is barren. No — we have, by grace, accessible to us in the remains of ancient India something infinitely more living than philosophies, and infinitely more inspiring than scholarship. We have a literature translatable and translated into our own tongue, of such dimensions and qualities that its chief work alone, the *Mahabharata*, towers over all subsequent literature as the Pyramids look over the Memphian sands. Realization of the inexhaustible significance of the *Mahabharata* would be the initiation of a modern Renaissance, as surely as the revival of ancient Egypt made possible the dawn of Greece, and the swimming of Homer into the ken of the early Middle Ages stirred the watchers of the skies to ecstatic silence on a peak in Darien.

The *Mahabharata*, competently translated into English under the supervision of the late Max Müller, and shortly to be beautifully retranslated and published under the auspices of the English Academy of Literature, is the greatest single effort of literary creation of any culture in human history. It is difficult for any mind to conceive the mind that conceived it; and the effort to do so is almost itself a liberal education. A walk through its table of contents is more than a Sabbath-day's journey. The *Iliad* and

the *Odyssey* are episodes in it: and the celebrated *Bhagavad-Gita* is simply the record of a single conversation on the eve of one of its many battles. Characters appear by hundreds, and episodes follow episodes with the infinite resourcefulness of Time. Nevertheless, there is no moment when the plan of the work is forgotten. At regular stages, by astronomical clock-time as it were, everything is gathered together or is reassembled for a fresh phase of the continuous history. In the interval, relationships have been established between scores of characters, each of whom, moreover, has undergone mutation by experience, yet, on reassembly, the whole innumerable caravan is marshaled and set off again without the least confusion in the mind of the reader. Never was writer more currently aware of his readers than Vyasa, the author. Ganeca, who transcribed it to Vyasa's dictation, had stipulated that he should be released if once the meaning should cease to be plain to him, and he was not released until the end. And Ganeca is every reader.

Scholarship, lay and 'occult,' has indulged its usual speculations in the meaning of this Cyclopean monument. It is variously the history of a soul in time, the history of the human race, the history of our planet and of our solar system; again, it is the story of the conquest of India by the Aryans, or of a civil war between the conquerors themselves. Let it be all of these, as their authors agree to disagree. Who cares if Helen was a myth or a fact? Homer gave us literature. In the case of the *Mahabharata*, as in the case of the Bible, the theologians have sat too long upon the stone on the tomb. It is time that it were rolled away. Taken as literature simply, as the most colossal work of literary art ever created, its example and inspiration are as multiform and vital as time itself. It contains every literary form and device known to all the literary schools, every story ever enacted or narrated, every human type and circumstance ever created or encountered.

Unlike the reading of derivative works of art, the reading of the *Mahabharata* is first-hand experience. One ends it different, just as one emerges different from everything real.

But is it not precisely this that is needed for a Renaissance — something at once different, real, a new experience, and, at the same time, indubitably art? To the Greeks, Egyptian art was religion only because its standards were incomparable, hopelessly incomparable, with the prevalent Greek standards. We have only to recall the tones of the early Florentine Platonists to realize that in their eyes the classical Greeks were divine. Where but in the *Mahabharata* shall our age find a similarly fresh literary source that shall be Scripture to our literature — Scripture being literature in pursuit of an impossible aim.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING INDIFFERENT TO ONE'S ANCESTORS

With a Few Remarks on the Sea Worm

BY CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER

It would be mere affectation in writing about ancestors to avoid all personal references and pretend to be indifferent to one's own. There is nothing for it but to speak out. It is comforting to reflect, however, that one cannot be personal very long; for if you go any distance backward in your analysis you presently lose yourself in a crowd that is unflatteringly promiscuous. If you ascend as far as the twentieth generation in tracing your lineage, mathematics will tell you — doubtless quite erroneously — that you have already something over a million ancestors in all, and though there are subtractions to be made from this appalling number by the crossing and recrossing of the lines of descent, the number remains large. In any case it will be too large for an inclusive view.

I

There are people all about us, no doubt, who coolly select from the mob those individuals from whom it satisfies their vanity to be descended — indeed in this sense we all select our own ancestry. Even among our four grandparents we had, most of us, our favorites. Proximity or the mere fact of survival made us better acquainted with one than with the rest; and no doubt it was better so, for a superfluity of grandparents might prove embarrassing to a child. And if, to pile Ossa on Pelion, you enter upon the next stage and contemplate the atavistic complexities of your eight great-grandparents, the problem begins to take on something of the mystery and majesty that mark all profound matters. I once met a man who could remember, besides his four grandparents, three of his great-grandparents. The sum of those ancestors — parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents — with whom he had come into something like personal contact was therefore nine, a number of bonds with the past which would, I fear, have proved disturbing to my sense of individuality.

I myself was not so blessed. There was nothing — indeed, there never has been anything — to prevent me from conceiving of myself quite as individualistically as I chose. My paternal grandmother was the only one of my grandparents with whom I was acquainted — a stern, Puritan lady from the Connecticut Valley, who had read Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and had sheltered a runaway slave-girl. Our ancestors, as I came to know them through her, were a sufficiently uninteresting group — farmers in Connecticut who, like so many others there, seem never to have done very well. The only thing that appears to have distinguished our farm from the score of sterile estates that environed it was a

cranberry bog, a sufficiently uncertain foundation on which to build any family pride.

A vague rumor, which I once heard, had it that one of our ancestors had been hanged as a pirate in the Bahama Islands. I have the most serious doubts about the historicity of this legend, though it is almost as gratifying to have a family pirate as it is to have a family ghost, and I suspect some primitive genealogist of trying thus to lend a tang of romance to an otherwise drab tradition. If he really existed, the buccaneer bequeathed nothing of his adventurous disposition to me. I do not remember that I ever longed to be a pirate. I am aware that heroic little boys, such as Mr. Barrie creates, always want to be pirates; but I was by no means an heroic little boy. My great ambition was to be a conductor on the Boston & Maine Railway. And even this desire I should have difficulty in accounting for on any theories of heredity. We were not a race of travelers or gadabouts, unless the name Tinker be taken to connect us with those wayfarers who moved up and down the roads and lanes of England mending pots and pans, lending meanwhile force and picturesqueness to the English vocabulary.

There was a fine paternalism about the old Boston & Maine. The conductors, it seemed, always shook hands with one's father, and sometimes — oh, bliss! — bestowed a salutation from Olympus upon the small boy at his side. At a certain point in the journey a brakeman dispensed ice water from a copper teakettle, and at the journey's end the blue-and-gold conductor, having collected all his pink slips, dismissed you with a warning cry to remember your 'packages, wraps, and umbrellas.' Yes, that was the life for a man! Journeying about the world, armed with a small and fascinating device for punching holes in tickets, bestowing smiles and warning cries, obviously the god of that particular machine! In all my clerical and agricultural ancestry I had heard of none so glorious as he. In my wild desire there was, I am sure, no atavism, no snap-back toward the past. It was the soul's leap toward the glorious and the impossible — the desire of the moth for the star.

Even if we had been a race of conductors I am not sure that I should have been permitted to take any satisfaction in our relation to them, since no particular respect for ancestors was inculcated in the young of our family. There was no hint that we needed to be ashamed of them, whatever the truth might be about that dark soul who perished in the Bahamas. But in the stout old days before the New Englanders had moved out to make room for the Italians, children were not encouraged to take pride in such vanities. At the very best one's line ended in Adam and Eve, whose deplorable conduct accounted for miseries enough and was a perpetual reminder of an innate perverseness of heart in little boys. Not that we were permitted to deride or denounce poor Adam and Eve. No indeed! Had we been in their position, our teachers urged us to consider, how deplorably similar, how much worse in all likelihood, our own conduct would have been! If Adam and Eve were punished for a trifle, in a new and beautiful world, what, pray, were naughty little boys to expect who disobeyed and did n't love their fellow men or, mayhap, ran away to be conductors on the Boston & Maine? It was the traditional attitude, the ancient argument, and I am glad to have heard it, not only for its inherent truthfulness, but for the views that it opens up to me. 'Dost thou hear, Hal?' said Falstaff. 'Thou knowest in the state of innocency

Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy?'

II

In our modern, scientifically trained generation it has become difficult for some persons to read the story of our first parents understandingly. We have become so imbued with the conception of progress that we tend even to interpret the fall of man as a sort of majestic catastrophe that made progress possible.

Better the mad yearning and tragedy of growth through imperfection than the serene stagnation of the ideal. The latest expression of this view that I have seen is by Mr. Neil Grant who, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December 1923, utters this surprising theory: —

> There is something extraordinarily uplifting in the thought that man, once the equal of the angels, had the courage and the will to fall down to his present level.

Mr. Grant is referring to Adam and Eve, and apparently means to be taken seriously. Falstaff, I am sure, would instantly have accused him of heresy, since he propounds the astonishing doctrine that man was once the equal of the angels. Has Mr. Grant never read Milton, not to speak of the Holy Bible? Certainly he could not have had the luck to be born in old New England in the days when children knew Adam and Eve as well as a modern youngster knows an ichthyosaurus. Any child knew that angels belonged to a different order from men; that man never had been an angel (though he had, to be sure, once been perfect); and that, for that matter, he never would be an angel, despite sentimental hymns about children who wanted to die, no matter how good he might be (though he might, in truth, be restored to the state of primal perfection). But Mr. Grant, being modern, does n't believe in angels any more than he does in snarks. So what difference does it make if his snark turns out to be a boojum, anyhow?

It would certainly have seemed odd, to any Puritan, to take pride in a descent from Adam and Eve — odd and probably sinful. To take pride in man's descent has become a habit among the modern disciples of Evolution, and has, indeed, the august authority of the discoverer of the origin of species. In a famous passage at the very close of the *Descent of Man*, Darwin wrote: —

> Man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not through his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale, and the fact of his having thus risen, instead of having been aboriginally placed there, may give him hope for a still higher destiny in the distant future.

How much pseudoscientific sentimentalism issued out of this! Drummond's *Ascent of Man*, a book now, no doubt, quite forgotten, expanded this view of things and provided it with a fervor somewhat unscientific. To me it all seems very remote. I accept, of course, cordially enough the whole evolutionary hypothesis; but what has pride to do with it? Pride and humiliation seem out of place in science as in history. Who can get up any pride over the fact that man survived the fifteenth century, or the fifth, or the fiftieth B.C.? I read about the Punic Wars — or did — with a certain detachment, and the more remote history of the race, in its simian and pithecanthropic stages, leaves my emotions untouched. I cannot thrill at the names Piltdown and Neanderthal. It is all so dreadfully long ago. And at this rate where is one to end? We shall soon be taking pride in the solar system.

Yet Darwin did not hesitate to express this emotional view. The most famous sentences in that famous book were perhaps these, in which he would seem to be offering a crumb of comfort to the world that he was accused of having humiliated: —

> For my own part I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper, or from that old baboon who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs, as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practises infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions.

Here surely is an appeal to the imagination and the emotions unusual in a scientific treatise. Heroic monkeys and affectionate baboons, set over against bloodthirsty and superstitious savages, open a long line of 'nature stories,' ending with Mowgli and Tarzan and other fine reversions to type. How much pure Jack Londonism there is in this attitudinizing of Darwin's! Our scientist talks as if he were permitted to choose whether he would be descended from a savage or a baboon, whereas the plain truth, which even a literary man may see, is that he is descended from both. He cannot get rid of the savages by allying himself with the baboons; he must take the disgrace of the head-hunter and the cannibal along with the glory of the chimpanzee.

Something of the bravado that found satisfaction in its descent from apes, or apelike men, or *Pithecanthropus erectus* (I do not know what the proper scientific designation is to-day), has passed away with the Huxleys and the Spencers, and the race that took pride in a new view of the universe. We are, as a whole, conscious of an ancestry humble indeed compared with the ape and the lemur. Mr. Grant, whatever his scientific pretensions, may be taken as a fair example of that public which has learned of its past from Mr. H. G. Wells, and the anthropologists whom he, in turn, derives from. The idea, he says, is gradually soaking into the popular mind 'that man, far from being once the equal of the angels, has developed painfully and slowly from the sea worm which one fine day was daring enough to leave the ocean for the land. . . . How can we be hero-worshipers when we think of the sea worm?'

Here is a new note — humility. Instead of taking pride in the heroic little monkey of Darwin, I am humbly to recall the sea worm and, along with it, all the vast line that stretches from the amœba up through sea worm and lemur and Piltdown man. And, having confronted myself with this vast cloud of witnesses, I am to remember my extraction from the mud, and be humble. But if Darwin could be proud remembering the monkey and the baboon, why may not I be proud remembering the adventurous sea-worm, and all the plucky little vermin from whom I come and whom I so obviously resemble?

III

In answering this somewhat rhetorical question — for it can be answered — we must notice that it is much harder to visualize a sea worm than a monkey. Every child delights in monkeys, but (I suppose) only the children of biologists have a speaking acquaintance with sea worms. Darwin, moreover, however sentimental he may have been, did what all ancestor-worshipers do: he selected his forbears. Whether he was conscious of it or not, he fixed his attention on an individual

monkey and an individual baboon, as proper heroes to be descended from; whereas Mr. Grant and Mr. Wells and the modern anthropologists generally perform the far more difficult feat of remembering them in the mass. Mr. Grant does this in the interest of humility and as an opponent of hero-worship. Others have motives equally high, no doubt. But the task, even for those who have imagination enough to succeed in it, is unpalatable. Men in the mass are not admirable. Men and their ancestors through myriads of centuries, viewed in the mass, are loathsome, not because they are worms or reptiles or monkeys, but just because they are so numerous. Nothing sickens like numbers.

If you will ascend to the roof of a New York skyscraper, and look down upon your kind in the busy street below, you will there see men as maggots. You cannot look into their eyes and see the tragedy or the farce that is being enacted far within in the theatre of their hearts; therefore you see them as tiny, racing mites, appearing, in the mass, impersonal, galvanized, antlike.

If you wish to love an animal you must separate it from its kind, even if it be a lamb. Restore your creature to the pack and out goes the affection between you. You cannot love a swarm of bees, even if you are an idiot. No one except Mr. Maeterlinck, I think, ever tried it, and he, quite characteristically, selected the queen bee as the object of his more ardent attention.

When I was a boy I was greatly interested in ants and, in pursuance of Biblical precept, spent many hours in their contemplation. I grew very fond of ants and came to know something of them, but once it was my misfortune to be with a whole army of ants. From that time on my whole attitude toward that industrious race suffered a change. Ants — thousands and thousands of them — swarmed about me, and I was both mortified and afraid. There were ants on my hands and in my face; in my shoes ants were concealed; they appeared in every part of my clothing, while hordes of reënforcements came from nowhere; and when at last I emerged from the unequal conflict it was with a fear of pismires that would, I suppose, appear contemptible to those who could not know the experience I had had.

Well, I have no desire to deluge my imagination in any such way with the incalculable myriads of my ancestors. The globe on which we live would have no more dignity for me than a crawling cheese.

I repeat that what depresses one in the evolutionary hypothesis is the promiscuous aspect of it, this tendency to regard the world as a vast breeding and hatching ground, swarming with crawling things, — sucking, snarling, breeding, dying things, — devoured by more crawling creatures, bloody-fanged, who suck and snarl, breed and die.

It is not safe to think in this wise. But there is nothing unpleasant, as any child or any savage will tell you, about conceiving of yourself as blood-brother to the animals: it has never been deemed a disgrace to call a man a lion or a girl a gazelle. It has become a commonplace for men and women alike to say that they prefer the society of their dog to that of most human beings.

Pass to the less noble animals and still the relationship is so close that it cannot be denied. To visit the Zoo is, I find, to renew my acquaintance with my friends and associates. I look into my heart, and there I find the pig and the peacock struggling for preëminence.

In all this there is much that results from early teaching, for I was always

taught that man was an animal. Even in the same breath that the child was taught that he was the child of God and heir of eternal life, he was reminded that he was dust and that to dust he should return. Even the relationship to the sea worm will surprise none that belong to that generation, for they will all recall the hymn beginning: —

> Great God, how infinite art thou!
> What worthless worms are we!

Is the mud of the biologist any more mortifying than the clay and dust of which the prophets were always reminding us? *Pulvis et umbra sumus.*

IV

Pride, humility, and their attendant emotions are all proportionate to the perspective in which the world is viewed. It is all a matter of proportions, sea worm or heroic monkey, conductor on the Boston & Maine or angel in glory — destroy the perspective in which they are viewed, and the emotions in which they are regarded change or disappear. Of what conceivable importance is the whole evolutionary process if you remove yourself to a sufficient distance from it? There is an advertisement in the popular magazines at the present moment which shows a clock-dial beside the countenance of primitive man and invites the reader to reflect that, if the entire career of the human race be estimated as filling the twelve hours represented on this dial, then it may be said that man has as yet lived but a minute and a quarter, according to such a reckoning of time.

Just what we are to learn from this I do not know, other than the importance of purchasing the book which is referred to; perhaps the larger implication of the emblem is that there is plenty of time even yet for man to achieve that perfection and complete that progress which have seemed to be so seriously threatened in the past decade. But I cannot, when once this hideous conception of time has entered my mind, take any comfort in the thought of those eleven hours and fifty-eight minutes that remain. For imagine a lapse of time, say of three months, as time is computed by that dreadful clock; take, if you can, such a giddy plunge into the abyss of eternity, and then look back and ask of what conceivable significance were those twelve hours filled by the minute history of the human race, the whole evolutionary process, or even the career of the planet itself, from its inception in fire to its death in ice. A bubble bursting unheard and unheeded in the endless night of time! This way, too, lies madness, and there is no better cure for the vertiginous sickness which it begets within one than to turn to the nearest human being, and fix one's attention on a mystery less benumbing.

It is the dignity of the individual that is threatened by any study that tends merely to view him in his environment of space or to write his long history as a detail in the rise and fall of species. Earlier generations had known quite as well as we that man was an animal; that he had had a long and bewildering history on this planet, and that there were myriads of savages in the world to remind us of a humble origin. But all this did not prevent them from inquiring into the nature of the problem as well as into its history. There is a vast fallacy in all this inquiry into origins, since it rests upon an assumption that the history of a phenomenon is its explanation. When the biologists have completed their researches, and the whole history of life is known from the first bubble of

consciousness in the mud down to the full emergence of *Homo sapiens*, the explanation of it all will still elude us. *Causa latet.*

Suppose that the whole history of man could be compressed into a moving picture, and that in some dreadful 'educational film' you could watch the development of man from sea worm to Socrates, just as now we watch on the screen the development of a plant, would the mystery be less of a mystery?

In other ages the problem of man's relation to animals was stated in a different and perhaps a more philosophical way. Man, it was argued, is an animal, a biped without feathers. He was taken out of the dust. This is certain because we see that he returns to dust. He is dust, then, and he is an animal — but he is more. He is an animal that wears clothes, or some sort of extraneous addition to his person, for ornament if not for warmth; he plainly is not satisfied with the skin and hair which nature provided, but tries to fashion himself according to another pattern.

Again, man is the animal that uses tools. One of the famous assaults on the dignity of man in the eighteenth century consisted in an attempt to show that the orang-outang used a stick as a weapon, and engravings were published, notably by Goldsmith in his *History of Animated Nature*, showing the orang-outang thus armed and standing in front of rude houses which he had built for his shelter. Again, man is the animal that writes, draws, and records his invisible thoughts in tangible form, thus initiating civilization as we know it.

And so they continued. He is the animal that speaks. He is the animal that laughs.

The differences make a sum so astonishing and so important that it seemed to demonstrate that man was something more than, or rather something in addition to, an animal. In particular were thinkers impressed with the fact that man was the animal that aspired. Unlike a dog, a bee, or an ape, he was either fretting about himself or dreaming about himself, always vexed by the desire to get something that he did not have. For which reason he, the most gregarious of beasts, slew his fellows, and took from them and remained unsatisfied. In his dreams man fabled to himself that he was not wholly of this world, that he came from afar, that he was the child of the sun, the remote descendant of a god. He was not ashamed of his kinship with animals and even courted a likeness to them; but, unlike them, he always looked forward to a good time ahead, whether it consisted in stealing a number of women from a neighboring tribe, or passing at last to a heavenly mansion prepared in advance for one so important as himself. And this, if it be madness, must still be explained. It may be that, remembering the sea worm, we ought with Mr. Grant to become humble; but the interesting problem remains why man from the beginning of his history conceived of himself as something else. To this there has been found no parallel in the animal world.

V

The conclusion from these reflections upon the general nature of man, in the days before thinkers were obsessed by the mere history of the race, was that man must be two different and strangely unrelated things, inseparably connected, yet destined one day to be dissolved. Man was *pulvis et umbra*, a shadow of the eternal cast upon the dust, a spark of fire caught in a clod. To fix your attention on one of these

to the exclusion of the other is to give up the problem; for, in its last analysis, it is the paradox of it which is its very heart. A clod, to be sure, with a history; an animal, to be sure, with ancestors; but an animal conducting itself in a most preposterous way, a divine-infernal way that, apart from man, is decidedly not of this world. For which reason such thinkers habitually taught man that he was an animal, or rather all sorts of animal, an ass in sloth, a wolf in wrath, a goat in lust, a hog in gluttony; indeed, they taught that he was below all these because he had within a standard of conduct that was of a different order of life altogether, and to which he had been disloyal. This was the spiritual part of him, and its origin was confidently taught as in another sphere beyond present experience. Dust shall return to dust, and the spirit shall go to its own place — which plainly is not here. 'Magnificent out of the dust we came, and abject from the spheres.'

Because of this high origin and high destiny, it is well not to fix too great an attention upon our ancestors in this world, for to do so is to obscure the problem which is man. You are yourself the problem; you are the theatre of a struggle between two natures for the possession of you, and it is the issue of the struggle, not its origin, that would seem to be of importance. All that we know of the absorption of interest in one's genealogy enforces the same truth. If a man is largely interested in the social position of his grandmother, it usually militates against his humanity and his charity. It is a terrible thing to be — like a king — the victim of your ancestors; never to escape from the iron cage in which your descent has imprisoned you. If you find yourself in bonds, like a duke or a drunkard, you may, I do not doubt, take a dubious satisfaction in tracing your character to your forbears. But for the vast multitude of my own — dear human souls, unknown to me even by name — I will dismiss them all with flourish of salutation as did Charles Surface, after he had sold his ancestors to the highest bidder: 'Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.' I wave a calm and, I hope, graceful farewell to them across the vista of years. I wish them well and, for that matter, rest eternal. And in this gesture of farewell I should like to include, in the wide sweep of my ceremonious bow, the ape, the lemur, and — well, yes — even the sea worm.

FOUR LITTLE FOXES

BY LEW SARETT

SPEAK gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound;
For in my windy valley yesterday I found
Newborn foxes squirming on the ground —
Speak gently.

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow.
Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,
The four little foxes saw their mother go —
Walk softly.

Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;
As I covered them with boughs to shelter them from harm,
The thin blue foxes suckled at my arm —
Go lightly.

Step softly, March, with your rampant hurricane;
Nuzzling one another, and whimpering with pain,
The new little foxes are shivering in the rain —
Step softly.

THE YOUNG PERSON

BY A PROFESSOR

I

To a fallacy not registered in the textbooks on logic — which might be called, perhaps, the fallacy of the status quo — we seem just now peculiarly subject. Yet it is common to all humanity, and the very sentence that registers it illustrates it. We are all fatally determined to believe that the world into which we were born has existed by divine institution since our first parents left Paradise, and is designed for perpetuity, or at least to last until the Judgment Day. It has supplied the main argument against Galileo and woman suffrage, Columbus and futurist painting; it underlies the uneasy resentment with which parents, dons, and maiden aunts have always looked on at the self-expression of the younger generation.

So stated, the fallacy is apparent. If, keeping that in mind, one may profitably consider for a moment the charges freely laid at the present time against the boys and girls growing up or just grown, and with reasonable care examine the actual state of things, the outcome may be found further along the road to reconciliation. It will be necessary also to consider how much change is absolutely imposed by the changed conditions of life to-day. The writer, frankly ranged in the class with parents, dons, and maiden aunts, will use the term 'we' to signify that generation, and for the one coming up the indeterminate expression 'young person,' or simply 'they.'

The charge against them falls into two parts, as it deals with matters of conduct or of opinion. They do scandalous things and hold improper opinions.

Take conduct first. Vague complaint and disapprobation, when boiled down, show that they are under suspicion on the counts of, briefly, dancing, drinking, kissing, motoring alone and often at night ('alone' means two together); in the case of girls, dress is included, or rather, going about with legs and arms bared, and without stays; and, in both sexes, marriage with divorce in view as a contingency, or the *union libre* as a possibility. That is a downright statement — comprehensive: it includes the worst that can be said.

Drinking may be first disposed of: admitted, with modification, and also with restriction to a single class — the well-to-do. In America we are in a bad way just now; but certainly the young person is better behaved than the middle-aged, and there are odd restrictions. For instance, a really nice girl may drink cocktails in public, but not whiskey and soda. Yet a really nice boy may drink milk with his meals, and will smoke less than his uncle. Indeed, the natural austerity of chaste youth can be reckoned on. In the use of all stimulants — alcohol, coffee, and tobacco — we must confess that the young generation offends less than the elder. Granting that everyone is drinking more than fifteen years ago, here, in England, on the Continent, —

let us say frankly more than before the war, — yet that will pass; and for reasons about to appear it is perhaps less of a menace to the young person than we suppose; it has done apparently less harm.

For, whatever they may do, these youngsters are what we call 'nice.' Where we know them individually, we recognize it. This is a postulate. In any discussion the starting-point must be that we can perceive this — as we know an egg is fresh — directly. Then comes the question, What things are possible to nice girls and boys? And, in case of surprise at the enumeration, How comes that possibility? Any other procedure is irrational.

II

Dancing, dressing, and the remaining counts, may come together. Consider dancing. A hundred years ago the waltz was a scandal; sixty years ago it was possible to waltz with husbands (actual or plighted), brothers, or cousins, but not with outsiders. Fifteen years ago the tango afforded another scandal, but the new dances by now are becoming matter of course again.

Most people now dress for a party as they dress for other amusements. Servants no longer put on gloves to hand plates at table, nor gentlemen to dance, nor do ladies put on stays. Why should they? Again, bare arms being permitted at dinner, why should they be improper at luncheon? Daylight is less romantic than candlelight, and less dangerous — *a fortiori* more suitable. Let us admit that these things consist all in convention, and that the convention is altered.

Certainly among the contemporaries of youth — if it may be spoken without vulgarity — legs are no more interesting than noses. A girl has danced, for charity, on the stage or on the grass, barelegged and short-skirted, and she has bathed on the shore with neither more nor less of garmenting than her brothers and her friends' brothers. Sunburnt shoulder-blades and thighs are no menace to morality; they are unbecoming and unromantic, in either sex. The sad truth is that the human frame has ceased to be romantic.

Before proceeding, an apparently odd restriction should again be noted in dress: that extreme décolletage is not for girls. The same is true of Spanish dancers. For the pretty child who whirls upon her shapely pink-stockinet legs till all her lace ruffles swirl up like the petals of a rose, there must be sleeves in her corsage and a demure curve around her white throat and shoulders. Whoever has dressed an American daughter for a dance, in her firm white straight substantiality, knows that never elsewhere in all the world did women's clothes so little emphasize the strictly feminine contours, or so firmly suppress them.

There is another sort of young person, best known perhaps by a rather brutal title — 'Somebody's Stenog.' She is young and pleasure-loving, often pretty, almost always likable. She faces the gravest disapprobation.

A great deal of the grieved complaint, passing over into condemnation, which is current among us will be found on cross-examination or self-analysis to rise out of the way that such girls — nonprofessional but wage-earning girls — dress: their velvet frocks and transparent blouses, their silk stockings and high-heeled pumps. That is hardly fair. For these young persons, the dress they wear to the office is the equivalent of a party dress. They must take their fun where they can find their dancing, at the noon hour, or just when work ends, while they are in reach of friends with whom to walk or talk or dance. There is little to do

with party frocks in the remote suburbs where they sleep, far out, as on the spokes of a wheel, an hour or more away from the day's associates. If some neighbor is at hand to go with them to a moving picture, the same daytime dress is the only thing that could be worn.[1] They have to dance, if at all, in restaurants, and to dress for their dancing as nearly as may be like those who go in their motors to drink tea and dance in a more expensive room.

All those who went, not to college, but to a commercial school, intending to earn honest money cheerfully, have not given up thereby a wish to marry and bring up babies; they must see each other a little before deciding whom to marry. They go to moving pictures together, because there is no quiet place to talk at home. In the small houses built to rent or to sell by installments to the *piccola borghesia* there is no such thing as privacy; no doors between rooms, frequently no sitting-room but the front hall. Builders and contractors, imitating more expensive houses, intended for those rich enough to know better, have created a situation intolerable to parents and children alike. In apartment houses it is worse. The costume and customs of Somebody's Stenog and her brothers are imposed upon them, irretrievably, by the conditions under which they live, new in the experience of the world. They are already adjusting themselves; they are hammering out their own conventions. They too are really nice.

For a very long while has persisted the convention that a nice girl was untouchable — except, mark you, by husbands (actual or plighted), brothers, or cousins; yet history and reason alike concede that untouchability is no more a moral requisite than invisibility. In the *Arabian Nights* a lady might not be seen by any but her lawful lord; in the novels of Trollope she might be viewed but might not be kissed. In the French Gothic ivories you may see lovers sitting in an orchard, not hand in hand, though just as innocently; but the lover's hand is under the lady's cheek or her chin. The fourteenth century, it appears, felt differently from the nineteenth. Untouchability, therefore, may be dismissed as a vain imagination, without even the tribal prestige of immemorial usage, and without sound reason to sustain it. If, upon examination, neither taboo nor necessity stands, there remains no further objection.

There is a story, current toward the close of the last century, of a Turkish ambassador in London, an old-fashioned gentleman, looking on at a ball. Said he to the Englishman, his companion: '*You* can do that sort of thing without perturbation, but *we* —!' When discussing the reported customs of the rising generation with our own contemporaries, we have fancied the apologue falls pat. It carries a faint but distinct sense that we are in the same absurd position as the ambassador, and that what we find conceivably dangerous to ourselves, and so shocking in them, leaves the young person safe and unperturbed.

III

If this is the fact — and a good deal of evidence seems to be at hand — if untouchability is abrogated and the young person is really imperturbable, that explains a great deal. The late

[1] It would be unnecessary, as it seems absurd, to dwell so long on dress, except that this is specially made a ground for denunciation by old cats of both sexes. The rouge-pot and the lipstick are so entirely determined by convention that they may be dismissed, with the reminder that in the heart of the Victorian age, at the English court and capital, every Englishwoman of breeding was painted, not only red, but white.

Mr. Chase sincerely felt that a portrait by Matisse was obscene, but we do not so feel; the French seem to have thought that jazz music was a case for the police, but the young person is probably immune. Most people reading the early treatises of Freud found them not only disgusting but dangerous; yet, with increasing awareness of all that lies below the diaphragm, the discussions, like ventilation and illumination of cellars, have served for sanitation. In the nineties of the last century a favorite adjective in French, and among those who followed French literature, was 'troubling'; it is a word our juniors simply do not comprehend. We may take it as certain that the 'sultry landscapes and hot-cheeked women' of Mr. D. H. Lawrence are neither so troubling nor so romantic to them as to us. Those of us who saw *Peer Gynt* played last winter were faintly shocked by the Bacchanal, but the young person was impervious.

This, however, would probably not hold of Continentals, or even perhaps of the English — not at any rate so absolutely. Two things are certain. The American is heir, in the first place, to a pioneer tradition which 'sheltered' women little more than men; and, in the second place, inherits, for climatic and other reasons, a temperament which seems, compared with the European, a little chill and dry; can therefore do with impunity what others could not — all this being suddenly heightened at the present moment by social and intellectual conditions, changing and quite new. Chaperonage becomes unnecessary, and the escapade of the night drive is more often innocent than we are willing to believe. Like the bathing-suits, such a book as *Pan* or *Growth of the Soil* makes sexual interests unromantic.

Romance is out of season. That has happened before, though we, inheritors of a hundred and fifty years thereof, are loath to admit the possibility. Some day, doubtless, it will come back, but we feel as if we were looking out on mud flats. We shall have to accept the fact; we must learn not to resent it. One spokesman at least of the new age is not unfamiliar to readers of the *Atlantic:* the late Randolph Bourne — important for our present investigation and illuminating; there is no romance in him. We may not welcome the fact, for we elders must live through the winter of our age on romance, as the bees on the stored honey of the hive; but it accounts for many things, and justifies them. A hundred situations once ambiguous have become for youth indifferent.

They have enlarged their interests, and sex for them is only one of many. The exasperated sensuality of such spectacles as *Mecca*, or the *Walpurgisnacht* at the Opera two or three years ago, was intended for their elders, and passed surprisingly soon. Middle-aged men and women, spiritually ravaged by the war, might fancy something modeled on the Romans of the Decadence, but it left the next generation not only unscathed but careless. In the brief competition of interests the young person won out, and the young person intends — not consciously perhaps, but none the less — to put sex back into its proper place among other preoccupations. What we really resent, even in the worst vagaries of the younger generation, is not sensuality, but relative indifference in sensual things.

It has changed their attitude toward marriage, and it has taken away the bitter-sweet savor of corruption. That a figure like Paul Verlaine has no allurement for them should go a long way to console for the loss of romance the parents, the dons, and the maiden aunts accountable for their conduct.

Marriage to them is not sacramental, for they are as alien to all mysteries and sacraments as a Chinese to those of Eleusis; but it is a contract wherein they become responsible to the community, and perhaps to children, and they mean to carry it out in the way that is best for everyone. Whatever they may do or feel, they will face with frankness and sincerity. Of the conventionality which is hypocrisy, the self-delusion which is sordid cowardice, they have far less than we. They do not, in truth, need them.

IV

Their opinions may be dealt with more briefly.

The great virtue of youth — the quality for which the world must rely wholly upon the younger generation or go without altogether — is intransigence. Again as an illustration comes to mind Randolph Bourne, but there are more gracious instances, and others more notorious. If they think that they have received another revelation, as if the canon of their Scriptures might not be closed without an Apocalypse, they are in the best company. They can cite their teachers. Of our generation, not theirs, are Lord Haldane and Mr. Wells, George Bernard Shaw and James Harvey Robinson: yet no book is more interpretive than *The Mind in the Making*.

Religious, after their own fashion, they are, with an amazing energy, and while dogmas may be laid aside to be recast once again in a more creative or intellectual age, they are translating their principles into conduct which we well might emulate. True, they shall never know the consolations of religion, but they may indeed never need these, and to the rewards they earn their right.

The best currents of ethical thought to-day flow through the minds of students and their just-elder contemporaries. The little groups that are pledged not to go again to war, not to lend their strength to break strikes, not to wrong our common humanity by racial enmities, are growing and spreading as waves bring in the tide. These people are more nearly international-minded than we, just as their outlook on life is larger and more impersonal. It was a very young poet who wrote, not in English: —

> The 'bitterness' and the 'love' of which a voluptuous and elegant poet talks have nothing in common with the bitterness of the folk who suffer and the love of the comrades who fight for their fellows.

As a rule we speak and feel as if we were wanting the coming youth to say and think what we do, but of course the utmost that we really desire is for them to be like us; and forty years ago we too knew, poignantly, how far we had gone in advance of our own fathers. It is their turn now to make the move, while the best we can do is to hold the ground and not go backward.

True, we had in our day traits and impulses and passions that they lack or are indifferent to. But these things are gone irretrievably; if we look about us, studying our contemporaries, we must admit as much. Taking them as they are, by their own showing, what they stand to lose is indeed already lost. Nor are they to blame; they were born into the world as it is.

Just what has been lost since, say, the nineties, is easy enough to estimate and sum up. First, romance; this has been discussed already. Second, intellectuality — the disinterested love of the things of the intellect for their own sake. Well, the depreciation of reason is a fact, like the fall of the franc, and to be faced as such. The lira and the mark will come back in value within

a decade or a generation, but the cycle of pure reason is reckoned in millenniums and intellectuality has been declining steadily since the thirteenth century. Simply we have noticed it suddenly, as at nightfall, when it grows too dark to read.

Third, emotion. There seems no doubt that these young things feel less, on the whole, and do more, than once did we: that for emotion is being substituted energy. Abroad, however, that is probably less true than here; and moreover the disposition to say less than one feels, very marked among them, makes certainty impossible. Right here, notwithstanding, I see the menace of the future, and apprehend a real question whether the end of all this bright gallantry may not be a mortal ennui.

Fourth, sin. It is a sure sign of a new dispensation, and thereby we sit uneasily beneath it, that 'I had not known sin but by the law,' and, as the Apostle says, *sine lege enim peccatum mortuum erat.* There is no denying that while the young person is honest, loyal, plucky, willing to admit wrongdoing and to make it good, yet the sense of sin has disappeared, as completely as romance. That is not unparalleled. The sense of sin is not found everywhere, and at all times, and in all. Greeks mostly had it not, nor had the early Romans; it came from the East and swept over the latter empire. No provision is made for it by Confucius. It has been retreating in Europe ever since the Reformation. Our own generation, loosely speaking, is in the same case. Indeed, all this change in custom and attitude, which perturbs us as we think we perceive it in the younger generation, is not quite so sudden or so complete as we fancy. If, being now advised, we consider our own generation, we are aware of the same things in many whom we know well, which we had ignored or thought sporadic; and among those who shall take our place when we have left it there are plenty no different from ourselves.

However, for each of these deficiencies — so to call them — and offsetting it, an advantage exists. Instead of romance they have energy; instead of intellectuality they have sincerity and an openness to fresh stimuli impossible within the confines of strict reason. With less emotion, it is almost certain that they are less subject to pain than we, and the detachment from sin and scruple gives greater liberty of action and the chance to try experiments that may bring great good. In surveying, so far as may be, the course of things during the last century or so, it would seem that these advantages all lie in the direct line of advancement.

V

On the pavement of Siena Cathedral — the most romantic thing in the world, exquisite and precious,

> *di marmo candido, e adorno*
> *d'intagli,* —

all inlaid with black and white marble, whereon is pictured a Wheel of Fortune — we can figure the destiny of humankind: the crowned imperial figure enthroned above; the man who holds tight at the bottom, scrambles up with alert hope on the left, and, clinging desperately on the right, still swings down and downward, unarrested. It may be that all the world is going down into the dark, and unreason and ugliness shall prevail. That something is happening, we know. If it be so, there is no stopping because we object. If it be so, it is more than likely that the coming generation, equipped as we have seen them to be both by what they possess and by what

they do without, can be more useful than we; certainly they are better adjusted to their conditions. They are clean, strong, practical. If beauty passes like a dream, yet they will know how to abolish pain.

Moreover, we are, and must admit ourselves, congenitally subject to the fallacy of the status quo, unable to judge fairly of the mental stimulus of scientific speculation, or the joy of mere healthy living, or the immense emotion of mass feeling, which belong to these strange creatures who are our children, of the flesh and of the spirit. At Siena, elsewhere in a chapel of that same Cathedral, are represented the Seven Ages of Man, not as Jacques conceived them, whimpering and doddering, boastful and platitudinous, but full of gracious dignity, from *Infantia* who runs after flowers to *Decrepitas* making his way to the marble tomb. Every stage of life is beautiful after its kind.

We ourselves have made a mess of things; these young persons may do better. Looking back over the twenty-five years which span their lives, we suspect they could hardly do worse. The postulate was that we knew, immediately, that they were nice; the conclusion must be that we can trust them.

V. LYDIAT

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

She sat and looked at the manuscript as it lay before her ready for typing.

The Way of Stars. By V. Lydiat.

It was a fine story — she knew that; and the signature satisfied her also. When she began to write she had devoted hours, days, to the consideration of that pen name, for she had a reason for secrecy which, for all I know, may never have swayed man or woman before. The strangest reason — it affected her choice of a signature deeply.

It must be unusual. It must have a certain distinction. It must be connected with her own name, and yet in no way betray it. It must leave the question of sex unanswered.

She sat down to think it over.

'V' is the most beautiful letter in the alphabet to look at and to write, the ends curving over from the slender base like the uprush of a fountain from its tense spring. 'Lydiat,' she thought, had distinction also, and was all but her own. So the question was settled and she never regretted the choice.

In reality she was Beatrice Veronica Lydia Leslie.

With this pen name a most astonishing thing had befallen Beatrice Veronica, for she won a literary success so sudden and singular that the very management of it required gifts she never before knew she possessed.

A little must here be said of her life that this strange thing may be understood.

She was the only child of a well-known Oxford don and a somewhat remarkable mystically-minded mother who died when the girl was fourteen. Her father died four years later, and Beatrice Veronica, known in her family as B. V., then betook herself to the guardianship of an aunt at Montreal. Here she tried life on the society side and disliked it cordially and instantly. There was an urge within her which cried aloud for adventure, for the sight of the dissolving glories of the Orient and contact with strange lives which called to her dumbly in books. They peeped and mocked and vanished to their unknown countries, taking her longing with them; and life lay about her vapid, flat, dominated by an aunt of fashion.

What is a young woman of spirit, not too beautiful and dangerous, to do in such a case? Beatrice Veronica knew very well. She waited until she was twenty-one, meanwhile securing the allegiance of a girl, Sidney Verrier, in like case and a dauntless enthusiast; and on a May morning of dreamy sweetness they got themselves into a C.P.R. train for Victoria, B. C., leaving two ill-auguring aunts on the platform, and away they went on a trip to the Orient, via Japan.

The things they saw, the men and women they met, the marvels which appealed to every sense! But I must not dwell on these, for they are but the pedestal to the story of V. Lydiat. Four, six, eight years went by and unheeded aunts clamored and the pavements of Montreal lacked their footsteps.

And then, in Delhi, Sidney Verrier married, and Beatrice Veronica was left to solitude.

There was no material reason why she should not continue this delightful nomad life delightfully. But she was lonely; perhaps the sight of Sidney's bliss made her lonelier; and suddenly it became clear to her that she wanted quiet — time for recollection. She had assisted at a great feast of the spirit and had eaten to satiety. Now, imperatively, something in her heart cried, 'Enough.'

Afterward she wondered if that had been the voice of V. Lydiat crying in the wilderness — the note of preparation.

But where to go? Her aunt was still treading the daily round of bridge and luncheon parties in Montreal and the soul of Beatrice Veronica shuddered in the remembrance. But she loved Canada for all that. And then she remembered a shining city laving her feet in shining seas, with quiet gardens where the roses blush and bloom in a calm so deep that you may count the fall of every petal in the drowsy summer afternoons. A city of pines and oaks, of happy homes great and small — a city, above all, bearing the keys of the Orient at her golden girdle. And her heart said, 'Victoria' — where westernmost West leans forward to kiss easternmost East across the Pacific.

So she went there — now a woman of twenty-nine, self-possessed and capable, and settled herself in a great hostelry to choose and build her home. Her home, mark you! — not her prison. It was not to be so large as to hamper flight when the inevitable call came: —

> Take down your golden wings now from their hook behind the door.
> The wind comes calling from the west, and you must fly once more.

I wish I might write of the building of her home, for it developed into one of the immense joys of her life. But more important things are ahead.

It was while all this was in embryo that the thought of writing impressed itself on Beatrice Veronica. Partly because the house adventure was

expensive and she wanted a larger margin, partly because she had seen with delighted eyes all the splendid spectacle of men and cities and thought her sound knowledge of history and literature should count for stones in the sling of the writer who goes forth to conquer the great Goliath of the public. It really seemed a waste of good things not to turn all this to account.

But how to begin? She bought an armful of the magazines which make gay the streets of Victoria.

'I ought to be able to do this kind of thing,' she reflected. 'I have a good vocabulary — father thought about eight thousand words; and I have seen all there is to see. Let 's try.'

She did, and ended with more respect for the average author. The eight thousand of her vocabulary were as unmanageable as mutineers or idiots. They marched doggedly in heavy columns, they right-about-faced and deployed; but there was no life in them. The veriest manhandler of a grizzly could do better. Being a young person of quick insight and decision she decided to waste no more time in that direction. She burned her manuscripts and turned her attention to planning her garden.

And it was then that V. Lydiat dawned on the horizon. Dawned — that is the only word, for V. Lydiat came and the sun came after. It happened in this way.

II

One night Beatrice Veronica fell asleep and dreamed, but not in the usual way. She was standing by a temple she remembered very well in Southern India, the Temple of Govindhar. It stood there under its palms, wonderful as a giant rock of majolica, colored lavishly in the hard fierce sunshine, monstrously sculptured with gods and goddesses and mythical creatures of land and water in all the acts of their supernal life, writhing and tapering upward to the great architectural crown supported by tigers and monkeys — a crown gemmed with worshiping spirits for jewels, a nightmare conception of violence in form and color; the last barbaric touch to the misbegotten splendor. The dream was so vivid that it seemed as though she had awaked into it, and she stood among the palms, looking up to the blaze against the blue and wondering.

Suddenly she became aware that a man was standing near the great gate which no unbeliever's foot may pass, looking up also, shading his eyes with his hand from the intolerable sunlight. His face was sensitive and strong, his eyes gray and noticeable. She liked his figure in the light tropical clothing and recognized the air of birth and breeding. But he seemed wearied, as if the climate had been too much for him — a look one knows very well where the sun beats on the head in the lowlands of Southern India, beats all the cruel day like a mighty man of valor.

Then, as dream-people will, he came toward her as if they had known each other all their lives, and said slowly, meditatively, 'I have tried and tried. I can't do it.'

With a sense that she knew what he meant, though she could not drag it to light, she found herself saying earnestly, 'But have you tried hard enough? *Really* tried?'

He put his hand to his forehead with a tired gesture. 'I 'm always trying. But *you* could do it.'

She said, 'Could I?' in great astonishment.

They stood a moment side by side, looking at each other, and then, as if from a blurred distance, she heard his voice again. 'It was said in the Vedas that if any two creatures united their

psychic forces they could conquer the world, though singly they could do nothing.'

Temple and palms dissolved into colored mist; they swam away on another wave of dream and vanished. She floated up to the surface of consciousness, awake, with the pale morning gold streaming in through the east window.

She knew she had dreamed, for a sense of something lost haunted her all day; yet she could not remember anything, and things went on in their usual course. She was planning the garden and it almost filled her mind. That evening, sitting in the hotel lounge, listening to the babble of music and talk about her, she had the impulse to write — to write something, she did not in the least know what. It was so urgent that she walked quickly to the elevator and then to her sitting-room, and there she snatched pen and paper and wrote the beginning of a story of modern life in India, but strangely influenced by and centring about the Temple of Govindhar. As she wrote the name she remembered that she had seen it among the palm trees in its hideous beauty, and now, like a human personality, it forced itself on her and compelled her to be its mouthpiece.

How it happened she could not tell. Certainly she had traveled, kept her ears and eyes open, and learned as much as any woman can who keeps on the beaten track in the Orient and consorts only with her own kind. The native and European worlds are very far apart, so far that nothing which matters very much can pass over the well-defined limits. Moreover, she was not a learned woman. Indian thought of the mystic order had never come her way, and Indian history, except where it touched European, was a closed book. Therefore this story astonished her very much. She read it over breathlessly when she had finished it.

The critic in her brain, standing aside, watched the mouthing and posturing of her characters, and told her austerely that the work was good, excellent; but something far behind her brain had told her that already. She read it over and over, ardently, lingeringly, with an astonishing sense of ownership, yet of doubt. *How* had it come? And the writing? No longer did the priggish eight thousand of her vocabulary march in dull squadrons, heavy-footed, languid. They sped, ran, flew, with perfect grace, like the dancers of princes. They were beautiful exceedingly. They bore the tale like a garland.

She tapped it out herself on the keys of her Corona and sent it to the editor of a very famous magazine, with the signature of V. Lydiat. As I have said, that matter took long thought, prompted from behind by instincts.

It was done, and V. Lydiat, a climbing star, shed a faint beam over the world. For the editor wrote back eagerly. He knew he had found a new flavor.

'Your work impresses me as extremely original. I am anxious to see more of it. I need hardly say I accept it for the magazine, and I shall hope to hear from you again before long.'

No need to dwell on Beatrice Veronica's feelings, mixed beyond disentanglement. She was not astonished that the work should be recognized as good, but — V. Lydiat! What had happened to her and how? Strange tales are told to-day of sudden brain-stimulations and complexes. Was she the happy victim of such an adventure, and if so, would it be recurrent? How should she know? What should she do? She felt herself moving in worlds not realized, and could not in the least decide the simple question of whether it was honest to accept commendation

for a thing she felt in her very soul she had not done and could not do.

But then, who? What was V. Lydiat?

He, she, or it, came from starrier spheres than hers. Wings plumed its shoulders, while hers were merely becomingly draped in seasonable materials. She knew that the visitor was a subtler spirit, dwelling beyond the mysteries, saturated with the color and desire of dead ages which can never die — an authentic voice.

Yes — V. Lydiat was entirely beyond her.

But you will understand that, though Beatrice Veronica could not enter into the secret places, it was a most wonderful thing to be amanuensis and business manager. To her fell the letters from editors and publishers, the correspondence which rained in from the ends of the earth, protesting gratitude, praise, entreaties for counsel in all things from routes to religions. These latter were the most difficult, for it would have taken V. Lydiat to answer them adequately. But Beatrice Veronica did the best she could, and her life moved onward aureoled and haloed.

She learned at last the rules of the game. V. Lydiat's ethereal approach could be secured only in the morning and with the wand of a fountain pen. She must sit with a fair sheet before her and wait, fixing her mind on some idle point of light or the persistent trembling of leaves, and suddenly the world would glide from her and she be left in another.

The strangest experience! It began always in the same way. The blue Canadian sky, the hyacinth gleam of sea through oak and pine, dissolved in unrealities of mist, and sultry Oriental skies, yellow as a lion's eyes or the brazen boom of a gong, beat fierce sunlight downward as from an inverted bowl. And then she knew V. Lydiat was at hand. But never with companionship. It was a despot and entered in, with flags flying, to the annihilation of Beatrice Veronica. She wrote like a thing driven on a wind, and woke to find it done. The possession obliterated her, and when she could collect her routed forces it was gone.

So time went on and V. Lydiat's fame was established and she wore it like a stolen jewel, with trembling, though only in her heart.

III

One night, in moonlight warmth, with the vast Princesses of the Dark hiding in the ambush of breathless trees, she sat in the high verandah of her little house with the broad vista through pines to the sea.

That day V. Lydiat had transported her to a great and silent jungle in Cambodia, and they went up together through the crowding, whispering jungle to the ruined palaces where great kings dwelt, and passed through their sounding halls, sculptured with dead myths, to the chambers once secret where the queens looked forth languidly from wildly carved casements into the wilderness of sweets in the garden. The story had led her to a great tank of water in the knotted shade, paved with marbles inlaid with human figures in strange metals, a place where women with gold-embraced heads once idly bathed their slender limbs in the warm lymph — a secret place, but now open to cruel sunlight and cold incurious stars.

So far she herself knew it all. She had photographed that tank with its stony cobras while Sidney Verrier timed the exposure. But of the story told to-day she knew nothing.

A wonderful story, old as time, new as to-morrow, for the figures in it were of to-day, and of a magic we are begin-

ning faintly to apprehend, like a gray dawn behind mountains — people who had gone there only to see, and were captured by the powers hiding behind carved walls and eyeless windows. A dangerous place, and she had not known it then; but V. Lydiat knew better, knew it was alive and terrible still.

'I wish I knew you,' she whispered, leaning her arms on the sill and looking out toward the hidden Orient. 'You come and go and I can't touch you even while you are in me. You interpret, you make life wonderful, and perhaps you are more wonderful still. If I could only lay hold of you! *What* are you? Where do you come from? Where do you go? I hear — oh, let me see!'

Dead silence. Not even the sound of the sea.

She laid her head on her folded arms.

'I 've been obedient. I 've laid myself down on the threshold that you might walk over me and take possession. Have you no reward for me? Are you just some strange cell of my own brain suddenly awake and working, or are you some other — what? — but nearer to me than breathing, as near as my own soul?'

It seemed to her that she sent her soul through the night, pleading, pleading. Then very slowly she relaxed into sleep as she lay in the moonlight — deep, soul-satisfying sleep. And so dreamed.

She stood in the Shalimar Garden of the dead Mogul Empresses in Kashmir. How well she knew it, how passionately she loved it! She and Sidney Verrier had moored their house boat on the Dal Lake, not far away, one happy summer, and had wandered almost daily to the Shalimar, glorying in the beauty of its fountains and rushing cascades, and the roses — roses everywhere in a most bewildering sweetness. How often she had gone up the long garden-ways to the foot of the hills that rise into mountains and catch the snows and stars upon their heights! It was no wonder she should dream of it. So, in her dream, she walked up to the great pavilion supported on noble pillars of black marble from Pampoor, and the moon swam in a wavering circle in the water before it. She held back a moment to see it break into a thousand reflections, and then became aware of a man leaning with folded arms by the steps, his face clear in the moonlight.

Instantly she knew him, as he did her — the man of her dream of the Temple of Govindhar.

As before, he turned and came toward her.

'I have waited for you by the Temple and here and in many other places. I wait every night. How is it you come so seldom?' he said. His voice was stronger, his bearing more alert and eager than at Govindhar. He spoke with a kind of assurance of welcome, to which she responded instantly.

'I would have come. I did not know. How can I tell?'

He looked at her, smiling.

'There is only one way. Why did n't you learn it in India? It was all round you and you did n't even notice. You don't know your powers. Listen.'

Beatrice Veronica drew toward him, eyes rapt on his face, scarcely breathing. Yes — in India she had felt there were mighty stirrings about her.

'You see — this is the way of it,' he said, leaning against the black pillar. 'The soul is sheer thought and knowledge, but prisoned in the body it is the slave of the senses, and all its powers are limited by these. And they lead it into acts which in their consequences are fetters of iron. Still, at a certain point of attainment one can be freer than most men believe possible. When this is so, you use the Eight Means of

Mental Concentration and are free.'

'Is this true? Do you know it?' she asked earnestly. 'Because if there 's any certain way, I have a quest — something — someone —'

She stammered and could not finish.

'I know. Someone you want to find in the dark. Well, it can be done. You would n't believe the possibilities of the freed state of consciousness. Here, in the Shalimar, you think you see nothing but moonlight and water — nothing in fact that your senses don't tell you. But that is nonsense. You are asleep in Canada and yet you see them by the inner light of memory. Well — use the Eight Means and you will see them waking and as clearly as you do in sleep. And much more. I, who have been taught, see very much more. This place to me is peopled with those who made it and were happy here. Dead kings and queens who rejoiced in its beauty. See!'

He laid his hand on hers and suddenly she saw. Amazing — amazing! They were alone no longer.

Sitting in the pavilion, looking down into the moon-mirroring water, was a woman in the ancient dress of Persia, golden and jeweled. She flung up her head magnificently, as if at the words, and looked at them, the moon full in her eyes. The garden was peopled now, not only with roses, but with large white blossoms sending out fierce hot shafts of perfume. They struck Beatrice Veronica like something tangible and half dazed her as she stared at the startling beauty of the unveiled woman, revealed like a flaming jewel in the black-and-white glory of the night.

With his hand on hers she knew without words. Nourmahal, the Empress, ruler of the Emperor who made the Shalimar for her pleasure, who put India with all its glories at her feet. Who else should be the soul of the garden, its perfume, and its blossom?

It seemed to Beatrice Veronica that she had never beheld beauty before. But as she watched, spellbound, the man lifted his hand from hers and the garden was empty of all but moonlight and roses once more, and he and she were alone.

'Was it a ghost?' she asked, trembling.

'No, no — an essential something that remains in certain places, not a ghost. There is nothing of what you mean by that word. Don't be frightened! You 'll often see them.'

She stared at him perplexed, and he added: —

'You see? One has only to put one's self in the receptive state and time is no more. One sees — one hears. You are only a beginner, so I cannot show you much. But you *are* a beginner or you would not be here in the Shalimar with me now. There is a bond between us which goes back —' He paused, looking keenly at her, and said quickly, 'Centuries — and more.'

She was stunned, dazed by the revelations. They meant so much more than it is possible to record. Also, the sensation was beginning in her which we all know before waking. The dream wavers on its foundation, loosens, becomes misty, makes ready to disappear. It would be gone — gone before she could know. She caught his hand as if to steady it. 'Are you V. Lydiat?' she cried. 'You must be. You are. You come to me every day — a voice. Oh, let me come to you like this, and teach me, teach me, that I may know and see! I am a blind creature in a universe of wonders. Let me come every night.'

His face was receding, palpitating, collapsing, but his voice came as if from something beyond it.

'That is what you call me. Names are nothing. Yes, come every night.'

IV

Beatrice Veronica woke that morning with the sun glorying through the eastern arch of her verandah. She was still dressed. She had slept there all night. Of the dream she remembered snatches, hints, which left new hopes and impulses germinating in her soul. That was the beginning of a time of strange and enchanting gladness. Thus one may imagine the joy of a man born blind who by some miraculous means is made to see and wakes in a world of wonders.

The morning was V. Lydiat's. At ten o'clock she would betake herself to her high verandah and, folding her hands and composing her mind, look out to sea through the wide way of pines which terminated in its azure beauty. Then, as has been told before, her mind would blow softly away on a dream-wind, and the story would begin.

And at night there was now invariably the meeting. At first it was always in some place she knew — some spot she recognized from memory, haunts of her own with Sidney Verrier. But one night a new thing happened — she woke into dream by the Ganges at Cawnpore, at the terrible Massacre Ghaut, a place she had always avoided because of the horrible memories of the Indian Mutiny which sicken the soul of every European who stands there.

Now she stood at the top of the beautiful broken steps under the dense shade of the very trees where the mutineers ambushed, and he was below, beckoning her.

'Well done, well done!' he said, as she came slowly down to where the holy Ganges lips the lowest step. 'This was a great experiment. You could never have come here alone — I could not have brought you until now, and I had to fight the repugnance in you; but here you are. You see? We have been putting stepping-stones, you and I, each from our own side, and now the bridge is made and we hold hands in the middle. You can come anywhere now. And listen! I too am learning to go where I have never been. The world will be open to us soon.'

He looked at her with glowing eyes — the eyes of the explorer, the discoverer, on the edge of triumph.

'But why here — in this horrible place?' She shrank a little even from him as she looked about her. He laughed.

'That is no more now than a last year's winter-storm. They know. They were not afraid even then. They laugh now as they go on their way. Be happy, beloved. They are beyond the mysteries.'

Of that dream she carried back to earth the word 'beloved.' Who had said it she could not tell. Was it — could it be V. Lydiat? She did not know. Also she remembered that she had dreamed of the Massacre Ghaut at Cawnpore, and took pains to search for pictures and stories of the place to verify her dream. Yes — it was true. Things were becoming clearer.

Her power in writing increased very noticeably about this time. V. Lydiat was recognized as holding a unique place among writers about the Orient. On the one side were the scholars, the learned men who wrote in terms of ancient Oriental thought, terms no ordinary reader could understand; and on the other, the writers of the many-faceted surface, the adventurers, toying with the titillating life of the zenana and veiled and dangerous love-affairs, a tissue of colored crime. But V. Lydiat recorded all, and with a method of his own which approached perfect loveliness in word and phrase. The faiths of the East were his — in India

and China alike, his soul sheltered under the wings of the Divine, at home in strange heavens, and hells which one day were to blossom into heavens.

'I 'm only a pioneer. You too,' he said to her one day, — she could dream the day as well as the night, — sitting in the gardens of the Taj Mahal. 'It will be done very much better soon. See how we are outgrowing our bounds and feeling out after the wonders — the essential self which hands on the torch when we die? Die? No — I hate that word. Let 's say — climb a step higher on the ladder of existence. Every inch gives us a wider view of the country. You see?'

She liked that 'You see?' which came so often. It was so eager — so fraternal in a way. Yes, they were good comrades, she and V. Lydiat.

'Do you know I write for you?' she ventured to ask. 'I have often wondered if you speak as unconsciously as I write.'

'No, no. I know. I always know. Longer ago than you would believe you used to write for me. We are in the same whirlpool, you and I. Our atoms must always be whirled together again. You can't escape me, B. V., however hard you try.'

'Do you think I want to?' she asked.

But in daily life she clung to her secret like grim death. She would not have been burdened with V. Lydiat's laurels for the world. The dishonesty of it! And yet one could never explain. Hopeless — who would believe? And, apart from that, she had a kind of growing belief that he would enter on his own one day. Not that she understood him as more than a dim dream-influence, but the realization of a presence was growing, and she herself developing daily.

There is no space here to tell of the wondrous sights she saw, holding his hand. Beatrice Veronica bid fair to be a remarkable woman if some day the inner and outer perceptions should unite.

But what was to be the solvent? That, this story can indicate only faintly, for the end is not yet.

She went out less into her little world — not shunning it, but so enfolded in secret joys that it seemed insipid enough. People liked her, but she moved in her own orbit and it intersected theirs only at well-defined points. Her soft abstracted air won, but eluded. It put an atmosphere about her of thoughts not to be shared.

V

One day came a letter from Sidney Verrier, now Sidney Mourilyan, from her husband's plantation in the Shevaroy Hills in Southern India. She wrote from the settlement of Yercaud. 'Not a town,' she wrote, 'but dear little scattered houses in the trees. We have even a club! — think of it, after the wilds where you and I have been. I wish half the day you would come. You would like it, B. V. — you would like it! The heliotropes are almost trees; the jasmines have giant stars. The house is stormed with flowers, almost too sweet. Don't you hear the East a-calling? At all events you hear me, for I want you. It 's a cold country you 're in — frigid pines, and stark mountains, and icy seas. Do come out into real sunshine again.

'And listen, B. V. — there 's a man going round by Japan to Canada. A man called Martin Welland. I should like you to know him for two reasons. First, he can tell you all about us and this place. Second, I find him interesting. If you don't, shunt him. My love, my dear B. V., and do come.'

There was more, but that is the essential.

It was about four months later that

Beatrice Veronica was rung up in her verandah. The imperative call annoyed her, for she was writing. A man's voice.

'Miss Leslie? I think Mrs. Mourilyan told you I was coming this way. My name is Welland.'

Polite assurances from the verandah.

'Yes. I am at the Empress. May I come and see you this afternoon? I have a small parcel from Mrs. Mourilyan.'

With her Chinese servant she made the little black-oak table beautiful with silver and long-stemmed flowers in old English glass bowls. If he went back to Yercaud he should at least tell Sidney that her home in 'that cold country' was desirable.

He came at four and she could hear his voice in the hall before she saw him. She liked it. The words were clear, well-cut, neither blurred nor bungled. Then the door opened. A tall man, broad-shouldered; a sensitive mouth and deep-set eyes. Possibly thirty-eight or so. All these things flashed together in an impression of something to be liked and trusted. On his side, he saw a young woman in a flowing blue-gray gown, with hazel eyes and hair to match, a harmony of delicate browns enhancing a pale face, with faintly pink lips, and a look of fragility which belied the nervous strength beneath.

The parcel was given — a chain of Indian moonstones in silver, very lovely in its shifting lights. And then came news of Yercaud.

'I heard of you so much there that you are no stranger to me,' he said, watching with curious interest while she filled the jade-and-pink Chinese cups with jasmine tea from a far-off valley in Anhui. It fascinated him, the hands flitting like little white birds on their quick errands, the girl, so quiet and self-possessed, mistress of herself and her house.

'You have a delightful home,' he said at last, rather abruptly.

'Yes. When you return do try to convince Mrs. Mourilyan that I don't live in a hut on an iceberg. You agree with me, I know, that only Kashmir and one or two other places can be more beautiful than this.'

'I fully agree. Yet it misses something which permeates India in places far less lovely. It lacks atmosphere. Just as the dead leaves of a forest make up a rich soil where all growth is luxuriant, so the dead ancientry of India makes the air rich with memory and tradition. You can't get that in these new countries.'

'I know! Here it 's just a lovely child with all the complexities ahead.'

'I can understand that. And they tell me the climate is delightful. I wish I could stay here. I may come back some day, but I have to return to India for a while in any case.'

'You have work?'

'Yes, and no. I have collected an immense quantity of notes for several books on Indian subjects, but — now you will laugh! — I shall never write them.'

'But why — why? I know there 's an immense opening for *true* books about the Orient.'

'I think so too, but you 'll allow it 's a drawback that I am entirely devoid of the writing-gift. I have my knowledge. I have the thing flame-clear in my mind, but let me put it on paper and it evaporates. Dull as ditchwater! You see?'

That last little phrase sent a blush flying up her cheek. It recalled many things.

'Yes, I see. But then, could n't you put it in skillful hands?'

He turned suddenly on her.

'Could *you* do it?'

'I? I wish I could, but I am doing work at present — '

'Literary?'

'Of a sort. Secretarial. I write from dictation.'

'May I ask what sort of things?'

With a curious reluctance she answered, 'Indian,' and said no more.

He seemed to meditate on that; then said slowly: 'It seems that you have experience of the very things which interest me. Tell me, for I have been so long in the wilds, is there any writer nowadays taking the place with regard to things Indian which Lafcadio Hearn did with things Japanese? A man who gets at the soul of it as well as the beautiful surface?'

With her eyes on the ground and a sense of something startling in the air, she answered with a question: 'Have you ever heard of V. Lydiat's books?'

'Not that I know of. Up in Kulu and beyond, the new books don't penetrate. A man or a woman?'

'People are not certain. The initial might mean either, but the critics think a man. The last is called *The Unstruck Music;* the one before *Dreams and Delights;* the first *The Way of Stars.*'

'Beautiful names. Can I get them here?'

'Oh yes. But I can lend them to you.'

They talked happily long after that in a curiously intimate way which gave her secret but intense happiness.

When he went off he carried *The Way of Stars* and the rest under his arm, and they parted like friends.

VI

That night she had no dream and next day she tried even more eagerly than usual to get in touch with V. Lydiat, but in vain. The oracle was silent. It frightened her a little, for the whole thing had been so strange that she always touched it with a certain doubt. She sat patiently all the morning, hoping and sorely disturbed; but the Pacific hung a relentless azure curtain before her fairyland and the pines dreamed in their own sunshine and made no way for palms.

At one o'clock the telephone rang.

'Welland speaking. May I come and see you this afternoon?'

It was impossible, for she had an engagement, but she named the evening at eight. He caught at this—his voice was evidence of his eagerness. He came a minute or two before the time, and a book was in his hand. She knew the cover with the drift of stars across it before he spoke, though he broke out the minute he was in the room.

'The most amazing thing! I hardly know how to tell you. You 'll think I 'm mad. It 's my book — mine, yet I never wrote a word of it.'

They stared at each other in a kind of consternation, and the little color in her face died away. She felt but could not control the trembling of her hands.

'You mean — '

'I mean — there are my notes one after another, but expressed in a way I could never hope for, *exquisitely* expressed. But it 's mine all the same. A cruel, enchanting robbery! You don't believe me — how could you? But I can prove it. See here!'

With passionate haste he pulled a roll of paper from his pocket, and pushed the typed sheets before her. The first story in *The Way of Stars* was called 'The Lady of Beauty.' The notes began: 'Notes and scene for The Beautiful Lady,' and went on *seriatim* with the scaffolding of the story. Rough notes — nothing more — but precise.

'The way it 's done here, in this book, is the very way I used to see it in my dreams, but it was utterly beyond me! For God's sake, tell me what you think.'

She laid it down.

'Of course it 's yours. No doubt of that. But his too. You blocked out the marble. He made the statue. The very judgment of Solomon could n't decide between you.'

'That 's true,' he said hopelessly. 'But the mystery of it! The hopeless mystery. No eye but mine has ever seen that paper till now.'

Silence. A gray moth flew in from the garden and circled about the lamp. The little flutter of its wings was the only sound. Then, in a shaken voice very unlike its own usual sedate sweetness, she asked, 'Mr. Welland, do you ever dream?'

'Awake? Constantly.'

'Asleep?'

She saw caution steal into his frank eyes and drop a curtain before them.

'Why do you ask? Everyone dreams.'

She gathered up all her courage for the next question.

'Were you ever in the Shalimar?'

'Certainly. Does anyone ever go to Kashmir and miss it?'

He was fencing, that was palpable. It gave her hope for a golden gleam through her fear. She clasped her shaking hands tightly in each other.

'I have the strangest dreams. I can bring back only snatches. Yet I know there is a wonderful connected story behind them. I dreamed the Shalimar not long ago; I brought back one image — a woman in an old Persian dress sitting by the black Pampoor pillars and looking down into the water where the moon dipped and swam all gold.'

'Yes, yes, go on,' he breathed.

'There were flowers — white flowers. I never saw them there in the daylight.'

'Unbearably sweet,' he interjected. 'The scent is like the thrust of a lance. I know, I know. But there was another woman. I can't remember her face.'

'How did she stand?' asked Beatrice Veronica.

'Near me — but she could see nothing. The day still blinded her, until —'

'Until you laid your hand on hers. Then she saw.'

Another long silence. Only the beating of the moth's wings. He leaned forward from his chair and laid his hands on the clasp of hers. Their eyes met, absorbing each other; the way for the electric current was clear.

'I remember now,' he said very softly. 'It was you. It was you at the Temple of Govindhar. At the Massacre Ghaut of Cawnpore. Ah, I dragged you there against your will to show I was the stronger. It is you — always you.'

What was she to say? With his hands on hers it was a union of strength which put the past before both like an open book. She remembered all the dreams now. Impossible to tell them here, they were so many — like and unlike, shaken shifting jewels in a kaleidoscope held in some unseen hand. But jewels. They sat a long time in this way, rapt in wordless memories, their eyes absorbing each other — the strangest reunion. When speech came it brought rapture which needed little explanation. They bathed in wonder as in clear water; they flung the sparkle of it over their heads and glittered to each other in its radiance. When had such a miracle been wrought for any two people in all the world? The dreams of the visionary were actual for them, and Heaven and earth instinct with miracle.

'When we are married — when we pass our lives utterly together, the bond will be stronger,' he said, kissing her hand passionately, two hours later. 'We shall be awake, with reason and intellect as well as vision to help our work; we shall do such things as the world has never dreamed, prove that miracle is the daily bread of those who

know. Two halves of a perfect whole made one forever and ever. You see?'

He looked at her a moment with shining eyes and added, 'The wise will come to us for wisdom, the poets for beauty, and we shall make our meeting-places the shrines of a new worship.'

Beatrice Veronica agreed with every pulse of her blood. The Great Adventure, and together! — what bliss could equal that marvel?

They were together perpetually, and surely human happiness was never greater than that of these two adventurers with the blue capes of Wonderland in sight at last over leagues of perilous seas. In another image, their caravan halted outside the gates of Paradise, and in a short few weeks those gates would swing open for them and, closing, shut out Fate.

But she did not dream of Martin Welland now, nor he of her. The discovery and all it involved was so thrilling that it brought every emotion to the surface as blood flushes the face when the heart beats violently. The inner centres were depleted.

They were married and Paradise was at hand, but for a while the happy business of settling their life engrossed them. It would be better to live in Canada and make long delightful visits to the Orient to refill the cisterns of marvel, they thought. A room for mutual work must be plotted in the bungalow; then there was the anxious question of a southern aspect. Then it was built, and it became a debatable decision whether some of the pines must fall to enlarge the vista to the sea. Friends rallied about her on the news of the marriage, and rejoiced to see the irradiation of Beatrice Veronica's pale face. Then they must be entertained.

Then the endless joyful discussions as to whether the author should still be V. Lydiat or whether collaboration should be admitted. These things and many more filled the happy world they dwelt in.

VII

Can the end be foreseen? They never foresaw it.

The hungry claim of human bliss fixed its roots in the inner soil where the Rosa Mystica had blossomed, and exhausted it for all else. That, at least, is the way one endeavors to state the mysterious enervation of the subconscious self which had built the stepping-stones between them to the meeting-point.

She went hopefully to her table when they had settled down, and he sat beside her doing his utmost to force the impulse across inches which had made nothing of oceans. It was dead. He could think of nothing but the sweet mist of brown tendrils in the nape of her neck, the pure line from ear to chin, the delights of the day to be. She sat with the poor remnant of his notes before her — for nearly all had been exhausted in the three books — and tried to shape them into V. Lydiat's clear and sensitive beauty of words. It could not be done. Her eight thousand words marched and deployed heavy-footed as before. They were as unmanageable as mutineers or idiots. There was no life in them.

So it all descended to calmer levels. They slept in each other's arms, but they never dreamed of each other now. They had really been nearer in their ghostly meeting by the Taj Mahal or in the evil splendors of Govindhar — far nearer, when she wrote and could not cease for joy, than when Martin Welland sat beside her and struggled to find what had flashed like light in the old days. They had to face it at last — V. Lydiat was dead.

It troubled them much for a while, but troubled the world more. The

publishers were besieged with questions. Finally these also slackened off and died. V. Lydiat was buried.

They thought that if they returned to India for a time the dead fire might rekindle under those ardent skies. But no.

One day, at Benares, standing near the great Monkey of Durga, Martin stopped suddenly and a light came into his eyes. 'B. V., I 've just remembered that one of the most learned of the native pandits lives near here — a wonderful old fellow called Jadrup Gosein. Let 's go and state the case to him. The wisest man I ever knew.'

The holy man was seated under the shadow of a great image of Ganesa, the Elephant-Headed One, the Giver of Counsel, and when they sat themselves before him at a measured distance the case was stated.

There was a long pause, a deep silence filled with hot sunshine, and the passing of bare feet on sun-baked floors — an extraordinary peace and remoteness.

Jadrup Gosein meditated profoundly, then raised his serene dark face upon them with the dim look that peers from the very recesses of being, dazed as with excess of light. His words, incomprehensible to Beatrice Veronica, had the deep resonance of a bell, near at hand but muffled.

'There was a man long since,' he began, 'to whom the high gods offered in reward of merit a tree, very small and feeble, — a suckling, as it were, among trees, — with feeble fibrous root, accessible to all the dangers of drought and sun, and of a family of trees unknown to him whether as to blossom or fruit. And he beheld it with doubt. So, seeing this, they offered instead a rose from the Earthly Paradise, crimson and perfumed, its hidden bosom pearled with dew like tears. And he said: "The tree may die, and should it live I am ignorant of its virtues, but the rose is sweet in my hand. I choose the rose." So they gave it. And the wise Elephant-Headed One said: "O fool, what is a rose compared with a divine tree of roses which bears myriads of blossoms forever and ever? A gathered rose is dead." My children, you have chosen the rose. Yet, in another life, remember and cling to that which is rooted in the past, present, and future, and flowers immortally.'

Then he dismissed them kindly and returned into his thought.

'He means,' said Martin with a troubled brow, 'that ordinary household happiness shuts a man in from the stars. B. V., do you remember the flute of Pan? He tore the reed from the river and murdered it as a reed to make a flute for the god?'

'But we 're so happy!' she whispered, clinging against him to feel the warmth of his love. 'The outer stars are cold. I don't regret V. Lydiat. I have you.'

Martin sighed. 'You had both. You have only me now.'

All day he was clouded with a sense of something lost and gone which could never be replaced. But that regret also slipped away. They forgot. It faded into the light of common day and they were extremely happy. They never could account for the way they had come together in the lost dream-world. The clue to that mystery escaped them once and forever. Jadrup Gosein could have told them all about it, but they never thought of asking him the one question which really mattered.

BUCOLIC BEATITUDES

I. BLESSED BE THE DOG

BY RUSTICUS

My dog has but one eye. He was the beginning of things. Just how far he has controlled my destiny, just how far he has shaped the lives of those about him, will never be known until the dull human mind has evolved a keener perception of the real values of life and has learned to become conscious of influences too subtle to be recognized by man in his present fallen estate. This is certain: he was the beginning of things. It was he who opened the door and led the way.

I have always felt that I owe that dog an apology which only a life of devotion can express. The bitter truth is — I bought him. What I paid for him is one of those personal secrets which will remain locked in my bosom to the end of time. It is one of those sacred things that even an Internal Revenue Inspector must dismiss in reverent awe, and the Head of the Household must rest content with the explanation that there are but two hidden things in my life: one is the price paid for the dog in question and the other is the extent of my devotion to my wife. After the matter is presented in these terms, further inquiry seems indelicate.

But the bitter fact remains — I did buy him. A dog should never be purchased, should never be made the subject of barter and dickering. A dog may be rescued from abuse, he may be bestowed and accepted as a gift, he may be borrowed and never returned, he may be found and kept, and, in cases of real necessity, he may be stolen in a dignified manner — but he should never be bought. I have heard of men who make a livelihood from the purchase and sale of dogs. I can conceive of them as good husbands and kind fathers, but they still seem to me inhuman monsters engaged in a sinister traffic.

There seems to be one relationship in a social structure now completely dissected and exposed under the microscope of social investigators which remains inviolate — a relationship that owes its immunity from investigators to the stupidity characteristic of investigators, who ignore the significant and tear the obvious and unimportant into worthless tatters. That relationship is the profoundly significant one existing between a good, bad, or indifferent child and a dog.

With what wealth of ritual do we bestow a name upon a child; with what ecstasies of formality do we celebrate her taking a mate; and yet with what casual indifference do we give that child the first dog! We create a contact — as our scientific friends like to call it — the importance of which no one can conjecture, with a callous unconcern which is the only proper measure of our ignorance.

Here if anywhere is an excuse for formality and the most elaborate and

significant ritual. Here is a real chance for genuine good cheer and the sincerest merrymaking, quite unlike that forced and somewhat doubting hilarity that characterizes the average marriage-feast. For in this case we perform the one act allowed us in this earthly pilgrimage in which we are sure to be right; we cannot make a mistake. And certainly when that crowning moment of our existence comes — when as in the fairy tale we make the one wish allowed us — we should do it with a high degree of decorum and with all decent elaboration of detail.

I say we cannot make a mistake — I mean from the child's standpoint. We may create a relationship trying to the dog, by giving him to a very inferior child upon whom he must lavish years of loving instruction before improvement appears, but we cannot hurt the child by giving him a bad dog, for the simple reason that there is no such thing, broadly speaking, as a bad dog.

There is the occasional dog, of course, who has not withstood the corrupting influences of human associations as well as his more fortunate brothers, but even he is vastly better than no dog at all.

And once the contact made, the relationship established, what unlimited vistas of speculation lie temptingly before the reflective mind! Those two little figures on the hearthrug — one in the image of man, one showing the sleek and perfect lines of a half-wild creature. Two heads together — one of tousled gold, the other close-cropped and tapering to nostrils of nervous sensitiveness; a relaxed and callous paw held firmly in a dimpled human hand. What are they saying to each other? What lies back of those limpid canine eyes, half closed to the glare and warmth of the hearthstone? Something is going on between them, some delicate transmission of emotion, thought, or stimulus which we know is infinitely good for the soul of the child and we can hope does no harm to the dog.

An unfamiliar footstep is heard, and the picture changes. The relaxed and languid creature is transformed in an instant from a musing, tolerant playmate to a bristling bundle of potential destruction. He stands, alert and vibrant, muscles tense, set for any contingency, ready for any emergency and any sacrifice. The emergency passes, and with an apologetic shake to relieve the tension of his muscles, and a half-sneeze to clear the dryness of expectant fangs, he settles once more upon the hearthrug to resume his mystic communion with the only person in the household with whom he is on terms of complete mutual understanding.

These are the perfect hours of childhood and doghood. They pass, like all perfect things, and are followed by long hours of separation while the child is absent in one of those institutions ingeniously contrived to remove him from the priceless opportunities of improvement in the society of a dog and to lighten the duties of idle parents in exchange for a fleeting familiarity with what is cryptically called the 'l.c.d.' And while the child is incarcerated in one of those centres of juvenile infection what prodigies of patience does the dog perform!

In my own case there happen to be two avenues of return from these dreary absences, and for long before the hour of arrival they must be watched. Owing to the entire absence of one eye this is a delicate operation, but Cerberus has found one point where with the least muscular exertion he can sweep his tiny horizon with his one remaining eye. And so he waits — not with the imbecile nervous tension and restless pacing of his master, but

relaxed and resting. Suddenly he becomes alert; the peculiar rattle of a certain rear wheel on a certain automobile is recognized by those miraculous ears long before the solitary eye can see the car. He is off — the long vigil is over. Once more life is sweet and full of interest and adventure.

It is idle to prate of the lessons he teaches. They have been told and retold. Patience, loyalty, devotion — we know them all. It is in the finer shades of his relationship with those about him that his quality appears. His is a wonderful life. Countless hours are spent in investigation. Every nook and cranny, every tree and every stone, every dark and mysterious hole, every living creature in pasture, garden, or stable must be run to earth. What sort of data is he gathering, I wonder? What use does he make of it? I do not know, but it is being stored away and tabulated for future reference in a vastly more usable and convenient form than any card index devised by the bungling brain of his master.

These are the busy hours of dog life. How often we encounter him bent on some important errand! I have a friend, the only adult I ever met who really knows a dog — and by the same token he is that rare thing, the gentleman. He too enjoys a long and solitary tramp, and he often meets on the highways and in the wood paths his various canine acquaintances bent on matters of importance. He makes a practice of saluting them with a cordial but respectful 'Good morning' or 'Good afternoon,' with perhaps a passing allusion to the fine weather. This by way of tribute to a fellow creature with mutual tastes.

But Cerberus knows that all work and no play is a dangerous method of life, and so hours are devoted to recreation. The duties of guardianship and the demands of education are laid aside and he shows us how to play. Madly, intently, with no thought of appearances he rushes into play. Preferably with others, but alone if necessary, and the simplest things suffice; a stick, a stone, a floating bit of feather is all he needs. No elaborate toy, no calculated programme, no long planning, no arguments and disagreements as to the *terminus ad quem*, resulting in half-hearted enjoyment or utter boredom (the usual result of human recreations) — nothing but utter abandonment to the pleasure of the moment. I envy Cerberus his play more than I ever envied my neighbor's laboriously acquired and oppressive wealth.

Play over, then comes rest — rest as complete and perfect as the play. Stretched on the grass or before the fire, relaxed and languid, every muscle slack and every nerve quiet, he sinks to slumber profound and absolute. Sometimes a bit of joyous memory steals into his slumbering mind; an ear will cock, a paw will twitch, but for an instant, and he is again at perfect peace.

Then the call will come. Duty summons in the form of some sound inaudible to human ears, some suspicious odor too delicate to disturb a human nostril, and he is up. Back in harness, recreated, rested, ready for any demand upon that marvelous supply of nervous energy. And a neurasthenic generation wonders at it, while Cerberus patiently tries to teach by actual practice the simplest rudiments of health to a stupid and inattentive class of grown-up dunces.

That much vaunted and greatly overestimated thing called intellectual life, which humans use as a convenient excuse for all sorts of self-indulgence, is to Cerberus only the nice adjustment of dog data, knowledge, and experience to the needs of his complex relationships with those about him. These

adjustments are delicate and intricate, for Cerberus lives, moves, and has his being, not in a world of understanding fellow-dogs, but with creatures duller than he and filled with every form of prejudice and conceit. Add to this the fact that these same folk represent to him, not men and women, but for all practical purposes of immediate recognition and other important dog-matters nothing more or less than a moving forest of male and female legs. How would you prosper, my proud dog-baiting relative, if your point of view was from eight to fifteen inches above ground, and if your horizon line could be extended beyond a few paltry yards only by a painful lifting of the head or the securing of some vantage point for observation?

I fear, my friend, you would cut a much sadder figure than Cerberus at his worst.

And so his days pass. They are full of work and rest and play and, above all, a constant effort to square his dog mind to a man world. He does it pretty well; he does it better on the whole than man squares his to a God-made world. At least his effort seems more sincere, his attitude vastly more dignified and honest.

The day's work is over. Childish hands are clasped in sleep, maternal cares are soothed in the first sweet sleep of night, and paternal irritabilities are in the process of partial elimination by pipe and book and armchair and open fire.

Cerberus lies with his head across his master's foot, a convenient arrangement allowing contact to replace sight on the blind side; and the seeing side commands the door. The autumn wind sways bare branches against the tiny house. Faint odors of apples and other products of the little farm seep up from the cellar, where in modest store they flank the winter's firewood piled in orderly array. The year is dying. Cerberus stirs in his sleep. I lay my hand upon his lean side. I pause to feel the rapid beating of his little heart, scarcely slowed at all even in sleep. Would that some power could slow it down; it will wear out all too soon — and then!

A door creaks. He rises; no bristling fury, no growling menace, only an orderly and methodical investigation of every corner of the room and hall. Then a dignified return and sleep resumed. A subtle compliment to his master's competence, a mere gesture of coöperation with a trusted superior — this is one of those delicate adjustments of dog life to a man-made world. Of these Cerberus is a past master.

He sleeps. His 'trusted superior' glances at the title of the book he is reading and lays it on the table. No need to read now, when Cerberus teaches. The book is a scholarly treatise on *The Mastery of Nerves.*

THE GREAT MR. CHURCHILL

BY IAN COLVIN

I

It was said in the war that although we had not invented an unsinkable ship we had succeeded in producing an unsinkable politician, and, whatever else may be said of Mr. Winston Churchill, it will be conceded that his buoyancy is nothing short of amazing. The two great catastrophes of Antwerp and the Dardanelles failed to sink him. He has been several times upon a lee shore, battering himself to pieces — or so it seemed — upon the rocks of various obdurate constituencies. The vessel might seem to be derelict, detached without any hope of salvage or any powerful party political tug to tow it out of danger; and yet, somehow or other, it has always floated away, not merely to the open sea again, but into some prosperous harbor of ministerial office. The last case is the most remarkable of all. Mr. Churchill had detached himself, or had been detached, from the Liberal Party; he had refused to call himself a Conservative; he had been defeated in a whole series of elections and by-elections; he had defied the Conservative Central Office in the famous fight of the Abbey Division. Yet he succeeded in floating into Parliament in the wake of the recent great Conservative flood tide, and was straightway appointed, by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, to one of the chief departments of State. Such a success might well be of interest to America, where I have heard that success is worshiped.

I am encouraged to write frankly on the subject by the fact that your country shared with my own the honor of — or the responsibility for — the production of this great man. If upon his father's side he is the son of that most brilliant of 'young' Conservatives, Lord Randolph Churchill, and the descendant of the great Duke of Marlborough, on his mother's side he looks to the family of Jerome and the city of New York. In our study of a great man we should begin before the birth, and although I am ill equipped in the history of the family of Jerome, I might suggest that in the history of the family of Churchill, and especially the greatest of the Churchills, there might be found some clue to this success.

Here in England, where we believe in heredity, we remember that the great Duke understood very well how and when to detach himself from one cause and to attach himself to another, and we find this trait distantly referred to, and piously admired, in Mr. Winston Churchill's life of his father: —

> Lord Churchill's name will not be recorded on the bead-roll of either party. The Conservatives, whose forces he so greatly strengthened; the Liberals, some of whose finest principles he so notably sustained, must equally regard his life and work with mixed feelings.

As with the father, so with the son. I suppose the Liberals, and certainly the Conservatives, regard the work and record of Mr. Winston Churchill 'with mixed feelings.'

II

To begin at the beginning, our great man was born on November 30, 1874. As he has not yet written his own life we know too little of his youth, but in one of his father's letters, dated January 15, 1893, we find that the trait of 'unsinkableness' began early. 'I am happy to say,' Lord Randolph Churchill wrote from Bournemouth, 'Winston is going on well, and making a good and on the whole a rapid recovery. He had a miraculous escape from being smashed to pieces, as he fell thirty feet off a bridge over a chine, from which he tried to leap to the bough of a tree. What dreadfully foolhardy and reckless things boys do!'

It may have seemed foolhardy and reckless, but after all it is exactly what Mr. Churchill has been doing with complete success ever since — jumping from bridges to boughs, and from boughs to bridges, over abysmal chines, at prodigious risk, yet without fatal consequences.

It is appropriate that this adventurous spirit should have proposed for himself a career in the army. From Harrow he went to Sandhurst, and got his commission in 1895. There being no war within the British Empire at that time, he served with the Spanish forces in Cuba; but we were never long without war in those happy times before the League of Nations, and in 1897 he saw fighting with the Malakand Field Force on the North West Frontier of India. In 1898 we hear of him as orderly officer with the Tirah Expeditionary Force, and in that same year he was fighting in the Nile Valley, and was present at the battle of Khartum. In the midst of these adventures he found time to write a novel, *Savrola*, which interests us chiefly as showing upon what the young soldier's mind was at work. It is a lurid tale of revolution, written a little in the style of Bulwer-Lytton, and, first appearing in *Macmillan's Magazine*, was published as a novel in 1900. The hero, Savrola, has a fine gift of rhetoric, and a complete command of all those catchwords of liberty which are the revolutionary stock in trade. Red flags, revolutions, bombs, and barricades surround and adorn his triumphant career.

Then came the South African War, in which the young Churchill took an almost leading part as correspondent of the *Morning Post*. Is it necessary to say that he was the centre of his own picture, the hero of his own tale? How he was captured in an armored train, taken to Pretoria, thrown into prison, escaped after reading Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* and John Stuart Mill's *Essay on Liberty*, managed to cross 280 miles of hostile territory to the Portuguese border — all these things, and many others, are they not written in his book, *London to Ladysmith via Pretoria* (1900)? The characteristic picture he drew of himself hiding in a deep ravine amid a clump of trees still lingers in the minds of his admiring countrymen: 'My sole companion was a gigantic vulture, who manifested an extraordinary interest in my condition and made hideous and ominous gurglings from time to time.'

It was not the last time that the vultures were cheated of their prey as they watched our subject's apparently, but deceptively, prostrate body.

But now we must come to politics, for in 1900 Mr. Churchill was elected as Conservative member for Oldham, and he entered politics toward the inglorious end of that great Conservative administration which was to be defeated, heavily and decisively, at the end of 1905. He notes in the life of his father that in 1880 the tendency of the day was 'strongly progressive' and that the position of the Conservative Party, on

the other hand, was 'weak in the extreme.' And again: 'The sympathy and the intellect of the nation were estranged . . . outmatched in debate, outnumbered in division, the Party was pervaded by a profound sense of gloom . . . jeered at as the "Stupid Party," haunted by the profound distrust of an ever growing democracy, conscious that the march of ideas was leaving them behind.' All this might have been said by the unkind of the last days of the Balfour administration. Yet there were, at least, two men in the Party at that time who refused to be left behind in the march of ideas: Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who tried in vain to save the Conservatives by unfolding his great policy of Imperial Preference, and Mr. Winston Churchill, who so strongly objected to Imperial Preference, or had such little faith in its saving power, that he joined the other side.

The Liberal Party, of which Mr. Churchill thus became a member, was hardly the place where we should expect to find a cavalry lieutenant and the son of Lord Randolph Churchill. Mr. Churchill's bias, as I am happy to testify, had been toward Nationalism — a patriotism almost of the jingo kind, flushed indeed with an imperialism of the South African War, and tinged with an inherited sense of a class designed for rule. The Liberals cared for none of these things. They had not quite dared to oppose the war, but they had gathered courage with the mistakes of our South African generals, and had almost reached the side of the Boers by the time it ended. They had indeed, as a party tradition, a certain grudge against the British Empire, a certain hostility toward both the navy and the army. There were, it is true, shades of distinction within the Party itself: Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey (now Lord Grey) led the Liberals of the Right, and were rather friendly than otherwise toward the Empire, against which the Radicals of the Left, led by such sharpshooters as Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Lloyd George, kept up a constant and harassing fire. The Prime Minister of those days, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, maintained an unsteady balance between the two extremes, but leaned rather to the Right than to the Left, and we may suppose that it was to strengthen his Right hand rather than his Left that he made Mr. Churchill, who had been returned as Liberal member for Central Manchester, Under Secretary for the Colonies.

The Liberals, although they did not like the traditions of their young recruit, were fain to admire his talents. He was an orator and a pamphleteer at least as brilliant as his father, and like his father he had a fine talent for the business of politics. In 1908 he became President of the Board of Trade, and in 1910 Home Secretary.

III

In that autobiographical fragment, *The World Crisis, 1911 to 1915*, our hero tells the world that when he was appointed Home Secretary he began to discover the activities of a regular and extensive system of German-paid British agents. This discovery, he says, dominated his mind for seven years, so that he thought of little else. 'Liberal politics, the People's Budget, Free Trade, Peace, Retrenchment and Reform — all the war cries of our election struggles began to seem unreal in the presence of this new preoccupation.' That may be so, but to a man of Mr. Churchill's energy even the German espionage system was insufficient to fill the whole day, and he came in touch with a thread, or rather with a live wire, of another no less formidable conspiracy, in a fashion so dramatic

that I must say something of it here.

On the sixteenth of December, 1910, the London police, suspecting a burglary, tried to force a jeweler's shop in Houndsditch, and were met by bullets which killed three and wounded two others. In pursuit of the criminals they stormed a house in Stepney on the third of January, 1911. Thus began the famous 'Siege of Sidney Street,' in which Mr. Churchill took a dramatic and — need I add? — a central part. The struggle was as thrilling as anything in *Savrola:* for seven hours picked shots of the Scots Guards and Army police returned the fire of the anarchists, Mr. Churchill directing operations from a coign of vantage. Then the house went up in flames, and its whole garrison, two foreign desperadoes, deservedly perished in the conflagration. The names of the queer fish dredged up by the police in this strange affair — Jacob Peters, Yourka Dubof, John Zelin (alias Rosen), Mina Vassileva, George Gardstein, and Peter Piatkow (alias Peter the Painter) — have a more familiar and significant sound now than they had then. It was, in fact, — if he had only known it, — Mr. Churchill's first introduction to the Bolsheviki.

It is possible that the Liberals did not quite like their Home Secretary in so startling a rôle, nor were they altogether reconciled by the energetic measures he took to quell the industrial rioting at Tonypandy in South Wales, and the railway strike of 1911. These incidents suggest the man of action, the ex-officer of cavalry, rather than the enthusiast for the principles of Liberalism. They even shocked some of the old women among the Conservatives: 'In recent times,' said Lord Robert Cecil, 'no Minister had in so few months committed a greater series of outrages on Liberty and Justice.'

But now events were sloping darkly down to the tremendous cataclysm in which all such trifles were lost and forgotten. At the moment the politics of our country were wholly absorbed in an Irish Crisis: Ulster threatened armed resistance to separation. Mr. Churchill, who was by this time First Lord of the Admiralty, threw himself into the fray. 'Let the red blood flow,' he exclaimed, as he ordered a battle squadron and flotilla to Lamlash, a base convenient for Belfast. Long afterward Mr. Churchill explained that he gave these orders in the hope that 'the popularity and influence of the Royal Navy might produce a peaceable solution even if the Army had failed.' Yet it is not, after all, altogether surprising that the Germans drew larger and darker conclusions from these alarms and excursions. 'How could they,' Mr. Churchill himself reflects, 'discern or measure the deep unspoken understandings which lay far beneath the froth and foam and fury of the storm?' How indeed? It was a deplorable and costly error. The Germans should have better understood how far our political play-acting could go! In the midst of this possibly too realistic drama came war, and amid the 'darkened scene of Europe' Mr. Churchill — as he suggests, upon his own responsibility — 'pulled over the various levers which successively brought our naval organization into full preparedness.' The credit for these eleventh-hour precautions has, however, been disputed by the envious.

I should be the last to refuse our hero due credit for his share in winning the Great War, but there is some danger that the uninstructed reader of the aforementioned work might gather that Mr. Churchill was sole autocrat in the Admiralty, and not advised, and to some extent controlled, by an extreme-

ly efficient board of real experts in war. When we find him using such phrases as this, for example, 'I said to the Admirals, "Use Malta as if it were Toulon,"' we might think that all the decisions and moves in that intricate and deadly game of chess called war were made on our side by an amateur. But these impressions might easily be exaggerated. There were others.

It may be admitted, however, that the headstrong young man took a larger part in this technical matter than was altogether safe or prudent. 'Looking back with after knowledge and increased years,' he himself confesses, 'I seem to have been too ready to undertake tasks which were hazardous or even forlorn.' One of these was the unlucky Antwerp intervention at the beginning of October 1914. The higher Belgian Command had decided to evacuate the weak and antiquated defenses of the peaceful and extremely vulnerable seaport. Mr. Churchill upon the instant determined that Antwerp must be saved and that he must save it. He persuaded his colleagues to allow him to go 'to ascertain what could be done on either side.' He persuaded them also to allow him to throw a regiment of extremely valuable marines and a corps of untrained naval volunteers into the breach. Nay more; he himself, as he tells us, 'strongly argued with the Belgians against evacuation,' and even took a part in directing field operations, with the result that Antwerp narrowly escaped entire destruction, the Belgian army was very nearly cornered, and part of our naval brigade was forced over into Holland, where it had to remain for the rest of the war.

Then we had the even more serious business of the Dardanelles, that 'legitimate gamble,' as Mr. Churchill afterward called it, which cost us so terribly dear. In the second volume of *The World Crisis*, Mr. Churchill describes — with, I trust, exaggerated emphasis — the influence he brought to bear upon our experts to force them into this forlorn hope. 'Nothing that I could do,' he complains in one passage, 'could overcome the Admirals now that they had definitely stuck their toes in.' And again he tells us that Lord Fisher, his First Sea Lord, explained to him his resignation on May 16, 1915, in the following words: 'You are bent on forcing the Dardanelles, and nothing will turn you from it — nothing — I know you so well!'

Whether in spite of or because of these and other political interventions, the course of the war did not go prosperously for Mr. Asquith's administration. The House of Commons and the country contrived — with some slight shadow of excuse — to lay at least part of the blame on the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. Asquith was forced to a reconstruction which left Mr. Churchill out. Our hero thereupon bade a dramatic farewell to the House of Commons, and once more drew his sword from its sheath. But it was not for long. Mr. Asquith fell and Mr. Churchill, remembering that Mr. Lloyd George had been the 'first to welcome him when he crossed the floor of the House on the Free Trade issue in 1904,' returned from the shell-ploughed fields of Flanders to the political arena. The new Prime Minister, in fact, was a kindred spirit. He also was 'winning the war' by his native genius, with an even slighter equipment of military science, and he found a place for Mr. Churchill, first as Minister of Munitions, and then as Secretary of State for War and for Air.

IV

I must pass quickly over the later part of his share in the history of the

Coalition. As Secretary of State for the Colonies he was deeply involved in the not altogether fortunate experiment in Dominion Home Rule which resulted in the Irish Free State. He took part in the negotiations with the Sinn Fein delegates, and even went so far as to express his admiration for the late Michael Collins, in whom, perhaps, he may have seen the hero of *Savrola* come to life. There were four ministers of the Coalition chiefly concerned in those negotiations — Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Birkenhead, and Mr. Churchill — and upon them was concentrated the blast of resentment which had been gathering strength for some time in the Conservative Party. The Die-Hards were not very strong in the House of Commons, but they were strong among the rank and file of the Conservative Party in the constituencies, and, moreover, they expressed the national sentiment. In my article on Mr. Stanley Baldwin, in the *Atlantic* for August 1923, I described how the storm gathered force until at last it swept all before it in the famous Carlton Club meeting. There is no need to retell the story here, since Mr. Churchill was not a member of the Club. As a Liberal Member of the Coalition, however, he suffered the full consequence, and shared in the resulting fall.

Then began what I might call the political *Wanderjahre* of our hero. He had long before been driven out of North West Manchester by Sir William Joynson Hicks, and had found refuge in Dundee, a busy and none too agreeable city in the East of Scotland. There he was now defeated by our one-and-only prohibitionist, Mr. Scrymgeour, and the pacifist and pro-German, Mr. E. D. Morel, who had by this time joined the Labor Party. He was defeated again at West Leicester, and a third time in the Abbey Division of Westminster. A notable change seemed to come over Mr. Churchill's politics as he moved through these successive defeats from the north to the south of these islands. At Dundee he had flirted with Socialism, and supported the nationalization of railways; at West Leicester he was distinctly 'reactionary,' and at Westminster he proposed for himself the rôle of leading a new anti-Socialist party. He was, in fact, making a stronger and stronger bid for Conservative support, as he saw the breach widen between the Liberals and himself. Yet he hesitated to burn his boats and clung desperately to a middle position of 'Constitutionalist,' between the Liberal sea and the Conservative shore. These coy reservations delayed complete reunion, and although the Conservative 'machine' might have been willing to ignore them, Conservative electors were stubbornly distrustful.

I witnessed the dramatic defeat of our hero at the Abbey election. The ballots were being counted at the tables in the Caxton Hall. All three candidates and their immediate friends were gathered on the floor; Mr. Churchill paced restlessly to and fro like a caged lion all through that anxious morning. Some indiscreet friend anticipated the count by calculations of his own; the rumor flew round that Mr. Churchill had won; there was a cheer, a wild shaking of hands, a fluttering of handkerchiefs. But the counting proceeded; pitiless Destiny in the shape of the Returning Officer announced the horrid truth: Mr. Churchill had been defeated by forty votes. 'Ah,' said the critics, 'he is dead. He has been buried in the Abbey!' Little did they realize the resiliency of our hero. His rise was to be no less dramatic than his fall.

There was one circumstance in particular which favored the revival. Mr. Churchill had denounced early and

strongly the Revolutionaries of Russia, whom Mr. Lloyd George had inclined to patronize. He had faithfully described to the British public the manner in which that 'terrible sect' had infected Russia with the virus of Bolshevism; this and such a barbed phrase as 'bloody baboonery' had stuck in the public mind, so that, as the danger of Communism visibly increased, Mr. Churchill came to be looked upon as a gladiator on the side of Society. The great man, it is needless to say, rose to the occasion. As his distance from the Radicals grew wider, so his denunciations waxed always the stronger, till he came to be generally regarded as a sort of British Mussolini.

By this time Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his Government were being forced more and more under the dominion of Moscow. The more they went to the Left, in obedience to the extremists of their own party, the more the country looked to Conservatism for its protection, and the better it suited Mr. Churchill's new rôle of Savior of Society. He found an unobtrusive Conservative vacancy in the sylvan shades of Epping Forest, and there, without ever actually calling himself a Conservative, he received Conservative support and was swept into Parliament in the wake of the great Conservative victory.

V

And now to come to the greatest triumph of all — for the tidal wave of Conservatism did not merely drag him in its wake; it caught him up and tossed him into the topmost office, almost, of the new administration. Exactly why Mr. Stanley Baldwin chose Mr. Winston Churchill as his Chancellor of the Exchequer has never been — and probably never will be — completely explained. By sacrificing not merely the fatted calf but the national cow in honor of the Prodigal Son, the new Prime Minister risked offending all those elder brothers of Conservatism who needed no repentance. He even risked his own inheritance — since there are thought to be no bounds to Mr. Churchill's ambitions. To have a cuckoo in one's nest is a misfortune; to put one there might be thought a folly. It is commonly believed that a long intrigue had been going on among certain politicians and certain magnates of the press to bring about the downfall of Mr. Baldwin and restore to power the old Coalition or something like it. Such a combination would have included — so it is said — members of Mr. Baldwin's present administration, and was even intended to embrace — eventually — Mr. Lloyd George himself. The calculation was, it may be supposed, that an electoral stalemate would have reproduced the former three-party position in Parliament, an ideal state of affairs for such a cabal; but the completeness of the Conservative victory threw out all the fine-laid plans of the plotters, and left them — or such of them as belonged to the Conservative Party — entirely at the disposition of Mr. Baldwin.

Now Mr. Baldwin is magnanimous to a fault: it is probable that he knew all about the intrigue, although he included some of the intriguers in his Government. He chose, in fact, the members of his administration for their ability and without respect to his personal feelings toward them, or theirs toward him. But in the case of Mr. Churchill, to whom he owed, and who owed him, nothing, he may have thought that trust and generosity would beget loyalty, and that a bold

experiment might procure him a faithful as well as an able colleague.

Mr. Churchill — or so his friends say — is the sort of man who gives faith for faith, magnanimity for magnanimity. It is probable that he has always been by instinct a Conservative; his career suggests instincts of patriotism and courage — not altogether sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Liberalism. The husks that the swine did eat could never have been to him a congenial diet, and the prodigal brings back to his party great political talents which should never have been estranged.

We shall see. There are, on the other hand, a good many Conservatives — including some of the staunchest and least self-seeking — who are disappointed and almost estranged by this appointment. They allege that Mr. Churchill has made at least one capital blunder in every one of the many offices he has held; that — what is worse — he has never shown any sign of political principle; and that his only consistency has been in the pursuit of his own political fortunes. They argue that the leopard does not change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin, and they fear that even the brilliancy of the new Chancellor is erratic and may lead to some far-shining and illustrious calamity.

There is another objection to the appointment which might be argued with more show of reason. Mr. Churchill may be a gladiator in the fight against Communism; but he has in his career brought down upon himself the animosity, not only of the Communists, but of a very large number of workingmen and ex-service men of all parties. Nor has he ever shown any perception of the truth that the Revolutionary movement cannot be fought by rhetoric alone, nor altogether by violence, but should be met by the fundamental remedy of protecting our industries, and so restoring the unemployed to employment. He has never, in fact, drawn the economic lesson from the old adage: 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.' If he remains a Free-Trader, he will be of little service — and may even be an embarrassment — to a Government pledged to the 'safeguarding' of industries and Imperial Preference.

Mr. Baldwin once said that he owed much to his friends; they certainly are not the sort of people who claim anything in return for their fidelity. Yet it might be said for them — what will not be said by them — that out of them Mr. Baldwin might have formed an administration, less showy, perhaps, but more trustworthy, less glittering but more solid, less brilliant but better principled, on whom he (and the nation) might have counted from the first and to the uttermost. He has preferred to make an experiment in fidelity; he may be justified by the result, but in the meantime it is still permissible to congratulate him on the ample margin of his majority.

INDEPENDENCE OR CIVILIZATION?

BY H. H. POWERS

THIS world of ours may not be very comfortable, but it remains interesting. Life is a bit unsettled and not altogether happy, but it does not stagnate. The traveler finds compensation for lessened privilege in the new element of adventure that present conditions provide. Whether he travel east or west, north or south, he stands a fairly good chance of happening upon a revolution or witnessing the passing of a time-honored institution. Greece, Spain, Brazil, Egypt, and Ireland follow each other in quick succession and crowd to the front of the stage so lately occupied by the great players.

I

We landed at Alexandria in late August and made our way through the cotton and sugar plantations of the Delta till the outline of the Pyramids and the minarets of the Alabaster Mosque announced our arrival at the world's oldest seat of government. From the station our up-to-date automobile glided along broad asphalt streets to our hotel. We performed the very necessary ablutions and in the golden light of sunset walked out to make our acquaintance with the Egyptians.

We had scarce started when, a block away, we heard a terrific beating of drums or tom-toms. I said, 'An Arab wedding,' and we turned in the required direction, hoping for the diversion always dear to the traveler. But a couple of youths who passed heard my remark and said, 'No, not a wedding.' And sure enough, as we approached we saw no gayly caparisoned camel or bridal palanquin, no clown performing antics at the bridegroom's expense, but a crowd headed by a flag and drums and trying its best to appear martial. The personnel was not impressive. Boys predominated, moved by the universal craving for excitement, ready to shout for anything that promised it. The leaders seemed to be students who, here as elsewhere, were inclined to take themselves seriously. A few had reached years of discretion, but the years were more in evidence than the discretion.

The procession passed and we walked on, only to encounter it again near the centre of the city, more numerous now and more noisy. In front of the Continental Hotel it came to a halt and massed around the entrance. On the hotel terrace the self-constituted leaders — young fellows, with red fezzes — took their position while one of their number, chosen apparently for his voice, led the vocal performance. This was conducted in true Arab fashion as an antiphonal service, each stentorian utterance of the leader being followed by a concert response from the crowd, as I had heard it a hundred times from an Arab boat-crew or gang of workmen, whether collectively or individually engaged. Any kind of simultaneous activity on the part of Arabs seems to evoke this responsive service, a service often out of all proportion to the activity in question.

My knowledge of Arabic did not enable me to follow the drift of the discussion, but its general purport was evident. There was much gesticulation and waving of sticks or whatever the demonstrator had available for such purpose. The whole was meant to be very menacing, but the element of bluff was only too apparent. What was it all about?

I turned to three British Tommies who stood near, watching the performance with quiet amusement. 'They are demonstrating about the Sudan,' said one of them in answer to my inquiry. 'The Government has sent the Egyptian troops back to Egypt and British soldiers are on their way from India and Malta.' 'Are you going to have trouble?' I asked. 'I hope so,' was the reply. 'We have been kept shut up in our barracks for days to avoid trouble. We would soon settle matters with that crowd if we had a chance.'

I confess I shared their confidence. I had a feeling that I would risk those three Tommies single-handed against that noisy, unthinking crowd.

But what was the trouble about? On this point the soldiers threw little light. They seemed to know and care little about it. Theirs not to reason why. I remembered reading that the Egyptians were agitating for the evacuation of the Sudan by the British and its annexation to Egypt. Papers at the hotel told me the rest. The Egyptian Prime Minister, backed by a carefully fomented agitation, had started for London, hoping to secure from an anti-imperialist Labor Government in Westminster the surrender of the Sudan and its incorporation in the new Egyptian kingdom. But the agitation, carefully staged for diplomatic effect, had gotten out of hand. Egyptian troops in the Sudan, whose vaunted discipline was to guarantee the security of the country, had mutinied and committed grave depredations upon the railroad property which they were set to guard. On the other hand Sudanese troops, forgetting their alleged desire to be united politically with their Egyptian brethren, had suppressed the mutiny with bloodshed and rather unnecessary harshness. A hurried attempt to charge this to British soldiers collapsed in the face of clear proof that there were no British troops in the vicinity.

Simultaneously the students of the military academy at Khartum had taken up arms in protest against some ruling of their superiors and had been disarmed only after a siege. As before, the particular grievance seems to have been unrelated to the larger problem. Agitation had merely loosed the bands of that discipline and loyalty upon which the Prime Minister had relied as his chief argument. Hence the repatriation of Egyptian troops and the other precautionary measures so promptly adopted. Ramsay MacDonald had acted according to the best tradition of Curzon and Beaconsfield. Such was the news of the hour. But not of the hour was the problem of the Sudan.

II

The Sudan is an extensive region lying between the southern boundary of Egypt and the equator, or, more broadly, between the Sahara Desert and the valleys of the Congo and the Niger. Its natural boundaries are vague save in the east, where the highlands of Abyssinia shelter the only African people that has been able to maintain its ancient independence. Though well watered and covered with tropical vegetation in the south, the vast majority of the Sudan is semiarid and only less desert than the great waste to the north.

This vast area is sparsely inhabited

by a variety of African tribes, among whom are some of the blackest men on earth. Their faces of polished ebony are occasionally seen in the streets of Cairo, where they never fail to arrest attention. Mohammedanism has made extensive conquests among them in comparatively recent times without greatly modifying their customs or their mentality. Previous to the advent of the European explorer and the conquest that speedily followed, the Sudan possessed only a primitive tribal organization and the rudimentary civilization which is its concomitant.

The mushroom imperialism of the Khedives overran this vast territory almost unopposed and annexed it to their ephemeral empire, only to lose it as suddenly a few years later. Brief as was the Egyptian occupation, however, it had its permanent results. It effectually destroyed that which preceded it, the early tribal organization and, above all, the seclusion which had hitherto sheltered native life. It put Darkest Africa upon the map and thrust the Sudan into the arena of modern imperialism. The withdrawal of Egypt did not restore the *status quo ante*. The work of Baker and Stanley could not be undone. The sentimentalist may bewail this intrusion of militant civilization upon idyllic barbarism. He will do well to allow no imprudent inquiries into the slave trade, funeral immolations, and so on, to disturb his comfortable illusion. Happy the barbarism that has no chronicler.

Whatever the horrors of the native system, however, the Sudan was not immediately the gainer by its passing. The Egyptian administration, at that time the most abominable that ever wore the livery of civilization, was mitigated in the Sudan only by the fact that it hardly had time to declare its true character. Its collapse, dramatically epitomized in the death of Gordon, was followed by a native tyranny so appalling that its victims would have hailed Nero as a benefactor. The reader of Slatin Pasha's *Fire and Sword in the Sudan* will get a faint conception of the hell of those brief years of native rule and self-determination. The change from native barbarism to Egyptian rule, and then in turn to native tyranny of the newer type, was undoubtedly a progression in cruelty and human degradation. When the colossal tragedy was ended, whole provinces were depopulated, watercourses were dried up, and fields once green with tillage had been reclaimed by the remorseless desert.

This condition might seemingly have continued indefinitely had it not been for the much deprecated imperialism of Europe. Impelled by considerations of urgent self-interest as well as of humanity, Britain had assumed the unwelcome task of reorganizing Egypt. France, moved by a sudden caprice, had refused to coöperate, and then, the task once in hand, repented the advantage thus accorded to her rival and sought in vain the opportunity that she had previously refused. Angered by her exclusion, she assumed an attitude of implacable hostility toward Britain and toward Egypt as her protégé.

Of all her efforts to foil the beneficent undertaking, efforts which form the blackest chapter in her recent history, distinctly the most diabolical is connected with the Sudan. Colonel Marchand was sent across Africa from the west to plant the French flag on the waters of the upper Nile and proclaim the annexation of the Sudan to France. On the face of it this transaction may not seem particularly reprehensible. The Sudan had been abandoned and was a no-man's-land to the civilized nations. There was nothing in the ethics of the time to require the con-

sent of the natives, who, indeed, had largely disappeared. But this innocent-looking transaction had another character and a more sinister purpose. It was an attempt to aim a mortal blow at Egypt and through Egypt at Britain. The river which is the lifeblood of Egypt traverses the Sudan and the waters could be diverted on to its thirsty soil. Even a partial diversion would create a perpetual low Nile, making irrigation impossible and reducing Egypt to a desert.

This was the weapon with which France expected to recover her former paramount position in Egypt and not a little beside. She of course repudiates the sinister intention of starving the Egyptians, and in a way justly, for she counted that the threat would be sufficient. She was undoubtedly right.

But the weapon was not to be so easily grasped. Colonel Marchand completed the difficult task assigned to him and raised the tricolor, as directed, at Fashoda, an obscure post on the upper Nile. But he met here a British colonel, — unheard of till then, — one Kitchener by name, who told him to take the flag down. When he refused, the peace-loving Sir Edward Grey uttered in the House of Commons, for the first time in my memory, those ominous words, 'an unfriendly act,' as the construction which Britain would place upon a continued refusal. The flag came down.

But the incident had been the making of the Sudan. Henceforth the Sudan was a stake of the first importance in the great game of the nations. No prudent guardian of Egypt could leave the door open to such an attack from the rear. Preparations were soon begun for the recovery of the Sudan, and despite the determined opposition of France — who, by virtue of an earlier agreement, possessed a virtual veto on the necessary expenditure — it was successfully accomplished by one of the most masterly expeditions of modern times. The amazing reconstruction of the country followed — reconstruction that soon surpassed Egypt herself in public order and economic progress.

The recovery of the Sudan was undertaken on behalf of Egypt, and the cost of the campaign and the preliminary outlay for reconstruction were made a charge upon her treasury. England, on the other hand, furnished the brains and a large part of the military force. She also loaned the money, which Egypt was not allowed to appropriate from her well-filled treasury. It was a joint undertaking, though primarily in the interest of a single partner. It was perhaps in recognition of her temporary and uncertain position in Egypt, and of Egypt's inability ever to hold the Sudan against a European Power, that Britain decided to give to the Sudan the unique status of a condominium. Both flags were to fly side by side, and Britain and Egypt were to be responsible as equal partners for the government of the country.

So long as Britain controlled Egypt this was tantamount to British rule, far more so than in Egypt itself, for the partnership could be construed as freeing Britain from the hampering conditions which made her task in Egypt all but impossible. To this greater freedom of action was due in no small part her marvelous success in restoring the prosperity of the much-harried land.

III

But now Egypt seems slated for independence. An agreement has been reached that upon the fulfillment of certain conditions, all having regard to imperial and foreign interests, the British army of occupation is to be withdrawn and British surveillance over Egyptian affairs is to cease. We need

not discuss the wisdom of this much-debated step. That is on the lap of the gods. Nor will we consider — though relevant to our inquiry — just how far this prospective independence is to be taken literally. Suffice it to say that the Egyptians take it very seriously, quite ignoring the fact that independence is dependent upon wisdom and power and can never be a reality without them. Though they have as yet taken no step to fulfill the stipulated conditions and British troops still occupy their capital, they assume independence as an accomplished fact. Flushed with the consciousness of their new importance, the partnership irks them, the more so as the mere momentum of the situation leaves all real direction in British hands. Hence the demand that Britain shall withdraw and the Sudan be reannexed to Egypt. Nor is it surprising that to accomplish their ends they rely on clamor rather than on the fulfillment of contractual obligations. It is clamor that has won the day so far.

It is to be feared that declamation against foreign tyranny and apostrophes to the rights of man have more weight in London and in Boston than an impartial appraisal of realities. The fact that they do not in the least stand for these parlor-ideals does not disturb their parlor-allies.

But they have other and more respectable arguments. There is the very valid argument that the Sudan is the key to Egypt, that it controls the Nile, the source of her life. There is the further argument that the conquest of the Sudan and the expense of its earlier administration were a charge upon the Egyptian treasury. Against these the brains of a Kitchener and a Cromer are negligible in Egyptian accounting. To an Egyptian Egypt's title is clear.

But if the status of Egypt has changed, that of the Sudan has changed also. The Sudan was recovered to protect Egypt, but it has developed possibilities of its own, which are neither subordinate to Egyptian interests nor altogether harmonious with them. The Sudan is no longer a tail to the Egyptian kite, and it is that in part which is worrying the Egyptians.

The Nile, as is well known, is at flood during part of the year, at which time an immense volume of water is carried quite unutilized to the sea. During another and longer period the Nile is low, and its waters are raised to the level of the growing crops by an incredible amount of human toil. If the Nile falls too low or remains low for too long a period, there is famine in Egypt. To prevent this, dams have been constructed which impound the surplus waters and, by releasing them as needed, maintain a relatively high Nile throughout the year, thus permitting a perpetual succession of crops without seasonal intermission. One of these dams raises the level of the river ninety-eight feet and creates a reservoir two hundred miles long. But despite the fact that the water thus impounded is expressed in figures otherwise required only for German marks, it is but a fraction of the flood which rushes through the narrow valley. There are obstacles, to be sure, to the further impounding of this flood. The water, when heavily charged with silt, must not be arrested: to do so would rob Egypt of its annual fertilization and would soon silt up the reservoir. But it is believed that more can be utilized than at present. In particular the White Nile, which traverses the equatorial regions, spreads out into vast marshes choked by aquatic plants and loses its water by evaporation. To open a channel for the release of those waters would both reclaim the marshes and greatly increase the waters available for irrigation.

And for every drop of water thus economized the Sudan has need. There are vast areas capable of reclamation and of incalculable productivity if the waters of the Nile can be made available. The need at present is not for more water in Egypt. The supply is normally sufficient, occasionally excessive. The Sudan, on the other hand, is insatiable. Here, in addition to numerous tropical products, some of them peculiar to the region, can be grown the cotton and sugar for all Europe — if water is supplied. Here is the true field for expansion.

The great problem is thus no longer the security of Egypt, but the reclamation of the Sudan. It is to such vast projects as the clearing of the White Nile, the impounding of the Blue Nile by a dam perhaps surpassing that of Assuan, and the reclamation of an unproductive region comparable to our own arid West, that the energies of the guardians of the Sudan are directed. Egypt has been rescued from the paralyzing tyranny of Ismail, her population doubled, her credit raised from Bolshevist to British standards, her courts transformed from engines of brigandage into instruments of justice, and her peasants turned from slaves and paupers into fat proprietors of the lands they till. Britain, in deference to pressure both from Egypt and from her own idealist doctrinaires, surrenders Egypt to the keeping of her future Ismails and turns to the larger problem of converting a desert a third the size of the United States into a garden which shall support a dozen times its present scanty population, while obtaining, on terms lucrative to them, the cotton which the boll weevil denies to the mills of Manchester.

This vast programme of civilization finds scant sympathy with the Egyptian. If he has heard of the scheme — rare exception — he is opposed to it. To provide water for his fields is the most ancient and constant of his cares. The proposal that he share the precious waters of the Nile with the Sudanese arouses his instinctive apprehension. The careful computations of experts have little weight with a people not one in ten of whom knows his own age. And there are more farseeing if not worthier objections. The planters of Egypt are not unmindful of the possibilities of Sudanese competition. Opposition on this ground is not magnanimous, but would our own Southern planters react differently under like circumstances?

But Egyptian opposition to British policy in the Sudan, though an important consideration from the standpoint of world interests, is not the chief motive of Egyptian imperialism. The demand for the control of the Sudan rests on one of the oldest and most universal of human instincts. The desire for freedom, about which we hear so much, is but the obverse of another desire equally universal and imperious: the desire to rule other men. Thucydides in a noteworthy passage makes a Spartan orator say: 'I do not blame the Athenians for desiring to rule other men, for this is natural; but I blame others for allowing themselves to be ruled.' The Spartan, unlike certain moderns, accorded equal validity to two equally universal and natural instincts. Freedom is a concomitant of superiority. The inferior can never have more than a permissive freedom, which is as hollow as it is precarious.

Now, limited as is the Egyptian's intelligence, he has no difficulty in seeing that the peoples who are really free are rulers of other peoples. His aspiration for freedom, therefore, expresses itself in the perfectly natural desire to rule somebody else. The Irishman who took a job for a dollar and sublet it for a dollar and a quarter was only a little

more frank than other men when he explained that it was worth a quarter to boss — a sentiment, by the way, which explains in part the Irish situation of to-day. This instinctive imperialism of the Egyptian is perfectly natural and, however ill-judged in its manifestation and inimical to world interests, is an indispensable condition of his ever amounting to anything.

But it does not in the least follow that this protoplasmic instinct of imperialism should have unrestricted right of way. The Sudanese have something to say about that. Above all, the world has something to say about that. The Sudanese are too few, too weak, and too ignorant to speak effectively for themselves. Somebody must speak for them and the spokesman can be only Britain. But Britain will speak and must speak also for herself and for the world interests which are in her keeping. The vast projects which are now under way or in preparation are the conception of her engineers and the repository of the savings of her people. The Sudan has become a vital part of the world-embracing industrial system upon which depend not only the lives of the British people but the stability of the present world-order. A population ten times that of the Sudan and infinitely more vital to the welfare of humanity is interested in its fate. Upon the decision in principle rests the future of civilization itself.

IV

The Sudan is a typical case in imperialism. There is hardly a feature of the case that has not its counterpart wherever one people controls another which is inferior to itself in numbers, in culture, or in social and political organization. It will be instructive to note some of these features and the principles which they illustrate.

First of all, the occupation of the Sudan was a necessity. That necessity became both apparent and urgent after the Marchand expedition, but it did not originate then. The Sudan is strategic territory, held by savages, yet vitally related to a more civilized land and a civilized world. These savages have raided Egypt from the dawn of history, sometimes feebly, sometimes in force, even at times occupying the throne of the Pharaohs. The last of these raids, following the fall of Khartum, taxed the resources of the British Administration and would have overwhelmed Egypt if left to herself. The threatened raid of France was but the continuation of this policy on the larger scale that characterizes modern operations. Kitchener was but continuing the policy of the Pharaohs in occupying this strategic territory as the only effective defense against savage depredation.

Contrary to prevalent opinion, this is typical of imperialist ventures generally. Of the numerous annexations and other extensions of control which have marked the recent phenomenal expansion of Europe, scarcely one has been made gratuitously or even voluntarily. For the most part they have been made with reluctance and only after every other means of protecting the border had been tried in vain. The classic statement of this compulsory forward policy was given by Prince Gortchakoff in 1864: —

> Raids and acts of pillage must be put down. To do this the tribes on the frontier must be reduced to a state of submission. This result once attained, these tribes take to more peaceful habits, but are in turn exposed to the attacks of the more distant tribes against whom the State is bound to protect them. If, the robbers once punished, the expedition is withdrawn, the lesson is soon forgotten. In order to put a stop to this state of permanent disorder, fortified posts

are established in the midst of these hostile tribes, and an influence is brought to bear on them which reduces them by degrees to a state of submission. But other, more distant tribes beyond this outer line come in turn to threaten the same dangers and necessitate the same measures of repression. The State is thus forced to choose between two alternatives — either to give up this endless labor and abandon its frontier to perpetual disturbance, or to plunge deeper and deeper into barbarous countries. Such has been the fate of every country which has found itself in a similar position. All have been forced by imperious necessity into this onward march, where the greatest difficulty is to know where to stop.

Prince Gortchakoff had in mind the experience of Russia, which he accurately describes. A British writer quotes it as perfectly portraying the situation on the Indian frontier. An Egyptologist would recognize it as summarizing the experience of Egypt in her tedious advance up the Nile. There is no truce between civilization and savagery. There is conflict — not only in principle, but literal conflict between savage and civilized men, conflict that is unavoidable and must end in the triumph of one or the other. Civilization means respect for property and hence the accumulation of wealth. Savagery means the lack of such respect, and consequent poverty. But it means also that the destitute savage will pillage his civilized neighbor. He wants what the neighbor has and sees no reason why he should not take it. If religious sanctions are necessary to justify the taking, they are easily forthcoming. All this is normal and inevitable.

In this conflict the civilized man is at a serious disadvantage. If he sits still, the savage does n't, for his interest is in depredation. While the raid of the savage nets him rich loot and inflicts enormous damage upon his civilized neighbor, the punitive counter-raid of the latter brings back nothing and is but briefly deterrent. If border lawlessness continues, civilization perishes and savagery is automatically perpetuated. There is but one remedy, the imposition of order upon the savage and his forcible subjection to the principle of civilization. This necessity is obviously present when a civilized people advances its frontier of habitation against savage tribes. It is less obviously but not less really present when the frontier of world commerce is advanced into untamed lands. It must carry its own protection and impose the conditions of its existence. India and China have never raided English soil, but times without number they have raided English commerce, which is just as real and just as legitimate a foundation of English life.

The alternative to the existing imperialism in the Sudan is not independence, but another and far more objectionable imperialism. The demand is that the Sudan should be surrendered, not to its own people, but to Egypt. The last thing the Egyptians are thinking of is the independence of the Sudan. They make no secret of their intention to administer the Sudan from Egypt and by Egyptians. The preposterous claim that the Sudanese and the Egyptians are one people will deceive no one who ever saw either. If the Sudanese are to be united with any other people on the basis of kinship it should be with the Americans. They would find here some three or four times their number of near relatives. An Egyptian domination would be utterly alien and there is every reason to believe that it would be profoundly unsatisfactory to the Sudanese. Under British rule the Egyptian agitator may capitalize existing dissatisfaction and play upon religious prejudice, but no administration of which Egyptians are or ever have been capable would be accepted by the Sudan without resistance and bloody coercion.

And here again the case is typical.

There is not an alien administration in the world to-day which could be withdrawn without giving place to another equally alien and far less satisfactory. Assuming that America could withdraw from the Philippines or Britain from India without opening the door to France or Germany or Japan, the withdrawal in either case would result in a régime quite as imperialistic as the present and far less considerate or human.

Woe to the Moros of Mindanao if ever the Tagalogs and Ilocanos of Luzon bear rule over them! The Moros are under no illusions on the subject and have petitioned the Governor-General to appoint only American governors of their island. The situation in India is even more serious. One of the constant problems of the British Government is to keep peace between the seventy million Moslems and the two hundred and fifty million Hindus, whose hostility flames up on the occasion of every festival. As the Moslems are warlike and accustomed to bear rule, the odds are fairly matched on the greatest race-struggle for which the world offers opportunity. The struggle could not end in self-rule, but only in subjection of one race to another. Similarly, the withdrawal of Britain from South Africa would leave the natives at the mercy of the most intolerant of white rulers, unless perchance the tables were turned, assuredly with no triumph of a higher principle. It is doubtful whether there is a case of alien rule in the world to-day which could be replaced with even an approximation to self-government. England may take the place of Germany or Japan or the United States, but the natives cannot displace either, even with her consent.

Again, the Sudan needs alien rule as a protection against pitiless internal exploitation. This may come from natives or from aliens of higher and more efficient race. The native exploiter is familiar. We have but to recall the Mahdi and the Khalifa to realize something of the misery which a savage people can inflict upon itself. The political doctrinaire who urges self-rule for such peoples is either blind or woefully callous. Probably no savage tribe now under alien rule has ever suffered from its rulers anything like the horrors that it has inflicted upon itself. But there is another danger less familiar and perhaps more serious, the danger of being exploited by irresponsible aliens whose superior intelligence and energy put the savage entirely at their mercy. The world has had examples of this pitiless private exploitation under an apathetic or incompetent local government. The exploitation of the Putumayo by rubber-collectors is a familiar example. The thoughtless critic will point to the British Malay States, confessedly almost perfectly governed, as an example of alien rule in the interest of economic exploitation. Does he imagine that the tin mines of Malaya would not be exploited by Englishmen under native rule? What would happen would be that hard men, men with unlimited energy and no scruple, would bribe native rulers and enslave native populations, working them under the lash for their own private profit. It would be alien rule as much as the other, but conscienceless and irresponsible. The native who has treasure in his keeping has no choice but to submit to alien rule. The question is whether it shall be responsible and humane or arbitrary and brutal. British rule in Malaya exists quite as much to protect the native from the exploiter as to protect the exploiter from the native.

V

This suggests a fourth feature of the Sudan situation which again is of some

significance to our larger problem. A principal reason for the retention of British control in the Sudan is the existence of interests of large import to the British nation and to the world at large, but of little concern to the native. Alien control invariably develops these interests and that increasingly, not by favoritism, but by creating conditions which make possible this larger economic development. In turn, these interests inevitably seek a continuance of that control.

Here is the rub. These alien interests and the alien control which is falsely assumed to exist solely for their sake are anathema to certain curiously assorted groups in both England and America. Those shouts from the hotel steps in Cairo will be echoed in London and in Boston by the most constant and incongruous of human partnerships — irresponsible idealism in league with the meanest of human jealousies. Idealism furnishes the phrases, the slogans, and jealousy the animus. We shall hear cries of 'Egypt for the Egyptians' and pleas for self-determination, both irrelevant to the question at issue. We shall hear of British despotism, with discreet silence as to Mahdi horrors and Egyptian misrule. But most of all we shall hear of British exploitation, of the industrial subjection and economic servitude of helpless peoples. Britain has redeemed Egypt, but — horrible thought — Englishmen have made money in Egypt! For every dollar added to the wealth of Egypt, a dime has been added to the wealth of England. The thought is one to bring a shudder to the righteous soul of Sinn Fein. It is hardly less abhorrent to those Americans who are still chasing the redcoats down Bunker Hill. Their keen eye detects along the trail of British advance in the Sudan the mark of the cloven hoof. What is the reclamation of the Sudan but a scheme to stock English cotton-mills and make the Sudanese industrial slaves of Britain? The fact that twenty millions of one of the most advanced of human races earn their daily bread by converting foreign-grown materials into articles for human service, and must perish if those materials are in default, counts for nothing against the fact that England is '*exploiting* the Sudan,' turning waste waters into the desert places, protecting the child-folk in the fruits of their toil, buying their products in open market, all in the hope of ensuring a livelihood to her people. This jealousy of economic exploitation, even the most constructive and beneficent, is the obsession of certain circles and has at times controlled our foreign policy. Seek if you will, on foreign soil, places for deserving Democrats, but dig no ore from the ground, make no garden in the desert, and create no implements of civilization. If you indulge in these reprehensible activities do so at your own risk. If your property is confiscated by a predatory Government or looted by bandits, and your life is forfeit, you are getting what is coming to you. In this submundane meanness, as in supermundane idealism, the harebrained agitator on the banks of the Ganges or the Nile finds his natural ally.

It is time to challenge the assumption which underlies this preposterous fallacy. We of all nations, we who hold our land not by right of primitive squatter-sovereignty but by power to possess and subdue and create, should be immune to such sophistry. The accident of birth gives no prescriptive right. The fact that in the aimless wanderings of the race a savage tribe has pitched its wigwams on a diamond field or a coal mine, whose existence it has not guessed and whose use it does not understand, gives no rational claim to exclusive possession. Egypt does not belong to the Egyptians; no, nor America

to the Americans. Both belong to the world; and tenant rights are based on world interest and convenience. The fact that tenancy is disturbed and limited as little as possible is but the expression of this same convenience. But limitation there must be, and that in inverse ratio to the competence of the tenant. The weak, the ignorant, and the slothful races cannot expect to remain undisturbed in their habitat. It is much that they are allowed to remain at all, a concession rather to the humanity of their betters than to their own right. Interference, guidance, and control are the indispensable conditions of this tolerance.

This is imperialism, the assertion of world ownership over local tenancy at will. This world interest is asserted, to be sure, through self-interested intermediaries, precisely as in the economic field the common interest is secured through profit-making individuals. The method is imperfect in the one case as in the other, but infinitely more efficient than any available substitute. England can no more profit from the Sudan without benefiting the world than a merchant can get rich without benefiting his customers.

Imperialism, though often abused, is not an abuse. It is but the principle of selective guidance applied to groups in the largest human affairs. Our interest is not to decry it, but to perfect and enforce the rules of the game. Consciously or unconsciously the chosen nations must be governed by the spirit of trusteeship. A broad-visioned and generous spirit must characterize those who would aspire to the great trust. How far formal mandates and official audits will contribute to this end, only experience can determine. Doubtless our chief reliance in this relation, as in others, must be the spirit of sportsmanship, which in the long run comes with the playing of the game.

VI

One important question remains which profoundly affects our conceptions of practical policy. Is imperialism a permanent or a temporary necessity? There can be no question that the tendency in our day is to regard it as of temporary and even of brief duration. The tutelage of weaker peoples is accepted by many with the understanding that it is to be very brief, a generation being often regarded as sufficient to fit such a people for independence. In support of this view attention is called to the remarkable progress sometimes made under favorable conditions, the emergence of gifted individuals with capacity for civilized leadership, and so on. Thus we are reminded of the rapid transformation of the Philippines and the very capable service rendered by distinguished Filipinos as judges, administrators, and the like.

There can be no question as to these facts, but their significance is easily exaggerated. Conformity under control is no index of conformity when that control is removed. Examples of retrogression under such conditions are too numerous to permit of doubt as to the tendency. Above all, the performances of the exceptional individual are deceptive. The question is not whether he knows enough to lead, but whether his people know enough to make him leader. Rapid transformations are notoriously untrustworthy. To convey ideas is the work of years; to develop instincts requires millenniums. And it is instincts that determine race-status. Even under continued tutelage gains will accumulate but slowly. With its withdrawal every trace of the uplift influence may disappear. The experience of the Jesuits with the Indians of Paraguay is a classic example.

It must not be forgotten that the condition of these weaker races is often

due to climate and other environing influences that we cannot hope to change. They therefore represent a genuine adaptation to environment. Hence the conclusion sometimes heedlessly reached, that we should leave them alone and not try to foist upon them a civilization which is in essence a misadaptation, unfitting them for survival. If they are the only ones concerned — yes. But we are dealing with a world in which no race liveth unto itself and no race dieth unto itself. Both they and their resources belong to humanity, and these races must make, as we must make, the sacrifices required for its service. We cannot leave them to their indolent siesta if they hold in accidental and unconscious keeping the energies needed for advancing civilization.

We must therefore dissent from the view prevalent in certain quarters that imperialism is to be a temporary policy, a sort of missionary enterprise undertaken by advanced races, to confer upon those less favored the benefits of their superior civilization, exploitation of their resources being sternly suppressed the while as illegitimate. Precisely the contrary is true. Exploitation is the primary and legitimate aim of imperialism, and the conferring of an alien civilization, with its constant tendency to misadaptation, is incidental, a thing to be held within conservative limits, dictated by experience.

We need not blind ourselves to the enormous dangers which attend this exploitation or forget the wretchedness of native life, so much of which is obviously capable of remedy. Let us frankly admit that imperialism is beset with immeasurable difficulties and dangers. But difficulties and dangers to the virile are a lure rather than a deterrent. They do not invalidate the great human synthesis, however much they may retard it.

What is the goal toward which we are moving? Is it a condition of local self-sufficiency and independence, a self-sufficiency in which each people shall have its own protected and respected preserve in which it shall live undisturbed, the sole determinant of its own procedure? Are we to abrogate the law of competition and survival of the fittest and unite in a world league for the preservation of races that Nature has seemingly consigned to the discard? Is world harmony to be secured by voluntary forbearance on the part of the more potent races? I do not so read either history or the signs of the times. Such synthesis as has hitherto been effected has been the result of race assertion along imperialist lines. The Roman achievement was an imperialist achievement, and despite the barbarian invasions the work of Rome was an enduring work. It is the basis of the strongest cohesions to be found in the world to-day.

The lesson of our own time is not less certain. The advance of civilization has been an imperialist advance. The imperialist nations have not only extended their sway; it is they who have most rapidly advanced their civilization at home. Despite the rapid advance of the protected peoples, — an advance often construed as portending early self-sufficiency, — it may be doubted whether the gulf between leader and led is not widening with time. Meanwhile the requirements for effective independence are increasing with every advance in science and social organization.

The Sudan again furnishes the required illustration. A vast territory with valuable potential resources, it is a desert and must remain so if left in the hands of its native population. It requires for its development the accumulated capital and the intelligence and skill of more favored peoples. The

engineer must curb and control the lawless river on an imperial scale. Hundreds of millions of garnered savings must be expended in hope of distant returns. Security must be provided against mismanagement and depredation. There must be guarded frontiers and safe highways and busy railways and hurrying steamships. There must be a reconstruction of the whole fabric of a social, industrial, and political life. This is beyond the power of any population born and bred in such a habitat. It depends of necessity upon foreign intervention. Failing this, the Sudan remains, like half the world beside, the domain of barbarism and cruelty, the home of the fetish and devastating superstition, the breeding-place of social malaria, and an apple of international discord.

VII

The world has its fads, like the individual. One after another, it lifts up into fantastic prominence the principles which underlie the social structure. Each of these principles has a certain validity and limited application. No one of them is universal and paramount or bears in itself the healing of the nations. Yet that limited validity and fine equipoise are seldom remembered. Each in its turn is the subject of exaggerated confidence. A century ago the world pinned its faith to legitimacy. Attributing its woes to one who had risen to power with no other warrant than personal genius, it sought relief in the restoration of traditional leadership. There was a certain efficacy in the prescription, but it failed to accomplish the task required of it.

To-day the fad is self-determination. The principle is sound and even the most despotic of rulers never wholly ignores it. But the self-determinism of our day is as extravagant as the legitimism of Metternich, and as certainly doomed to disappointment. With no attempt to define the nebulous entity that is to be thus determined, or to ascertain what form the determination is to take, we join, incontinent, in the demand of every disaffected unit for that liberty which is half the time nothing but restiveness under the inevitable restraints of civilization. It matters not that essential unities are dismembered, that barriers laboriously removed are reërected, and that the most noisome prejudices and antipathies are hallowed and perpetuated. It matters little that the demand is specious and insincere, the private exploitation of a people by a selfish and tyrannous minority. Small matter, too, if it arrests the movement toward unity and perpetuates the babel of tongues. If the children cry for it they must have it, though it prove a sharp-edged tool in their hands. Object not that independence will mean chaos and that the patient building of generations will be destroyed. The protagonists of Philippine independence avow their preference for the Philippines governed like Hell by Filipinos to the Philippines governed like Heaven by Americans. Self-government, however bad, is to be preferred to alien government, however good. Such is the obsession of the hour. In the face of such an assumption all argument from comparison of results becomes irrelevant. Equally invalid are all the lessons from history whose pages record nothing more impressive than the constructive achievements of alien determinations. The apostles of self-determination are not moved by such consideration. They are the prophets of a new dispensation which now, for the thousandth time, is heralded as the hope of humanity.

These fads and exaggerations are disturbing and costly, but we need not be greatly alarmed. The whole process of constructive evolution is fitful and

wasteful as we account such things, but it is inexorable. Its path is marked by the wrecks of fatuous hopes and new dispensations, which it has crushed and brushed aside in its remorseless advance.

We may regret the sacrifice, the pain, and the waste, but we need never doubt the result. Others may 'faintly trust the larger hope,' but ours is a different faith. In the words of Spencer: 'Men at last go right because they have first tried all possible ways of going wrong.' And the wrong ways are simply the ways which do not lead us out of the woods. Countless may be the victims along this road of fatuous experiment, but that matters only to them. The right road will be found at last, and the future will belong to those who find it.

What likelihood is there that this road will differ radically from the road that we have followed to date? Nature is before all else a realist, and in a world of fairly constant realities may we not expect from her a fairly consistent procedure? If so, will not the masterful peoples continue to assert their mastery? Is it likely that roving bands of savages will be confirmed in possession of resources acquired by accident of birth but held unwittingly and unused? Is it probable that the world will let fields lie fallow or ore remain undug because chance occupants are too feeble or sluggish to develop them? Is it desirable that it should do so?

Or, viewed from another angle, is it likely that the world will wait for child-peoples to grow to the measure of these great requirements, when it can displace them with better stock? Is there anything in Nature's procedure for the last few million years to warrant the hope of ultimate race-equality? And if not, what would be the result of this much-invoked race-forbearance, save to give the child of the future a Hottentot for a father instead of a white man?

The abuses of imperialism are notorious and the cruelties attendant upon the race-struggle are often appalling. They are largely unnecessary and should be eliminated. The barbarous elimination of inferior races or their reduction to servitude is forbidden in the interest of the superior races themselves. But with fullest recognition of these necessary limitations, the great fact remains that there are superior and inferior peoples; peoples that can lead and peoples that cannot; peoples that have harnessed Nature and peoples that have not; peoples that can redeem the waste places and peoples that cannot. To deny this is the sheerest affectation. To hope that it will be otherwise is utter folly. Imperialism, whatever its limitations, is the basic principle of Nature. The leveling and equalizing principle is abhorrent to Nature. All synthesis has thus far been based on inequality and the recognition of superiority. An element of coercion has invariably been required to secure that recognition. Independence with inequality is an iridescent dream. The progress of humanity is a progress from independence to dependence.

Which shall it be—independence or civilization?

AN AMERICAN PLAN FOR PEACE

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

THROUGHOUT the confusion and the strife of the past six years there has been a longing that some practicable scheme should be devised to prevent a clash of arms in the future, and as it becomes obvious, not only in the European sphere but in the American orbit, that war, so far from becoming impossible, looms dangerously near, there has been a revival of the demand for some infallible recipe with which to cleanse the world of war once and for all. A specific of this kind is not easy to discover. The habit of fighting is deeply ingrained in human nature, though one cannot accept the contention of certain European thinkers that war is the normal condition of things and peace a mere necessary respite. With the development of science we have reached, or have almost reached, a point at which fighting, unless ended, will mean the eventual annihilation of the human race; at any rate, the disappearance of our present civilization. The powers of destruction have increased enormously and will continue to increase. The economic interdependence of the world has grown so greatly that any dislocation produces something like chaos.

But where is the check to war to be found? A method of American origin, exceedingly simple in itself, is being discussed by European statesmen, and is beginning to be taken up seriously in England, in France, and in Germany. It is not the first time that an American idea has entered European politics. Since 1914 the United States has played a great part in the shaping of Europe. President Wilson during the latter war years became the prophet whose every word was anxiously awaited and who guided events more than any other man in the world. He did not, it is true, invent the general ideas of peace and righteousness among nations, nor did he invent the idea of a league of nations which would serve as a kind of conscience for mankind; but he did bring back these ideas to Europe from America, and in spite of fluctuations of feeling it is certain that America has, of recent years, taken a sort of moral leadership. Perhaps one should cite the drafting of the Dawes Report and the settlement between the Allies and Germany which was based upon it as the latest, most striking example of American influence in Europe.

Europe is thus ready to hearken to the voice of America. Although the proposal to conscript wealth in the event of war has not yet been accepted officially in European countries, it has already made considerable headway. If it is really pushed in America, and practical steps are taken after the presidential election to make it applicable, Europe cannot fail to be converted. Though the European Governments have not yet stirred, they are watching with the keenest interest the progress of a suggestion which has been adopted as a plank in the platform of both the great parties in the United States, while the churches in Europe and leaders of public opinion there are only waiting to see whether such

a scheme can indeed be worked out. The writer found the French Prime Minister extremely sympathetic, though he has not yet declared himself openly for wealth conscription in the event of war. The British authorities are also cautious and a little skeptical, but they are ready to welcome the plan if it is shown that it can be enforced. They point out that it is, in effect, the adoption in special and temporary circumstances of the system of State control which was, in fact, adopted by Great Britain during the final stages of the war, and they admit that it would be better to prepare such a scheme in advance rather than leave it to hasty improvisation. I have talked of it also to distinguished Germans, who agree that it is undoubtedly logical and feasible and desirable that a State should prepare an inventory of its resources and be able to mobilize them immediately if the occasion arises. Men of many nations engaged in many different professions, with whom I have discussed the possibilities, acknowledge that, if it were made clear to the citizens of every country that in any future conflict their property as well as their persons would be drafted, chauvinistic instincts would be suppressed. Newspapers in Europe have not as yet dealt generally and fully with the subject, but there have been here and there significant and encouraging references to it. So far one must register private rather than public acquiescence and advocacy, but the ground is prepared.

The principal doubts arise because the scheme is not comprehensive, but then it has never been put forward as comprehensive; it cannot replace the method of arbitration — that is to say, the reference of disputes between nations to the League or to the International Court of Justice; it cannot replace mutual promises of assistance against an aggressor; it cannot replace general disarmament. But it is an admirable adjunct and if once accepted in the various countries will do much to render war unpopular if not impossible. Altogether it must be said that the progress of this new American idea in Europe is not unsatisfactory, and during the coming months it will be discussed with increasing interest.

I

It should be recalled that the proposal has been expressed in a single sentence as follows: 'In the event of a declaration of war the property, equally with the persons, lives, and liberties, of all citizens shall be subject to conscription for the defense of the nation.' If wars arise chiefly from political, territorial, and sentimental causes, they are often fostered by economic considerations, and when once war begins it is continued longer than need be because vested interests in war are immediately established. Anyone who had the smallest inside knowledge of the Great European War must have been struck with the number of people who enriched themselves from 1914 to 1918 and for some time afterward. For these people the war was a good thing. Whatever were the feelings which animated the bulk of the fighters, it cannot be denied that behind the armies in places of safety were those who were making money and whose professed patriotism may rightly be regarded as tainted.

Every country had its profiteers, and these profiteers were among those who most urged on the troops. If no profits whatever could in future be made out of a national tragedy — for war whether it is won or lost is, as we now see, a tragedy for all the belligerents — then at least we should be sure that only unselfish motives were animating the peoples engaged in fighting. But some-

thing more than the impossibility of making profits out of war is needed. The declarations of the great parties in America which appeal strongly to the best minds in Europe provide for the conscription not only of war profits but of property of any kind which may be required for the successful prosecution of war. One may doubt whether the diplomatists in 1914 would have been allowed to push matters to extremes had there been in existence laws by which private property was automatically placed at the disposal of the State.

Not to respect property in time of peace would be revolutionary; it would be putting into practice the theories of an obsolete socialism; but in war time abnormal conditions are created, conditions which, if they justify conscription of persons, surely equally justify conscription of property. It is strange but true that many men will risk their lives who will not risk their pockets. Human nature being what it is, they will go forward to fight with alacrity and even enthusiasm, but they would be alarmed and altogether reluctant to approve a declaration of war if war meant that not only were they themselves placed in jeopardy, but their possessions also were to be taken out of their control. If patriotism had to be expressed in every country by readiness to be conscripted, and to have all wealth conscripted, it is calculated that every country would hesitate and would almost certainly decline the sacrifices which would be required from each individual citizen. Men would be touched at their most vulnerable point. War would be less easy if men and women were aware that not only the soldier in the trenches would suffer, but the whole nation would be required to make a real sacrifice. Everything that has happened in Europe during the past decade strengthens this contention.

It is true that, especially in the countries of Europe, financial sacrifice was common. If a few persons enriched themselves, the result of the war for the people was the depreciation of their savings as expressed in their national currency, the imposition of staggering taxes, and a financial and economic chaos which affects adversely the vast majority. Since the war, trade has diminished and unemployment has been rife, but these results came, as it were, indirectly and unexpectedly. While the fighting lasted there was no unemployment in any European land, and the community for the most part was materially better off than in days of peace. It was, indeed, only in the days of peace that the misery which was the outcome of war was realized.

The object of the present plan is to bring home to everybody in advance the necessity of immense sacrifices, and therefore to create in each country a greater reluctance to run risks which could be avoided by the submission of any dispute — if the ordinary diplomatic methods failed — to arbitration.

II

This is no insidious socialistic attack on capital. It must not be imagined that by this method advantage is being taken of abnormal conditions in order to strike at the rich. Indeed, the American Legion has been the driving force behind the idea in the United States, while in Europe it is not the socialistic fishers in troubled waters who have caught it up, but the men of good will who desire by this means to preserve the fundamental structure of society. It has been objected that the Bolsheviki in Russia could never have accomplished their object in time of peace; but, when their country had been weakened by the long years of warfare, and authority had betrayed

its corruptness, its rottenness, and its helplessness, then came the chance of the extremists to seize power, to abolish capital, and to set up a new socialist system which makes no appeal in any country outside Russia, and which has defects that are patent. What guaranty, it is asked by European opponents of the idea, have we that we are not preparing the way for the Communist, who has shown that any violent interference with the existing state of society can only shatter civilization as we know it?

To this question the answer is easy. It is not any weakening of the State, but, on the contrary, the strengthening of the State which is advocated. The Bolsheviki succeeded simply because the Russian Government had not prepared for the utilization of its resources. Those countries which will thus prepare, instead of leaving things to chance, will be safe from any sudden seizure of resources by the malcontents. Certainly there is not the slightest desire on the part of the Republicans and those Democrats who have cheered the suggestion to the echo, or on the part of those Europeans who are essentially conservative in their ideas, to attack capital. What applies to capital applies equally to labor. It is well known that not only were the wealthy immune during the war,— not in their lives but in their property,— not only did the profiteers become the nouveaux riches, but the workingmen in Europe who did not go to the front received higher pay than they had ever received before. The European States impoverished themselves to keep their citizens of all classes contented. While millions of men were falling on the battlefield, there was organized in each belligerent country — in England, in France, and the rest — a system which squandered money in the most amazing manner. Workmen were paid at extravagant rates for munition-making, and women who had never before been employed were offered large salaries for various services. The standard of living rose. A large proportion of the population of most countries engaged in the war would acknowledge that they never had such prosperous times.

Few object to the raising of the standard of living. It is highly desirable that there should be a permanent increase of the welfare of the masses. But the welfare engendered by war is fictitious and fleeting. What one objects to is that while a section of the nation is enduring almost unimaginable hardships another section should be battening on those hardships, and should feel that war is an excellent institution. It was regarded as proper to compel the soldier to undertake the most deadly tasks for the merest pittance, while rewarding the civilian with larger wages than he had previously enjoyed or could enjoy in a period of peace. One man was forced to enlist in the most dangerous trade without remuneration, and another man was bribed to work in comfortable and highly paid occupations. Many wage-earning families showed sinister and selfish disregard of the darker realities of war. In too many cases there was no desire that war should cease, but a blunting of feelings and an unacknowledged cynicism.

To encourage sentiments of this kind among civilians who have it in their power to shorten or to perpetuate war is dreadful. One cannot blame the masses, whose imagination can hardly extend beyond their individual situation at a particular moment; it was difficult for them to appreciate the truth about the active warfare, especially as this warfare was written up in such manner as to represent it in its most romantic and picturesque light. Nor could they be expected to foresee consequences to themselves in a future

which could not be remote. The fat years were to be followed by lean years and widespread unemployment.

III

England, perhaps, offers the best example. She has had a particularly unfortunate experience in the reaction which followed — as it was bound to follow — the war. With the shattering of industry and commerce which were not directed to the supplying of war materials, there were periods when no fewer than two million persons found themselves out of work. As I write, the total of the unemployed in England is 1,162,700, and the tendency is again upward. Further, taxation was raised to such a point that the whole nation groaned under a burden which was almost impossible to bear. France has financial, as distinguished from economic, troubles which were never anticipated. Germany has suffered as no people would have consented to suffer had the consequences of war been realized. Had the German people been conscious of the demands which were to be made upon them they would have contrived to stop those who precipitated them into war. Had the inhabitants of Russia known that everything would go into the melting-pot they would have halted upon the path on which they were being led. This is equally true of Austria and Hungary, and indeed of all the belligerents.

It is, I think, obvious that had some such proposal been translated into legislative form before 1914 in Europe there would have been a definite stand against the war. The present proposals contemplate a conscription of man power — and indeed of woman power — of a kind somewhat similar to that which was exercised to secure soldiers. Everybody — man or woman — should be at the service of the State. Money should be used as sparingly as possible; the workman should no longer be a workman in a free labor-market, but an industrial conscript; his position should not be better than that of the soldier except in the sense that the dangers which he would face would be fewer. There should be no age limit, and the older men, pressed into the service of the State, would then be less inclined to egg on the younger men and to become the somewhat despicable patriots — whose sacrifices were being made by proxy — that they became in all the European countries. The same method should be applied to the women who, rejoicing in their own immunity, often had no other occupation than to attempt to shame every young man into performing what they considered to be his duty. I must not, of course, be misunderstood as depreciating the noble work which was done by a large body of older men and of self-sacrificing women, personally engaged in many capacities in positions not exempt from danger.

Although labor should be mobilized and although laws should be passed in advance which would compel every man, woman, and child to take an allotted place in the ranks in the event of war, — although there should be no more *embusqués*, as the French disdainfully called those who took refuge in Government offices and other well-paid places of safety, — the principal purpose of the plan is to suppress the war profiteer properly so called. Government employees or wage-earners are not fairly described as profiteers; but there sprang up everywhere during the dreadful years an army of people who were engaged in buying and selling to the Governments at exorbitant prices, or in other ways assisted in increasing the prices of commodities. Some effort was made to limit such profits, not only by fixing certain prices, but

by instituting a tax known as the War Profits Tax or the Excess Profits Tax. But this legislation was scamped and hasty and, in all European countries, proved inadequate, and there were many ways of evading even the nominal obligations. The favorite method was to invest the profits in the business, that is to say, to turn them into capital. In France in particular it is notorious that immense profits were thus made from which the State has never benefited. It has, for one reason or another, been impossible to collect a good deal of the revenue due from this source. Now surely it is not unreasonable nor is there anything which savors of socialistic doctrines in declaring that profits of this kind should be in their entirety confiscated by the State. The weakness of the German Government in dealing with its profiteers has been amazing; and while it is possible for a few men to add to their riches by encouraging war, the danger of nationalist movements which will strive for the *revanche* is greatly increased.

In the recent discussions on the Amnesty Bill in France it was pointed out that deserters, who had on the outbreak of war flown to a foreign country to escape their military obligations, had engaged in trade and had enriched themselves. Was it fair, it was asked, to extend to them a pardon? Those men who had evaded the laws of their country, and while their fellows were fighting had piled up profits abroad, should not be allowed to come back with impunity and enjoy their gains. Perhaps it is better to be as generous as possible now that the war is over; but it should be made clear that in no country in future will the war profiteer be tolerated.

IV

We should consider, too, the effect in Europe of the further declaration that property which does not in any way represent the profits of war should also be liable to conscription. It is not necessary to suppose that this proposal literally means that a capital levy will be raised immediately war breaks out, or that it will ever be enforced unless circumstances render a capital levy imperative. It may be sufficient to lay down the principle. Had the principle been adopted from the beginning, clearly many of the financial difficulties of Europe to-day would not exist. The problem of Allied debts would scarcely have arisen. There are, of course, objections to the capital levy in practice, for it is not easy to liquidate capital on a large scale. Such liquidation might produce confusion and would be liable, unless the strictest care were taken, to cause economic injury to the country which insisted upon it. But in spite of the undoubted objections, it is nevertheless an admirable thing that it should be put upon record that capital, like labor, may be called upon to pay its quota, and that countries should in the event of war first use their own financial resources before looking to other nations for loans. The borrowing of money abroad, the piling-up of indebtedness which can never be removed, meant the artificial prolongation of the European War. Without foreign loans a war must necessarily come to an end when the property-owners of a country are no longer willing to contribute to its maintenance. There is therefore a useful lesson to be learned from the European War, which was largely waged upon subscriptions from abroad after the belligerent Powers had frankly renounced the collection of sufficient money from their own citizens. Nobody cared about the cost until the war was over. The authorities, in future, should be given large powers which could be automatically used. Those powers in themselves will tend

to check war. Instead of running a war on borrowed capital which can never be repaid, the banks inside a country should be compelled to raise loans at small interest, and the big businesses as well as the banks should be controlled. It is well known that the metallurgical trades, for example, are benefited in a material sense by war although the country in which they exist may fall into bankruptcy. Doubtless the individual mine-owner or iron-master is full of the milk of human kindness and would do nothing to secure profits at the expense of human life; but, as has been pointed out, there is such a thing as group-greed. Companies and trusts and Comités des Forges and the like lose all sense of humanity and even of patriotism. Great shipbuilding firms, contractors on a large scale, and others may batten on war while the nation is going headlong to ruin.

Countries should be made to pay for the luxury of war, and they should first look to their own citizens, who must not, as has been the case during the past ten years, be allowed to make huge sums of money at the expense of the State. The State should be enabled on the outbreak of war to institute without delay a War Industries Board and a War Finance Board which would strictly control industry and finance, and would bring the industrialists and the financiers into line. At the end of a war it would certainly be a great advantage for the overburdened State to impose, once and for all, an immense tax which would have to come from capital rather than from income. As much as twenty-five per cent has been demanded in England in the shape of income tax, and indeed, where extremely large incomes are concerned, the percentage is very much higher. Even from the point of view of the taxpayer, it would be better for him to surrender a portion of his capital to the State rather than continue to pay year after year a quarter of his income. From the point of view of the State, the speedy obliteration of war debts would be preferable, and the capital levy is more than permissible in abnormal times when the State should recover its equilibrium as early as possible.

V

Take the case of France. In France the franc has depreciated by two thirds of its value—that is to say, the bondholder has a real income today which is worth one third of the income he had before the war. Whether it is called a capital levy or not is of no importance; the fact remains that the rentier has, while nominally keeping his capital, lost two thirds of his income. The depreciation of the franc is due to the difficult financial position in which the French Treasury finds itself, and the French Treasury could have put itself right if it had frankly called upon bondholders to surrender a portion of their bonds. Both the State and the bondholders would have been in a much better position.

We are too often frightened by mere names; we prefer to surrender two thirds of our income rather than have our capital touched. But to some sort of capital levy — that is to say, to the extinction of paper capital—it would appear that the French will sooner or later have to come.

At the very highest, it is estimated that the revenue of the French State from taxation will be thirty milliard francs. Even to raise twenty-five milliard francs, heavy taxation, which it is hard to collect, has been imposed. Out of this twenty-five or thirty milliard francs of revenue the State must pay fifteen and, according to some estimates, over eighteen milliard francs a

year to the bondholders. The disproportion is appalling. The country is being taxed in order to pay interest to what may be regarded as a privileged class; and yet the term 'privileged class' is unjustified, for the rentiers are really badly treated, in that their income is a fixed income which, owing to the fall of the franc, has diminished in real value to an extent which would hardly have appeared possible a few years ago. In one way or another the war must be paid for, and the question is whether it should be paid for by gradually increased taxation year after year and by placing the State bondholders at a disadvantage as compared with the industrial bondholders, or whether the State should immediately proceed to take whatever is required from its citizens, rich and poor, thus preserving its currency and obviating the necessity of heavy annual taxation.

I do not desire, however, to discuss in detail this vexed problem, but it is surely fair to suggest that if a community goes to war the community should understand in advance that it will be called upon to make monetary sacrifices as well as sacrifices in human life. It will not understand unless there is given in advance power to the State, not only to raise taxes, but to obtain all the capital it may need for the prosecution of the war and the final liquidation of the war. It has been protested by prominent bankers that funds to prosecute a war and to liquidate a war should be obtained in a manner that will disturb the business life of a nation as little as possible, and that will not deplete or destroy the income of the people more than is absolutely necessary to meet the exigences of war. With that everybody must agree. But directly or indirectly the income of the people will be depleted. There is no more misleading cry than the foolish cry raised in England that business should continue as usual during hostilities. Business cannot continue as usual, and the question is as between two methods: one method tends to deceive the people and the other method tends to open their eyes to the fact that ultimately they must pay, and that no enemy country will pay for them.

The European peoples were deceived as perhaps peoples have never been deceived in the history of the world. They were assured that Germany would pay for the war if the Allies would only continue it long enough to defeat Germany. It is because, in pursuance of this fallacy, we have endeavored to make Germany pay, that the whole of the Continent has suffered more than it need have suffered for six years, and that financial and economic confusion still prevails. It has been declared that capital, which is a shy bird, would if menaced fly to cover; but in any community which is really animated by patriotic sentiments such an attitude on the part of capitalists is unthinkable. They must show the same loyalty as the common man.

VI

It would be facile to drift into a demonstration that stricter governmental control of men, of material, and of money, in time of war, would make for the efficient prosecution of war. This is, however, a side issue. The purpose of the proposal is not to make it easier to prosecute a war but to prevent war. This must be borne constantly in mind. It is possible that, in other ages, men have delighted in fighting. In our own times it would seem that man is by nature a fighting animal, for the armies of Napoleon which had no purpose but conquest followed him wherever he went, prepared to endure any hardship, happy enough that they should show their

physical superiority over the men of other nations. Even in the last great war there is no doubt that millions of men were moved chiefly by the sense that at last an opportunity had occurred for them to escape from the dull daily round of existence.

It is deduced from the evidence that mankind will always love war, and that nothing will bring peace upon the earth. But in no age as in our age, in spite of appearances, has there been such consciousness of the evils of war, and in no age has there been such consciousness of the solidarity of mankind. Undoubtedly progress is being made and, beyond a peradventure, peace can be achieved. The earth has become a small place. Every country finds its interests interlocked with those of every other country. The traveling facilities of to-day make for a better understanding. The rapidity of communication helps toward the realization of a common civilization. Commerce in its modern development makes us more and more interdependent. Our culture is more or less the same the world over, and when one nation suffers every nation suffers. No longer can we live in water-tight compartments; no longer is war a little thing that can be regarded as apart from our general life. Chaos in one place means chaos in every place. We have been drawn together as never before, and we are becoming aware of the necessity of adopting friendly relations toward each other, and of helping each other. We cannot pass by on the other side; we cannot be simply onlookers. The rôle of the good Samaritan is no longer a rôle which we are at liberty to fulfill or not to fulfill. So intimately bound up are we with each other that to fight to-day is precisely as though the members of our body were to quarrel among themselves and were to attempt to injure each other. In striking at our head our arm would be committing suicide. The destructiveness of modern warfare has brought home to us the horrors of fighting, which can no more be localized. We recognize that no future war could be confined to the men in the field. It would, if pursued to its logical end, bring about the destruction of all that is precious to us.

And morally also there has been a considerable advance. The mental attitude of nations is becoming more and more the mental attitude of individuals who have been taught in their private relations the advantages of self-restraint and of mutual forbearance. In an earlier age the average man was accustomed to personal violence, but to-day the average man has little or no experience of violence; he does not think in terms of violence. The fighting instinct has in communal life disappeared, or at least rarely manifests itself in civilized communities. Now it is obvious that the order which has been introduced into private life must, consciously or unconsciously, extend itself until it becomes the rule of national life. The fighting instinct is, owing to the personal habits of men everywhere, being eliminated, and it would be strange indeed if men who have set up courts of law for the legal settlement of their personal disputes were not to adopt the same principle in international affairs.

VII

But with the growth of this detestation of violence in every sphere, with the attempt to set up International Courts of Justice and Leagues of Nations, and to have recourse to the arbitration of special tribunals, there exists a greater desire for profits than has ever existed before in the history of the world. The business instinct has, as it

were, taken the place of the fighting instinct, and the business instinct, if we are not careful, will prove to be as dangerous as the fighting instinct. In any long view, there are more profits to be made out of peace than out of war, and business men are undoubtedly aware of this fact. But there is nevertheless an immediate temptation; and it is precisely to destroy the possibilities of profits in war time that the promulgators of the present plan urge its universal acceptance.

The higher consciousness of our common interests needs to be fortified, and it is essential that the Governments should eradicate the selfishness that was shown by profiteers, little and big, of all classes, in all nations, and that war should be shorn of the only glamour that it still possesses — that of providing profits for a portion of the community.

No country which agrees to mobilize all its resources in time of war, to abolish the middleman, the profiteer, the civilian who can in present circumstances continue to work for private gain, can possibly lose. It would discourage war; but if war, in some fit of madness, or through the bad faith or the atavism of some other country which has not adopted a similar plan, were to be forced upon it, then it would not suffer, but on the contrary would, by this mobilization of the whole of its resources, be in a superior position, and would beat its enemies much more certainly than if every man were striving for his own hand and private interests were to be mixed with national interests.

The origin of the suggestion is doubtless to be traced far back, but it would be unfair not to give full credit to the *Christian Science Monitor*, which formulated and advocated the proposition for the maintenance of peace by eliminating profit and privilege from war. Since it set out its plan — which is admittedly a partial though an exceedingly important plan — the idea has been caught up everywhere. All organizations of World War veterans emphatically favor it. Measures have been specifically introduced in Congress, and the Conventions, both Democratic and Republican, have pronounced in its favor. In European countries its progress may be slower, but serious thinkers in all lands have been attracted by the proposition, and are doing their best to propagate it and to make it practical politics. But if America takes the lead, as she has often taken the lead in matters of this kind intended to promote the advancement of humanity,—as indeed she took the lead in the founding of the League of Nations and of the International Court of Justice,—it must not be supposed that America is putting herself at a disadvantage as compared with other countries which, in this respect, for particular reasons, are more backward. The idealism of America is an idealism which is solidly planted on the ground. It is an idealism which, far from weakening any country which possesses it, will give it a formidable strength of organization which will make the most bellicose enemy hesitate before attacking.

In short, the advantage of this scheme, which is simple, practical, and effective, is that while it is designed to prevent war, it does not reduce, but, on the contrary, increases, the means of self-defense. Sooner or later this plan will be advocated by every international assembly and in every national parliament.

GEORGIA AND VERMONT — A CONTRAST

BY WENDELL BROOKS PHILLIPS

For many years I observed with intense envy the Englishman traveling in America. From Dickens to Arnold Bennett he brought with him a brilliant and fascinating sport which he practised with the utmost enjoyment — the sport of observing Americans and talking about them. We listened with dazed wonder, and did nothing. We liked America too well to go to England and turn the tables on him; and it never occurred to us that we could get the same sort of fun by watching each other.

But one day a liberating thought struck me. If an Englishman could get an exquisitely painful delight from writing twenty pages about an American sleeping-car, why could n't a Georgian, covered with cotton dust, see something to amaze him in a Vermont sugar-house? Or a Vermonter, who had spent half his life throwing chunk-wood into the cellar, have his mind broadened by discovering that in Georgia there are no cellars?

I basked in this thought; and my happiness was intensified by the realization that I was better qualified to write this treatise on 'America as Seen by an American' than any other living person. I remembered how nonpartisan I was; for I was born in the only State which had seceded from both the Union and the Confederacy — West Virginia. As a part of old Virginia it had left the Union, and then had insisted on seceding back again to show that there was n't any such thing as secession. Great numbers of people had the jarring experience of going to bed in the South and waking up in the North.

Then I thought by what a mellow process my ancestors had migrated. Coming over from England on the good ship Arabella, a few years after the advent of the Mayflower, they had comfortably settled themselves in western Massachusetts and southern Vermont, where they lived for several generations and became numerous. There were hardly any of the New England traditions that they did n't pick up on the way. Then in 1816, made restless by a series of very cold winters, they loaded their traditions and other household utensils into ox wagons, and set out for West Virginia, which had just been discovered by Daniel Boone. After killing off all the Indians and wolves, they waited for seventy-five years or so until I was born. Then they decided to leave.

This time my parents went to Georgia, where their New England traditions were still in such good repair that we were known as 'Yankees'; and my father preached in one of the few Congregational churches which enlighten those vast waste-lands south of the Mason and Dixon line. Although I am known as a Yankee in the South, I have never been able to get any Vermonter to admit my condition. So I am a man with two countries — or with none; and each time I return to Vermont or Georgia I have strangely mixed feelings of coming home and of visiting some beautiful foreign port.

Several years ago I was living in a pleasant little city ten miles from Atlanta. I had spent the previous year in Vermont, and all my impressions were heightened by the contrast. The morning sunshine was deliciously bright, and the air was too soft for early spring. Dogwood and azalea gleamed from the hillsides, and seedling peach-trees, with their riotous pink bloom, almost impeded the sidewalk that led to the public square a mile away. Rambling houses, with large yards full of irresponsible but pleasing shrubbery, bordered one side of the street; untouched woodland, all too soon to be cut up into city lots, lined the other side.

I was n't going anywhere, but I suddenly caught sight of an interesting figure in front of me, who evidently was. He was an old man of seventy-five, and to my surprise he wore the gray uniform and hat of the men who fought under Lee. The easy surety of his unhastened step and the erect height of his figure caught my attention. His beard was white, but his cheeks were fresh-colored; he had a fine forehead and a handsome nose. As I overtook him he turned toward me with courteous dignity.

'I have often seen you pass, sir, and have meant to ask you to come in. If you're a stranger, I want you to feel at home. My name is Colonel Hayes, and I live up there on the hill.'

I thanked him, gave him my name, and then asked: 'What is the band playing for, up on the square? Is some sort of celebration going on?'

'Why, yes; this is the hundredth anniversary of the founding of Dekalb County. You will see an historical pageant of all that ever happened here. We have been getting ready for it for weeks. I am to march at the head of the Confederate veterans,' he added proudly, laying his hand on his sword.

As we approached the square, the burst of music grew louder. The lawns and porches were covered with spectators, and the actors in the pageant scurried for their places. It was easy to see that neither past, present, nor future was to be neglected. The very products of the town were personified. Pretty girls disguised as milk bottles or spring chickens chatted and flirted with blocks of Stone Mountain granite.

Ferdinando de Soto was huddling his savages into their places. 'Why in heck don't you Indians *act* like Indians? Quit bumping into Oglethorpe's settlers!'

'Aw, shut up, Jim! You don't know yerself whether we happened before Oglethorpe or after him.'

'We happened *before* him, you poor fish! Oglethorpe won't be born till I've been at the bottom of the Mississippi a hundred years. Look out for Eli Whitney's cotton gin! Let it get up there in front of the Civil War!'

After a great deal of chatter and confusion and prancing of horses, the different parts of the pageant were properly arranged, and the whole started forward to the sound of music and the waving of banners. The care which had been spent in the preparation of the floats was amazing. Here came a farm wagon, pulled by oxen, and filled with men and women who represented old-time country people. The women wore sunbonnets, and the men cracked long blacksnake whips. Lanterns, bundles of fodder, and home-made baskets were carelessly tied on the back, while half a dozen gaunt yellow hounds trailed behind. Of even greater interest was a miniature log-cabin on wheels, with an aged Negro uncle sitting in the doorway. He was no make-believe uncle, but a real one, who had n't been allowed to change his clothes or anything. In front of the door was fixed a persimmon tree,

in whose branches a live possum blinked sleepily.

The part of the pageant which aroused most acclamation was that which depicted the golden days 'befo' de wah.' (There is still only one war in the South. The World War was merely a skirmish between foreigners.) A stately barouche of the days of Andrew Jackson was drawn down the street by shining black horses, and it was followed by a float representing an old-time garden, where a blooming girl in hoop skirts listened bashfully to her dashing lover as he leaned against the white gate. The costumes they wore were not makeshifts, but had been taken carefully from some old trunk that escaped the destructive eye of General Sherman on his march to the sea.

I watched all this with keenest pleasure, and with a comparative eye. How pretty the girls were, and how conscious they were of being girls! There was a general air of physical comeliness, of healthy well-being about the crowd. Among the old people — and there were many of them — I noted the serene, cheerful eyes, the gracious manner, the consciousness of not having lived in vain. I saw none of those sour, wizened, disappointed faces that I confess have constantly pained me in New England, whether in the Boston subways or in the back country. Nor did I see on a single face the thwarted look of an old maid. I thought to myself, 'Vermonters look like rodents in comparison with this lordly race. How delightful is their hospitality, their scorn of pettiness, their willingness to give or lend a neighbor all they have!' I had never before seen a whole community take a day off for such joyous play.

When the procession was over, all gathered round the courthouse steps to hear the speeches. Several hand-picked high-school boys were to deliver declamations, and then the Governor was to give an address. There was a rather taking air about the easy confidence with which the boys faced their audience, but I was made uncomfortable to see with what enthusiasm their platitudes were received, and to note the priggish pompousness with which the youngsters strutted off the platform. And if the boys made me uncomfortable, the Governor filled me with despair. Could it be possible that these people were listening with eager approval to this terrible stream of outworn bombast, race hatred, religious intolerance, and repudiation of all modern thought?

As the gathering dispersed, I went into a little restaurant with most of my happier thoughts scattered. I reflected gloomily on the Klan, and all the sinister implications of a civilization founded on serfdom. But it would n't do to spoil a holiday this way, so I turned my mind to the assertion of Walter Hines Page that the two greatest curses of the South were oratory and fried food. I agreed as to the oratory. Now for the food.

'Uncle Ned,' I said to the waiter, 'what have you to-day?'

'Well, suh, we 've got some nice fried chicken, an' some fried ham.'

'But I 'm not very hungry; have n't you some vegetables or fruit?'

'No, suh; I don't reckon we has, boss. Dey 's some right nice 'sparagus, what Marse Henry's Yankee fren' sent 'im de roots of, a-growin' out in de garden. Ef you 'll wait a minute, I 'll fry you a good mess o' dat.'

'You don't mean to say you 'd fry asparagus?'

'Yassuh. Dat 's de onlies' way dey is to cook it, suh.'

I glanced at the menu card in despair. 'No. Bring me some coffee and a slice of watermelon.'

The next September I was in Vermont again, facing a brisk and disagreeable wind. The brilliant maple leaves were swirling down in showers.

'Autumn suits the mood of this stern country,' I thought. 'See how tight-shut each little house is, huddled graspingly over the stores in its cellar. The doorways seem to repel rather than invite the stranger.'

But just then my genial friend, the professor of Greek, came out and called me: 'Come in and sit by my fire, and drink some cider with me!'

'I really believe you Vermonters are as hospitable as Southerners when one gets to know you,' I said. 'I 'm homesick for Georgia, and I hope you won't mind if I talk about it.'

'Of course not,' he replied sympathetically.

'Well, to begin with, why don't you have any front porches in Vermont? The houses look positively bald without them. Is it because winter begins before summer has ended?'

'That is one reason; but the chief one is that no Vermonter would have time to sit on a porch if he had one.'

This offered food for meditation; but our attention was attracted to a stoop-shouldered young instructor hurrying furtively across the campus with a baby carriage, as if humiliated at his own indiscretion.

'How unusual to see a Vermont teacher with a baby,' I remarked. 'A Georgia professor thinks nothing of flinging his eight children into a Ford and taking them to the river for a day's fishing. If one or two of them get struck by lightning or kicked by mules, he has some left. There 's no race-suicide among us Anglo-Saxons down in Georgia,' I concluded proudly.

'I know it,' my friend replied sadly. 'You 're quite right. You have vitality down there, and the future is before you. Up here we have our frozen hillsides, and a past, and plenty of experience.'

'Yes,' I agreed, 'and you know more than we do, and live more deeply. Vermonters may look like rats and feel like hedgehogs, but they think and work and aspire like human beings. Certainly you hear nothing of Klans and mobs and the "honor of a gentleman," and legislators passing laws against the fact of evolution. After going through one of your winters, I no longer wonder that your Vermont farmer is n't lavishly hospitable; he deserves infinite credit for merely keeping alive.'

'Yes,' declared my Greek professor warmly, 'I suppose there is a more subtle and seasoned philosophy behind the gnarled face of our Vermont farmer than behind the handsome exterior of a Southern colonel. It is n't easy to plumb the heart of a Vermonter,' he mused, almost betraying a trace of sentiment.

'It 's true,' I conceded. 'I 'm afraid you have us beaten on a good many counts. I certainly feel more within the confines of civilization here. And if I 'm choosing a creed, I 'll have to take yours.'

'You are really very flattering,' he murmured.

'But,' I cried, with a burst of enthusiasm, 'if I give Vermont the allegiance of my head, may I not leave my heart in Georgia, near the blue hills? And may I not, like Odysseus, weep for longing to see the smoke rise from my native land?'

'You may!' declared my friend generously. 'You may!'

And so I left him.

'Really,' I said to myself, 'really, if I 'm to enjoy this new British sport as it deserves to be enjoyed, I must n't take it too seriously. No, I positively will *not* take it seriously.'

And with that I went to bed.

THE BEAR HUNT

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD NEVER BEFORE PRINTED

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[ABRAHAM LINCOLN neither wrote, nor attempted to write, much verse. What little he did write was perhaps the product of a sort of mental exercise — to gratify an impulse to see what he could do.

Writing from Springfield, Illinois, on September 6, 1846, to his former Springfield neighbor, Andrew Johnston, then living in Richmond, Lincoln refers to a promise once made Johnston to 'bore' him with another 'little canto of what I called poetry.' The 1846 message to Johnston fulfilled this promise, the subject of the poem being Matthew Gentry, the insane son of the leading citizen of Gentryville, Indiana, where Lincoln had lived for some thirteen years, from young boyhood on. In 1844 Lincoln was campaigning in Southern Indiana, and it was at this time that the sad condition of his former schoolmate was revealed to him. The first verse of the Matthew Gentry poem, which may be found in the complete works of Lincoln, reads as follows: —

> But here 's an object more of dread
> Than aught the grave contains —
> A human form with reason fled
> While wretched life remains.

In the letter sent to Johnston enclosing the verse, Lincoln says: 'If I should ever send another (poem), the subject will be a "Bear Hunt."'

Some time later Lincoln wrote 'The Bear Hunt,' and sent it to his friend. Whether he retained a copy is doubtful, but Johnston apparently kept the manuscript until 1869, when he passed it on to Thomas H. Wynne, of Richmond. The latter bequeathed it to R. A. Brock, of Richmond, by whom it was sold in 1905 to George S. Hellman, of New York, who in turn disposed of it to J. P. Morgan. The original manuscript, in perfect condition, is now in the Morgan Library in New York.

— CHARLES T. WHITE]

A WILD bear chase didst never see?
Then hast thou lived in vain —
Thy richest bump of glorious glee
Lies desert in thy brain.

When first my father settled here,
'T was then the frontier line;
The panther's scream filled night with fear
And bears preyed on the swine.

But woe for bruin's short-lived fun
When rose the squealing cry;
Now man and horse, with dog and gun
For vengeance at him fly.

A sound of danger strikes his ear;
He gives the breeze a snuff;
Away he bounds, with little fear,
And seeks the tangled *rough*.

On press his foes, and reach the ground
Where 's left his half-munched meal;
The dogs, in circles, scent around
And find his fresh made trail.

With instant cry, away they dash,
And men as fast pursue;
O'er logs they leap, through water splash
And shout the brisk halloo.

Now to elude the eager pack
Bear shuns the open ground,
Through matted vines he shapes his track,
And runs it, round and round.

The tall, fleet cur, with deep-mouthed voice
Now speeds him, as the wind;
While half-grown pup, and short-legged fice[1]
Are yelping far behind.

And fresh recruits are dropping in
To join the merry corps;
With yelp and yell, a mingled din —
The woods are in a roar —

And round, and round the chase now goes,
The world 's alive with fun;
Nick Carter's horse his rider throws,
And Mose Hill drops his gun.

Now, sorely pressed, bear glances back,
And lolls his tired tongue,
When as, to force him from his track
An ambush on him sprung.

Across the glade he sweeps for flight,
And fully is in view —
The dogs, new fired by the sight
Their cry and speed renew.

The foremost ones now reach his rear;
He turns, they dash away,
And circling now the wrathful bear
They have him full at bay.

At top of speed the horsemen come,
All screaming in a row —
'Whoop!' 'Take him, Tiger!' 'Seize him, Drum!'
Bang — bang! the rifles go!

And furious now, the dogs he tears,
And crushes in his ire —
Wheels right and left, and upward rears,
With eyes of burning fire.

But leaden death is at his heart —
Vain all the strength he plies,
And, spouting blood from every part,
He reels, and sinks, and dies!

And now a dinsome clamor rose, —
'But who should have his skin?'
Who first draws blood, each hunter knows
This prize must always win.

But, who did this, and how to trace
What 's true from what 's a lie, —
Like lawyers in a murder case
They stoutly *argufy*.

Aforesaid fice, of blustering mood,
Behind, and quite forgot,
Just now emerging from the wood
Arrives upon the spot,

With grinning teeth, and up-turned hair
Brim full of spunk and wrath,
He growls, and seizes on dead bear
And shakes for life and death —

And swells, as if his skin would tear,
And growls, and shakes again,
And swears, as plain as dog can swear
That he has won the skin!

Conceited whelp! we laugh at thee,
Nor mind that not a few
Of pompous, two-legged dogs there be
Conceited quite as you.

[1] A small dog of nondescript breed. *Local, U. S. A.* — The Editor

[The following letters are of significance to those interested in historical accuracy as establishing effectually the genuineness of the ballad. — THE EDITOR]

RICHMOND, VA.,
11 *August*, 1869

THOMAS H. WYNNE, ESQ.,
Richmond, Va.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

. . . Some time since, Dr. Barney asked me if I could give him an autograph of Mr. Lincoln. Having a few letters, and one or two copies of verses, I selected one of the latter, with which he was much pleased; and, about a month ago, he published it in the *Evening News*, where it attracted the attention of some others, an original composition of Mr. Lincoln being something of a novelty. The subject was a return to his native place in Kentucky, and his reflections thereon.

It has occurred to me that you might like to have something similar, and I therefore inclose you the only other paper in my possession, the subject being, 'The Bear Hunt.' It is the composition of Mr. Lincoln himself, and wholly written by him — the indorsement on the back only excepted — and it was sent to me by him, though I do not find the accompanying letter. Possibly, that may have related also to some matter of business.

I am very truly yours,
ANDREW JOHNSTON

RICHMOND, VA.,
March 28, 1905

THE NEW YORK CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, N. Y. City.

GENTLEMEN:

I have deferred acknowledgement of yours of the 22d inst. pending a search among my numerous autographs and MSS. for the original poem by and in the autograph of Abraham Lincoln. I have not as yet put my hand upon it.

I have owned it for thirty years, having received it by a bequest of a friend, the late Hon. Thomas H. Wynne.

It was presented to Mr. Wynne by the late Andrew Johnston, a lawyer of this city, at one time a resident of Springfield, Ill., and a friend of Mr. Lincoln. I have the letter of Mr. Johnston to Mr. Wynne stating these facts.

When I may find the poem I will express you.

I beg to remain,
Respectfully yours,
R. A. BROCK

RICHMOND, VA.,
Nov. 7, 1905

GEORGE S. HELLMAN, ESQ.,
N. Y. City.

DEAR SIR:

I send by registered mail, as instructed by you, the Lincoln poem, 'The Bear Hunt,' and Mr. Johnston's letter.

Neither original has been out of my personal keeping and you need have no fear of unauthorized publication.

When I may be able to duly describe other desiderata I will be glad to do so, and will appreciate any definite hint from you as to wants.

Faithfully yours,
R. A. BROCK

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY BASAL METABOLISM

EVERYONE who has lately been in a hospital knows, of course, what a basal metabolism is, but I was one of the outsiders until last week. I did not know what doctor or nurse meant when they announced that I should have to undergo the thing next morning. I made the usual feeble effort to penetrate their veil of kindly reserve — a thicker than ever veil in this case, for half the fun in that scientific practical joke called basal metabolism consists in keeping the patient doubtful and wondering.

'Quite a simple test,' the nurse murmured smilingly, when the doctor had left the room after explaining that the whole affair was 'merely a register of functional activity.' 'Go to bed now,' the nurse continued, 'and keep as quiet and calm as possible. That means everything.'

Of course men of science know best. Otherwise I might have had my doubts about the calming effect of being roused at 6 A.M. by the tramp of feet, the clatter of a stretcher laid down outside my door, and a confused hum of voices. My door flew open and two nurses and two orderlies, with determined faces, advanced to my bedside. I sat up hastily.

'Lie down!' the head nurse commanded. 'Calm yourself!' She took my temperature and pulse with a dubious air. The other nurse gave directions to the orderlies, who now picked me up and laid me among some particularly cold blankets upon the stretcher. Basal metabolisms were taken in another hospital building from the one in which I lay. The stretcher-bearers airily raised and bore me along halls and corridors, outdoors, and into a motor ambulance. The bright blue October sky shone overhead. The air was crisp and chill and I shivered in my cold bedding, inwardly trying hard to be calm, so as not to bring upon myself grave symptoms of functional disorder. A short, jerky ride, during which an orderly tried to cover my head with the sheet 'to keep out the light,' and we were before another door through which I was carried to a bed in a bare, white-furnished room.

A new nurse, gravely smiling, bent over me and felt for my pulse. Then she remarked reproachfully, 'Why, you're shivering. That won't do.'

'I ca-can't help it.'

'We'll wait until you can,' she said firmly. 'Lie still and keep mentally calm. The test is not really painful — just a little unpleasant.'

She withdrew to confer in whispers with a second white-robed figure. I stopped shivering and looked around me. Against the wall hung a long, jointed tube made of something like rubber cloth. The window beside the bed was pierced by a round hole the size of the tube, and, screwing my head about, I saw a large shiny metal tank standing behind the bed. Then the nurse came back, felt my pulse, straightened my knees, took down the tube, and began lowering a sort of hook-and-ladder system to within a few inches of my face. Seizing the coils of tubing, she thrust one end out the window-hole, a second end out of sight somewhere near the tank, and a third, furnished with a flat mouthpiece like a teething-ring, into my mouth. 'Bite

hard on it,' she advised, summoning a perfunctory smile. 'Keep it well between the lips.' With a deft gesture which took me completely by surprise she now snapped a heavy clamp over my nose, effectually closing it. Then, hanging the loose festoons of tube over the apparatus above my head, she stood back and smiled at her handiwork.

There was no way to breathe but through the tube, so for the next few minutes I and my lungs were kept busy — I trying anxiously to persuade them that they took in air enough from the tube by means of the window-hole, and that getting rid of the air afterward was a possible job; they indignantly puffing remonstrance at the close breathing-quarters, while my throat put in its word with a strangling, gagging sensation which from time to time threatened to cut off the air-supply altogether. Meanwhile the two nurses stood by the tank behind me, whispering: —

'Patient breathes very slowly.'

'Thirty-five — do you make it?'

'One more round.'

Then they left the tank-side and seated themselves — to judge by the scrape of chairs — somewhere near. I pricked my ears in the midst of my struggle for breath to learn what they were saying about me.

' — very difficult,' were the words I caught next.

This held no surprise, for I had been previously told — in a veiled fashion — that computing a basal metabolism requires hours of calculation in higher mathematics. The nurses were working out some former patient's test, I decided, for the next words which reached my ears above my labored breathing could hardly apply to my own case: —

'A city in China.'

The patient had been living in China, I deduced. Had been sent from China, in fact, for treatment. The nurses' next remark was commonplace enough.

'Dr. Ascot was awfully pleased I'd got so much done.'

Obviously he ought to be pleased at the young women's industry. One of them thoughtfully went on: —

'A kind of fish —'

Fish — I had it! The patient from China had upset his or her metabolism by eating bad fish — such strange, mummified sort of food, I fancied, as would be popular in small inland towns of the great old country. However, I began to feel that in these tense calculations the nurses were forgetting me, and, distract my thoughts as I would, I had more than enough of the savage grip on my nose and of the tube-end stuffed into my mouth. My case was of equal importance, I felt, with the one they were engaged upon. Indeed the importance of the whole proceeding, I had often been told, was enormous.

With courageous effort I screwed my head around to command a partial view of my attendants and recall their attention, if possible, from the study of the Chinese patient's ruined digestion. At last my eye, strained painfully backward, fell upon the two white-capped heads bent over a small enameled table, and at the sight my reverent forbearance changed in an instant to a truculent heat which threatened to choke me then and there inside my tube.

The nurses were doing a crossword puzzle!

So now I am writing this to warn basal metabolism sufferers not to get excited when the talk behind them veers to fish and China. It's a case of 'never mind this one.' And, after all, perhaps guesswork is good practice for the higher mathematics that come out of the tube and tank. I, the doctor later told me smilingly, was quite normal.

THE OYSTER AND RELIGION

I AM under the impression — and my error, if it exists, is certainly pardonable — that the oyster has been written about extensively. A scientific gentleman not long since addressed a learned dissertation to no less august a body than the United States Fish Commission that bore the awe-inspiring title, 'The Ciliary Mechanisms of Lamellibranchs.' It was merely a polysyllabic description of the oyster's manner of twiddling his gills. Our modern epicureans have written in praise of this interesting mollusk from the strictly culinary point of view; and there are sundry tomes, appropriately voluminous, which set forth its commercial value, as well as numerous manuals for the thrifty souls that seek to rear it, and to guide the first trembling footsteps of the infant oyster along the path that it should go — to market.

There remains, then, but one theme for me. I write of the religious significance of the oyster. It is a subject whose gravity will not appear to the dwellers in cities where the institution of the 'church supper' is unknown. Only he who has been born and bred in the small town can realize the harmonizing value of the intersectarian oyster. Only the native of the small town knows how 'Reverend Jones' of the Methodist Church harbors dark suspicions of lurking heresy — perhaps even of Modernism — in 'Reverend Smith' of the Presbyterian Church, yet how both clerical gentlemen unite in approbation of the oysters of Sister Brown as they appear at Baptist church suppers.

It is the small-town man alone who can, with the accuracy of the true connoisseur, appreciate the infinite divergence between the oysters of the warring sects. It is no exaggeration to say that a man with a true taste in oysters possesses the shortest cut to a comprehension of the theological subtleties that divide Christendom.

The Presbyterian oyster, for example, as he appears at the suppers of the First (and only) Presbyterian Church, is large and round and fried. Mark the word: fried — fried to a perfection of crisp brown exterior and succulent but smoking interior that mutely warns the heathen in other denominations of the ultimate fate of those who have never subscribed to the Larger and Shorter Catechisms. Often, at Presbyterian church suppers, in the presence of those perfect bivalves, I have suspected Calvinistic leanings in myself and have felt, dimly adumbrated within my own soul, the tenderness and beauty of the Catechisms.

As for the Baptist oyster, he is appropriately immersed in a flowing bowl that confutes forever the unregenerate who know so little Greek that they fail to distinguish between *βάπτω* and *βαπτίζω*.

The Methodist oyster is stern and severe. The vanities of this world are not for him. He may, when he appears at the church supper, be fried — but it is a more than Presbyterian frying. It is a frying in the fire whereof the revivalist rants. Sometimes he might even be called a Fundamentalist oyster — that is, he is not always a Modernist, which is a sad defect in oysters, whatever it may be in theologians.

Let us pass over the Lutheran oyster. William James would class him among the 'tough-minded.' He is tough with the toughness of spirit that nailed the Ninety-five Theses to the church door in Wittenberg. We may respect him — but a kind Heaven will prevent that respect from leading us to eat him.

The Episcopalian oyster is a very different mollusk. He appears upon the half shell. His pristine simplicity

suggests an ancient tradition. He warns us mutely of our own original state — and he is likely to be served on ice.

In religion, then, the oyster has his merits. As a theologian our humble bivalve — Blue Point, Cotuit, Narragansett — cannot be despised. Since the Volstead Act 't is he alone that can

with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute.

SPEAKING OF HOTBEDS

'Asia,' stated the lecturer, 'is a perfect hotbed of infection for human and plant life.'

He coughed slightly and reached into a back pocket for his handkerchief. An imitative ripple of coughing ran through the little group of women, gathered in an historic New England homestead for the serious, though avocational, study of botany. My right-hand neighbor urged upon me a large yellow lozenge, as she shot a significant glance about the throat-clearing assembly.

'The efficient barring of the citrous canker from California,' continued the now recovered professor, 'is one of the triumphs of modern preventive pathology.'

A young teacher in the front row took down this sentence in its dire completeness.

Our little city had been fighting its way through an epidemic of laryngitis, grippe, influenza, and the rest of that 'loathèd crew.' 'Germs' were on every tongue and in many a nose and throat.

'More than one hundred and fifty children absent daily from a single school building,' a hoarse voice had informed us, as we forgathered in the anteroom, draping our heavy wraps over the backs of hospitable chairs, and hiding overshoes in secret corners.

'And when they come back, so *pale*, so *pale!*'

'It would n't be so trying,' one had furthered, 'if it were n't for this persistent reinfection.'

Someone over by the mantelpiece gave way to a violent sneeze. I felt my own throat filling, though I had come hither to learn of the higher fungi, with the deliberate desire to rid my mind and spirit from all thought of bodily disease. Awed inquiries for this and that victim of the prevalent contagion stirred the air. As we filed into the small lecture-room, certain members of the class were seen to contribute small covered glass dishes to a sober row of similar retainers resting upon the long demonstration table. Having missed the previous lecture, I looked inquiringly at a friend.

'Specimens,' she whispered, 'of developed bacteria. He gave us the receptacles a week ago to expose in our houses.'

These little botanical menageries the professor greeted eagerly as the awful number increased.

'I,' exclaimed an enthusiast, looking eagerly into his face, 'took off the cover of mine in the street-car on my way home, and just *see* what I caught! You know *everybody* had the bug last week!' We strained forward as she tipped the little plate plainly before our eyes. It was fearful; it was marvelous. Several about me veiled their nostrils as inconspicuously as might be. A steady little draught was stealing in about the ancient window at my back.

So the lecture had begun: 'Asia is a perfect hotbed of infection for human and plant life.' Here was an evident master of the subject; he proceeded to treat the dark side of his question, reviewing impartially the outstanding pests and scourges known to plants: the devastating wheat-rust, involving the barberry by alternate years; the

white-pine rust, 'spreading' to gooseberry and currant; the downy mildew boding potato famine; the chestnut blight, threatening, some believed, the utter demolition of the last sprout of the last chestnut tree in the land.

Here the instructor moistened his throat with a generous sip of water. A lady near the door started a dry choking and stepped over, or on, three would-be listeners before gaining exit from the room; her voice sounded a recessional into a remote corner of the house.

'A certain injection' — this as we recomposed ourselves thoughtfully — 'under the bark of the tree has proved a partial cure —' The professor turned to his notes. 'A partial cure,' he reiterated, 'of the blight, and' — he smiled a bit wanly — 'almost infallible death to the tree.'

A woman in a very thin silk stirred uneasily; it was her boast that she had been inoculated against these colds, and immunity lifted her head high above our petty discussion of *hoi polloi* contagion.

'"Sisters under the skin,"' I whispered to my inner ear, turning back to the mortality of chestnuts.

Through his emphatic sentences the phrase 'plant disease' rang like a minor theme. Pretty little Miss R—— drew her woolen scarf more closely about her shoulders. I recalled her remark as we had come up the walk together: 'My uncle,' with an inflection half apology, half glee (and I knew she meant the prominent Dr. R——), 'said he refused to answer for the consequences if I ventured out in this late afternoon air, but what can you do?'

The human frailty of all growing things pressed in upon my bewildered senses. Surely the young George knew best when he saved one fruitful tree from inevitable suffering.

'For three years,' the intense words pursued, 'the white pine carries infection about before the blister exists as a blister. . . . Spores innumerable lie in wait beneath the gooseberry leaf — orange-hued spores, ready to spread upon their certain prey.'

We then took up the cabbage — for its 'wilt,' a fungus, too, developed no doubt while the heads were still 'looking perfectly well.' The air at the clinic had become quite close, and the artificial light glistened back into our eyes a trifle unpleasantly from the frank array of glass bacteria-holders on the table before us. At mention of the citrous canker my tongue described a surreptitious circle about the roof of my mouth.

After juggling with the word 'menace,' the scientist turned to the optimistic phase of the question. Tension relaxed five perceptible degrees. Orchid fungi, we were reminded, form but the necessary food for these fair exotics.

In my mind 'Asia, a perfect hotbed of infection,' ran persistently to and fro. My eye wandered out to the slate sky, where a few sifting snowflakes interrupted the distance. Against the gray stone church beyond, one tall elm lifted its arms in silhouette. Medicine men there must be, it seemed to say, but how comfortable after all to find here and there a Joyce Kilmer shaking himself free from consultations over poor ailing Mother Nature. A gentle buzzing sound roused me and, as we passed into the open, the early night air blew across my face with singular purity; fresh snow outlined each farthest twig. Quite unconsciously I drew my fur collar close about my ears.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THROUGH an inexplicable error in our last number we referred to our editions of 1916 in trifling terms. As a matter of fact they numbered fifty thousand copies, just one third of the present figure.

* * *

Cutting through a hill in Palestine, an expeditionary force from the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania has laid bare the layers of history as exactly as if sawing through a giant sequoia. **Irwin L. Gordon** describes this discovery, which has in three years exposed civilizations of thirty-two centuries. Fifty feet more of legible earth remain before bed rock is reached. The Hill at Beisan is probably the only spot on earth where peoples have builded continuously since the dawn of history. **William L. Chenery,** long editor of the *New York Telegram*, brings the tariff home to the family breakfast-table and clothes-chest. ¶In contemplating his round of study and his students, '**Old P——**,' a teacher of mellow experience, wonders whether his nickname is a sign of undergraduate respect or of outworn authority. ¶Surely nothing mournful is told in these numbers of **A. S. Eve,** Macdonald Professor of Physics at McGill University. They talk with such swift and shocking imagination as to leave one dizzy.

* * *

As a frontier journalist, **William O. Stoddard** wrote the first editorial advocating Lincoln for President. Later he went to Washington as one of Mr. Lincoln's secretaries, and served from 1861 to 1864. We are happy to publish his reminiscences in this and a succeeding number. Small portions of this material appeared in earlier accounts by Mr. Stoddard, which were of negligible circulation and have long been out of print. The undoubted freshness and vigor of this Lincolnalia shows that, often as has the field been gleaned, the full harvest is not yet gathered. ¶The story of **Rudolph Fisher** represents a flight into a field of bitter prejudice and intense conviction. This new Negro author has considered the difficulties and perplexities of his race with uncompromising knowledge and fidelity. He was an honor man at Brown University, and is, we believe, the single X-ray expert of his race. ¶A sensitive discoverer of England's beauty, and one who has traveled early and late along her secret paths, **Morley Dobson** has had occasion for composing this charming verse. ¶No mind is better qualified to analyze the religious convictions of to-day, from which the faith of to-morrow must grow, than that of the very learned and Very Reverend Dean of St. Paul's, **W. R. Inge.** ¶Moved by the growing thanklessness of our people and by the sadness of Kirsopp Lake's paper on Prayer, **G. A. Johnston Ross** of the Union Theological Seminary urges upon us the glory of thanksgiving.

* * *

A. R. Orage, for fifteen years the editor of the English *New Age*, suggests the source of a new Renaissance. **Professor Chauncey Brewster Tinker** of Yale is a humorist and humanist for whom all students have cause to be thankful. ¶The tragedy of birds, beasts, and men animates the verse of **Lew Sarett.** His poem, 'To a Wild Goose over Decoys,' appeared in the *Atlantic* for September 1923. ¶An active-minded **Professor** in a famous college for women defends the young person's life and manners against elderly and invidious rumor. ¶The writer's long familiarity with Eastern thought adds remarkable import to this mysterious story of **L. Adams Beck.** This author is gifted alike with mystical and historical imagination. **Rusticus** has appreciated a sensitive and most endearing friendship in terms of Biblical simplicity.

* * *

Ian Colvin is the accomplished leader-writer of the London *Morning Post*, a paper which, in spite of prejudices, crotchets, and perversities, is, in our judgment, the best-

written in the English-speaking world. ¶Wide and observant travel has familiarized **H. H. Powers** with imperial domains and their besetting responsibilities. **Sisley Huddleston,** long of the London *Times* and now of the *Christian Science Monitor,* describes the European reception of that American proposal for peace which is to be resolved by our present Congress. ¶An acute comparison pleasantly turned is this of **Wendell Brooks Phillips,** a Southerner now studying in the Graduate School of Harvard.

* * *

Every bit of authenticated information relating to **Abraham Lincoln** is a matter of importance, and it seems extraordinary that so considerable a fragment should have eluded the thousand and one investigators. The letters which we append to the ballad by way of footnote establish its authenticity beyond cavil. Of its waggish quality we can only think that it gives a truer picture of Lincoln's early years than many a more solemn portrait.

* * *

A fair, far voice in argument.

OÑA (BURGOS), SPAIN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In searching for reasons for the lack of success in the attempts at democracy in the Latin-American republics, the writer of 'Self-Government in Mexico' in your November issue seems to have overlooked, nay, to have stated the opposite of what I consider the most potent cause of all their troubles. While it is true that the Latin-American republics were led by our example in cutting loose from their mother countries, still they did not do so in the spirit that we did. Our 'revolutionary' principles were based on Magna Charta and the best political philosophy of the English Whigs, as the writer points out. But this was not true of the Latin Americans. Their source of inspiration has been and is Rousseau's *Du contrat social* and the Bolshevistic methods of the French Revolution, which, as Burke and our own Webster pointed out, are poles apart from our idea of democracy.

As for remedies, too, the writer, while he says rightly that the United States should do something, does not come down to particulars. In my mind, the best thing that the American people can do to help Latin America is to stop one of the chief sources of their trouble — namely, the hatching of their revolutions in the United States and the carrying of them out with the aid of American capital. President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes started a good tradition in this direction in their attitude toward the latest outbreak in Mexico.

P. H. Y.

* * *

From one mother to another.

AUBURNDALE, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The Journal of Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles, printed in the November number of the *Atlantic,* told of the kindness with which they were received by the 'King' and 'Queen' of one of the Sandwich Islands. You may be interested in a letter sent by the latter to the mother of Mrs. Ruggles. It 'was dictated by the Queen, interpreted in broken English, written down verbatim, and copied by herself in a plain, legible manner.'

ATOOI, *July* 28, 1820

DEAR FRIEND,

I am glad your daughter come here. I shall be her mother now, and she be my daughter. I be good to her; give her tappa [cloth made from the bark of a tree]; give her mat; give her plenty eat. By and by your daughter speak Owhyhee; then she learn me how to read and write and sew; and talk of that Great Akooah, which the good people in America love. I begin spell little: read come very hard, like stone. You very good, send your daughter great way to teach the heathen. I am very glad I can write you a short letter and tell you that I be good to your daughter. I send you my *aloha* and tell you I am

Your Friend,
CHARLOTTE TAPOOLEE,
QUEEN OF ATOOI

This letter was printed in the *Missionary Herald* of April 1821.

Sincerely yours,
OTIS CARY

* * *

With provident wives as patrons, a new era of artistic production may be forthcoming.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Jane Littell's 'Meditations of a Wage-Earning Wife' came so close to home!

Just about a year ago a series of circumstances opened up an opportune time for me to try my wings as a free-lance writer, breaking away from a weekly — and weakly — newspaper pay-check. My wife and I discussed it for several weeks before — frankly — I could reach the decision to 'live on her.' But I salved my conscience with the reflection that the microscopic earnings of which I was sure would make enough of a contri-

bution to our ménage to prevent me from losing all pride of sex.

It has been an interesting experiment; although we live on a very narrow margin we have accustomed ourselves to the situation even better than we had anticipated would be possible. We are by no means out of the woods yet, as my stuff has not been wildly sought after by editors, but we have had enough encouragement to stiffen our backbones.

I think our case is just a trifle different from Mrs. Littell's in that I have assumed a share of the house management. As I am at home all day and my wife is not, this seemed logical. Years of 'batching' it gave me enough experience to do it.

Very sincerely yours,

L. G. H.

* * *

Visions and 'audisions' such as may have stirred Saint Joan.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I wonder if I can offer any 'ease to the puzzlement' of Nora Connolly O'Brien, author of 'Visions' in the December *Atlantic*, by presenting a little vision of my own and suggesting an explanation, fantastic or plausible, according to the point of view.

Mine was not an ocular or pageantic vision, like Nora O'Brien's, but an illusion of sound or, to coin a word, an 'audision.' I am not psychic, and have never had a similar experience. I had been walking up the slopes of Fiesole, toward the first great panoramic glimpse of Florence. All the way I had been saying to myself: 'You are about to see one of the most beautiful, history-richened views that this world affords. Prepare your eyes. Lose not one detail of roof, tower, dome, pathways, river, hills. Make ready to take and keep these images forever.'

Then, silently, in the brown and turquoise stillness of an October afternoon, we came out upon our summit. But was it *stillness?* Strangely my eyes, which I had expected to use so eagerly, became insubservient. It was my ears that were aware of Florence. It was the past I *heard.* It suddenly seemed as if, in that throbbing stillness, I caught all the sounds that had ever come up out of that motionless, romantic valley to strike upon the hill of Fiesole. With a wild, leaping heart, I was aware of a cry by the Ponte Vecchio, and I knew that it was Buondelmonte's cry as he was stricken from his horse, so long ago. Then, sound after sound of death unidentified I heard in dark lanes and alleys, here and there. Again came the larger clash of swords, swords of Arezzo and Pisa and Siena and far swords of Rome, and the murmurous roar of the multitude, now riotous, now grieving, now triumphant. I could hear faintly the murmur around Savonarola's fire, under the Palazzo Vecchio. Then, when I thought I could bear no more of tragedy, I heard a sound of gallant laughter in the long-deserted Boboli Gardens, and then faint trumpets and songs in some Medicean pageant near Santa Croce. All this I heard, poignantly, vibrantly, beyond and below the little accents of the day, the thrumming of crickets, the barking of dogs, and the songs of living peasants in the valley below. It was not a conscious, labored projection of the imagination, but an overwhelming, astonishing, reverberant tide from the outside, rising, rising irresistibly from the Valley of Flowers.

Can it be that the hill of Fiesole, against which all these sounds of a splendid past have echoed and reverberated, keeps them as substantially as grains of sand and soil blown thither by the wind — for those who will to find? May it not be that the visions which Nora O'Brien sees are the auræ — the hovering, immortal souls, as it were — of authentic, past events?

Faithfully yours,

JULIA COOLEY ALTROCCHI

* * *

We would be chameleons to truth in all its aspects.

DELAWARE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

What color are you, anyway? It is a noble thing that you should be *what* you are — one color, one type indivisible, perennial, down the ages — when other publications vacillate, experiment, make of variability precisely what you make of consistency.

Yours is a color that is constantly — to you it must seem even tediously — referred to as the passport and open sesame to intellectual aristocracy, the badge of fellowship in the inner circle of the bookishly elect, the *sine qua non* — and so forth, and so forth. As a matter of fact, I personally often find in this color a source of self-consciousness and annoyance. With an *Atlantic* protruding from his pocket, one feels as though he were labeled '*I am an idealist.*' One never knows when or where he may be challenged.

But the above references are as marked by discrepancies among themselves as you are with unity. In this December number before me you are spoken of, once, as brown, the writer being possibly conscious of griddlecakes, brown bread and — oh — a legume properly baked with molasses; while another calls you — save us — yellow! To my mind — and none glories more than I in your continuance as an ideal, a wall twice or thrice essayed but not scaled — you are salmon-pink. My wife stands out for puce; a dear sister insists on apricot; a cousin holds to

orange, another to tan; Harry, here, has it the iris of the cod.

Can it be that we are all powerless to judge the evasive tint on its intrinsic merit, but must in some manner be biased by complexes resulting from our several readings of the text; as one, taking you at a disadvantage for your recent affliction of limericks, will find you light, one, reading you on divorce and religion, dark, or a third, imagining your political hue to be faintly incarnadined?

My speculations are vain — perhaps idle; yet I should be happy to have the matter settled. Possibly the master of the vat whence your cover takes its tint — a very Methuselah of a mixer and a model of conservatism he should be — will tell what color the *Atlantic* will have itself.

Yours truly,

C. P. Crumb

* * *

The soil replies.

Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin

Dear Atlantic, —

May another Wisconsin farmer 'speak out'? Like Mr. Birkett, whose article in the December *Atlantic* leads me to protest, I live on a farm from which I must make a subsistence for myself and family. In consequence, I suppose that I might be styled a 'dirt farmer.'

Mr. Birkett seems to feel that county agents have added, through their effect on the tax burdens, materially to our woes. I cannot see it. I have been acquainted with the work of perhaps a score of county agents, and with the achievements of as many more men from the Experiment Station at the University of Wisconsin. I am going to be specific in mentioning the effect that they have had on my work, and on the work of other farmers in my Wisconsin county.

Our county agent, Mr. E. G. Bailey, has stimulated some of the very overproduction which Mr. Birkett in some instances justly condemns, but in so doing has fairly revolutionized farm economy in this county. Four years ago this dairy county was raising little alfalfa. Stimulated by the strenuous arguments of the Experiment Station, the county agent spent thirty-seven days on a 'Plant More Alfalfa' campaign during 1922. The new acreage in the county jumped from 300 the year before to 2200 for 1922. In 1924 he spent sixty-four well-selected days upon it, and brought the spring seeded acreage up to 5450. What this increase is going to mean to the feeders who formerly used the poor mixture of clover and timothy hay, no one not a stockman can fully appreciate.

We also have a County Demonstration Farm. For the past ten or twelve years a portion of the north end of our county has been so overrun with grasshoppers that the farmers had come to their wits' ends. Spasmodic and local attempts at control were nearly futile because of the large infestations in timbered and cut-over lands adjacent to the cultivated farms. This year the county agent, acting jointly with the local Experiment Station, put on a campaign that involved more than 600 farms. At the correct time a united drive was carried out along military lines, and with military precision, so that every previously determined grasshopper breeding-place was thoroughly covered with the poison. The result was an almost unheard-of freedom from grasshoppers, and a saving to the farmers affected, estimated by some of their own number, who were members of the County Board, at more than $200,000.

It has been in the field of fruit-tree pruning, however, and particularly with cherries, that the station has perhaps done its most monumental work for our fruit-growers. Here the influence of the studies of one quiet man, Mr. Roberts, have been such that the cherry trees of this entire district have a sturdiness and a vitality not equaled in any large plantings elsewhere in the United States. What a tribute it is to one man that he has been able to shape the practices of an entire agricultural area so that he who runs may read the story!

Where Mr. Birkett pleads against the blind propaganda for increased production, I agree with him. But when his arraignment reflects on the rank and file of these agencies as they exist in his and my state, I object. I believe that this type of public endeavor is at the present time, in Wisconsin, not a dollar-eater, but a dollar-producer. If in a given locality the activities are not so well applied to the farmers' problems as in the instances I have mentioned, it is not a fundamental fault of the agencies themselves, but rather of the measure of coöperation and support they receive from the farmers who are the beneficiaries.

Moulton B. Goff

* * *

Puzzle-hunters this way! The list of Test Questions for the Educated printed on page 4 of the front advertising section will give you something substantial to bite on.

MAR 3 1925 B. P.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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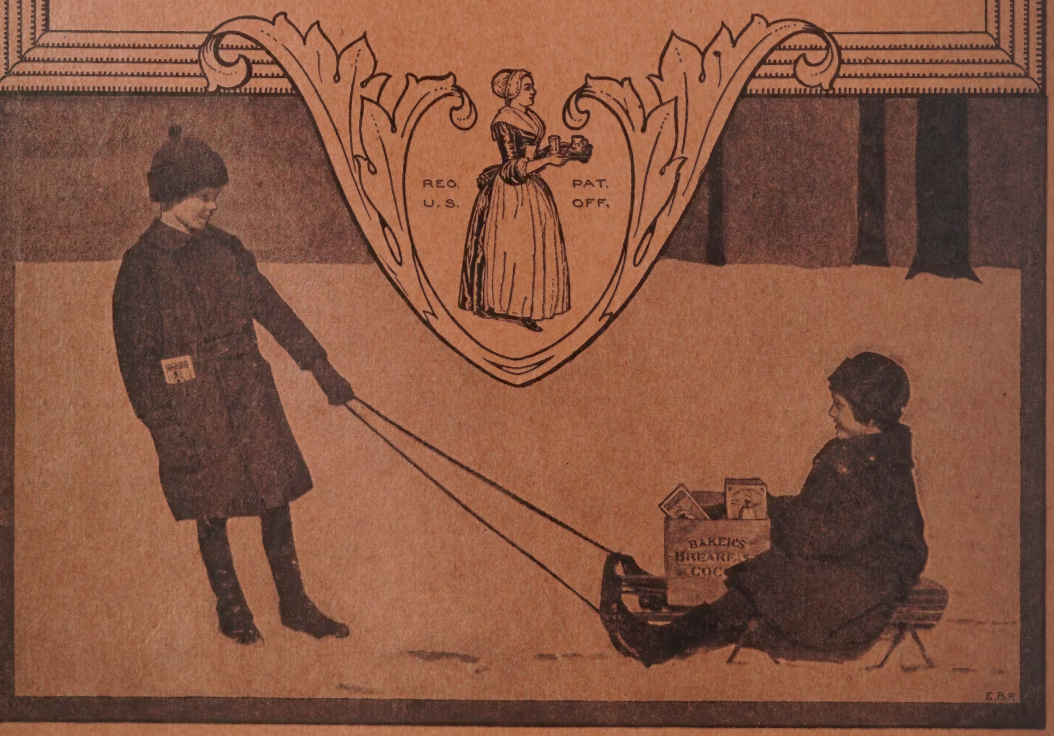

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

John Keats, by Amy Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1925. Two volumes. Large 8vo. Illustrated. xx+1303 pp. $12.50.

Miss Amy Lowell's long-awaited study of John Keats is published at last in two stout and sumptuous volumes. It is a remarkable and in some respects a unique feat of literary biography. Her aim has been to utilize the rich material acquired by herself and other American collectors, and to incorporate it in a new life of the poet. She disclaims any intention of supplanting existing biographies, but her patience and luck as a collector have been so singular, and her zeal for her subject so untiring, that no future critic or biographer of Keats can possibly dispense with her achievement.

Part of the extraordinary interest of her book is due, no doubt, to the inherent fascination of the subject. Part of it is due to her endeavor to explain Keats in the light of what she calls the 'mental impulse' of the present century. She is perfectly sincere in believing that 'students of modern psychology' and of the 'subconscious brain' can understand Keats better than the nineteenth century could understand him. 'Sexual psychology was not in the least understood a century ago' — a dictum, by the way, which would amuse Byron and Stendhal. A far more important element in the success of the book is the robust good sense and womanly sympathy with which the daily life of Keats and his friends is presented, with a detail never before attempted. Sir Sidney Colvin is a more expert master of biographical prose, as Oliver Elton is of critical prose, but neither of these students of Keats has succeeded like Miss Lowell in giving the reader the sense of everyday contact with the actual poet. In picturing his friends, she is uncommonly fortunate with Haydon, Brown, and Severn. Her Leigh Hunt seems less vivid, perhaps because one remembers the incomparable portraits of Hunt by Carlyle. The story of Severn and Keats during the tragic final weeks in Rome is told with a realism that makes it almost unbearably poignant. But Miss Lowell's greatest triumph in interpretation of character is with Fanny Brawne. She says modestly that her discovery of hitherto unknown letters by this young woman makes Miss Brawne 'for the first time plausible.' It is more than that. For the first time Fanny Brawne really lives upon the printed page, and this fact alone would justify a new biography of her lover.

It is impossible here to do more than indicate the nature of Miss Lowell's contributions to the criticism of Keats's poetry. Herself an accomplished poet, she brings to the interpretation of the great odes and sonnets the taste and insight of a fellow craftsman. Her knowledge of the art of China and Japan prompts some curiously interesting observations upon Keats's visual and tactile imagery. Her long and learned chapter upon *Endymion* calls for more extended discussion than this brief notice will admit. Her investigation of the sources of Keats's poems has been indefatigable, and the results will provoke the keenest interest among scholars. Of greater value for the general public, perhaps, will be the illustrations — reproduced from her own priceless collection and from many other hitherto inaccessible sources — of the variant readings of the Keats manuscripts and of his marginal annotations of some of his favorite books, notably Spenser. The bibliophile in Miss Lowell here combines most happily with the critic and biographer.

It is regrettable, of course, that all this wealth of illustrative material and this enthusiastic copiousness of narrative make the volumes too costly for many of the young men and women who would learn most from them. But since Miss Lowell's book is literally invaluable to lovers of Keats, they had better follow that poet's own example and borrow money recklessly for this full 'draught of vintage.' It will be thirteen hundred pages of pleasure for less than a cent a page.

Bliss Perry

The Peasants, by Ladislas Reymont. Translated by Professor Michael H. Dziewicki. Volume I: **Autumn.** Volume II: **Winter.** New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. 12mo. x+261+284 pp. $2.50 the volume.

Why Reymont rather than Hardy? Everyone is asking this question concerning the last winner of the Nobel Prize. And naturally: the pictures of peasant life given by the two have many points in common. But even the most ardent enthusiast for the revealer of Wessex must concede certain advantages to the revealer of rustic Poland; not so much from the point of view of art as from that of the life depicted. Reymont shows an existence richer and broader; the call from ancient race-life is equally profound in both authors, but to the Pole the background of the Catholic Church supplies a poetic and decorative quality; ceremonies and customs abound more in romantic appeal; the interwoven folklore is more fascinating, and the delightful proverbs, always natural to the folk, are more

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numerous if not more racy. On the other hand, it may be claimed that Hardy, who has certainly more humor, has better caught the authentic peasant-accent. But this is hard to say; for a translation, even so flowing as Professor Dziewicki's, cannot have the full flavor of the original.

A truce to comparisons. Here is a noble book, a panorama of whole aspects of civilization. One can imagine readers hundreds of years hence, grateful to the author for a work which enables them to re-create forgotten phases of social life better than Homer enables us to re-create Greece. The book is less noteworthy for individual portraiture than for catching great communal rhythms. The drama of the village is brought into unison with surrounding nature, and Reymont's people tend to be lost in his landscape. Two tendencies mark modern fiction, one toward a vast leisure, the other toward a nervous compression; it is in the mood of leisure, which is Nature's mood, that Reymont writes. The protagonist is the community; the impressive thing is the movement of the mass, conforming harmoniously, like a solemn pageant, with the slow cycle of the year. Throughout, the labor of man is felt, a part of earth's very breathing. One rarely meets a book which has so much weather in it. To real people, who have escaped the abnormal life of cities, nothing is more important than weather; and the story here is all involved with the silent changes of the seasons. It shares the quality of the great days — the weird sadness of All Souls', the tender festivity of Yule; it is entwined with the events of the village — the spinning party, the great Fair, the stripping of the cabbage leaves.

To say that the individuals are part of a larger life is not to be unmoved by them. They live before us, these peasants, with their piety, their shrewdness, their liking for litigation. The minor figures of the book are admirable and fresh: Kuba, the honest and devout servant, with his shooting, his tenderness for boys and beasts, and with the horror of hospitals which leads him to hack off his own leg; Roch, the good old teacher; Yagustynka, the old woman with the evil tongue; the bombastic Voyt; the lovable priest; and not least the animals — the poor cow that died, the pet stork, the dog, Lapa. There is a double drama, which emerges more clearly and gains in intensity as the book proceeds. First, the feud between the old peasant Boryna and his children, especially the son whose sweetheart he has married and whose inheritance in land he has thereby cut off; then the broader story, constantly in the background, arising from the land situation — the conflict of the peasants and the manor folk concerning forest-rights. The two strands come together effectively at the end. The suppressed tragedy breaks in a really magnificent scene, with an unexpected turn of emotion, most touching and most human. We are left eager for the sequel: *Spring* and *Summer* are yet to come.

VIDA D. SCUDDER

Voyaging Southward from the Strait of Magellan, by Rockwell Kent. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1924. 4to. Illustrated. xv+184 pp. $7.50.

AN ancient map of Tierra del Fuego, with ships, penguins, and dolphins, lines one cover of *Voyaging Southward from the Strait of Magellan;* a map by the author, decorated in characteristic humor and the ancient way with a 'Fuegian cannibal devouring young clams,' lines the other. Navigators are warned: 'Do not attempt to navigate by this chart. . . . It is merely better than that other herewith published over the advertisement *exactissima delineatio.*' But the reader of his book may here follow Mr. Rockwell Kent's journey from Punta Arenas on the Strait almost to Cape Horn and back again. Mr. Kent, artist, adventurer, seaman, and, by his own phrase, 'pagan on the quest of happiness,' seems to have been the first navigator to think of following these tortuous water-lanes. But the prevailing wind was against him, and the tale goes on foot as well as by water. He painted and drew as he went; and so the book comes generously illustrated with black-and-white woodcuts whose eerie quality presents often a nightmare beauty, if one may so term it, as of landscape and seascape unfamiliar, terrifying, and yet beautiful.

The world in general knows little about Tierra del Fuego; and here is little space to indicate what Mr. Kent tells of it in his book, a companion to *Wilderness,* which had to do with Alaska. Who reads will not be surprised that the author tends to go to extremes. 'This hour,' writes Mr. Kent, contemplating the impulse that set him voyaging, 'you are bound by the whole habit of your life and thought; the next, by an unerring impulse of the soul, you are free.' He went by freighter from New York to Punta Arenas, making acquaintance on the way with Ole Ytterock, a Norwegian of the Seven Seas, who became his partner in making over and outfitting an old whaleboat for the Southern cruise. 'The number of his desertions,' says Mr. Kent, 'the catalogue of foreign seaports with which the debaucheries of his stolen freedom had made him familiar, have escaped my memory.'

He quotes from his diary: 'November seventh. — It is late at night as I begin to write. For two hours we have sat here in the darkness of the cabin. The firelight shines through the grate, casting a faint glow about the room. The wind blows in terrifying squalls upon us, howling, careening us — and then for a few minutes it is quite still. The boat rocks gently, the little waves gurgle pleasantly against the sides, the clock ticks loudly; there is no sound in the world besides. Then again, far off, the forests of the mountainside begin to roar — nearer comes the sound and louder. Suddenly the gurgling water and the ticking clock, the little sounds that were so loud, are lost as the wild uproar of the wind engulfs us.'

No, the reviewer does not care to journey on

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by

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *730 Fifth Avenue*, NEW YORK

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Admiralty Sound, but he is glad Mr. Kent went there, and got safe back with his text and pictures.

It was not all like that. There were impressive pampas, luxuriant forests, mountains at once 'a glory and a horror,' and among the settlers everywhere a heartening hospitality. And also Mr. Kent himself and his mate Ole, interesting studies in humanity for thoughtful readers.

RALPH BERGENGREN

Sard Harker, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1924. 12mo. vi+412 pp. $2.50.

THAT something which makes us run to a fire hoping it shall be a good one, which tempts us to read the report of a hold-up before that of the Reparations Commission, which attracts us to movies and melodrama and unknown members of the opposite sex, that something which has been romantically defined as 'a love of adventure' has been recognized, quickened, and for the moment satisfied by John Masefield in his recent novel, *Sard Harker*.

Santa Barbara is a small Central-American oligarchy where anything may happen — and usually did thirty years ago, when this story begins. 'Sard' Harker, chief mate of the Pathfinder, a famous sugar-clipper, is a lean, sardonic man (whence came his nickname) with great strength and a mysterious devotion to an unknown woman. He is a hero and has inherited all of that family's traits: he is supremely virtuous, enduring, and resourceful.

> Sard went on with his humming, but kept an eye lifting lest some other waif of the night should come. Sumecta took a half-step nearer.
>
> 'For two pins,' he said, 'I 'd bash your face in.'
>
> Sard went on humming, but drew two pins from the lapel of his coat and offered them.

That is resource. As in real life, these many virtues are somewhat irritating to the beholder; we suspect them and hope that they may have an exhausting test. They are tested — though never exhausted — and Sard wins our admiration if not our affection. While at anchor in the harbor of Las Palomas, a port neighboring to Santa Barbara, Harker is obsessed with a startling dream which bids him search for his lady. He leaves the ship. Twenty tortuous days later he emerges from 'the house of the last sighs' at Santa Barbara, a proven hero and lover.

More important than Harker is the villain, 'Sagrado,' 'the Holy One,' 'Father Craniston,' 'Hirsch,' as he is variously known. He is the deus ex machina and a diabolically ingenious mechanic. But whatever his character may be, he is no more attractive, no more natural than those puppets of *R. U. R.* A good villain must be attractive as well as ingenious. Hirsch has neither the greatness of Milton's Satan, the charm of the Master of Ballantrae, nor the courage of Macbeth. He is 'the priest of evil' indeed, but his devilish rites suggest the need of a psychoanalyst rather than a hero. We have little pleasure and less pity when he meets his destruction.

That these forces of good and evil can be opposed with any excitement is due to the vivid scenes and characters with which they have been surrounded. Mr. Masefield's knowledge of the sea, his talent for swift, telling description, so exquisitely apparent in *Reynard the Fox* and *Right Royal*, above all, his imagination, have never been more generously employed. The minor characters play their parts, some with the wit, others with the daring of a Mercutio; the scenes rival those of Bel Geddes in their beauty.

It is easy to estimate the book. It is not merely a boy's book — that is too easy. Nor is it a racial allegory, for that is too difficult. It is high melodrama, coined in the brightest words of the realm.

EDWARD A. WEEKS

The Old Ladies, by Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1924. 12mo. viii+305 pp. $2.00.

MY twelve-year-old daughter says that this is a 'corking story,' and I am inclined to think that on the whole she is right. Her review is brief, but it is compendious and to the point, for it makes clear exactly wherein Mr. Walpole's special power lies. He knows how to tell a story. Twelve-year-old girls do not, as a rule, grow enthusiastic over stories about old ladies, especially poverty-stricken old ladies, living in attic rooms, a prey to loneliness and fear. For even one such girl to call this a corking story speaks well for the author's ability to tell a tale. I found it a good story, too. After I had begun it, I kept right on reading until I had finished it; and I was rather glad that the time of the reading was an afternoon and not the dead of night, because it is the kind of story that is likely to keep one awake, not only during the reading, but afterward.

It tells about three old ladies — two widows and a spinster — all over seventy years of age, who live on the top floor of an old 'windy, creaky, wind-bitten' house in Pontippy Square, in Polchester. Though the author does not say so, the house seems to be not far from that of the Reverend Mr. Morris — the man who fell in love with Mrs. Brandon, in *The Cathedral*. Perhaps I am mistaken about this, but one feels that Polchester is a real town. It is one of the great pleasures of the Walpole novels. Pontippy Square is real enough, at any rate, and what takes place on the top floor of the old house is almost too real.

Mr. Walpole long ago — as long ago as *The Duchess of Wrexe*, in fact — proved that he can

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portray old gentlewomen. In portraying them he seems to work intuitively, as, indeed, he seems always to do when he is at his best. When, in parts of *Thirteen Travellers*, for example, his invention falters or runs thin, or when, as in almost every novel, there are areas of aridity or of overluxuriousness, he seems to be relying upon his reason instead of his instinct. He can seldom be trusted to be subtle or stern or impassioned, or to portray exotic or erotic characters. In *The Old Ladies*, he seems to be working intuitively about four fifths of the time, and his writing has then not only its usual surface glow and richness of color, but an inner warmth, even heat, such as one missed in *The Captives* and even in *The Cathedral*.

The portrayal of poor, old, stupid, and fear-haunted May Berringer and her alter ego, her dog, seems to me the most successful creation since Mr. Perrin. In her as in him, a hopelessly uninteresting person becomes not only interesting but pathetic. The second old lady, Lucy Amorest, is only less good; and even the third, Agatha Payne, an exotic character, begins superbly. When we first meet her, sitting in her room, slowly growing fat from inaction and the consumption of nougat, with her bass voice and swarthy skin, her doll and her picture of fish, she not only wins credulity but arouses some shivers. But she does not end by carrying complete conviction. She represents the one fifth.

Still it is an absorbing drama that is enacted in those three attic rooms; and the isolation of the scene amid the familiar Polchester surroundings is admirably accomplished. The novel is so short that one must call it, I suppose, a 'minor work'; but in it the author has shown some new powers and has written a most readable story.

R. M. Gay

The Life and Letters of John Muir, by William Frederick Badè. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924. 2 vols. 8vo. x+399+454 pp. $7.50.

John Muir, like much that was good in early California, was an exotic. Born in 1838 of Scotch parents who would be regarded nowadays as uncompromising fundamentalists, he at the age of ten moved with the rest of his family from Scotland to the wilds of Wisconsin. Here as a boy Muir made his first acquaintance with Western farm-life, but it was not long after this that he was struggling for a brief period of study at the State University in Madison. In these surroundings began the making of that peculiarly American product, the poet-naturalist, for at the University plant life engrossed his attention and worked the miracle.

After college followed a winter in Canada and 'A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf' in which his chief luggage seems to have been the New Testament, *Paradise Lost*, and Burns's *Poems*. He returned North, but roving was his passion and he took his course by way of Panama with its gorgeous tropical vegetation to what was to be his great tramping-grounds — California.

He arrived in San Francisco in 1868 and climbed at once into the High Sierras. After this first excursion his one hope was that he might visit the heights again. He declined the indoor hospitality of friends, for, as he said, 'I must return to the mountains — to Yosemite.' Here, as his journal tells us, he climbed, sketched, wrote, meditated, and botanized. And here too began that long life of discovery and exposition that put him well at the head of those who knew at first hand the grandeur of California. It is interesting to note the change that had come over him during his wanderings, for in his sugar-pine cabin near the foot of the Lower Yosemite Fall he now had, in addition to books on religion and poetry, the works of Humboldt, Lyell, Tyndall, and Darwin. These were not the guides that his parents with their religious limitations would have chosen for him, but John Muir was of wider gauge and to him all Nature was a revelation.

Now began the long period of Muir's wanderings. Much of his time was spent in the Sierras, but trips were made to Alaska and other distant regions, and gradually the glories of the West were opening to his gaze. In these vast stretches he saw the great playgrounds of the American people and his pen was incessantly active in arousing public sentiment in favor of their preservation. He rallied to his side a formidable host of protectors of the public rights, with no less a leader than Roosevelt. And when the end came on Christmas, 1914, he could look back on many a beauty spot preserved for future generations and on an aroused public opinion favorable to the protection of Nature's gifts.

In the two volumes before us much of this is told in Muir's own words, whose transcription has been most successfully made by Mr. Badè.

G. H. Parker

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1925

THE FORGOTTEN ONE

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

SOMEONE, reading this memoir, may recall my earlier account of Crichton, the solitary white inhabitant of a small coral island in the Low Archipelago. The recollection would be vague at best, I fear; for although I tried to give a vivid impression both of the man and of the lonely beauty of Tanao, the island where he lives, the attempt, I know, was a failure. I spent a good deal of time over that earlier sketch, writing, rewriting, changing a word here and a phrase there, hoping to discover either by chance or by dint of patient effort the magic formula which would conjure up the place for some reader who would never see it. It was useless. The best I could do fell so far short of my hopes that at last I gave up in despair and ended my little story abruptly, with these words: —

'The damaged whaleboat having been repaired, we rowed out to the schooner and were under weigh by mid-afternoon. For three hours I watched the island dwindling and blurring until, at sunset, it was lost to view beneath the rim of the southern horizon. Still I looked back, imagining that I could see a diminishing circle of palm-clad land — a mere speck at last — dropping farther and farther away down the reverse slope of the sea as though it were vanishing for all time from the knowledge and the concern of men.'

So I closed my story. That was four years ago. I have wandered far from Tanao since then, but the memory of it has followed me everywhere: through America, England, Denmark, Norway, Iceland. In a crowded restaurant in New York where the waitresses shouted orders down a call-tube and the air was loud with the clatter of dishes and the hum of conversation, I have seen the palm trees of Tanao bending to the southeast trade, and Crichton sitting in the shade, far up the beach, hands clasped about his knees, looking out over the empty sea. I have walked, at high noon, along Princes Street in Edinburgh and heard 'Mamma-Ruau,' the old native woman from whom Crichton leased his island, singing softly to herself as she broiled fish over an open fire on the lagoon beach. In Iceland, while watching the visible music of the northern lights, I have felt the softness of the air at Tanao and the smoke of the surf on my face, from the combers rising to their height and thundering over the barrier reef. The island and its two lonely inhabitants have been more real to me, often, than the streets

through which I passed or the people with whom I sat at table. No effort of the will was needed to call them up. They came of themselves, at strange moments, in strange places; and then, no matter where my body happened to be, my spirit seemed to leave it and fly straight to an atom of an island in the midmost Pacific.

Despite the briefness of the first visit — of two days' duration only — I must have left a part of myself at Tanao, as it is said one does wherever one goes; and it is necessary at times to revisit these shadowy, fragmentary selves left behind as one grows older. But it was not so much a lost self to which I returned at Tanao, as one I had never had, and Crichton was its flesh-and-blood embodiment. He represented, to me, certain qualities I have always longed to possess, but chiefly, I think, I envied him his exceptional capacity for solitude — at least, I thought it exceptional then. I am not likely to forget the day in March 1920 when we landed at Tanao and he found that it was, in truth, the ideal retreat he had searched for during ten years of ceaseless wandering. It was the first time he had seen it and I chanced to be traveling on the schooner which carried him out. The only inhabitant was the old Paumotan woman — 'Mamma-Ruau' (Grandma), he always called her — who owned the place. No boats touched there except by arrangement. The lagoon had no entrance and in order to land it was necessary to ride the surf in a small boat, over one of the most dangerous reefs in the whole of the Dangerous Archipelago.

All of this delighted him — but that is not the word. His joy was something so much deeper than delight that it seemed there could be no adequate expression of it. He conveyed to me — I scarcely know how — a sense of this. Life could never be long enough for him now. He was only twenty-eight, and I confess that, at times, this deep joy at the prospect of uninterrupted solitude seemed to me a little mad in a man of his age.

What had life done to him that he should be so glad to leave it? To bury himself here? He did not have a guilty conscience. Five minutes of talk with him would have convinced anyone of that. Furthermore, no man with a guilty conscience would have sought out a place where he would be so terribly alone with it. I came to the conclusion — and despite what happened later I still think it the right one — that he is one of those men who love solitude as other men love beauty; that to him it is really a manifestation of beauty in its most ravishing, pitiless form.

At last the desire to return in the flesh to Tanao was no longer to be withstood.

I remember precisely the moment when the ache of longing became hardest to bear and the decision to appease it was made. It was on a November evening. I was in Boston, living in lodgings high up on Beacon Hill, my windows looking down one of the side streets leading to the Common and on beyond to Boylston Street. I had been trying to read, gave it up, turned out the light, and sat by the window. Facing me from across the Common was a huge electric sign, an arresting, exasperating device in which a series of lighted words moved endlessly out of darkness into darkness. I must have observed it before, subconsciously; but on this occasion, in order to keep from thinking, I let my eyes follow the moving inscription, and my brain took the impress of it with the accuracy of a photographic plate. I believe I can still quote it, word for word: —

THERE IS ON SALE IN THE DRUG STORES OF THIS CITY AN ANTISEPTIC PREPARATION ONE HUNDRED TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC ACID AND YET AS HARMLESS WHEN APPLIED TO THE HUMAN BODY AS PURE WATER. IT IS NONPOISONOUS AND DOES NOT BUBBLE WHEN APPLIED. IT ACTUALLY KILLS GERMS. IT PUTS AN END TO ACCIDENTAL POISONING AND SHOULD BE IN EVERY MEDICINE CHEST. THE NAME OF THIS ANTISEPTIC IS

But neither the name nor the antiseptic itself is of any great consequence in this memoir. I left Boston the same evening, and awoke, not many weeks later, in my old room at the hotel on the water front of a tropical island port in the mid-Pacific.

I might have left the place yesterday. The same old paper on the walls; the same mosquito netting around the bed, with the rents in it neatly drawn together; the same tin bucket with the dent in it by the washstand; the same dilapidated wardrobe, the shelves covered with pages from the *Sydney Bulletin* and the *Auckland Weekly News;* the same tattered hotel-register dating from 1902, and the same genial portly landlord bringing it up for me to sign before I was out of bed. We had a very pleasant chat about island affairs, and in the midst of it I chanced to speak of a defective board in the floor of the verandah and how I had nearly broken my leg there, coming up in the dark the night before.

'Why, don't you remember that hole?' he asked, quite seriously, in genuine surprise. I realized, clearly enough, that the fault was not his for not having it repaired, but mine for not having remembered during four years that repair was needed. How glad I was to be back in a place where life is so leisurely as that! Where all things, animate and inanimate, — even a hole in a verandah floor, — seem to partake of a timeless ideal existence like that of the figures on Keats's Grecian urn.

It was still quite early. Chinamen were sweeping the street with their long-handled brooms, heaping the dead leaves and twigs and withered blossoms from the flamboyant trees into neat piles against the coming of the rubbish cart. I had a pleasant thrill of anticipation, remembering the former driver of this cart. Girot was his name, a thin wiry little Frenchman of uncertain age. He called his horse 'Banane' and carried on with her an endless animated conversation as they wandered along the street. Were they too under the enchantment of timelessness? Yes, here they came presently, Girot, barefoot as usual, walking behind the cart, carrying the two little boards with which he picked up the piles of leaves. He was in the usual costume: floppy pandanus hat, tattered undershirt, and denim overalls faded to a whitish blue by many washings. More than likely it was the same pair of overalls. Banane was a trifle bonier, if that is possible, than I had remembered her. She moved as deliberately as ever. I could count twenty-five while the wheel of the cart was making a single revolution, but Girot was reproaching her in the old manner for going too fast: —

'Whoa! Whoa, sacré nom de Balzac! Écoute, Banane! Penses-tu que nous sommes sur un champ de course? Comment? Ah non alors! Oui, je comprends; pour toi ça ne fait rien. Mais pour moi? Je ne suis pas garçon, moi. J'ai plus de soixante ans. Maintenant nous allons jusqu'au coin de la rue — tu vois? Et la prochaine fois, quand je dis "Whoa!" arrête-toi. Tu comprends? Bon! En route!'

No one paid the least attention to them — no one ever did — and at last they were out of hearing. Natives were

passing to and from the market with strings of fish, containers of green bamboo filled with fermented coconut sauce and fresh-water shrimps, baskets of fruit and vegetables. It was good to hear again their soft voices, the slither of their bare feet, to smell the humid odors of tropical vegetation; to look across the still lagoon to an island fifteen miles distant, every fantastic peak outlined against the sky — all that a South Sea island should be and surpassing my most splendid dreams of one, as a boy. I whistled for the first time in months while taking my bath, — luckily there were no other guests in the hotel, — then sat down in pyjamas to breakfast on the upstairs verandah, just as I used to do.

While I was drinking my coffee the landlord returned, bringing a suit of white drill I had left behind in the hurry of departure four years ago.

'I thought you would come back sometime,' he said, 'so I did n't give it away.'

In one of the pockets I found a piece of scratch paper covered with penciled notes, all of them having to do with either Crichton or his island, reminding me how completely he had engaged my interest during the time of my first sojourn in the South Seas. Among other notes I found this one, an attempt to describe him in a paragraph: —

'He is one of those lonely spirits — without friends or any of the ties that make life pleasant to most of us — who wander the unpeopled places of the earth, interested in a detached way in what they see from afar or faintly hear; but looking quietly on, taking no part, being blessed, or cursed, by nature with a love of silence, of the unchanging peace of great solitudes. Now and then one reads of such men in fiction, and if they live in fiction it is because of individuals like Crichton, their prototypes in reality, seen for a moment as they slip apprehensively across some by-path leading from the outside world.'

Reading this again, I wondered, as I had at the time of writing it, whether it were true; whether I had not been describing a quite imaginary figure rather than a flesh-and-blood reality. Well, I should know, soon. Four years had passed, ample time for anyone to test the nature of his capacities for solitude. Had Crichton found his adequate? Viewed in one light, my deep interest in this question seemed absurd. And yet as I have said, or implied, here was a man, not at all of the phlegmatic temperament, who appeared to have within himself inexhaustible resources against boredom — the greatest curse which spirit is heir to. He at least was confident of having them. He would never leave Tanao, he had told me. He was sure that he could be happy there though he were never again to see a human being of any kind. It would have been hard to rest content without knowing what had happened to him.

I made a hasty breakfast and started in the cool of the morning in search of some trading schooner bound for the Low Islands. Along the water front fifteen or twenty vessels from all parts of the eastern Pacific were unloading pearl shell and copra, taking in cargoes of rice and flour, lumber, tinned food, and assorted merchandise. Among them was the Caleb Winship, the two-masted schooner which had taken Crichton to Tanao at the time when I first met him. Tino, her supercargo then, had since been made captain. I found him in the cabin checking over bills of lading. He is a dry, blunt man, Tino, three quarters American blood and one quarter Rarotongan. For all the fact that he was born among them I doubt whether he has ever seen the islands or ever will see them; but he can tell you to a dot what each of them produces in pearl shell and copra.

'Well!' he said, holding out his hand. 'Have n't seen you for some time. Where you been keeping yourself? Living out in the country?'

I told him I had just come from America; then, after a quarter of an hour's chat of indifferent matters, I asked in a by-the-way fashion for news of Crichton.

'Crichton? Crichton? Who's — Oh! You mean that Swede — that Dane — '

'He is an Englishman,' I said.

'Whatever he was. Hell, no! I have n't seen him since we was out there — you remember? — the time we stove in my new whaleboat going over the reef. Funny thing!' he added. 'I have n't thought of him from that day to this. He might be dead for all I know — or care, for that matter.'

Now that he was reminded, it was plain that Tino was still sore on the subject of Crichton. He had consented to carry him to Tanao because he thought there was something of commercial interest in view. 'He can't fool me!' I remembered him saying more than once during that voyage. 'He's got something up his sleeve, and I'm going to find out what it is.' When he had satisfied himself that the island was as barren as it had always been, he set Crichton down as either crazy or some knave in hiding. Remembering his disgust at the loss of time in going so far out of his way, I knew it would be useless asking him to go again. Nevertheless I did ask, for the Winship was on the point of sailing for that part of the Pacific.

'What! Tanao? Not much! I'm not traveling for my health. But what do you want to go back there for, if it's any of my business?'

'I rather liked the place,' I said. 'You don't see such islands in my part of the world.'

'Ought to be glad you don't. Why anyone should go to one of them God-forsaken little holes of his own free will beats me. Well, that Swede can rot in his. He prob'ly has. He's prob'ly dead or gone somewheres else long before this.'

II

At the end of two weeks I was almost at the point of accepting this opinion. During that time I spent many hours along the water front, loafed through long afternoons at the club, the hotel, and the other favorite resorts for traders, planters, pearl-buyers, and sailors. I made many discreet, casual inquiries, — never direct, interested ones, — knowing how jealous of his solitude Crichton had been; how concerned lest even talk of Tanao by others should sully the purity of its loneliness. Little chance of that. 'Tanao? Oh yes! The Madeleine went on the reef there — let me see, when was it? Nineteen-four, I think.' That was the most recent bit of information I gathered in talk on the club verandah. As for Crichton, no one apparently, in that place where everyone is known, had heard of him. I was considering the possibility of chartering a small Paumotu cutter for a special voyage, when I met an old friend, Chan Lee, captain of a one-hundred-ton vessel belonging to a firm of his fellow countrymen. I had once made a long voyage with Chan. He is a good sailor for a Chinaman, with all the fine personal qualities of the Oriental at his best; but he carries minding-his-own-business to curious lengths. It was not until a week after I first spoke to him of Crichton that he admitted knowing him.

'Go Tanow once year,' he said, holding up a finger as though to emphasize the infrequency of his visits. 'Not much copla — five ton.' Then, as an afterthought apparently, 'Clichton say, suppose I see you, tell you come back sometime.'

'What! He asked you to tell me that?'

I confess that I was pleased. Slightly as I knew Crichton I had a warm regard for him, carefully concealed, of course; for his attitude throughout our brief acquaintanceship on the Winship had been merely that of fellow passengers on shipboard everywhere — pleasant, courteous, but without a hint of intimacy.

'Yes, he say that,' said Chan. 'Hlee year far away now. Bimeby nex' week I go. You come along me?'

On the following Monday we were outward bound. Chan had a dozen islands to visit first, and during the early part of the voyage the schooner was crowded with native passengers. These were gradually dispersed, the last of them at an island one hundred and fifty miles distant from Tanao. Owing to alternate calms and head winds we were five days in covering the last leg of the voyage, and thirty-eight days out when we sighted the island. Crichton need not have feared for the purity of its loneliness. It was lonelier than the sea. It seemed to have gathered to itself an esoteric kind of loneliness peculiar to the man who lived at the heart of it. It seemed a place he had dreamed into being, created out of fancy through sheer strength of longing. And there he was, alone of his kind, and there he had been for four years without once having left it. Chan gave me this information.

'He like stay here. Stay all time. Never go 'way.'

I asked whether he had taken a native wife.

'No, no womans. I want get him nice Paumotu wife. Help make copla; make him big fambly. He no want.'

He had, however, imported a Chinese family — father, mother, two children, and an elderly relative of theirs who did his housework. Chan had brought them two years before, he said. The old man had a hut on the main island near Crichton. The others lived on a little island across the lagoon. There was no one else except the Mamma-Ruau. She was still living and in good health. At least she had been a year ago.

'What about letters,' I asked, 'and books, and papers? Does he receive many?'

'Mebbe some book. One letta evely year. Always same place. No more.'

Chinamen living in exile are often lonely enough men, but even Chan seemed to wonder at this lack of correspondence. He spoke of it several times during the voyage and showed me the letter he was carrying out to Crichton. It was as impersonal in appearance as a bank note. The name and address of a London Trust Company was stamped on the envelope. I could imagine the nature of this one yearly communication from the outside world: 'Dear Sir: — You will find attached, for your examination, the statement of your account for the year just closed. Very respectfully,' and so forth. As I held this letter in my hand, a truer conception of the appalling nature of Crichton's isolation came to me. He was like those men Matthew Arnold speaks of in his 'Rugby Chapel' — men who die without leaving a trace behind them,

> . . . and no one asks
> Who or what they have been,
> More than he asks what waves,
> In the moonlit solitudes mild
> Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,
> Foam'd for a moment, and gone.

Certainly that is true of Crichton, and he is still living, in the full vigor of manhood. But beyond the borders of his own little physical world he has long been as good as dead and buried. There is Chan to think of him, and some clerk in a London banking-house, — once a year at least, when he sends

him his statement of account, — myself, and no one else. I suppose this is really what has prompted me to write of him again. Crichton would not thank me for meddling, but it gives me a quite definite feeling of relief to know that a few others, reading this sketch, will share, momentarily at least, in the task of keeping the man alive. I have carefully guarded his anonymity, of course, as well as that of his island.

But to continue: we passed the northwestern extremity of Tanao, close in shore, between three and four in the afternoon. At that point the atoll is mostly barren reef washed over by the surf. There is but one small islet — an imaginative boy's dream of an island to be shipwrecked on. Indeed, the bones of an old vessel lie there, high and dry above the reef, bleaching in the sun — all that remains from the wreck of the Madeleine. The island is just boy-size, not more than one hundred paces across either way. It is of clean coral sand, as level as a floor, with thick green bushes fringing it on the lagoon side. There are eight tall coconut palms, three in one clump and four in another, with one tree growing apart, holding its tuft of fronds far out over the surface of the lagoon. A pass goes through the reef at one side of the island, but it is too narrow to permit entrance to any craft larger than a skiff or a canoe. On that side an ancient pandanus tree throws a patch of deep shade on the sand. Well within the shelter of it was a thatch-roofed hut, open to the four winds; and I saw a rough-hewn bench facing seaward, with its back against the trunk of the tree.

'Very likely Crichton comes here to fish,' I thought; but the place was deserted now. The sunshine, of that mellow golden quality of late afternoon, gilded the stems of the palms. I saw not even a sea bird there. Nothing moved save the trees bending to the wind and their shadows on the yellow sand.

We passed the islet all too quickly, then stood away from the reef to come in to the main island on the starboard tack. There are seven widely separated islands around the lagoon, which is five miles across in the widest part. From the mainmast crosstrees I had them all in view. Three were on the opposite side, and at that distance the trees seemed to be growing directly out of the water. Crichton lives on the largest of the seven, a fringe of land less than a mile long and some three hundred yards broad. With my glasses I searched the shore line without result until Chan called up to me, 'You no see?'

III

I saw, plainly enough then, Crichton and the Mamma-Ruau, sitting just within the border of shade at the upper slope of the beach, hidden momentarily by the sunlight-filtered smoke of the surf. He had on a pair of dark glasses, and for clothing only a soft-brimmed straw hat and a wisp of cloth about his loins. The old woman was in her best black dress and hat. Both were squatting, native fashion, elbows on knees, their chins resting on their hands. How many times I had seen them thus in my imagination! I could hardly credit the reality of the scene before me, it had appeared so often in my dreams. The Ruau was talking in an excited manner, pointing toward the schooner from time to time. Once I saw her take Crichton by the shoulders and turn him till he sat directly facing us.

The sea was fairly calm, here on the leeward side, but for all that the great swells seemed mountain high as they swept shoreward and toppled with a deafening crash over the ledge of the reef. We were carried across at terrific speed; the whaleboat shot down the

broad slope of broken water and through the shallows, grounding almost at the point where Crichton and the Mamma-Ruau were sitting.

'*O vai tera?* Chan? (Who is it? Chan?)' Crichton called when he heard the keel grating and bumping over the coral.

'Yes, yes!' cried the old woman. 'Don't you believe me? It is Chan and the white man who first came here with you. *Ia ora na orua!*'

She shook our hands warmly, saying '*Ia ora na orua!* (Health to you!)' again and again. This kindly Polynesian greeting seems always to have the freshness of a phrase coined yesterday. The reason is, perhaps, that friends meet after long separation; after long and very often hazardous sea-voyages. They are in all truth glad to see each other again.

Mamma-Ruau, putting her hands on my shoulders, gazed long at me, searching my face feature by feature.

'*Ua tae mai oe?* (You have come?)' she said, as though still in doubt that anyone from the outside world could, in reality, reach that lonely place. She had aged greatly in four years, but Crichton had not altered in the least, in so far as I could tell at first glance. He is a splendid type, physically, just over six feet, broad-shouldered, deep-chested — he looked more than ever the athlete he is, in fact. The ghost of the smile I remembered curved his lips almost imperceptibly at times, and he spoke English in the same curious exotic way. His eyes were concealed by the smoked glasses.

'You will forgive me for not recognizing you?' he said. 'Until recently I have never taken any precaution against the glare of the sun. It was very unwise, and the result is — well, I 'm nearly blind.'

Mamma-Ruau, who was standing behind him, gave me a look of all but agonized appeal, as much as to say, 'Don't encourage him to talk of it!'

'Rather a nuisance,' he went on. 'I may get over it, of course, but in nine months' time I can't say there has been any change for the better. Well, enough of that. Shall we go to the house? Luckily I know my way about, after four years. I could go anywhere, blindfold.'

I remembered the island as I had first seen it — a wilderness of brush, pandanus trees, and self-sown coconut palms. Now everything was clean and orderly, the palms thinned out to six or eight paces apart, so that one had charming views in every direction. A well-shaded road, bordered with shrubbery, led from the ocean beach to the lagoon. We followed it in silence. Having greeted each other, there seemed nothing more to say. Mamma-Ruau had gone on ahead. Chan remained at the beach to oversee the landing of some supplies.

At last, with a good deal of effort, I remarked, 'You have not been idle here.'

'No, there has been enough to do. I found that I needed some help at first. I had Chan bring me a dozen natives from another island. They stayed three months, clearing the land. They helped build my house, too.'

I had often tried to picture Crichton's house. He had, I knew, the imagination to take full advantage of his exotic environment, and for all his years of wandering was still enough of an Englishman to be concerned about comfort. Nevertheless I was not prepared to find so spacious and homelike a dwelling. It stood on the lagoon beach, at the end of the road, and was raised about three feet above the ground, the open space beneath being concealed by shrubbery. The roof, of green thatch, was steeply pitched and extended low over a broad verandah.

Crichton stopped at the foot of the steps. For a long moment he seemed to have quite forgotten me; then he said: —

'I think I must be rather excited. I forgot to say good-bye to Chan. He never stops ashore unless his schooner is at anchor. Will you make yourself comfortable? You might look over the house if you care to.'

A clock with a ship's-bell attachment, striking five as I entered the verandah, demanded immediate attention. 'Odd,' I thought, 'having a clock here.' But it would be a wise precaution, perhaps, in so lonely a place. Crichton would need to live by schedule, fill his days with self-imposed duties to be regularly performed. No doubt he did. The house gave evidence of his all but meticulous habits of mind, and of the strict obedience to his orders of his literal-minded Chinamen. Settees and cushioned chairs were as carefully arranged as pieces in an upholsterer's display window. The floors, oiled and polished, shone with a dull lustre and the straw mats were precisely placed. Four shelves of books ran the length of the inner wall of the verandah. I took the opportunity offered me in Crichton's absence to make an examination of them. They had been classified and subclassified. Novelists, historians, poets, biographers, travelers, stood in the ranks of their contemporaries and in the immediate company, one would say, most congenial to them individually. There must have been fifteen hundred volumes in his library; nothing very recent, but all of them books to live with. The margins of the pages of those I looked into were covered with penciled notes and comments, and one could see what delight, what solace, Crichton had found in their companionship. Now that he was deprived of it — but that would not bear thinking about. It would be a calamity worse than death to a man of his tastes, in his position. One section of the library contained only books on Polynesia, everything important, surely, that had been written about the islands of the eastern Pacific. There were many philological works in this section and I remembered how interested Crichton had been in the study of the various island dialects, speculating, with this study as a basis, on the probable routes followed during the great Polynesian migrations.

On a top shelf, bare of books, were models of ancient sailing canoes, spears and war clubs of ironwood, coconut shells polished and carved with intricate designs, stone axes and taro mashers. The windward end of the verandah was enclosed with a wall of freshly braided palm fronds, and midway in it a section had been built to prop open outward. Crichton's desk stood opposite this window space. The view from his chair was over an inlet from the lagoon, bordered with palms, through which now a greenish-golden sunset light sifted like impalpable dust. A passageway led through the centre of the house to a second verandah on the lagoon side. Three doors, latched open, along this passageway, disclosed spacious airy rooms, each of them prettily furnished as a combined bedroom and sitting-room. They contained precisely the same pieces of furniture, although the arrangement in each varied somewhat: a wardrobe, a chest of drawers, a washstand, a reading-table holding a shaded lamp, two easy-chairs, and above the bed a shelf filled with books. These rooms, in keeping with the rest of the house, were immaculately clean, and the beds made up, ready for occupancy.

Returning to the front verandah I walked up and down, saying to myself, 'What a delightful spot! What an ideal home!' conscious all the while of a

feeling very like depression. I was at a loss to assign a cause for this unless it were the clock, ticking away with self-important industry as if it were the only one in existence. Within half an hour I had revised my opinion as to the wisdom of having a clock. The silence was too profound for any such noisy piece of furniture. I could all but hear the steady drip, drip of the minutes and the tiny splash they made as they fell into the sea of time past. Then I found myself listening for voices — of the wife who might have been there, of Crichton's unborn children. It was that kind of house — much too large, it seemed to me, for one man, and much too homelike for spiritual comfort under those circumstances. One would have thought Crichton had built it for the very purpose of evoking ghostly presences; to shelter some ideal conception of a family which he preferred to the warm, living, imperfect reality. Or perhaps, not satisfied with the superficial aspects of a solitude which would have daunted most men, he meant his house to accentuate it, to remind him of its inviolability. Certainly he had suceeded in building into it a personality as strange as his own. It seemed conscious of having been prepared for guests and to be awaiting them with the complacent assurance that they would never come.

I too waited — anything but complacently — for the return of my host, reproaching myself, now that it was too late, for having taken a welcome for granted. To be sure, I had been invited, but that was three years ago, and I had forgotten to ask Chan whether the invitation had ever been renewed. An hour passed and still I waited, sitting on the top step of the verandah as Crichton must have done times without number at that hour, looking down his empty roadway to the empty sea. The sun had set and the colorless light faded swiftly from the sky. The fronds of the palms, swaying gently in the last faint tremors of the breeze, came gradually to rest. In the trancelike calm of earth and air I was conscious again of the beating of the surf on the reef. Now it was measured, regular, as though it were the pulsing of the blood through the mighty heart of Solitude; now it seemed the confused roar of street traffic from a thousand cities mingled with the voices of all humankind, flowing smoothly, in soundless waves, in narrowing circles, over the rim of the world, to break audibly at last on this minute ringed shoal in the farthermost sea of silence.

After listening to that lonely sound for at least another hour, I began to feel a little uncomfortable. What had happened to my host, and where was the Mamma-Ruau? I knew that she had her own little house farther down the beach, and that Crichton, with his strict ideas of propriety, would not ask her to dine with us. Nevertheless I thought it likely that she would be about somewhere. At last I saw a glimmer of light along the passageway leading to the lagoonside verandah. A little while afterward a gong was sounded. 'That means dinner, evidently,' I thought. 'Perhaps Crichton has returned through the groves and along the beach and is waiting for me.'

I have but mentioned, thus far, Crichton's lagoonside verandah. It is semicircular in shape and extends over shoal water to the very brink of a magnificent coral precipice. Standing at the edge of it one looks down into a submarine garden of exquisite beauty. Gorgeously colored fish of the most fantastic shapes swim lazily in and out of the caves which honeycomb the precipice, and from the floor of the lagoon great coral mushrooms arise, spreading their symmetrical branches into water as clear as air. The verandah is roofed

with canvas stretched over bamboo poles, and this covering is so constructed that it may be drawn back, by means of ropes, against the wall of the house.

Emerging from the passageway I gave an inward gasp of astonishment at the beauty and the strangeness of the scene before me. It was now deep night. The verandah lay open to the sky, and the reflections of the stars in the water were so bright and clear it was easy to imagine that the little house was adrift, motionless, in the innermost depths of space. But what first attracted my attention was a table, set for one, holding a shaded lamp; and standing beside it a withered ancient Chinaman as small and frail of body as a delicate child of ten. He was dressed in a clean cotton undershirt and a black *pareu*, and carried a napkin over his arm in quite the approved fashion. He made a striking and memorable picture, standing with his back to the starlit lagoon. The lamplight filled the caverns of his eyes with shadow, and the black pareu blended so perfectly with the surrounding darkness that he looked only half a Chinaman suspended motionless above two bare feet. I bade him good evening and inquired for Crichton, but his only reply was to draw back my chair and wait for me to be seated. When I had done so I noticed a piece of folded notepaper tucked under the edge of my plate. It was a message from Crichton. 'I am sorry,' it read, 'that I cannot join you at dinner, and as Chan expects to sail early to-morrow afternoon it may be that I shall not see you again before you go. Ling Foo, my Chinaman, will look after you. Please believe that you are welcome here and feel free to use my house as though it were your own.'

Ling Foo had gone to the kitchen while I was puzzling over this message. At any rate when I looked up again he was standing at my elbow, holding a covered dish which certainly he had not been holding a moment before. I would not have been surprised, after he had set it down in front of me, to have seen him conjure it away again with his napkin. It required an effort of the imagination to think of that voiceless wraith of a man, who moved as soundlessly as a shadow, concerning himself in the usual manner with anything so substantial and matter of fact as food. Most of it was out of tins, but it had been admirably disguised in the preparation. I wish that I might have paid his art as a cook the tribute it deserved; but it was Ling's fate, apparently, to spend his days performing useless labor: airing empty rooms, making up unoccupied beds, sweeping dustless floors. He carried back the scarcely tasted food as though he had quite expected this. Then, having lighted a lamp in the room where I was to sleep and another on the front verandah, he again vanished, and that is the last I ever saw of him.

IV

'Please believe that you are welcome here.' The words kept repeating themselves in my mind. I tried to believe it, but under the circumstances nothing seemed less likely than that Crichton meant me to accept this absentee welcome in good faith. I had seen the copra, stacked on the beach, ready for loading. What other work could there be to do which would occupy his time until after our departure? No, he did not want to see me, that was plain. I wished I had not come; I wished with all my heart that I had not come.

Having come, there was nothing for it but to remain. Impossible to return to the schooner. When I had last seen her, just after sunset, she was at least three miles offshore. Chan had no

engines and would stand well out to sea during the night. I smiled, rather lugubriously however, at the thought of my anxiety to leave an island I had dreamed of with such longing during four years; but those dreams had been concerned with the Crichton I knew, or thought I knew, on board the Caleb Winship. Now, going back in thought over the details of that first voyage to his island, I realized how meagre my knowledge of him really was. Although we had been much in each other's company, our companionship had been a curiously silent one for the most part. Often for days together we scarcely spoke. I was new to the islands then, and could hardly believe that places with names and fixed positions on charts could so far surpass my most sanguine expectations. They could have thrown glamour over one's relations with the most prosaic of fellow passengers, and, whatever else he may have been, Crichton was not prosaic. The mere fact of his searching out so lonely an island offered sufficient proof to the contrary. Once — it was the only occasion when he even approached making a confidence — he had told me that he hoped to find Tanao a place where he could do his thinking and writing undisturbed. 'What sort of thinking?' I had wanted to ask, but one could hardly venture so intimate a question without further encouragement, which he did not give.

At another time, breaking an all-day silence, he had said, 'I wish I had come out here years ago. They appeal to the imagination, don't you think — all these islands?' That struck me as a happy expression of one's feeling about them, for we were then in the very heart of the Archipelago, with islands all round us, and yet they did not seem real. The glimpses I had into his mind were all of this fragmentary nature, and they were as brief as they were rare. I had taken the rest of him for granted. Even though I were justified, then, in doing so, who could say what might have happened to him meanwhile — what changes had taken place during four appallingly lonely years? I was not hopeful. One might love solitude at a distance and long to know it intimately; but the heart of it was too vast, surely, for one poor human waif to snuggle against with impunity, or to attempt to explore in search of the secret of its peace. I tried to put myself in Crichton's place, and succeeded so well — or so ill, I could not be sure which it was — that I came back with a feeling of immense relief to my proper identity; but as a result of the attempt I could understand how one might so completely lose touch with humankind that the mere thought of renewing it, even for a moment, would be unendurable.

It was not yet nine o'clock — too early to think of going to bed. I returned to the front verandah to examine at leisure some charts and sketches — Crichton's own handiwork evidently — which hung on the wall above the bookshelves. There was a plan of his house, another of the main island, and a third of the atoll as a whole. I amused myself by making a rough sketch of them in my notebook. Some of his drawings were extremely interesting. One had for title, 'When the Seas Go Dry.' It was a sketch in crayon of a number of the atolls of the Low Archipelago as they would appear from the ocean floor if the waters should recede. Immensely high mountains, in the shape of truncated cones, were shown, with walls in many places falling sheer from heights of ten to fifteen thousand feet to the general level of the surrounding country. It was a vividly imaginative impression and true to fact at the same time. One could see that it had been drawn from a chart of the islands with its data

of soundings, which hung beside it. Another similar sketch showed Tanao alone, with two pigmy figures standing in the valley below, as they do in old engravings of mountain scenery, one of them pointing to the cliffs towering above them. Having examined the drawings, I turned again to the library, taking volumes at random from the shelves and reading a page here and there. Many of Crichton's books were in my own library, not a few in the same editions. It gave me an uncanny feeling to find it so. I seemed to have entered his mind, to have assumed his personality whether I would or no, and this sense of identity was intensified when I came upon marked passages which I too had thus noted in some of my own books. One of these was in a volume of Shelley's Lyrics and Minor Poems, which fell open of itself to Shelley's preface to 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude.' There was no marginal comment on the page, but the paragraph, underscored in pencil, was as follows: —

> Among those who attempt to exist without human sympathy, the pure and tenderhearted perish through the intensity and passion of their search after its communities, when the vacancy of their spirit suddenly makes itself felt. All else, selfish, blind, and torpid, are those unforeseeing multitudes who constitute, together with their own, the lasting misery and loneliness of the world. Those who love not their fellow beings live unfruitful lives, and prepare for their old age a miserable grave.

The whole of the preface had a very special interest for me under those circumstances. As for 'Alastor' itself, I had not read it in several years, and it occurred to me that I could never have a more favorable opportunity than this for a sympathetic appreciation of the poem, if not for its fullest enjoyment. Therefore, drawing my chair close to the lamp, I began, and at the second stanza started reading aloud that I might better sense the sonorous beauty of the words: —

> Mother of this unfathomable world!
> Favor my solemn song, for I have loved
> Thee ever, and thee only; I have watched
> Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,
> And my heart ever gazes on the depth
> Of thy deep mysteries. I have made my bed
> In charnels and on coffins, where black death
> Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,
> Hoping to still these obstinate questionings
> Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost,
> Thy messenger, to render up the tale
> Of what we are. In lone and silent hours,
> When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness . . .

V

I had been reading for a quarter of an hour, I should say, sometimes aloud, sometimes silently, when I heard from the adjoining room a slight but very distinct noise: a drumming with the fingers against the wall just back of my head. I don't believe I have ever been so curiously startled in my life before. A cry, a crash of breaking glass, a pistol fired behind my back, might have produced a more violent shock, but nothing like such an eerie one. I got up at once, blew out the light, tiptoed into my room at the other end of the verandah, and closed the door. The reaction was purely instinctive, as a child's would be upon hearing at night a sound it could not understand. Theoretically, I should then have jumped into bed and hidden under the coverlet, but instinct did not carry me so far as that. I knew well enough, of course, that Crichton was in the other room. That is to say, I knew it after hearing the noise. Previous to that, his presence in the house had not so much as occurred to me. The fact of his sending a message had given me a sense of his remoteness. I seemed to have taken it for granted that he was far away, across the lagoon perhaps, on one of the other islands — anywhere but under his own roof.

For some time I stood listening, in the middle of the floor; then, hearing no further sound, I sat in darkness by the open window and gave myself up to the most disquieting reflections. I winced at the thought of having read aloud. Had I set to work deliberately, maliciously, to devise for Crichton some exquisite form of torment, I doubted whether I could have hit upon one more likely to prove successful. Deprived through his blindness of the enjoyment of his books, I had reminded him what a deprivation it was. Accustomed during four years to all but unbroken silence, he had been compelled to listen to the monotonous intonation of my voice. 'Alastor' might very well be the last poem in the world so lonely a man would care to hear; and he must have heard distinctly, every word, for only a thin board partition separates the verandah from the rooms behind it. At last, irritated beyond endurance, he had let me know of his presence.

Thus I reasoned myself into a very uncomfortable frame of mind. I was tempted to go to Crichton's room; to make my apologies for having disturbed him — for having come to Tanao at all. What would have happened, I wonder, had I done so? Perhaps I then missed the greatest opportunity I am ever likely to have to be of service to a man in dire need — whether he knew it or not — of human companionship, of human sympathy. And yet it is very doubtful that I would have known how to offer it or he to accept it. I might have succeeded only in creating a situation so embarrassing as to be ludicrous. At the moment — heaven knows! — I felt that I had been sufficiently meddlesome without making further advances. Then, too, his method of warning me of his presence had something scarcely human about it. He had drummed twice, very lightly, with the tips of his fingers, and after a moment of silence had repeated the sound. It is hard to convey in words a sense of the uncanny effect it produced in me. If he had pounded on the wall with his fist, or if he had shouted, 'In Heaven's name! Stop that infernal mumbling, will you?' I should have felt that he was within reach, so to speak. I should have felt a welcome flush of anger at churlishness which even his blindness could hardly excuse. As the matter stood I was awed rather than angry at the strangeness of his behavior, and it seemed best to remain in my room, wearing out the rest of the night as unobtrusively as possible.

But although Ling Foo had turned the coverlet invitingly back, I did not go to bed. Instead, I sat by the window listening to the clock on the verandah striking the half-hours and the hours, each of them a little eternity in itself. I dozed off at last, to be awakened out of uneasy slumber by the crowing of a cock. It was a welcome sound, for I thought day was at hand; but this was far from being the case. Paumotan chickens, like the Paumotans themselves, are seminocturnal in their habits. Roosters greet the rising of the moon as well as of the sun, and I have often heard them break into a prolonged ecstasy of crowing, for no reason at all, in the middle of a starlit night. One can hardly blame them, for the nights are enchantingly beautiful; but the sound of persistent crowing may be extremely annoying if close at hand, and this cock was perched in some shrubbery just in front of the verandah. A late moon was rising, which may have been the cause of his outburst. However that may be, he kept it up. With a premonitory flapping of wings he shattered the silence time after time, waiting with seeming intent for it to heal that he might shatter it again the more effectively. I endured it as long as I

could; then climbed noiselessly out of the window, that I might not have to pass Crichton's room, and walked down the lagoon beach, keeping well within the shadow of the trees.

The crowing stopped almost at once. I was in the mood to be half chagrined at this, and to take as an intentional affront the habitual action of the hermit crabs, — there were hundreds of them along the beach, — snapping into their shells at my approach and closing their doors behind them. The land crabs too showed hostility in their own fashion, holding up their claws in menace, scurrying away on either side, and dodging into their burrows as though fleeing a pestilence. 'I 'm having a strange welcome all round!' I thought. And yet the Mamma-Ruau had been friendly. I could not doubt the sincerity of her welcome, and the fact of her disappearance immediately after our landing was easily accounted for: she had old-fashioned ideas — which Crichton, I knew, encouraged — as to the propriety of women sharing uninvited in the companionship of men. No doubt she had gone straight to her house to wait until she should be sent for.

Her little hut, on the lagoon beach a five-minute walk from Crichton's place, seemed as essential a feature of the landscape as the old *kahaia* tree growing near by. All was silent there. A fire of coconut husks was smouldering on the earthen floor of the back kitchen. I knocked lightly on the doorpost and, receiving no reply, looked in. The reflections from the moonlit water made the room almost as light as day. A wooden chest for clothing stood against a wall and a sewing machine in the corner. That was all the room contained in the way of furniture except for some shell necklaces and hat wreaths and some beautifully formed branches of coral hanging on the walls. The Mamma-Ruau lay on a mat, her hands palm to palm, tucked under her cheek. She was sleeping so peacefully that I had not the heart to waken her therefore I slipped quietly away and sat down for a time under the kahaia tree.

Here Crichton and I had had our first meal together upon our arrival four years ago. I recalled the story the Mamma-Ruau had told us that evening of the spirit of the last of her children, — a son of twenty, — who had been drowned while fishing outside the reef of the neighboring islet. It appeared to her but rarely, she said, and always in the form of an enormous dog, so large that it could have picked up her little house in its mouth, like a basket. But it never offered to harm her. She would come upon it — only at the full of the moon — lying on the lagoon beach, its enormous head resting on its paws. It would regard her mournfully for a long time, beating its tail on the ground. Then it would get up, take a long drink of salt water, and start at a lope down the beach. Soon it would break into a run, gathering tremendous speed until, reaching the end of the island, it would make a flying spring and she would last see it high in air, clearly outlined against the moonlit sky, crossing, in one gigantic leap, the two-mile gap to the island where her son had been drowned.

The story had made a deep impression upon me, and the simplicity, the earnestness of her manner of telling it convinced me of the realness of the apparition to the Mamma-Ruau. She was pure heathen and believed in all sorts of spirits, good and bad. I was glad for her sake that she had missed contact with the itinerant missionaries — Seventh-day Adventists and Latter-day Saints — who wander through the Low Archipelago from time to time, seeking converts. They would

have destroyed what beliefs she had without giving her anything she could honestly accept to replace them. Indeed her grandmother, a Marquesan, had been converted to Christianity by some of the early missionaries; but evidently she had not been at all happy in her new faith, for she had counseled both her children and her grandchildren to have nothing to do with it. She had never been sure what to believe and shortly before her death at Tanao, many years ago, had left instructions that a little stone *tiki* (idol), which she had always kept, was to be set at the head of her grave and a slab of coral with a cross carved on it at the foot. I had seen this grave at the time of my last visit. It is in the family burying-ground at the far end of the island. As day was still long distant I decided to go there again and look at it by moonlight.

I doubt whether there is a cemetery in all the Pacific — except at the bottom of it — more impressively lonely than the one at Tanao. It lies close to the ocean beach where, owing to the contour of the fringing reef, the sea breaks with unusual violence; and the moonlight-silvered spray, drifting slowly over the land, makes one think of an endless procession of ghosts. There must be fifteen or twenty graves in all, most of them now in a sadly neglected condition, overgrown with shrubs and bushes. I found the grandmother's grave. The little idol, its hands folded across its stomach, seemed to be gazing with stony-eyed hostility at the near-by cross. But what interested me most was another grave, freshly prepared, ready for occupancy. It had been dug to a depth of five or six feet and carefully roofed over with sheets of corrugated iron to keep out the rain. A drainage trench surrounded it, and close by were stacked a number of large flat stones, chiseled square and the edges beveled, with which to cover over the grave at last. The headstone was ready to be set in place, and on it was carved the Mamma-Ruau's name, 'Fainau a Hiva.' I was not greatly surprised at this, for it is not unusual for Paumotans to make preparations for death when they know it cannot be far distant. They have no dread of it. Indeed, in old age they seem rather to welcome the approach of death and make all ready for their last long sleep. The Mamma-Ruau was merely following the custom of her people; but she was too frail, I knew, to have done this work herself. Crichton must have helped her with it, and a little shiver of dismay went through me when I saw how thoroughly and painstakingly he had set about the business. It struck me that he must have found zest in it, as though he were thinking, 'It won't be long now. I 'll soon have the place to myself.'

VI

I stood for a time watching the great seventh waves crashing over the reef. The ground trembled under the ceaseless impact, and the roar of broken water was loud enough, one would think, to disturb even the profound repose of the dead. Crichton would be lying here eventually if he held fast to his voluntary exile. But that would be years hence. Meanwhile, supposing he were to go completely and permanently blind? The possibility must have occurred to him often. Walking slowly back along the ocean beach, I again tried to persuade myself that it was my duty to go to him at once, to urge him to come away with us. His blindness gave me an excellent pretext. I could urge the need of his going to England or America for expert advice and treatment. Quickening my pace, I crossed the island to the lagoon beach, and if I had been five minutes earlier who can

say what might have happened? Perhaps — but idle conjecturing is futile.

What did happen was this: When I was within fifty yards of the house that cock started crowing again as though it had been waiting all this while to warn Crichton of the return of his unwelcome guest. The shrill cry stopped me as effectively as a stone wall would have done. While I stood there, doubtful as to what I should do, Crichton himself emerged from the darkness of the verandah, walked down the steps, and groped among the bushes beside them. He was lost to view for a moment; then I saw that he had the rooster under his arm, and he came down the beach directly toward me. I was standing in shadow, against a tree. He passed so close that I could have touched him with my outstretched hand, and he stopped not half a dozen paces distant. He was not now wearing his dark glasses and his eyes had a vacant expressionless look.

He stood for a moment gently stroking the bird; then, speaking in a half-bantering, half-aggrieved tone, 'You should n't have made such an infernal racket,' he said. 'And just under my window too! It is n't the first time either; and you know you 've been warned. Now I 'm going to punish you — a quite serious little punishment. You won't like it in the least.'

With that he took the fowl firmly by the legs, one in each hand, and very slowly and deliberately tore it apart. I could plainly hear the smothered rending of the flesh. To say that it was a horrible sight is to say nothing at all, but more horrible still was the expression on Crichton's face. I shall not attempt to describe it. The cock gave one loud squawk, all but human in its quality of terror and pain, but Crichton soon silenced it. He bashed it again and again against the trunk of a tree until it was only a misshapen mass of bloody feathers, then threw it into the lagoon. His bare chest, as well as his face and hands, was spattered with blood. Having washed carefully, he dried his body with his pareu and sat down on the beach in such a position that he was turned half toward me with the moon shining full in his face. I would not venture to guess how long he sat thus, quite motionless, his eyes closed, as though he were deep in reverie.

At last the shadow of a frown darkened his features and he said in a passionate half-whisper, 'Why did you come? Did you think I was lonely?'

For two or three seconds I was convinced that he had spoken to me direct, conscious of my presence, and it was only the shock of astonishment that prevented me from giving myself away. But his air of complete self-absorption reassured me. It was plain that he thought himself alone.

'Ah, my friend,' he went on, 'you are too kind! Too considerate by far! Your companionship — your conversation — oh, charming! No doubt! No doubt! But you will forgive a solitary man if he deprives himself — '

He broke off and was again long silent, sitting with his arms crossed on his knees, his forehead resting against them. I was compelled to stand absolutely motionless. He could have heard the least sound I might have made. Finally he raised his head wearily and, speaking in a low, broken, heartsick voice, 'I don't know what's to come,' he said; 'I don't know.' A moment later he rose and walked slowly back to the house.

I never saw him again. Neither he nor the Mamma-Ruau appeared at the beach the following morning. I went out to the schooner with the first boatload of copra and, being dead tired after my all-night vigil, turned into my bunk and slept till late afternoon. When I came on deck we were headed westward

and Tanao was only a faint bluish haze far to windward. Chan, the least inquisitive of men, asked no questions as to my stay ashore. In fact, now that we had left the island, it seemed to have dropped completely out of his thoughts.

But I was to hear of Crichton once more. It was at an island four hundred miles from his retreat. We had stopped there for copra and spent one night at anchor in the lagoon close to the village. Some natives had come aboard to yarn with the sailors. I was lying on deck looking at the stars, paying little attention to their conversation until I heard Tanao mentioned.

One voice said, 'Pupure, the old woman calls him.' (That was Crichton's native name.)

'*Ah É!* (Ah yes!)' replied a second. '*Tera popaa — tera taata moé* (That white man — that forgotten one).'

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE SHANGHAI

BY F. DEWITT WELLS

[MOVED by an irresistible longing for adventure, F. DeWitt Wells, formerly a municipal court judge of New York, his twenty-three-year-old son Jay, and a cousin, Chanler Chapman, together with two Scandinavian sailors, set sail from Bergen last summer in a ketch bound for America over the Viking trail. Their boat, the Shanghai, had been built in China of teakwood, and proved herself on a sixteen-thousand-mile voyage to Copenhagen. She measured forty-seven feet over all, and sixteen feet three inches beam. She was double-ended, with a flush deck of teak, ketch rigged, with mainsail and small mizzen, and was equipped with a ten-horsepower kerosene motor, at best capable of five miles an hour.

Judge Wells purchased the Shanghai at Copenhagen, and with the assistance of the former owners and Chapman sailed to Bergen, where the boat was to be hauled up, painted, and provisioned for the voyage. Here the crew was augmented by the arrival of Jay Wells, and by the signing-on of two young Norwegians, Ask Bryndelson and 'Tom.' These five embarked from Bergen on the tenth of July, put in at the Faroe Islands on the thirteenth, and at Reykjavik, Iceland, on the twenty-first, where Tom was replaced by a twenty-year-old Dane, Arnold Bagerskov. Continuing by dead reckoning and without serious mishap, the Shanghai sailed from Iceland to Greenland, and thence to Battle Harbor, Labrador, Dr. Grenfell's mission. Two thousand, nine hundred and seventy-eight miles had been covered. On August 15 they left on the last leg of their course, the seven hundred miles of water between Battle Harbor and Shelburne, Nova Scotia. The engine was misbehaving, and provisions were low. Here Judge Wells's Odyssey may take up the narrative.
— THE EDITOR]

I

WE had left Battle Harbor on August 15 at noon and had come through the Straits of Belle Isle and down the western coast of Newfoundland to the Bay

of Islands. There we had stopped to repair our engine, which proved to be irreparable. We decided to push on without the aid of machinery, and on Thursday, the twenty-second, we tacked out the narrow twenty miles of Humber Arm and through the bay, and at dawn on the twenty-third we were off the outer light and into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

For three days there was fog with light winds, and we were glad on the morning of the twenty-fifth to be in the ocean again, where we at least would have wind enough to sail and make some progress on the last leg of our long journey home.

Late in the day we took a tack in toward the shore, but there was a mild fog and a fresh wind, and we did not want to go too close, nor yet miss Cape Canso.

We did not make out the shore. We turned again and went southerly during the night, and in the morning we were out of sight of land, with no possibility of taking an observation or finding out just where we were. We could see a mile or so ahead and from time to time sighted a schooner. Deciding to locate our position, we again turned toward the shore and about eleven came on a fishing boat that was a little to the east of us.

There was a dory out fishing, so we drew near and spoke to the men on the smack and asked them where we were.

It seems we were about four miles off the Cranberry Island light-buoy, which is at the entrance into Canso. They gave us some fresh cod from their boat-load. It was good to hear the fish come flopping down on the deck as they threw six or seven aboard. We were running short of provisions, had finished our keg of salt mutton which we had brought on deck from Bergen, and were just eating the last of the barrel of salted fish which had been lashed beside it.

It was too late to clean and cook the cod for lunch. Arnold as usual made us a meal of rice and tomatoes; we ate our biscuits and opened our last pot of jam — 'tyttleberries' was the jam — preserved Norwegian cranberries.

We soon made the light-buoy and sailed in until we were sure of Canso Light at Cranberry Island. We then could lay our course.

Canso is at the entrance of the Straits of Canso, between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island. White Point is noted for shipwrecks. It is almost the farthest southeastern point of Nova Scotia. From where we had spoken the fishing boat, it was about one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty miles to Halifax.

The wind was light, the sea calm, and the barometer high as we turned seaward and went out almost southeast four or five miles from the coast. At seven the wind was stronger and I thought it safer to get away from a lee shore even though we were going miles away from our course, which was about west by south. We sailed away from seven to eight o'clock and, the wind being moderate but strong, we had all sails set, so that we must have made a good six knots during the hour, which brought us thirteen miles off the coast. For summer sailing this was an unnecessary precaution, but as we were so nearly home I was taking no risks.

We then went about and laid our course west-southwest, which would bring us well out of sight of land by morning, but it was safer to run in again than to take any chances. We gave out the course to Arnold and Chapman, who were on watch. The barometer was 75.9. There had been no drop as the night came on.

About ten o'clock the wind was blowing hard. Ask went on deck and came

down to say that we had better take in the mainsail. Chapman objected, but the best thing was to reduce sail. It was almost a gale, yet not worse than we had had many nights in the past between Iceland and Greenland or across Davis Strait coming to Labrador. The boat could lay to under staysail and mizzen and ship little water. It took Chapman, Ask, and Arnold the strenuous part of an hour to get in the heavy sail, while all the time the wind was blowing stronger. It was finally furled and we were running under the two sails, staysail and mizzen. Probably we were not sailing, but with the boat headed west-southwest we should run clear of land and by daylight know better what to do.

At twelve the wind was blowing a gale and the barometer had dropped eighteen points. We tried five times to go about and head away if possible. The sea was so heavy that the small boat would not come up into the wind, and to jib would have meant carrying away the sails we had set, with the danger of hurting some of the crew and perhaps washing someone overboard.

We had the tiller hard down to hold the head to the wind, and the mizzen, while keeping her head up, also prevented us from going about. While we were making the attempt, the staysail blew out and we were helpless.

It was like flames whipping and tearing the sail. It burned like a roaring flame, and in a minute ropes and sail were carried away in whirling, shredded tongues.

We got out the small jib; our hope was that if we could get it up we could lower the mizzen and possibly get about, but that would have been impossible in the heavy seas. Four times we tried. We had the ropes on the windlass, but there was no chance. The wind simply carried the sail bellying over the side, and at the best we could raise it only halfway up the stay. There was nothing more to do. As long as the mizzen held we could keep the boat headed against the wind. The waves were now fifty or sixty feet high and breaking over us occasionally.

It was the greatest pleasure to watch the Shanghai ride the gigantic seas, sliding down with grace, and climbing with an energy and surety that was unbelievable. She was brave, buoyant, unconquered. She fought and labored with a courage that seemed to destroy fear and cowardice in any of us. It was a curious psychology, but the very bravery of the boat in the storm inspired us all. I really think that none of us trembled. It was terrific. We realized that we were in a hurricane, that we were being blown on a lee shore, and that our fate was destruction.

There was yet the chance of delay: that the storm would abate or that if we held out until dawn we could be saved and direct the boat into some harbor. The double flash of Cranberry Light was abeam, but it was growing steadily nearer, and when sometimes on the top of a wave we saw flashes they were like two warning, terrifying eyes through the spray and wind.

We had on board the sea anchor and one hundred and twenty fathoms of three-inch rope. The sea anchor had never been rigged or used, but the long rope had been useful many times, once when we had tried to pull ourselves off a shoal at the Westman Islands, again in Greenland, when we had stretched it across the harbor at Narsak and made it fast to a rock, and again in the Bay of Islands, when we carried a small anchor out to pull us away from shore on the night the wind had given out.

Ask rigged the sea anchor. It was put over on the starboard bow and two drip bags filled with engine oil were put over the side. We also hung cables out to delay the leeway we were making.

The ship steadied and came about, heading to the southeast. I knew that we were doomed and I could not help feeling that the Shanghai knew it too. She was comparatively quiet and behaved as if she were crippled and hampered.

Her buoyancy was gone. She rode well to the sea anchor, but her vitality was low. She acted as if she were ill, and although we shipped little water she was anchored to the storm.

There was no rock above the spray and the white mountains of foam and water rose two or three hundred feet high when we looked out at them in the daylight.

After we put out the sea anchor, the oil drips, and gathered up some of the tangle of canvas and ropes, Chapman and Arnold came below for a rest. They had all been working since before midnight and it was after three. There was no reason why they should not get some rest, and they took off their boots and clothes and turned in.

They climbed into the upper bunks, but I had previously made up my mind that I was going to die with my pants and shoes on, and I carefully put two twenty-dollar bills in my pocket, and a watch and chain with which I had very personal associations. Attached to the chain are still the rusted keys of the cabins of the Shanghai.

It may have been twenty minutes or it may have been ten after they came below that I went up the companionway to look at my son at the rudder and Ask at the door of the engine-room in the cockpit, watching the vanishing light of the lighthouse.

It went out of sight, and there was yet the chance that we had drifted by the point. There was an open bay beyond, and four or five miles to the north the coast came out to a point called Whitehead. The longer we could last the more chance there was.

II

I had hardly turned back across the cabin when there came a tremendous thud and crash. It was not in any specific place on the ship. It was simply an overwhelming, thundering blow. The lamp went out; water was pouring through the hatch and down the skylight. I lit the lamp. The lamp chimney was not broken, but the cabin was wrecked. Chapman and Arnold had been hurled from their bunks. Water was knee-deep on the cabin floor. The large teakwood table had been torn from its fastenings. I remember seeing a book floating about in the mess. It was the nautical almanac, and I wondered whether I ought to rescue it and preserve it for the next voyage.

Arnold picked himself up and I told him to get on his clothes and open the floor hatch to see how much water the boat was taking. He was dazed, but got on his boots and pants and went forward to the galley to find something to open the hatch in the floor. It was jammed and could not be lifted. He came back with an inadequate tablespoon and tried to pry it up. The spoon broke, but we did manage to open the hatch and found there was not a great deal of water in the hold.

It was the outer reef that we had struck. We had come over it and were alive. If the boat had been deeper we could not have passed. Had it been of lighter construction it would have been dashed to pieces. Had it been built of iron it would have been stove in and swamped at once. As a matter of fact, the construction of the boat was so stalwart, the beams and ribs of elmwood so massive, that although the shock was tremendous she yet held. I looked out. We could see nothing. Within three or four minutes we hit again.

There is nothing more rending and

terrifying than when a boat strikes the rocks. It is a grinding, crushing shock like the end of a terrific fall — the blow of a great weight beating into your vitals. It was an agony of sickening thuds as we struck three times more. Finally we were pounding up against the face of a rock that rose black in the mist against the port side at an angle of fifty or sixty degrees. The spray and water were dashing against it and the waves were hammering us against it. There could not have been more than six or seven feet between the rail of the boat and the rock. Sometimes the ship yawed outward and again it was pounded closer.

My son was on deck with Ask. Chapman, Arnold, and I were in the cabin. My son had with him his torch flashlight, which in spite of the rain and sea was still alight. We threw the spotlight on the rock. Ask jumped and landed. Arnold threw him a rope, and he caught it. The rope was the other end of the heavy sea-anchor coil and for a moment it would not uncoil. Arnold went down to the engine-room to clear it. As we were lying on the deck, clinging to the rigging, it seemed an eternity before it began to pay out. Then Arnold jumped. His heavy rubber boots filled with water and submerged him. He managed to hold fast to the line and to kick off the boots. Ask pulled and a wave washed him up on to the face of the rock. He climbed above. Ask made a turn of the rope around a projecting piece of rock that was twenty or thirty feet above sea level. It was an extraordinary formation of the rock almost like a stanchion, but it gave enough hold for him to take in the slack. As he reached down with one hand and grabbed us, while with the other he pulled in, Arnold held on to the end of the rope.

My son then went over the side, and as he did so the ship gave a heavy lurch so that he seemed to be crushed between the ship and the rock. He clung with one hand to the rope and with the other fended himself off. Ask grabbed him, still clinging to the rope, out of the reach of the waves. My turn was next. We had been holding to the rigging and I had both arms around one of the towing-posts that was on the starboard side. Every wave completely submerged us and washed over the whole ship. My son on shore held the electric torch so that we could see what we were doing. Unfortunately, as I started, the water washed off my pants and they became entangled about my feet. I could have kicked them off, but I was bound not to lose them, for their pockets held my few earthly possessions. That foolish sense of property made me intent upon holding them.

As I threw myself over the side, holding the rope, I sunk deep in the water. It was only a moment, however, before I found myself against the face of the rock with Ask's hand on my collar. My feet were still entangled, but I was able to get a knee-hold and in a moment was dragged to safety. Ask had almost torn the shirt from my back. Chapman came last, in underdrawers and bare feet. We all scrambled or climbed to safety above the waves.

Three or four minutes after that the ship broke and the decks disappeared, with only the masts above the water swinging and swaying with each pounding of the waves. We climbed to a farther height, into a hollow where there was a lee from the storm. There in some mossy turf we lay huddled together, striking each other to keep up circulation. Chapman and Arnold dug burrows in the wet moss, but as soon as I could I got to my feet. I preferred climbing and crawling to lying still.

It must have been three-thirty or

nearly four in the morning by the time we were out of the water and saved. Probably there was not an hour to wait until daylight, but in the darkness, with a raging sea lashing the shore, the flying spray, and the howling wind, it was long waiting. It was cold and dark. The water was thrown from the sea over the top of the bluff and the storm was relentless. Chapman and Arnold were but half clad. Ask insisted on my taking his woolen sweater and leather seaman's waistcoat. My shirt had been stripped in the struggle to land and I was bare to the waist, but in my trousers pocket were a photograph, my watch and chain, and two twenty-dollar bills, soaked and limp.

There was a disgusting reaction toward trivialities, and the habits and property inhibitions of years kept thrusting themselves into my mind, notwithstanding the enveloping sense of thankfulness and gratitude that we were alive. I recollect no sense of terror, nor did I hear one word or exclamation of fright or fear from the other four. They were all efficient, intent, and possessed. Each did his utmost with courage, and each thought of the others. There was not a sign or gesture of selfishness, but a great glow of bravery. As one of us said, 'What else was there to do?'

As the light came, we began to explore the rock where we were. There seemed nothing but sea and rock and wind. The bluff was about ninety feet high; the raging sea was to the north, to the south, and to the west. Reefs with mountains of white foam were all about; to the east the water was surging.

We climbed over to the seaward side and there against the bluff was the wreck of the Shanghai. The masts and part of the bow were still above water. We had hit the outer reef a half-mile out, which had given the first crushing blow. Then we had been blown in, dashing against rocks, and finally had been thrown against the bluff. There was a narrow outer point and we had been partly protected against the full force of the waves. It was a miracle how we had come over to the reef through the rocks and against the bluff, with yet enough protection from that narrow point to break the waves before they swamped us. It gave us enough time to get on the rock. It would have been impossible, guided by human hand, to have made the shore or to have come through the wild sea and the perilous reef.

Below us, the beautiful boat was pounding. Each blow was an agony. We watched it, helpless. The masts were thrown back and forth, swaying. Like protesting, entreating arms they stretched upward, calling for aid. There was a large hollow in the rock opposite, above the water — a small cave. As planks and wreckage were swirled across against it they were thrown twenty or thirty feet in the air and hurled in splinters, yet the hull and the masts stayed. There was a sob in Ask's voice as he cried: 'Oh, the Shanghai! Oh, the Shanghai!'

To the very last she was gallant; the masts stood up and she fought unyielding, although conquered. There was no weakening or crumbling, no sinking. The mizzenmast went first, and for a space the heavy mainmast stood alone; then there was a tremendous blow and over it went. No one was to sail the Shanghai again. The long voyage from China through the Indian Ocean, around the Cape of Good Hope, up the Coast of Africa to Denmark, from Copenhagen to Norway, to the Faroe Islands, to Iceland, Greenland, and America was over. The beautiful boat, — one of the most wonderful and perfect boats in the world, — the Shanghai, my dream ship, was gone.

III

We were bitterly cold as we lay now on the wet moss behind the shoulder of the bluff. Ask went down and came climbing back with something in his hand. It was the bottle of aqua vitae. He had found it on the ledge of the rock, unbroken, with the cork still in. Only the label was washed off. It had floated and been lifted gently to a ledge of the rock and out of the reach of the waves. It seemed a miracle of Providence. What that half-bottle of fiery warmth meant to the exhausted crew of the Shanghai!

Arnold Bagerskov said that it was just a month he had been on board. We had sailed from Reykjavik July 28. July 27 was his twenty-first birthday. It was now the morning of August 27, exactly a month since he had brought his clothes to the ship.

He had been lying curled up and trying to keep warm under a burrow of moss which he had dug up as a shelter from the wind. His hands and feet were scratched and bruised where he had been thrown against the rocks. When he jumped overboard to get to the shore he had on his boots and had found he could not do anything with his feet. His boots were too heavy, so he kicked them off. His feet were bleeding; my knees were raw, scratched and scraped against the rocks; the others had bruises. Chapman was barefooted and in his underclothes. Otherwise we were sound and unhurt, and we were warmer from the drink.

After Ask had found the bottle, Arnold climbed down and came back with a little round black case about three inches long. I did n't remember having seen it before on the boat. It had evidently come from the medicine chest, which we had had no occasion to open during the voyage. It was made of hard rubber, with a screw top.

'See what I found!' he cried. He handed it to me and I unscrewed the top. It seems unbelievable, but inside was a full ounce of powdered aristol and bismuth, perfectly dry and unspoiled. It was the one thing needed for our cuts and bruises.

We mended ourselves as well as we could, and from time to time went down the rocks to find pieces of planks and boards, an oar, the deck mop, the long heavy boat-hook. A mattress was washed ashore, with the linen cover; also a linen cover for a pillow — the pillow was gone. There was one of the leather-covered mattresses, a piece of lard, some candles, and three cans of kerosene from the engine-room. One, a five-gallon can, was leaking but nearly full. There were two twenty-five-gallon cans, too heavy to lift. We found a smashed plank from the bow. It was narrow and splintered at both ends, but on almost the only piece that was large enough to hold was painted the name of the boat, the letters S-H-A-N-G-H-A-I.

As the light grew we began to distinguish objects. To the south was the roaring sea. The line of the reef lay half a mile off. The sea breaking on it made a mountain of white foam higher than the cliff where we were. The rocks were almost continuous. It was unbelievable to think that we had come through. We looked to the west — open, angry sea. We looked to the north — tumult, waves, and anger. To the east we thought we could see land at one point. The light was faint and the wind howling. We climbed down to a narrow point and found a surging gully of waves breaking from both directions, and a wild current. We were on a small island out at sea.

We gathered planks, and against the flat face of a rock we tried to build a shelter from the wind and cold. The linen cover we tore into a streamer and

fastened it to the end of the boat-hook. Ask and I planted it in the moss on the top of the bluff. There could be no boats living outside in that weather, but it might be seen from shore and we might be rescued. There was no water on the island. We found blueberry bushes and a few ground-pine and spruce bushes, and with these we made a couch. Ask had kept in his pocket an old hunting-knife of mine. Once we thought we saw a house or hut, but when we came nearer it was a square boulder.

From time to time we climbed down to see if there might be anything to save. There was practically nothing, not a relic; no clothes, instruments, gear, ropes, parts, or anything of value. Everything was gone, smashed by the waves or carried to other rocks and washed out to sea. We were more interested in saving our lives. The question was, Where were we and how could we be rescued? How long could we last, with no water, food, or protection from the cold? We were still wet.

The light grew stronger, and across the point we thought we could see what looked like a hut. It was doubtful, but after a while we were certain and made out a fisherman's hut, and farther off a group of buildings. They were gray, small, and silent. The question was, How to get to them? Ask was for plunging in. The gulch or, as it is called in Nova Scotia, the 'tickle' was not wide, but the waves broke from both sides and the tide was racing through. The narrowest part, filled with rocks, was not more than a hundred feet across. It was like the rapids in a river, only with a high, breaking surf. I begged Ask to wait and see if the tide would not go down. He waited for a while, but it was hard to tell whether the water was getting higher or not.

He had given me his sweater and leather vest. With only shirt and pants he finally plunged into the broader part where the current was less. Four times he tried and was buffeted back. Finally he gained the opposite shore. We saw him go to the hut and over to the other buildings and then, running to the top of the hill, disappear. It was as if he had seen something. He was gone half an hour and, coming back, shouted across to us. The huts and buildings were empty. They were fishermen's houses, used for lobstering. There was no sign of life. It was another island and at the other end was another wider gulch which he was going to swim. Beyond that was what looked like the mainland.

I was too feeble not to agree. My heart was pumping and the others were exhausted. It must have been seven o'clock in the morning by this time. The sun was coming out and the wind was falling. The hurricane was past, but the sea was still roaring and lashing. We climbed about, ate blueberries, and watched the gully. Gradually we saw more seaweed on the rocks and we knew that the water was falling. We watched. By ten o'clock the water was only knee-deep. Chapman and Jay waded across first to show how easy it was. I was thoroughly a coward. Arnold had been wearing a woolen scarf and tied it around my neck. I had torn up the rest of the linen mattress-cover with which to bind Chapman's and Arnold's feet, which were bare and bruised.

I felt that I had had enough shocks for one night and that I could not swim the current if I should fall in the rapid water. I kept quietly feeling of my heart, which pained me. I discovered it was tender to the touch and swollen. Then I realized for the first time that I had been flung against the rock when I came ashore. This gave me courage, and with the help of an oar I was able

to wade across and stumble my way through the furze bushes to the nearest hut. It was empty, with a seaman's bunk on one side, a plank table, some three-legged stools, a window, and nothing else, and had been used when men came lobstering. Over the doorway someone had derisively painted: 'London Hotel.'

The sun came out and the wind died down. Outside the sea was raging. We lay about, dried our clothes, slept, and waited. What had become of Ask? Had he been able to swim the broader current and make the mainland? It seemed more questionable as the hours passed on. We were getting hungry and thirsty. I realized that with protection from the weather, and with the berries which grew about, we could hold out for several days until we were rescued or had gained strength to explore the island. The great question was fire and warmth. We had no covering and were hungry. If we could only get some kind of fire or find a way of making a light we could start a bonfire and attract attention. The other hut was full of lobster pots and buoys and we felt that we were justified in burning them up if it were necessary, but there was no way of starting a fire.

I had crawled into the board bunk in the hut and was thinking of the coming night. As I lay there I happened to notice an old match-box beside me. It was empty, but I began to wonder how it happened to be in the bunk. Possibly the fisherman who had left it there had been a lazy man who had been smoking in bed. Otherwise why should he have left it in the bunk rather than on the table or window ledge? I got up and began to explore the planks of the bunk and the chinks between them. There I found two — and only two — dry, untouched matches! I realized that with caution we could have our bonfire and warmth.

Arnold remembered the cans of kerosene that had been washed on the rocks from the Shanghai. He and Jay waded across again to the small island where we had come ashore. They brought over a leaking can of kerosene and three candles which they had picked up. If the wood for the fire were soaked with the kerosene it would certainly make a blaze and attract attention. We now had warmth and light for the night.

By four o'clock in the afternoon we had made up our minds that we should have to spend the night there. Ask, even if he had not been drowned, had found it too hard to get help, or that the sea was too dangerous for anyone to venture out in such weather.

Jay, across the island in another hut, had found a dried codfish skin on which had been left a few shreds of salt fish. We picked this off and ate it, although it made us more thirsty. We were still afraid to try the swampy rain-water which we found in the pools under the moss. There was not yet need to run further risks.

At five o'clock the others were lying in the grass at the side of the hut. I was inside trying to collect my thoughts and peace of mind. Suddenly there was a shout and halloo, and there outside were two Nova Scotian sailors, smiling, hearty, and vigorous. They were welcome savers of life.

Ask had tramped across the island without finding anything but the empty huts and a boathouse which we had seen. The island was deserted. He plunged into the current of the gully at the other end. The land across was another island, uninhabited and bare. By this time his knees were stiff and his legs and feet heavy. The water beyond was wide and the tide rushing. He could hardly swim. His shoes he still wore, but he was exhausted from the night of the shipwreck and the

struggle up the bluff. He had run and was now swimming the third gulch. The tide was racing and the waves breaking. White Point consists of a series of three islands. The outermost, on which the Shanghai had struck, is called White Bluff. Beyond that are the reefs, and to the west is Dover Bay, where the transatlantic cable comes. The next island, to which we had crossed and where we were now waiting, was used for lobster-fishing during the season. This was the reason for the huts and shelters.

Ask was powerful and young and had won a championship for swimming in Norway. Finally he reached the mainland. No houses or any signs of habitation were in sight. He started running through the swamps and woods, not knowing where or how far he was going. Tearing through briers and stumps, over rocks, across streams, he found no road or path. He was headed east along the coast, with a wild desire for help. How many miles he went he does not know. The direct distance is about twelve miles, but he must have gone many more. Eventually he saw the spire of a church.

Running toward this, breaking a way through the underbrush, he came to a cleared space. There was a farmhouse with a woman standing by the door. He must have been a wild, terrifying sight coming from the woods, with black, disordered hair, bare throat and breast, torn shirt, breathless, gasping, exhausted.

'What did you say to her?'

'Nothing. I looked so wild she was afraid and went in and shut the door.'

He followed the road into the town of Canso. Men gathered about him. He told of the wreck, the need for help and rescue. They took him through the town and down to the wharves, where was the fishing station with smacks and schooners. Volunteers were called for. Captain MacDonald offered to go with his smack. Five brave men volunteered. Ask went with them. The sea was yet high, although the hurricane had passed. They sailed through the passage between the islands and came to the inner side. It would have been impossible to land on the outer. The boat lay to while they launched a dory. Ask had described as well as he could the position of the island and directed them to the place. The two men came in the dory through the surf, landed on a rock, walked across the island, and were about to cross to the smaller one where the Shanghai had been wrecked when they saw the fishermen's hut where we were.

We had taken Arnold's scarf and tied it to an oar and stuck it from the roof to make a signal. In an hour we were brought to the town of Canso and so were rescued.

Two days afterward we went by boat from Canso to Mulgrave, where we were to take the train through Halifax on our way to New York. We had all been outfitted with new clothes. Our adventure in the Shanghai was finished.

A LOST ART OF JESUS

BY GLENN CLARK

I

JESUS had a power of overcoming trouble, a power of triumphing over the 'prince of this world,' which was unique in the history of mankind. All will agree to this, even the skeptics and agnostics and those of alien faiths. Among the recorded promises which have come down to us as spoken from His lips was one that He would leave us this power: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.' Up to now the world in general and His professed followers in especial have failed, as a whole, to experience that power which He said He was going to leave with us. The question that is left unanswered is, What is this power which Jesus promised He was going to leave us, and where shall we find it?

Is Jesus' power of healing the sick, bringing peace to the troubled, and harmony out of discord a lost art? Perhaps nothing in song or story is more alluring to the imagination than the so-called 'lost arts.' What were they and where are they to be found? Like the riddle of the Sphinx, or the oracle of Delphi, they remain shrouded in the veil of mystery which all the king's horses and all the king's men of modern scientific and philosophical research are powerless to uncover.

I have come to the conclusion that the greatest of all the lost arts — lost for these twenty centuries — is the great art of living as Jesus practised it: living in such a way that trouble fell like scales from the eyes of all those about Him who were in need.

If this art is lost, where shall we go to find it? For if it is truly the greatest of all the arts it is certainly worth the seeking.

Where does one go when he has lost something? Naturally he goes to the place where it was last seen, and makes that the starting-point for his search.

Let us take for an example what is probably the commonest of all lost articles in this athletically ardent nation — the lost golf-ball. Just imagine you are caddying, say, for the greatest of all masters of the game. Stroke after stroke you have seen him drive down the course. Nothing equal to it have you ever seen before. And yet in spite of his marvelous power he does not require you to go on ahead, as a servant in his hire, but he invites you to accompany him at his side — as a companion. 'I call you not servants,' is the beautiful phrase of the Gospel, 'I have called you friends.' And oh, how you glory in this friendship and want to prove yourself worthy of this great trust! And then, in an evil hour, when you should have been giving your undivided attention to the game, you lose sight of the ball for just one moment, and when you try to see it again in its onward flight you are not able to do so, and when you go down the course to seek it, try your best, you cannot find it.

After wasting precious minutes thrashing through the deep grass of inductive speculation on one side of the course, and searching among the high trees of deductive speculation on the other, and after poking in the sand traps of logic in the fairway, you are ready to give up in despair. But if you are a good caddy you still have one recourse left. You can return to the tee and take the same stand you saw the master take when he struck the ball, you can take the same grip upon the club, and you can give exactly the same swing that he gave, while you let your eye follow the course such a stroke would inevitably carry the ball. If you do this, and then follow the track that your thought has recharted for you, you will come right to the lost ball.

That is, figuratively speaking, exactly what I did. Having assured myself, beyond peradventure of a doubt, that Jesus meant us to take Him absolutely at His word when He said, 'The works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do,' and having convinced myself that within Jesus' own life lay concealed the secret of doing these mighty works, I went back down the pathway of history to where Jesus stood before He sent the Christ Idea whirling down the ages. I went to where He stood; examined carefully, as best I was able, the way He took His stand upon this earth, the manner in which He gripped the great issues of life, the way He swung the full force of that matchless strength and harmony of thought in the great game of life; and then I let my eye follow the course which the Idea must have followed in its triumphant flight.

And this is what I found — that Jesus' attitude toward life was one of converting everything He saw and touched into parables. He stood on this earth as a symbol of a greater World, He gripped the issues of life as mere symbols of eternal and heavenly Realities. Petty problems and sorrows and disasters He converted into beautiful symbols of eternal and infinite goodness. Thus nothing was petty, nothing was trivial, nothing was without meaning in Jesus' world, for all things combined to reveal the Kingdom — the Kingdom of Heaven in which He lived and moved and had His being.

'And in . . . parables spake he unto them . . . and without a parable spake he not unto them.' Jesus was one above all others who never let His lips say what His mind and heart did not authorize. 'For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' If Jesus talked in parables He thought in parables; if He thought in parables He felt in parables — the parable point of view of the universe was at the heart and centre of His being. From somewhere about the beginning of His ministry He adopted this parabolic method of looking at the universe and thenceforth He never departed from it. There is something tremendously significant in this fact. It reveals that this method of thinking and talking about life for Jesus was not a halfway method. He did not use it occasionally as a means to an end, but continuously, exclusively, utterly. Perhaps no teacher in all history has so completely given himself to one particular method as Jesus did to this.

To me this was the greatest discovery of my life. It took its rank, in my little universe at least, beside Newton's and Watt's discoveries that apples fall downward and steam rises upward. And I am firmly convinced that when the religious world as a whole awakes to the full significance and meaning implied in these simple words the result will be just as transforming to the spiritual life of the world as the discovery of gravitation and of steam has been to the scientific and material life of the

world. For just as the discoveries of Watt and of Newton awakened man to the presence of a new world of physical and material forces outside of him, so the discovery of Jesus' way of looking at life will awaken man to the presence of a new world of cosmic and spiritual forces within him.

II

Somewhere back in my memory I can recall seeing two books side by side on a library shelf, one entitled *The Parables of Our Lord* and the other entitled *The Miracles of Our Lord.* Either for this reason or for some other reason I early associated these two words as one would associate two companion pictures that have hung on the wall in his childhood home, such as Sunrise and Sunset, the Parting and the Reunion, or those other heirlooms of our childhood memories — the Dictionary and the Family Bible that used to grace the centre table of the old living-room.

But it was not till I made the discovery that I have just referred to that there came to me a realization of the deeper and closer association of cause and effect which existed between the parables and the miracles of our Lord. For in Jesus' parabolic interpretation of life actually lay the secret of the signs and wonders that signalized His healing and teaching ministry.

If all this is implied in Jesus' parabolic view of life it behooves us to consider carefully just what manner of thing this mystery is that we call a parable — this thing that is so filled with moral and spiritual dynamite.

'A parable,' says the dictionary at my hand, 'is an allegorical relation of something real.' There we have it: a parable deals first of all with Reality. Second, it translates this Reality in terms of the imagination. *Jesus looked at Reality through the lens of the divine imagination.* By means of that fact troubles vanished around Him, obstacles fell away, the lost became found, the sick became well, sinners became redeemed, and rough places became smooth. Moreover, He promised that those who followed Him and used the way He used should have similar dominion over all things on earth and that greater works than He did should they be able to do also.

The imagination is the power we all possess of seeing harmonies, unities, and beauties in things where the non-imaginative mind sees nothing but discords, separations, ugliness. It is the tool of the mind with which we build up our affirmations — the 'staff' of the Shepherd Psalm that comforts us when all other faculties fail us. To look at life imaginatively, then, to see everything about us as a great parable full of deep inner meanings, — meanings of love, joy, wholeness, symmetry, and perfection, — is to see life truthfully, that is to say, spiritually. It brings us into a condition of continuous prayer — a condition of cosmic consciousness that is conducive, above all else, to bringing into our life those larger harmonies and unities that to our physical eyes appear to be miracles.

I am aware that I have here dug up from the ash-heap the stone which the theologians and the metaphysicians have for the most part rejected. And in setting it to be the head of the corner I know I shall meet with the scoffs and jeers of many who maintain that we should confine our attention to those things that can meet the test of logic and are capable of objective analysis. But the imagination is of all qualities in man the most Godlike — that which associates him most closely with God. The first mention we read of man in the Bible is where he is spoken of as

'image.' 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.' The only place where image can be conceived of is in the imagination. Thus man, the highest creation of God, was an imaginative creation of God's imagination. The source and centre of all man's creative power — the power that beyond all others lifts him above the level of brute creation, and that gives him dominion over all the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, and the animals that move and creep on the earth — is his power of making images, or the power of the imagination.

The imagination of man is but the window or door which, when thrown open, lets the divine life-stream into our lives. When it is thus thrown open man is brought into a condition of consciousness which, for want of a better word, is called inspiration. This heavenly inspiration is what links man to the divine and brings into existence our poets, composers, prophets, mystics, seers, and saints. This is the power that Jesus Christ had and that lifted Him above all other men — a power that He, however, in His immeasurable compassion and His infinite humility, wished to bestow upon others and share with them, that greater works than He had done they might do also.

And these works — these mighty works, these miracles, if you will — are the direct outcome of Jesus' converting everything that He saw into parables. And a parable, we find, is merely 'an allegorical relation of something real.' Looked at from this angle, the performing of a miracle is not such an impossible task. It consists merely of looking at Reality through the lens of the imagination, and then letting this parable, or imaginative way of looking at Reality, bring to pass that thing which is spoken of as a miracle.

And what is Reality? Reality, in the eyes of the practical man, is made up of cold, hard facts. And what are the hard, cold facts of life? As we look about us in this world what we see first of all are the quarrels, bickerings, unhappiness, unfaithfulness, treachery, covetousness, worry, and materialism everywhere. These are the facts of life. But what are facts? Fact comes from the word *factum*, meaning something that we do or make. Are these facts of life identical with the realities of life? Not according to Jesus. To Him Reality does not consist of that which is *made*, but of that which eternally *is*. *Love is* — quarrels are made; *joy is* — unhappiness is made; *truth is* — lies are made; *loyalty is* — betrayals are made; *purity is* — impurity is made; *life is* — sickness is made. So Jesus went through life seeing no quarrels, no unhappiness, no lies, no impurity, no sickness. Where they appeared to be He turned the lens of His divinely inspired imagination upon them; He converted them into parables, and behold they stood forth revealed as mere shadows or reflections — upside down — of the reality. And every time that Jesus converted a fact into a reality the people exclaimed that a miracle had been wrought.

Bear in mind I do not mean to imply that Jesus went about disregarding and overlooking the facts of life. Rather He looked at them so much more steadily, so much more understandingly than the rest of mankind that He *looked right straight through them* into the underlying Reality of which they were the mere counterfeits or reflections. This is what the parabolic point of view consists of. He looked steadily at the dead girl until He could utter with absolute conviction based upon perfectly clear understanding this startling parable: 'She is not dead, but sleepeth.' He looked through the palsied sufferer until He could pronounce

with conviction another parable, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' For to Jesus a parable meant simply the going back behind the fact to the Reality that the fact represents. It does not mean watering the leaf that is waving conspicuously in the sunshine, but watering the roots that no one can see. It does not mean healing a man's skin, but healing his soul. It does not mean dealing with the seen, but with the unseen; not with the carnal, but with the spiritual. Once perform the inner watering, the inner cleansing, and the outer healing will follow as a matter of course. 'Whether is easier, to say . . . Thy sins are forgiven; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk?'

And here let me pause a moment to clear up a misunderstanding in regard to the imagination that may have cropped up in the thought of many of my readers. There are some who have always thought that the imagination was something which makes believe that which is not. This is fancy — not imagination. Fancy would convert that which is real into pretense and sham; imagination enables one to see through the *appearance* of a thing to what it really *is*. Let me illustrate.

You who are reading this essay are probably sitting in a room with a perfectly flat floor beneath you. A carpenter, a contractor, and an architect brought their combined skill into action to see that the floor was flat — set plumb with the world. When you look out of the window you see that the streets and gardens about you are also flat. For three thousand years — and perhaps far longer — all mankind believed the world was flat. Why? Because they believed the evidence of their eyes. At last there came a man who looked at the world with his imagination, and he saw that it was round.

As you are reading this essay you look out of the window and see the sun setting behind the western hills. You say the sun is going down. For thousands of years all mankind believed that this was so — in short, that the earth was the centre of the universe, and the sun, moon, and stars revolved around it. At length there arose a man who used his imagination sufficiently to see through the appearance of things to the Reality. Because he insisted that the sun stood still and the earth revolved around it — in short, tried to duplicate Joshua's miracle of making the sun stand still — his theory was regarded as a heresy.

Now, did Columbus create a miracle by proving that the earth was round when all the kings and all the kings' men 'knew' it was flat? And when he proved it was round did he actually make it round? No. It was round all the time — he merely demonstrated to mankind that it was round. Did Copernicus make the sun stand still and the earth revolve around it? No, he created no miracle — he merely demonstrated and proved what was actually so. And, like Jesus, 'he marvelled because of their unbelief.'

And in like manner we can ask, Did Jesus perform a miracle when He said the leper was made whole? No, He merely demonstrated it. Did He break a natural law when He said, 'She is not dead, but sleepeth'? No, He merely demonstrated that Life is the Reality, and Death is merely a shadow or counterfeit of Life.

Then can we create miracles? Yes, we can if we use our imagination and look steadfastly through appearances of things to the Reality behind them. We cannot create miracles by our fancy, and by trying to make believe we see things that we do not and cannot see because they do not exist. We can create miracles by faith — by knowing the Reality that exists behind the

things that only seem to exist. Faith will indeed move mountains.

And what is the greatest of all Realities, the Reality around which all lesser Realities centre, as it were? The Great Reality, the realization of which was at the core of all Jesus' miracles, was the truth that Man is eternally united with all that is good — in other words, with God and His Kingdom — and eternally separated from all that is bad. Merely to see this Reality and see it clearly enough will make the sick whole, the sorrowful happy, the sinful redeemed, and the lost found.

III

I come now to where all this has led me: If Jesus talked, thought, and felt in parables, He must also have prayed in parables. In other words, when He asked for physical and material and financial blessings He must first have translated these needs into symbols of spiritual values and prayed not for the material facts but for the spiritual Realities which these facts represented. When He prayed for things that are seen He used language of the unseen. Interesting evidence for believing that this is exactly what Jesus did is furnished us in some old records unearthed in Egypt which contain a saying ascribed to our Lord: 'Ask for great things, and the small things will be given unto you; ask for heavenly things, and the earthly things will be given to you.' I can paraphrase this as follows: Seek spiritual values, and earthly things, expressing those values, will be given to you. Or, as Paul would put it: 'Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.' Which is simply to say in another way, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'

Let us apply this method of prayer to two of the commonest things in American life, two things that are quite generally thought to be so worldly and mundane that they fall outside the proper scope and field of prayer. I refer to our sports and our business. Here, if anywhere, we will certainly agree, the parable method will be brought to its severest test. How can a man in either of these fields with any sense of propriety go to God in prayer unless he can first pass his desires through the filter of Jesus' parabolic vision and bring them forth purified of all dross and sediment of personal desire — that is to say, of Self? Imagine two rival athletic coaches praying for victory, or the presidents of two rival business firms praying for a monopoly of trade. How can their prayers be answered without disregarding, annulling, or violating the hallowed sanctity of the high office of prayer?

Just let us imagine the scene enacted up in Heaven when two such conflicting prayers are received there. God gathers his angels together and says, 'Down there are two earnest men asking for victories. Search through our stockrooms and our treasuries and gather together all the victories you can find and send them down to them.' Presently the angels come back and report, 'We don't find any such thing up here as victories. But we did find an old record which relates how an angel, the most beautiful of all those who sang before Thee, once made the request to be first in Heaven. If memory serves us right Thou didst recommend that he journey down to a lower realm where such requests might more appropriately be granted.' Needless to say that the prayers of the two men, while not meeting with so emphatic a reproof as the request of Satan, nevertheless remain unanswered.

Then how can one pray for athletic victories?

First of all by seeking the Reality back of the Idea of Victory. What is the *real* object of these contests? To improve the condition — physical, mental, and spiritual — of these men, and tone up the morale or condition of consciousness of the institution they represent. Will victory help this? It certainly will help it if achieved honestly and fairly, but it is in no wise indispensable or even essential. I find — by looking hard at Reality — that the physical condition of the men depends chiefly, not on the muscle fibre, but on the condition of the heart and the circulation of the blood. When I trace the heart back to its symbolical, that is to say, its parabolic meaning, — a meaning associated with it ever since the time of Homer, — I find it is the symbol of love; and likewise the circulation of the blood is the symbol of the circulation of joy through the consciousness. Love and joy for his athletic team is what the coach should pray for, not for victory. To summarize this briefly: —

1. To pray just for victory is bad — actually unmoral, if not immoral.
2. To pray for the team members to do their best is only a little better, for it leaves each member thinking of his own little 'best,' his own little personal responsibility to 'do his bit.' It does not get back to the roots of things — to Realities.
3. To pray for a Condition of Consciousness — a spiritual quality, not physical — that will enable an athlete to do his best is far better, as it goes down to the roots of things: to reality, to the Spirit, to the abiding trust that all are one body in Christ Jesus, and that all power comes from the Father.

This was all summed up by Jesus when He said, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness,' — including love and joy, — 'and all these things' — victory and self-expression — 'shall be added unto you.'

I had occasion to apply this truth last spring to a track team I was coaching, with amazing results; but, lest I clutter up this article with signs and wonders, I shall proceed to make clear the principles upon which it is based. For is not this method of prayer eminently logical and scientific? Do not physical scientists present to us situations that are analogous to this in their little outer universe of Time and Space?

Light, as we all know, comes to us from the sun. And yet scientists tell us that what comes to us as light is not light at all until it strikes the atmosphere that is wrapped about the earth. Then it suddenly flattens out, so to speak, breaks up into innúmerable sunbeams, and we say that light is here. If anyone traveling through space should meet the sunbeams that are coming from the sun he would not recognize them as sunbeams. To him they would not appear as light at all, but as something else. Now let us imagine the people of this world getting together and deciding to petition the sun to send more light. They would send up a radiograph, 'O Sun, send us more light!' The Sun would call together his servants and say, 'The good people down below are asking for more light. Search all our stockrooms carefully, and if we have any on hand send it to them at once.' So the servants of the Sun would hunt carefully and finally come to him and say, 'We have searched far and wide and find no such thing as light. We find vibration, motion, and all kinds of beautiful rhythms, but no such thing as light.' But the people down below, in their blindness

and ignorance, continue to cry, 'More light! Give us more light!' and the only answer they receive is the comment of James, 'Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss.'

Indeed, I used this very illustration one day to a college president who had telegraphed me that he was coming to talk about the problem of praying for a large endowment campaign that was fraught with immense possibilities, if it succeeded, as well as immense peril, if it failed, to the college whose destinies he guided. We were lunching together in a downtown hotel and I had just used the above illustration as applied to money problems. Then I added: —

'You have a problem of raising many hundreds of thousands of dollars. For many days you have been thinking and living and praying in terms of dollars. Let us stop and see just what these dollars represent. Are they not ideas? Ideas of culture, inspiration, beauty, freedom, wisdom, and truth? Have not men obtained such ideas seated on wooden benches in country schoolhouses? Have they not received them when seated on one end of a log with a Mark Hopkins on the other? Have they not received them while gathered on the shore with their Master seated in a boat? Ideas are really what the world wants, what the students want, what you want; and the thousands of dollars you need for endowment, for buildings, for equipment, are merely the means by which you would have these ideas released in the largest possible way in order to do the greatest possible good to the greatest number. I know that if you could go back to Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a boy on the other you would gladly do it. But as a matter of fact that would require more money — not for the logs, but for a sufficient number of Mark Hopkinses to go around for the boys and the logs — than the actual money you are looking for now.

'At any rate you know and I know that the real thing you want is ideas, and not the money. If one should pray to his Heavenly Father for money, what would happen? The Father would probably gather His angels about him and say, "They seem to want money down below there. Look through our treasuries and our storehouse and find that which they seek and send it to them, for it is my good pleasure to grant every request of my children." Presently the angels would return and report, "We have searched all the inner treasuries of the kingdom and we find no such thing as money. We have nothing up here that moth and rust can corrupt or that thieves can break through and steal. All we can find are ideas — beautiful, glorious ideas — of abundance, of ease, of leisure, of service, of truth, of beauty. Shall we send them?" "No," the Lord would reply; "wait until they ask for them."

'Again the only answer they who are asking would receive would be the words of James: "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss."

'But suppose we should ask, seek, and knock for spiritual ideas, and not for material things — what would happen? Simply this: that a veritable downpour of ideas — almost a hurricane or blizzard of ideas, if you please — would be shed down upon us, and as soon as these ideas would strike the atmosphere of this earth they would — many of them, at least — be converted into good round hard practical dollars, the means by which these ideas of truth, culture, beauty, and happiness could be released in up-to-date colleges in this modern, complex, cosmopolitan age. For one thing we must give God credit. He has sometimes been accused of being a tyrant, and once — by the

author of Job — of being a practical joker. But no one at any time has ever accused God of being an ignoramus or a fool. He knows our practical modern needs better than we do ourselves. But not until we set our affection on things above, not on things on the earth, will He grant the requests of His children. "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." '

IV

And now I am called upon to answer a very sensible and very sincere question.

Is there not a certain amount of hypocrisy and subterfuge in asking for one thing in secret, as it were, and desiring another thing to be given to us openly? In asking for ideas, for instance, and desiring money; in asking for love and joy, and desiring victory. There is the very issue, my friend. As long as one asks for one thing and *desires* another his prayers remain unanswered. Not until the athletic coach has persuaded himself in his own heart that the pearl without price that he desires above all other things for his athletes is that they be filled to overflowing with love and joy, entirely regardless of whether victory or defeat shall accompany this love and joy, can he begin to see the real *Power* that such love and joy can release in his men. Not until the college president actually desires first and foremost that actual ideas shall come to his college, if need be from teachers in homespun talking to boys on broken benches, and ceases to press down on the thought that these ideas *must* be presented in great million-dollar buildings and paid for by great million-dollar endowments, can he begin to see the real supply contained in the *spiritual Idea* made manifest.

But how can I explain why so many petitions asked in the old way — without a parable — have been answered? Always for this reason and for no other: they were always first translated — if not consciously in the mind, then unconsciously in the heart of the petitioner — into a parable. The petitioner was looking at the inner spiritual Reality and not at the outward material manifestation of Fact or Thing. In other words, such prayers were answered only when they were offered in simple trust and always with that complete surrender to the will of God — uttered or unexpressed — contained in the simple words, 'Not my will, but thine, be done.' 'Thy will' — whether the seeker knows it or not — is always the spiritual will, just as 'my will' is always the material will. Thus this simple statement, when uttered from the heart, — and not from the lips only, — is a veritable Aladdin's lamp for converting a petition for material things into a petition for spiritual things. In other words, it grants to God the privilege of substituting His will for ours — that is to say, of translating our literal language of the flesh into the parabolic language of the spirit, and thus releasing the spiritual powers and forces so that they may become manifest in whatever way seems necessary to meet the need that our petition contains.

What I am trying to make clear is that we must pray *not in another language so much as in another spirit.* I am convinced that Jesus Himself used *both* the *new spirit* and the *new language*, as His continuous use of the parable in both His thinking and His speaking gives us good reason to infer. Moreover, I am convinced that He has given us good authority for following His example and using the new

language as well as the new spirit when He said, 'Neither do men put new wine into old wine-skins: else the skins burst, and the wine is spilled, and the skins perish: but they put new wine into fresh wine-skins, and both are preserved.'

And this assurance I can offer to all those who are willing to give themselves to the Jesus method of prayer: you will find yourself lifted into a purer realm where it will be easier to let the gross material of this earthly world drop from your consciousness, and where you can more easily give your thought, not to the Facts, which are *made*, but to the Realities, which are *not* made, but which are *eternal*. You will find yourself lifted into a rarer atmosphere where you will soon be seeking, not for treasures upon earth, where moth or rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal, but you will be seeking — in language as well as in thought — for those treasures which are in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where your language and your treasure are, there will your heart be also.

Greater than the prayer is the spirit in which it is uttered. Greater than speaking in parables, than thinking in parables, yes, even than praying in parables, is *living* in parables. This is the secret underlying the parable method of speech of Jesus — it is the parable method of living. He allied Himself spiritually or, if you will, mystically with the universe, just as a scientist allies himself with it mentally. And as a scientist talks of and about the great powers of nature that are unseen, Jesus lived, moved, and had His being among powers that are unseen, and gave expression to them in His life. He moved amid these spiritual forces with a grace and ease that are the marvel of the ages.

And this art — which He mastered in such a magnificent manner — upon the testimony of Jesus Himself can be ours if we are willing to pay the price: to take up our cross, follow in His footsteps, and look upon life as He looked upon it. And He looked upon life imaginatively — that is to say, sympathetically. For the imagination sees things not in the flesh but in the spirit; not in imperfection but in perfection; not in ugliness but in beauty; not in discord but in harmony; not in parts but in wholes. Jesus came to make men spiritual, beautiful, harmonious, and whole. To that end, and to that end only, He talked to them in parables, He thought for them in parables, He *prayed* for them in parables; 'and without a parable spake He not unto them.'

THE MOVIE THAT COULD N'T BE SCREENED[1]

REEL I. CLOSE-UPS OF THE CAST

BY NELL SHIPMAN

CHARLIE said, 'I did n't believe actresses had sense enough to even wash dishes!' and there never was compliment more genuine. 'The Missus,' he said, 'is a swell cook.'

Charlie is a drifter, a sometime hack-driver from Saratoga turned lumberjack in Northern Idaho. He was wrong, of course. Lots of actresses dabble a dish-mop in a nice enamel pan of sudsy hot water in a blue-and-white kitchen that looks like a full-page 'ad' for Somebody's stoves. I used to do it myself, after a party, when I was afraid the girl would quit if we left so many sticky-rimmed glasses. That was in Hollywood. Up here it is different. The setting for my crockery-bathing is so far removed from that blue-and-white 'litho,' and so impossibly poverty-stricken in its 'props' and furniture, that any good director would turn it down as too artificial and stagy. Even poor people don't really live that way.

Picture a mean little 6x12 floating shack of unpainted boards, with a door at each end and two tiny windows in each side. From the tin-patched roof of homemade shingles — 'shakes' as we call them up here — protrudes a crooked cat's tail of rusty stovepipe. This connects, inside, with a greasy black demon with a fat belly and fallen arches — the cookstove. Kitty-corner from the demon is a bed made of a sway-bottomed spring, lumpy mattress, and greasy quilts. Under the bed are various boxes, bags, bottles, boots, socks, and, no doubt, sealing wax. There are also a table with incurving legs and splotched oilcloth cover, four dubious chairs, and several milk and soda-cracker boxes utilized as seats. In one corner is a cupboard for dishes and more or less nonperishable food. Under one wee window is a broad shelf, on which I wash dishes, make pastry, open cans, cut cookies, and mix hot-cake batter. The scraps go conveniently through a loose board into the lake below. When I wish fresh water I scoop it up with a bucket, leaning far out on the slippery logs of the house boat's floating foundation. Sometimes I miss my footing and fall in.

All this is moored to a curved beach of astonishing beauty, backed by an emerald wall that slopes up and up, away and away to Canada and God knows where.

We make moving pictures for a living. That is, we make moving pictures. Why, I don't know. But then, does anyone know why he does the thing he does? For instance, I would rather be an explorer, or a writer, or live on a ranch and have six sons, all tall, or be a writer, or own a drug-store and have my pick of all the perfumes, or be a writ — but —

I started out as an actress, pure and simple; very both. I was thirteen and

[1] A true personal record. — THE EDITOR

long. In the Dramatic School I would implore my auditors to 'Come to my woman's breasts and take my milk for gall!' wondering why my classmates laughed as I slapped my hard little chest. Poor wee thing! I do love to see you, down through the wrong end of the telescope. So earnest, so ambitious, so hopeful! Just one short step from Broadway! 'Mother,' I wrote home after my début, squawky-voiced and shaky-kneed in a six-side part with a number-four show, 'I am an ACTRESS!'

So we make moving pictures, My Dear and I. We have for quite a long time. We are not amateurs; not more so, that is, than any of the producers who are finding the first ten years the hardest. Everyone connected with the business is of necessity a beginner. Only we are a bit worse off than most because we are that lone and pathetic object, the Independent Producer. In other words we are not on a pay roll — we are the pay roll itself. We make 'em, to the best of our vision and knowledge, travel 'em to New York, and lay 'em, hopefully, at the feet of the Purveyors — those slaving servants of the Public whose one desire is to fill the screens with the fare most wanted; those Prophets of Opinion with finger on the palpitating pulse, who can tell you if Costume Drama, Homespun Comedy, or Open-Space Melo is most desired.

We made a picture with everything in it but the kitchen stove. Literally. Our all and more than all — impossible mortgages upon future hopes, loans, savings, what we could beg, borrow, and scrape — we sank cheerfully in that effort. All the gods that were not sold were mortgaged to complete the masterpiece. I had attained three Meccas: a real sealskin coat, a grand piano, and a black and silver shiner that you could really refer to as a 'motor.' They all went. It did not matter. The Picture! Anything, everything, for the Picture! Of course, others put something in too — ten thousand here, five there, twenty in another quarter — it takes big money to make movies. But with us it was more than money; it was heart's blood, the very inner core of our beings, the finest tissue of our brains, and work — stark, sweating, unmitigated labor.

The picture did not fail. On the contrary, it was fairly successful. Not great, but a friend-maker. You liked it, and it had bits — real under-the-hide bits. But the Purveyors, known technically as the Distributors, picked the month following the release of our picture to go bankrupt. The first earnings went down with them, and when the wreckage washed ashore, Our Child and the other survivors were shunted over to another firm for possible resuscitation.

Meanwhile, to satisfy our creditors, we had to fling them chunks of our holdings, bit by bit, like the old stories of the Russian steppes and the pursuing wolves.

Rather sad, you say, unfortunate and all that sort of thing, but likely to happen to almost anyone who embarks upon the sea of speculation. The unusual points and the facts that we had to face were these: in order to finish the wild animal and nature scenes of our picture we had transported our collection of animal 'actors' and Husky dogs into the wilds of Northern Idaho. The stock totals one hundred and thirty-five head, and each head has a mouth. It takes food to feed them and money to buy the food. Here they were — invaluable, through long years of training, as actors in our pictures, and each and every one equally beloved.

What to do? They could not be moved. They were settled in wire cages and kennels on a strip of leased State land on the shore of a lovely lake, twenty-one miles from the semblance of a road, fifty from a railroad. If we had

had the money to make a move, what then? The animals would eat as much in California as in Idaho and our chances for refinancing were no better in that film-bitten State. There was nothing to do but squat and hold tight. If we could get any backing at all we had a wonderful opportunity for making nature pictures in this glorious setting; if not we might as well sink with the ship.

Winter was coming. We had the following assets: —

1. One hundred and three acres of leased land with lots of firewood on it and the right to log off a strip that would furnish cabin timber.

2. A pile of trunks of 'Northwest' wardrobe, picture 'props,' dog sleds and harness, boats, and miscellaneous junk.

3. Fifteen bears, three deer, two elks, four coyotes, two wolves, one cougar, two wildcats, an endless array of raccoons, skunks, eagles, owls, porcupines, beavers, marmots, muskrats, and rabbits. Thirty-odd sled-dogs, four Great Danes, two Airedales, and a sprinkling of mutts and cats.

4. The Director, my partner — henceforth, for very obvious reasons, known as 'My Dear.' He is a four-square sort of chap, white-haired at thirty. Once a racing driver, always a man. Brave, resourceful, not too humorous, and very sincere.

5. My ten-year-old son by a former marriage; a delightful, somewhat mischievous, and exceedingly lazy brat with a large percentage of humor and big brown eyes like fern-fringed forest-pools.

6. Old 'Daddy' — ex-trapper and guide, now a slave to the Zoo. Seventy years away from the Kentish Hills, but still with an old-country flavor — the one faithful note in a discord of quitters.

7. Myself. I am entitled to this entry only by the fact that I have learned, through storm and stress, to cook; hence I am of use.

8. Two friends whose faces have remained our way when the solid line of the backs of the fair-weather well-wishers was all we could see. One of these loaned us $500, all the cash we now have on hand. The other has given its equivalent in belief.

Our liabilities were as follows: —

1. Debts, mountain high.

2. Stomachs that must be filled, bodies that must be covered, heads that must be roofed over against winter.

3. The ill-will of a community which bled us unmercifully when we had the cash.

4. One frozen foot.

This last item from the wrong side of the ledger was acquired by My Dear one night in March when the thermometer slid to forty below. We were in the Peace River country of Alberta making scenes of the 'Arctic Barren.' We were working at night with flares, and it was his duty to drive a team away from the 'Hudson's Bay Company Post.' It took the other people a long time to do correctly the things they were supposed to do, and when he swung the long team of Siwash curs out across the frozen lake his foot was dead. A native guessed it would have to be 'ammunated,' but he has made a desperate battle to save the toes. The pain has settled there and gradually eaten down to the bone. This is the most serious of all our liabilities.

But this is to be from now on most strictly 'diary.' Not meanderings and thoughts, but chronicled events; the record of our winter in the wilderness, starting, as we are, sans everything, and battling through.

September 24

A lovely, warm day, last dwindling of Indian Summer. It coaxes one to wander and waste precious time, dares

winter to come, in fact denies all such things as the possibility of ice and snow. Then a cold drizzly rain sets in, the north wind steals up, the treetops moan, and, suddenly, a storm has hit.

During the night the two remaining eagles battled and only one survives. I can't understand it. All three lived amicably enough together until we moved them into a larger cage. Now only one is left and he is already mournful and lonely, just like Tommy, the wildcat, after he had killed the female by chewing her leg through the wire of their cages.

Then to-day little Meesa, one of the fawns, brushed past me at the gate of their corral and ran away, right straight past the dogs. Lord, I was scared! I yowled for Daddy and the Boy and screamed and gibbered as I watched that little thing dodge the dogs, his white brush of a tail straight up and the powder puffs on his knees bristling. He got past by a miracle, the dogs straining their chains and yelping, and ran for the upper trail. Daddy and the Boy followed, while I tore down to the house boat to tell My Dear what had happened. Was so afraid he would hear the racket and come running out on his hurt foot.

We caught Meesa up in the woods, by my calling him gently and quietly. When he was quite close I was afraid to seize him, for if I missed there would never be a second chance. I let him wander away, then coaxed again. This time I grabbed and got him. He kicked like a little mule, but Daddy lugged him home. My, but I was relieved! His brother, Nenana, would have been more easily caught, but Meesa is very timid.

When we got down to the cages we found Brownie out and calmly strolling about. They had left her cage door open when I yelled. As I went to her, Coon, one of the Huskies, bit her on the rear end. Poor Brownie, she was so surprised! No dog had ever treated her so before. She turned on him and would have polished him off then and there, but fortunately I had some crackers left from the Meesa foray and I coaxed her into her cage with them. What a wonderful bear she is! But she won't forget Coon in a hurry. She spent the day trying to get out and chew him up.

This day I cooked, cookies and beans, and swept the tent I am sleeping in and the cedar-shake shack against the arrival of two men who were expected. Only one came, a boy named Jim. We are desperate for a man to help on the cabin. My Dear can do nothing. The condition of his foot has scared him, at last, into sitting quiet. Poor soul, how he suffers! It has been over a year now of constant torture.

For dinner we had a partridge Daddy shot yesterday. It was good. Under glass, now, with mushrooms, it would run a dollar seventy-five per.

We are figuring up our winter supplies and cutting them down with every new list. The cost will be about one fourth of what it was last year. It is quite wonderful the system we have with the Zoo. The three of us — Daddy, the Boy and I — can feed the whole bunch in less than forty minutes.

Something is making a queer, squealing noise out in the Zoo. . . . Went out to see what it was, but could find nothing. I like to flash the light on the animals at night. It shines in their big eyes.

Raining now and so cold. I do wish the cabin were up. But wishing will not raise those log walls.

September 25

Another man arrived to-day and we made some progress. It looks nice to see the walls at least two logs high. We seem to have two good workers, so maybe she will go up now. Men are

just like boys with blocks when it comes to building. They love it. It just hurts My Dear that he cannot pitch in and play too. His foot is awfully bad to-night. We played Mah Jongg and he could hardly sit through it.

Fed my hands pretty well to-day. Roast beef and raisin pie for noon dinner, baked beans, johnnycake, and chocolate blancmange for supper. It is a bit easier for me to cook now than it used to be. I don't get quite so confused and 'het up.'

To-morrow I have to bake dog biscuits and go to the village for supplies, as well as take care of the puppies and get three meals. My two sets of pups, Danes and Malamutes, have to be cooked for night and morning. Then I also do most of the Zoo feeding, so that the men can stay at the cabin work. Well, I may not be gathering much moss, but I won't get any cobwebs, either!

Old Jack, the brown bear, is caged and to be shot at dawn. He has grown very mean and is making Jill ugly. He is no use to us for work and is an extra mouth, so it is better he should make a rug for the floor and some soup for the dogs.

Just supposing you could shoot useless people that way! But a bad person would not even be as useful dead as a bad bear.

Blowing a gale to-night.

I am so tired.

September 27

There is recompense in even so prosaic a thing as a diary; a sort of getting off by yourself which, even when you are tired and it is night, gives you a grain of satisfaction. The fine frenzy of constructive work! I often think of that in the midst of baking or dishwashing. Still, I can cook good meals and wash a dish clean, and maybe I 'm not so much at covering white paper with pothooks, or gumming up good celluloid, as I may imagine.

The Boy and I baked a hundred dog biscuits yesterday, as well as doing all our chores and getting breakfast and dinner. Then My Dear and I went to the village for supplies. It was a lovely day, a rich, vivid, oil-painting day, clear and soft and velvet-hushed. Coming home we headed into a rainstorm, could see it raining across the sunset — a most peculiar effect, the storm clouds a deep maroon. We bundled up and got ready for the deluge, but the storm skirted us and passed down the lake, raining pitchforks upon the place that we had just vacated.

When it was dark we saw, very dim and eerie, but unmistakable, the northern lights. They shot up from behind the Selkirks with faint, fairy fingers of light and they brought memories of my first sight of them, in Fairbanks, so many long times ago. I remember I was running — the swift, hard-fleshed run of a very young girl — and a big dog was beside me. It had just turned cold, and the lights fairly sizzled and crackled. When I saw them again in Faust, Lesser Slave Lake, another big dog was with me, my dear Tresore. Of all the unkind, wicked things done to me in this country, the killing of my Great Dane was the most cruel. Two men came in a rowboat to the place he guarded, the 'point of honor' under the flag, and threw him poisoned meat. He was the truest, most honorable friend a human being ever had. When they brought me the news of my father's death, following so close on the going of my dear mother, Tresore was the one who gave me the most comfort and consolation. I can never forget his great head resting upon my lap, his true, kind eyes uplifted in immeasurable love and understanding. . . .

We baked two hundred and seventy-nine dog biscuits to-day. I did not stop work nor sit down once from the time I hit the kitchen at 7 A.M. and started to cook the hot cakes until now. I did n't even manage to brush my teeth, let alone my hair.

The cottonwoods on the shore are all golden now. This is the loveliest time of the year, so quiet and rich, so ripe with fulfillment. It should be the best time of a person's life, too. You have your Spring of Promise, your Summer of Achievement, and then the Autumn, the harvest, the garnering and storing of all you have gained, against the coming of Winter — of old age and the shut-in senses.

September 30

Last day of September and as warm and sweet as a sun-kissed peach. Must get out this afternoon for a ramble with the dogs. I wish this weather could go on forever, but it won't. Winter will hit with a bang.

The Jim boy got a badly infected knee and had to go out to the doctor, but the walls are up to the windows and that is something. We are so anxious to get at the inside. Adversity pays after all, for if we had money we 'd probably put in hideous board walls. As it is, there won't be a bit of milled lumber in the shack — nothing but logs and poles.

Old man Beaver chawed out day before yesterday, but stayed around and at feeding-time came back to his cage and walked in. Only his long, flatsome tail stuck out, so we gently folded that in and shut the door. This is the second time he has been loose, and I believe that if it were not for his going housekeeping up some creek we could give him his freedom, as we have the mallards, and still own him.

Have n't done much outside of cooking and washing. Don't mind the first so much. Had a nice chicken-dinner for them to-day and a plum pudding, which has boiled twenty-four hours and is n't done yet. The only part I don't like is baking about 'steen million sour-dough hot-cakes in the morning. The stove is so hot and I get so faint.

October 5

Must take some time for writing or I 'll turn into a plain, greasy cook. Am trying to map out a schedule whereby I can get breakfast, clean up, feed the puppies, bake, prepare and serve dinner at twelve, clean up, take an hour's rest, and put in the afternoon at the typewriter. It seems that I ought to be able to do it, that my brain should function even if my back is tired. Also I must get the Boy back to his lessons. We were getting along splendidly when we had to stop on account of the extra work.

The cabin is up to the top logs and looks very fine. It is about 24x40. A passing lumberjack asked me if I thought we 'was going to be able to get all of our animals into that *barn*.'

We have only Daddy and Charlie, the ex-hack-driver, to work on it, as Jim turned out to have a touch of blood-poisoning and is in the hospital.

October 10

Old Codger Charlie walked out to-day for no reason that we can see. Just another drifter, unable to stay long in any one place. The boy Jim is back, but not able to do much on account of his knee; so we are not so very well off. Yesterday we went to the village to try for another man. I was glad for the breathing-spell. I wonder why this cooking business shoots me so to pieces?

My Dear has realized, at last, that he is quite crippled, and unless his foot takes a big mend it will have to go. An operation right now is out of the

question, and the only thing we can do is try to keep him sitting quiet. A mean job, as the least thing will bring him hobbling out, and away goes a day's gain. His nerves, and hence his temper, are absolutely shot, and he is fearfully hard to get along with, but so pathetic in his misery that one's heart aches for him. Sitting still and doing nothing is not his headline act. I racked my brain to think up something for him to do, and at last set him to cutting out colored prints and pasting them on cardboards for the cabin walls. Old Daddy admired the results immensely and suggested that we paper the cabin completely with them. 'People will come to see you,' he said, 'and it will take all their time to look at the pictures.'

Having kidded my poor cripple into keeping quiet all day, I proceeded to step on his foot. Half-blind with weariness, I missed my step and banged him. After he had come to I went out on the raft and indulged in Grade-A hysterics. These are the silent kind. Your body writhes and your feet and hands twist together and you cry — great, blubbering, swollen tears.

'Dear God,' I begged the stars, 'do something for us!'

(*To be continued*)

FACE TO FACE WITH LINCOLN

BY HIS SECRETARY, WILLIAM O. STODDARD

EDITED BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, JR.

AFTER I secured a good boarding-house I went to my desk at the Department of the Interior. A large pile of patents had accumulated and I began to sign the President's name at the rate of about nine hundred times per diem. Shortly I received orders to transfer myself to the correspondence desk in the northeast room of the White House. At first I had to make visits to my old office to sign patents, but that was ended by an order to have them all sent up to the White House, for my presence there was needed hourly.

I

The business of Private Secretary, per se, was pretty well absorbed by Nicolay and Hay, but there were odd days when I had to go over and take Nicolay's place in the opposite room. That gave me more than a little instruction. Among other things, I learned that the House and Senate did not recognize any individual, but knew the Private Secretary only by the practical fact of his bringing a message from the President. It was therefore an important day for me when I proudly appeared at the doors of the Houses and was led in to be loudly announced to the Vice-President and the Speaker as 'The President's Private Secretary with a Message.' From that hour onward, by rule, I was free of the floor of both Houses.

I doubt if there was any spot in the United States in those days, outside of a battlefield, that was more continually interesting than was the correspondence desk of the Executive Mansion. I took pains, at one time, to strike an average of the number of daily arrivals, other than newspapers, and was surprised to find that it was not far from two hundred and fifty. These were of every imaginable character, with quite a number that could not be reasonably imagined. The newspapers themselves were interesting. The majority of them contained marked columns, — editorials or letters, — abusive, complimentary, or advisory, which the authors fondly hoped might reach the eyes of the President. They did not do so. At one time he ordered me to make a daily digest of the course and comments of the leading journals, East and West, and I made one. It was wasted work and was discontinued, for Mr. Lincoln never found time to spend an hour upon those laborious condensations.

The letters were a study. Large packages of documents were all the while coming, relating to business before one or another of the departments. Some were in law cases. Some were in relation to claims. In any event, it was my duty to know where they properly belonged and to endorse them with the necessary reference from the President, favorable or otherwise. There was a river of documents relating to appointments to office and these too were referred to the President, except such as belonged in my custody. The larger number of the epistles belonged in one or another of the two tall wastebaskets which sat on either side of me, and their deposits were as rapid as my decisions could be made. It had to be swift work. It did seem to me as if the foulest blackguards on earth had made up their minds that they could abuse the President through the mails and they tried to do so. Added to these were the lunatics.

One day I and my paper-cutter and my wastebaskets were hard at work when in came a portly, dignified, elderly man who sat down near me while waiting for an audience with Mr. Lincoln. He appeared to be some kind of distinguished person, perhaps a governor or something of that sort, and he watched me with an interest which evidently grew upon him. He became uneasy in his chair; he waxed red in the face. At last he broke out with: —

'Is that the way you treat the President's mail? Mr. Lincoln does not know this! What would the people of the United States think, if they knew that their communications to their Chief Magistrate were dealt with in this shameful manner? Thrown into the wastebasket! What does Lincoln mean? Putting such a responsibility into the hands of a mere boy! A boy!'

I had been all the while watching him as he fired up. Now there had been an uncommonly dirty mail that morning and I had put aside as I opened them a number of the vile scrawls. My critic had risen from his chair and was pacing up and down the room in hot indignation when I quietly turned and offered him a handful of the selected letters.

'Please read those, sir,' I said, 'and give me your opinion of them. I may be right about them. Do you really think that the President of the United States ought to turn from the affairs of the nation to put in his time on that sort of thing?'

He took the awful handful and began to read, and his red face grew redder. Then it was white with speechless wrath. Perhaps he had never before perused anything quite so devilish in all his life.

'You are quite right, sir,' he gasped, as he sank into his chair again. 'Young

man, you are right! He ought not to see a line of that stuff! Burn it, sir! Burn it! What devils there are!'

But he was correct about the responsibility, for it was a big one for any fellow, old or young. It included many of the applications for pardons and all of these were at one time in my keeping. I remember some of them and what became of them. There were those who grumbled at Mr. Lincoln's strong objection to any kind of capital punishment and his tendencies toward mercy for all sinners. I may have been one of these. There came, one day, a pile of influential petitions on behalf of a southwestern guerrilla. He was unquestionably a red-handed murderer, but the movement in his favor was a strong one. It included even loyal politicians, and next day a gang of big men of several kinds came up to see the President about it. They spoke of the high character of the papers in the case and these were sent for, but they were not in my possession. They may have been duly referred and transferred to the War Office, as was sometimes the custom. Inquiry was made there, but the papers could not be found. The delegation went its way and that application for pardon was hung up. So was the guerrilla who was the most interested person in the case; hardly had that fact been telegraphed before all the missing papers arrived at the White House. I think Mr. Lincoln did no more than look sidewise at me and I am sure he made no verbal commentary.

Nor have I forgotten the almost daily communications from 'The Angel Gabriel,' who professed to write in blood that appeared to me more like an inferior variety of cheap red ink. Besides, the angel mixed his inspiration terrifically and some of his work would have read well in *Puck*. One day there came a really curious paper which afterward perished with my collection of autographs in Arkansas. It purported to come from the spirits of a score or more of the old worthies of the Republic and it was certainly a strong and dignified document of advice and encouragement which would not have disgraced any of them. It was signed with the signatures of George Washington, John Hancock, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and others, as perfectly as the most expert forger could have done it if he had traced the names over the printed copy of the Declaration of Independence. It was a queer thing and so were all the letters from simple people who wished that the President would kindly step around among the several departments and attend to their business for them. Even inventors asked him to see about their patents and hurry them up.

II

Naturally, one of the important problems before the Administration was the procuring of guns and ammunition for the armies it was gathering. With the general perplexities of the War Department I had nothing to do, but a part of them speedily drifted into my northeast room. Every proposed vender of condemned European firelocks was possessed by the idea that he might make a sale of them if he could induce the President to overrule the decisions of the Bureau of Ordnance. In each case of that kind, I was likely to have a specimen gun deposited in the corner. At the same time there came to the front a large number of inventors, and some of them had practical ideas and some had not.

At the first, however, I had an opportunity for studying quite a number of out-and-out cranks. I remember in particular one enthusiast who had invented a curious kind of far-shooting rifle the weight of which required it to

be mounted upon a spider wheel as high as your shoulder. Oh, how that genius did abuse the President for his inability to appreciate the spider-wheel gun and for his general bad management of the war!

Then there came other curiosities, one after another, until my room looked like a gunshop. On my table at one time were specimens of steel cuirasses, designed for the loading-down of our volunteers on forced marches in hot weather. Another item was a devilish kind of hand grenade, made to burst on striking and to scatter bits of iron in all directions. Swords were on hand in several patterns and so were various descriptions of cannon. Mr. Lincoln was really deeply interested in the gunnery business and had ideas of his own far in advance of some which were entertained by a few venerable gentlemen in the War Department.

'Stoddard,' he said one evening, 'they say you are a pretty good marksman. I want you to be here early tomorrow morning; say half-past six. We 'll go out to the Mall and try some of these guns.'

The Mall is the wide grassy slope from the White House grounds to the Potomac and at that time it was badly littered with rubbish. Out in the middle of it was a huge pile of old building lumber. This was just the thing to set up a target on. I was at my room good and early and I did not have to wait long before in came the President.

'Well,' he remarked, 'you did n't keep me waiting. Now you take that thing and I 'll take this and we 'll go right along.'

The weapon assigned to me was a breechloader made over from an old Springfield smoothbore musket. The new arrangement was a kind of screw twist and was fitted somewhat loosely. It carried the old cartridges, of which he brought a supply. His own gun was a well-made affair, resembling the Spencer carbine.

A hundred yards were paced off and a target was set against the lumber. We took turns in firing and I soon discovered two things. One was that the old Springfield barrel carried first-rate and the other was that Mr. Lincoln was anything but a crack shot.

But there was trouble on the way. Washington was then little better than a fortified camp, and stringent military orders were out, forbidding all kinds of firing within the city or camp limits. There were guards set everywhere and one had been posted on the avenue at the entrance to the Mall. It consisted of a very short corporal and four men and it was now coming after us at a double-quick — and swearing. The guard came within talking range just before the piece went off.

'Stop that firing! Stop that firing!' shouted the corporal. But at that moment the gun went off.

The corporal was within a few paces when the President slowly uncoiled himself and rose to his feet. He looked like a very tall man and he may have looked even taller to the angry little warrior who put out a hand to take the culprit in charge. The other soldiers were first in catching the joke, as Mr. Lincoln looked smilingly down into the face of the corporal. It was ''bout face' in a twinkling and they set out toward the avenue at a better pace than that at which they had come. I only heard, as they went, some confused ejaculations, 'We 've been cussin' Old Abe himself!'

He was laughing in his half-silent, peculiar way.

'Well, Stoddard,' he said, 'they might have stayed to see the shooting.'

The fact that Mr. Lincoln was a total-abstinence man was well known in Illinois, but not so well elsewhere. Of that fact I received a somewhat

peculiar illustration. Very naturally it was understood all over the country that the Executive Mansion was a place of necessarily expensive hospitality. It may have been with this idea in their heads that several of his admirers in New York clubbed together to send him a fine assortment of wines and liquors without letting him know precisely from whom it came. It was an altogether unexpected kind of elephant and Mrs. Lincoln at once sent for me in a good deal of a quandary as to what she was to do. I went down to look at it, but all I could discover was that the assortment was miscellaneously generous.

'But, Mr. Stoddard,' said Mrs. Lincoln in evident dismay, 'what is to be done? Mr. Lincoln never touches any and I never use any. Here it all is, and these gentlemen — what is to be said to them?'

I had to laugh at her discomfiture, but advised that the only course I could see was to acknowledge the gift in due form to the only address that was provided. As for the wines and liquors, she had better send them to her favorite hospitals and let the nurses and doctors take the responsibility of their future.

'That's what I'll do!' she exclaimed, and that was the end of it, for she was positive that her husband would not allow it to remain in his own house.

III

There came an evening, a dark one, not long before the army was called upon to march up the river to Antietam Creek and meet the invading force under General Lee, when a fine opportunity was given me for understanding the real nature of the truce between the civil and the military powers of the country. I was sitting at my desk. The hall door was open and I was so absorbed in some epistle or other that I heard no sound of anyone coming in to interrupt me until a low voice at my shoulder said to me: —

'Leave that and come with me. I am going over to McClellan's house.' I arose at once, but did so without any reply whatever, for there was something in Mr. Lincoln's voice and manner that seemed to forbid any remarks on my part. He was arrayed in a black frock uniform. Down we went and out, and the distance to be traveled was not long. He did not utter one word nor did I, for I was strongly impressed with the fact that there was something on his mind. All the while a kind of rebellious feeling was growing within me, for I inwardly growled because the President ought to have sent for his subordinate, commanding him to come, instead of going to call upon him.

The house was reached and we were shown into a well-furnished front parlor with the usual fireplace and mantel and a centre table. I went over to the right and sat down in a chair, but the President took a seat in the middle of the room. He was calm, steady, even smiling, but in half a minute there was no room there at all. Only Abraham Lincoln, filling the place brim full. Our names had been carried upstairs, I knew, but long minutes went by and I felt the hot blood surging into my cheeks, hotter and hotter with every moment of what seemed to me a disrespectful waiting-time. Not so the great man over there beyond the table, for he was as cool and solid as ice. Then — for the hall door was open — a kind of jingle, and slow, descending footsteps were heard from the stairs. It was the great general himself, in full uniform, followed by his chief of staff, General Marcy, and an army colonel. In dress uniform with their swords they were a brilliant trio. General McClellan may have thought that he had come downstairs to receive the President formally and impressively, but he was

altogether mistaken. He entered that parlor to be received there, very kindly, by President Abraham Lincoln, who somehow had taken possession and was the only man in the room.

The conference began almost immediately, for a kind of report of the situation and of plans was plainly called for. It was given, in a masterly way, by McClellan. He was a man of nerve strength, and I admired him as he went on into what was made more and more evidently a grand wrestling-match, with the control of the armies for the prize. Also the future control of the political situation or field and the next Presidency of the United States. That important point was really settled before the match was over — for it was a long one. Lincoln listened well and he said little, at first. Then, a word at a time, he began to open, expanding visibly as he went on, and the match became intensely interesting. Grapple after grapple, tug, strain — down you go! Perfect accord, perfect good will, perfect good manners, not a trace of excitement on either side. There was, in fact, a mutual yielding of many points under discussion, but at the end of it they had all been surrendered by General McClellan, with the courteous assistance of that handsome and capable chief of staff, General Marcy. Silence was my stronghold, and I held it tenaciously. A close came, and Mr. Lincoln and I were ceremoniously shown to the door. The parlor we left behind us was still, to my mind, full of Mr. Lincoln, although he had walked out. Never before had I so fully appreciated the human will in its greatest power.

Not many days afterward, General McClellan led his forces up the valley to the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. Both were reported as victories and General Lee was driven back into Virginia, but there was believed to be a fault, somewhere, in the very fact that he was permitted to get away. However that may be, the echoes of our first really great victory in a contested field were still reverberating over the country and finding their sonorous way back to Washington when, one afternoon, as I sat at my table, John Hay came hastily in with a sheet of foolscap paper in his hand and a flush on his face.

'Stod,' he said, 'the President wants you to make two copies of this right away. I must go back to him — '

I took the paper and some fresh sheets and went at it, mechanically, in the ordinary course of business. Then, as I went on from sentence to sentence, word for word, I wrote more slowly and with a queer kind of tremor. I was copying from Abraham Lincoln's own draft of the first Emancipation Proclamation. The copies went back to him, care of John Hay, and the original remained in my drawer, until one day John came for it to send it to Chicago for use at the great patriotic Fair there, where it was subsequently burned up in the great fire.

IV

I was sitting at my work one evening when the door opened and Mr. Lincoln came in. 'I reckoned I 'd find you here. I am going to the theatre to see Hackett play Falstaff, and I want you to come with me. I 've always wanted to see him in that character. Come to my room. It 's about time to go.'

I was already in evening dress. We went over into his office and I believed that he was all the while trying to put away from him his load of thoughts. If he had landed his cares upon the Cabinet table they would have been stacked ten feet high. I do not now remember anything else that took place until we were seated in the Executive

box at the theatre. There were some persons, even then, who criticized the President severely for his heartlessness in ever going to a theatre or listening to music at a time when the affairs of the nation required his devotion. They were represented at Ford's that night in a peculiar and offensive manner which would have given them complete satisfaction. The house was crowded and there were many soldiers in uniform who had obtained furloughs for an evening's relief from the dull monotony of camp life.

Hackett had not yet made his appearance when there came a brief and unexpected experience. One of the President's critics had a seat back toward the entrance. He arose upon his feet, and shouted out: —

'There he is! That 's all he cares for his poor soldiers!' And other words were added which I cannot now recall.

The President did not move a muscle, but a soldier instantly sprang up, declaring vociferously: —

'De President haf a right to his music! Put out dot feller! De President ees all right! Let him haf his music!'

There was a confused racket for a few seconds and then the luckless critic went out of the theatre, borne upon the strong arms of several others in uniform who agreed with their German comrade.

V

'Stanton says this is the darkest day of the war. It seems as if the bottom had dropped out,' John Hay called into my room one eventful day.

The Army of the Potomac, after its weary history on the Peninsula, had been reënforced and put under the command of 'Fighting Joe' Hooker. It is of no use here to put in any mention of the difficulties and jealousies, or even of the military errors, which were said to have interfered with the efficiency of that magnificent army. It is enough to say that it fought the battle of Chancellorsville splendidly, heroically, and that it was defeated, as many a gallant army has been. The losses on either side were severe. I recall those of the Confederates at about twelve thousand, 'killed and wounded,' and those of our army at about seventeen thousand, 'killed, wounded, and prisoners.' The figures were appalling. That was an awful day in Washington. In the minds of all were the protests and the mourning which would quickly come down from the North for this one more lost battle and for its dead. I remember that upon my table, that very day, lay a perfect mass of letters, from friends and foes, telling the discontent, the anger, the despondency, of the American people, and I had not wished to tell the President one word of their contents. The whole city seemed dead, that day. Men and women went hither and thither as usual, but there were no crowds lingering around the telegraph bulletins. Men came and looked at them and shook their heads and walked away. At the White House it was as still as the grave. My mail was a large one. I had been hindered greatly by other duties and it had accumulated, compelling me, as it often did, to toil on into late hours.

I had been out to my dinner long ago. I do not know what had become of Nicolay and Hay. My door was open, however, and at last I saw men come out of Lincoln's office and walk slowly away. I can recall Seward, Halleck, Stanton, but after they had departed I believed myself to be alone on that floor of the Executive Mansion except for the President in his room across the hall. It was then about nine o'clock, for I looked at my watch. It seemed as if the rooms and hall were full of shadows, some of which came in

and sat down by me to ask me what I thought would become of the Union cause and the country. Not long afterward a dull, regularly repeated sound came out of Lincoln's room through its half-open door. I listened, listened, and became aware that this was the measured tread of the President's feet, as he walked steadily to and fro, up and down, on the farther side, beyond the Cabinet table, from wall to wall. He must have been listening to a great many weird utterances, as he walked and as he turned at the wall at either end of his ceaseless promenade.

Ten o'clock came and found me still busy with my papers, but whenever I paused to endorse one of them I could hear the tread of the feet in that other room. The sound had become such a half-heard monotony that when, just at twelve o'clock midnight, it suddenly ceased, the silence startled me into listening. I did not dare to go and look in upon him, but what a silence that was! It may have continued during many minutes. Then the silence was broken and the sound of the heavy feet began again. One o'clock came and I still had much work before me. At times Mr. Lincoln's pace quickened as if under the spur of some burst of feeling.

Two o'clock came, for I again looked at my watch, and Lincoln was walking still. It was a vigil with God and with the future, and a long wrestle with disaster and, it may be, with himself — for he was weary of delays and sore with defeats. It was almost three o'clock when my own long task was done and I arose to go, but I did not so much as peer through the narrow opening of the President's doorway. It would have been a kind of profanity. At the top of the stairway, however, I paused and listened before going down, and the last sound that I heard and that seemed to go out of the house with me was the sentry-like tread with which the President was marching on into the coming day.

I went home weary enough, but did not go to bed. I remember taking a bath and then a breakfast at Gautier's restaurant on the avenue. My table was still heavily loaded and I knew fresh duties were at hand. It was therefore not yet eight o'clock when I was once more at the White House, letting myself in with my latchkey. It was a bright sunlit morning, without a cloud in the sky.

On reaching the second floor I saw the President's door wide open and looked in. There he sat, near the end of the Cabinet table, with a breakfast before him. Just beyond the cup of coffee at his right lay a sheet of foolscap paper, covered with fresh writing in his own hand. They were the orders under which General Meade shortly took Hooker's place and marched on to Gettysburg. That long night vigil and combat had been a victory, for he turned to me with a bright and smiling face and talked with me as cheerfully as if he had not been up all night in that room, face to face with — Chancellorsville.

BARRACOMB

BY WILFRID GIBSON

In the dead man's bed I lay
Longing for the break of day
Light enough for me to rise
And feast the first time eager eyes
On the pastures broad and fair
That had fallen to my share
As my uncle's only heir.

Last night in the wintry gloam
I had come to Barracomb:
Never in my life before
Had I opened the front door,
Never crossed the threshold-stone —
I who had n't even known
The old man who 'd lived alone

Reckless of his kin till death
Laid him low and choked his breath,
Forcing him to let his lands
Pass into a stranger's hands,
Forcing him to leave his home
High on windy Barracomb
For a lodging in the loam.

In the wide and creaky bed
All night long I 'd tossed, my head
Filled with plans of all I 'd do
Now good fortune had come true
And the wealth he 'd held so fast
In his miser grip at last
Into better hands had passed.

When as I lay there wide-eyed
Someone seemed to quit my side,
Though all night alone I 'd lain,
And against the windowpane
Stood a ghostly form and gray
Peering out across the brae
For the first chill glint of day.

Stark with dread I lay astare
Watching that strange shadow there,
Dark against the kindling sky,
And my blood ran cold as I
Wondered if that shape might be
The ghost of old John Heatherly
Or my own fetch awaiting me.

AN ENGINEER TALKS ON MEDICINE

BY ARTHUR B. GREEN

I

EVEN a casual survey of the broad field of healing will turn up the most divergent doctrines as to disease, cure, and health. They divide practitioners into schools, mutually exclusive, more or less competitive, about as receptive each of another's philosophy as rival political parties. In fact, the more powerful of them have their political aspects quite as marked as their scientific. In discussing the subject almost everybody, professional as well as lay, stresses what he or she 'believes,' or what his or her 'view' happens to be. Medical wisdom has a nebulous fringe. Now is that not a hard pass for the layman? Charged with preserving whatever he may have of health and perhaps improving it, he is faced sooner or later with the practical task of deciding what advice and assistance to select. How is he to choose?

A bashful swain in a bevy of girls has no more difficult or delicate selection to make, nor is he more likely to be booed.

Modesty stands much in the way. Few indeed have been the professors of medicine who have suggested at all audibly that there may be understandable laws at the bottom of the science, as there are laws underlying most fields of exact knowledge. It is not that medicine has lacked a most fascinating publicity. On the contrary, it occupies a generous share of type space; but the conclusion most readily drawn from the public print would be that, rather than any laws of general application, there are separate laws for separate ailments, or at any rate for separate groups of diseases, and that successful practice is too mystical, too involved, too confused and technical for a mere layman to grasp. People thus dazzled find interesting and ingenious ways of avoiding the need of thought and yet making a choice that they can accept. Some gravitate to the most prominent physician in town, gauging therapeutic success by size of practice and invoicing-ability. Business men of ample spoils, deeming themselves good buyers, want their doctors in Packards. The more doctrinaire take up with one or another of the 'systems,' fasten themselves to it offensively and defensively, much as they would join a church, and patronize those physicians who profess the chosen articles of faith. They place the emphasis less on circumstance and more on denomination. A taste for precision inclines some people of means to specialists. If by precedent or by comparing notes with neighbors they persuade themselves to a fair certainty what part of their being is at the time deranged, they may take upon themselves the responsibility of selecting which specialist to consult. On the other hand, if discretion is held above courage they may employ the family physician to make the preliminary survey and to guess more expertly to what address they should be referred, saving in that way unnecessary examinations

of parts not rightfully under suspicion.

To choose with thought, however, and even to discover simple principles in medicine, is not unreasonably hard for the layman if he discounts at the outset the uncomfortable feeling that he may be in that respect odd and lonely. Going candidly at it, he will soon make an enlightening discovery. He will find all thought and action in the practice of healing divided into two great parts. One embraces the vast majority of the profession and the laity, and devotes itself to isolated diseases; the other embraces but a very few, and deals with disease-tendencies and constitutional remedy. On one side he has found all the confusion, and on the other a few simple principles he can really understand.

This division occurred about one hundred years ago, as a result of Hahnemann's work. He had based all of his conclusions on experiment, thorough and systematic, covering an arduous lifetime, working along independent lines and carrying them to their end. He more than anyone else had deduced laws. He was therefore reviled by the established profession. His work was distorted and misunderstood even by well-meaning would-be disciples.

What characterizes this odd philosophy? In what principal ways does it depart from usual traditional or common thought?

In the first place, Homœopathy has a different objective. It is quite satisfactory to almost any ordinary physician if he succeeds in causing the symptoms of the ailment to disappear. Any means may be justified that has that result. A cancer may be carved off. After that, whatever there may be for the patient to complain of, certainly he no longer suffers from cancer, for there is no cancer. Suppose the cancer occurs at some point — say on an important internal organ — where it cannot be cut off, because that would kill or seriously injure the patient. Two other courses are still open: a delicate operation to remove the organ, eliminate the cancer, and replace the organ with all necessary connections, — perhaps to substitute a fresh part from another individual, — or a cancer-destroying agent applied at the spot. New agents are discovered every few months. X-ray, ultra-violet light, and radium have been numbered among them. And related to these in purpose, but different in technique, are the many attempts to isolate a serum or virus such that, when properly injected into the blood, it will terminate the bacterial action that characterizes cancer. Whole institutions with large endowment, elaborate equipment, and amazing laboratory methods are devoted to the quest for still other and better ways of 'attacking' this one disease.

All this is based on the idea that cancer is a local affection and that, aside from the cancer itself, all the remainder of the patient is well. Whatever the disease, the usual examination goes no further than that; it stops at the boundary of the affected parts and includes nothing that went before.

Consider the matter from the other end. People confess that they are sick. If you sit down with one of them and make note of everything he tells you, you will cover page after page with notes and by looking into his face you will see that he is sick. He may drift from one doctor to another, be examined from top to toe, and every examination and every test may turn out negative, and in that case he would be pronounced sound. Allow him to go unaided, even though he recover some of his lost powers for a time, nevertheless he becomes sick so that any doctor would recognize it finally. When in later years such a person shows cancer

of some sort, tuberculosis, fatty degeneration of the liver, some form of Bright's disease, or whatever it may be, can we excuse the physician who said in the first instance that he was not sick? The doctor was blind to everything that was not ponderable, that he could not sense with his own eye, and he passed over the sensations that the patient wanted to tell him about. He considered only a part of his case.

Again, if the case is presented after the disease has run to ultimation in morbid tissue, and the doctor can see by his own independent senses that something is wrong, he then gathers only an unimportant part of the facts if he neglects what went on before — precisely the kind of things, the very manner of suffering, that would have been his surest guide to treatment years before, had he known how to make use of it. That is the error of the doctor who treats cancer merely as cancer.

These elaborate institutions for cancer research are beside the mark. What they ought to be studying is not cancer, but patients who have cancer, together with patients who are going to have cancer if they are not cured now.

It is characteristic of Homœopathy that disease-tendencies are divined and treated rather than diseases themselves. The significance of ailments is in relation to the tendencies that they betray. If the specific maladies are attacked separately the patient is not improved, — he may easily be made seriously worse, — even though the troubles that describe the disease are terminated. It is invariably true that when some deep-seated pathology is presented, such as a case of cancer, the patient's peculiarities that went before were less serious and easier to treat.

Attacking a specific symptom or special disease separately, aiming to eradicate it without reference to the patient as a whole, results in one of two ways. First and least harmful is palliation. A sore throat is palliated by a hot pack. A headache is palliated by soaking the feet in hot water. Such devices establish no reason why the pain should not return. The patient is eased, but not cured. Now the second is a more dangerous way of getting rid of symptoms — suppression. Surgical removal of the cancer is a case in point. Driving away eczema by external lotions is another. Suppression closes off the avenue of discharge taken by the disorder. If the eruption is regarded as the entity to be treated in eczema, and if it is suppressed from outside, it may never return as eczema, but sooner or later it will return — very likely as Bright's disease.

Much modern therapy takes this blundering course, driving the patient from a comparatively light malady to a deeper and more difficult one, and we wonder why it is that, along with the increasing power of modern specifics, there is also an increase in the deepest disorders of body and brain, which end in death or public asylum. We wonder at the frequent stories in the paper telling of the sudden ending of a vigorous invaluable career in a shock, a general breakdown, a sudden, complicated dissolution, somewhere between fifty-five and sixty-five years of age; and the answer almost always is local suppression, cumulative through life, and practised by the choice of the profession. This is not altogether to be laid at the physician's door. We get in doctors' services, as in other services, about what we demand, and so we pay for our thoughtlessness.

II

Though almost any physician is quite content with any means that will rid the patient of disease symptoms,

Homœopathy, as I have suggested, knows three ways in which that can be done: palliation, suppression, — one futile and the other desperately harmful, — and cure. What is cure? Cure rids the patient not only of his disease symptoms but also of his disease-tendencies; renders him less likely to be sick; places him at a higher level of health than he has known before. To cure in this sense is the full mission of the doctor.

How then is cure to be recognized, if not by the disappearance of the symptoms?

Cure follows out a definite law. This law, like Newton's law of motion, is commonly stated in two parts, though it is one law. First, cure proceeds from within outward. 'Complaints of the heart and chest and head must in recovery be accompanied by manifestations upon the surface, in the extremities, upon the skin, nails, and hair. Hence you will find that these parts become diseased when patients are getting well. . . . In cases of rheumatism of the heart you find, if the patient is recovering, that his knees become rheumatic; and he may say, "Doctor, I could walk all over this house when you first came to me, but now I cannot walk, my joints are so swollen." That means recovery.' Thus the late Doctor Kent of Chicago to his pupils twenty-five years ago. Cure proceeds from more important to less important parts of the economy, and thence permanently away.

Secondly, cure retraces in inverse order the coming of the malady. A woman of middle age was about to go to the operating-table in a famed Eastern hospital, near death from cancer. Surgeons prescribed operation, but said at the same time that she could not survive the shock. It happened that a sister knew of a true Homœopathist and determined to try him. He examined into the history of the case, as well as into the cancer, and found out what had gone before. She had suffered agonies of another sort months earlier, had been treated locally, and supposed she had been cured. This former malady was brought back to her and it in turn cured, and she lived to advanced age in good health and activity.

Homœopathy stands alone in medicine in results aimed at, in facts taken account of when examining a case, in conception, and in method. It stands alone also in that there are laws — definite, simple, understandable — that always apply and always, when applied, work.

But someone says: 'You have n't been describing the Homœopathy I have heard about. You have n't mentioned the infinitesimal dose.'

The handling of infinitesimals is part of Homœopathy. So also is the law of similars, from which it gets its name. But these belong to the therapeutics, while we are talking of the philosophy. When you know the laws you can employ potentized remedies. If you do not know the laws, potentized remedies mean nothing to you and you can accomplish next to nothing with them. Potentizing empowers medicines. That is a matter of experiment. When you have found the basis of a prescription according to the laws, remedies potentized and used in the right potency do the quickest and most permanent work.

Notice, if you will, how much more comprehensive is the study of the case in Homœopathy; and yet there is no such thing as diagnosis. The peculiarities of the patient that guide to the remedy are not those that identify the disease. The patient is considered as a whole, and treated not on the diagnostic manifestations, but on the totality of symptoms. When all the symptoms, those belonging to the patient and those belonging to the specific disease,

— if there is a specific disease, — have disappeared from within outward and in the inverse order of their coming, then there has been a cure.

So much for theory. The fact is that this philosophy has penetrated traditional medicine not at all. It could not penetrate. It would have to upset, wreck, demolish. Too many physicians are dogmatists, and too many laymen like that sort of physician. The traditionalists, called regulars, meet in convention, compare notes, relate their experiences, recount their laboratory discoveries, air their differences, and settle by consensus of opinion what shall be the approved practice. The following year, their experience having changed, they vote out the old practice and vote in a new one. Every disease is a separate problem. New diseases have a special fascination. New diseases, like influenza, catch them unprepared. They have little to offer to those armies of people who suffer but who have no disease that can be named. Traditional medicine is no nearer to law now than it was two centuries ago, though its practice has been shifting.

III

When Homœopathy came into the field traditional medicine was in a bad way. It used drugs in big doses. They were ill fitted to the maladies at which they were aimed. They brought on gross overeffects, and drug afflictions became as common and as dangerous as the more natural sicknesses. Public and profession were deserting the faith and casting about for something better. The thought was growing that, as Doctor Holmes later expressed it, the world would have been the gainer if all the drugs that people had consumed had been sunk in the sea.

Homœopathy seemed to offer a way to use drugs in very small doses and thus encourage the old school to abandon their gross drugging. This influence, superficial as it was, was still under way when the work of Pasteur came on the field. Here, it seemed, would be a possible escape from drugs altogether, by substituting preparations containing microörganisms nicely fitted to the diseases because derived from them. In the temper of medicine at that time, this was seized upon and elaborated as no other innovation has ever been seized by the established school. It was confidently expected to furnish a specific for each and every human ailment, and to establish the origin of each at some point outside the human economy, where it could be located, attacked, and routed. Entrenched practice had laughed at infinitesimals, but here was an opportunity to reach infinitesimals by making them seen, by bringing them to light. This was real progress. Besides, were not preparations similar in nature to the infecting agents to be used as cures, and would that not embrace all there could be in the law of similars?

Not all the influence of these two major developments was felt inside the traditionalist camp. Going a bit further than old-school men, but still failing to comprehend the philosophy, a new school grew up, called by the name 'Homœopathy.' These men made some study of Hahnemann's work, used the laws sometimes when cases were light, and got some characteristic successes in that way; but in desperate circumstances they resorted to the same palliatives, stimulants, and suppressives that characterized the older school. They thus took up in a limited way with some of the practices, but did not absorb the reasons. They were superficial, and presented a wavering front.

With the advent of bacteriology as a factor in old-school practice, bearing a

ghastly resemblance to Homœopathy, but dealing nevertheless with diseases and not with patients, it is little wonder that these half-breed Homœopathists were disconcerted. They were on no firmer ground scientifically than their elder brothers. They were no less exponents of empiricism. Most of their thunder had been stolen. They flocked to serum therapy with quite as much zest as anybody. They lost their distinction as to method, and had never had any as to principle. Out of the jumble there could be ultimately no other issue than submergence.

So one hears everywhere that Homœopathy is a dead issue. The great schools and hospitals that used to bear the name have closed or have been handed over to the dominant practice. Scarcely a single medical college of first rank that was teaching at the opening of this century what passed generally as Homœopathy has survived. The once powerful flourishing American Institute has fear and confesses it. Once reared as a menace to the entrenched medicine of its day, once the butt of the medical jibe and the victim of professional slight, scorn, persecution, this ill-founded mongrel empiricism is now passing out of sight by a process like that which one of our Presidents described as 'benevolent assimilation.'

Thus draws to a close an important epoch in the history of medicine. If the dominant school swells with pride in a well-earned victory, it is entitled to do it. But the blessing of it is that the air is becoming clearer. One confusion is blending itself with another, naturally enough, and it leaves standing in a less beclouded light the simple truths that are the laws of medicine. Homœopathy itself is being rid of travesty, sophistry, and plausible misrepresentation. Homœopathy is not going down, but has come to the morning of a new day.

FEAR

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

I

ONCE I saw thirty young men face for several hours the prospect of death at sea. With one exception they gave no sign of fear. Nothing but a shade more smiling and exchange of jokes than was natural in a chill blast and an angry sea would have told the fact that the disabled scout-patrol boat would probably never reach port. One Naval Reservist, however, feared most pitiably. His eyes stared restlessly out of a yellow, twitching face; his pale lips moved mechanically in idle questions and still more futile suggestions. More gently bred than most of his mates, he was also morally the superior of most of them. This they knew; they looked at his distress without scorn and with an entirely friendly pity. I suppose they dimly perceived that it was a doom for which he was in no way responsible, and felt the irony of a patriotism that had cast him into a service in which ordinary courage was simply in the

day's work. Simple men — as I was constantly to learn in the Navy — often have the most extraordinarily delicate and just intuitions of personal crises. What they sorrowed for in a loyal mate who was born to fear they would have mocked at in a calm-sea braggart.

Since M—— happened to be the only physical coward I had ever studied in danger, and since I knew that he had in full measure all the finer moral qualities that are supposed to make for courage, I naturally pondered his case. The trouble I can only surmise. Water of any sort spoke peril to him. He feared as much in a benign day of drifting under blue skies as he did in those rare moments when the safety of the scout patrol hung by the hair of a spark plug or a steering pinion. His life on a patrol, which for most of us was ordinarily a recreation, must have been a hell, and no man less deserved it. I could only suppose that we had to do with some profound lesion in childhood, some fright at the seaside or even in the baby's bath, that had scarred and warped his consciousness for life. Perhaps a psychoanalyst could have located the fount of his fear, but the war was too short for such studies and cures. We could only hope that the capricious special providence which sat up aloft at Newport would put our friend ashore. I suppose he was a classical instance of what we loosely call the physical coward: that his malady was akin to that unreasoning dread of pointed things, of enclosed spaces, of certain animals, even of certain odors, which has afflicted many an equally gifted person.

II

That kind of fear is not my subject. I am thinking rather of that rare fear which falls on an ordinarily brave person; and I am considering no ordinary or passing qualm, but that terror which clutches the throat and loosens the knees, exudes in cold sweat, and, while it lasts, disables abjectly the physical and moral man. I have felt it a few times, as I suppose everyone has felt it. The occasion was generally the slightest. I have feared most horribly when I was really in no danger. In every case it was panic before the unknown, generally before an unknown which thrust itself upon me before mental preparation could be made and the unknownness thus diminished. Perhaps this is the fear of the normal man and, if so, animals and savages must suffer terribly from it, for the unknown bulks large in their lives, and their memories are short. Probably the demon-worship so common among savages arises from the need of exteriorizing their fears. Your demon, however appalling, is at least a fixed and calculable thing. Even to an orthodox soul, Satan moving up and down the earth and seeking what he may devour is more endurable than is the unexpected touching of a big cool fungus in a forest stroll after nightfall.

In any case, my own abject fears have always been occasioned by the unknown, and generally by an unknown that proclaimed itself with instantaneous suddenness. My boyhood fears grew out of my reading. Being a good reader of the 'Frank' books, — I wonder if that exemplary boy-hero still delights boyhood, — whenever I passed dark doorways on my way to bed I imagined the Indians would leap out at me, and there was a distinct prickling sensation under my tow-colored scalp-lock. But this was rather a flirtation with the idea of fear than fear itself, for I only half believed that the Indians had really crept up from peaceful South Street to our third story.

But it was real fear when I visited

my grandparents in the Connecticut Valley, and the lightning cracked about the house and the thunder growled and boomed endlessly between the hills. I shut it out by cowering under the bedclothes, and trembled long after it had passed. It was not the quite common nervous fear of electrical storms, — for I have since headed my tiny yawl into thunder squalls without fear, — but the fear of an angry God and an imminent Day of Judgment. I can hardly recall a time when I had not read the Book of the Revelation, the gorgeous imagery of which has always captured my imagination; and our pastor had incessantly preached that the day of wrath was at hand. So when the lightning was let loose there came vivid if confused images of sinister horsemen in the sky, and the unstopping of awful vials, and the bass prelude of the thunder, hushed only to bring expectancy of the trumpet blast, and my small and unworthy self standing among the newly risen and uncanny dead, to answer for my sins before an all-knowing and inexorable God.

I had deeply sinned, notably against the Commandments concerning honoring parents, false witness, and stealing. I had chewed forbidden green apples, carefully ejecting the pomace in order that I might say I had not eaten them. I had stolen from the pantry incalculable quantities of brown sugar — now, I fear, an unknown dainty to childhood — and raisins. Once, in the cellar of a building under construction, I had stripped myself and wallowed deliciously in the clean sand-pile. Although this was not a specifically forbidden indulgence, for even parents cannot foresee every working of original sin in a child, this indecent episode actually troubled me most. It seemed a hard thing to avow before the last tribunal, and calculated to add to the weight of guilt the almost worse sting of ridicule.

I suppose I suffered more from fear in those otherwise happy summers in Connecticut than many people do in a lifetime. The panic gradually abated as I saw that after many thunderstorms the last trump had never blown, while, as I began to guess that our pastor's confidence that the Last Day was imminent would not be borne out by events, his other preaching encouraged me to hope that although God had been notoriously difficult in the matter of apples He might be indulgent as to brown sugar, raisins, and sand-piles. So the old fear wore off and, perhaps because there had been so much of it, I have no sure recollection of being deeply affrighted again until I was in the thirties. Meanwhile I had traveled fearlessly through a cholera epidemic, the risk, such as it was, being entirely calculable.

III

Next, fear came to me in the most ridiculous and preposterous of guises — panic fear over nothing. All day long I had been whipping the oceanic eddies below the Grande Décharge for ouananiche. Evening fell, and my two Indian guides, knowing the difficulty of taking the canoe up the portage in the dusk, had gone ahead, cautioning me not to lose the trail. It was a question of half a mile uphill by a well-beaten path, and I trod it without thought, only to find myself suddenly on a broad logging-road which I had never seen before. A moment's reflection would have told me that the road must lead away from the landing-place; that my guides must be within earshot and would answer a call. At worst I had merely the prospect of a bivouac on the island; many a time I had camped under worse conditions — nothing to

fear but blackflies; matches to fight them and to cook the ouananiche in my creel. As getting lost in the woods goes, I was in the most auspicious case possible, even if my guides should not find me till morning.

None of these perfectly obvious reflections were actually made, though I had made them profitably in many a similar emergency. A sense of being hopelessly lost and a mad desire for escape overcame me. I began to sprint along the logging-road as I was headed until sheer breathlessness and the great gray stretch of Lake St. John, quiet in the twilight, checked my foolish flight. Then I sat down, thought out what had happened, and retraced with care the steps I had taken in panic haste. In a few minutes the halloos of the guides answered my own.

This kind of fear is common enough, and it has driven to unnecessary death many a novice in forest and mountain. It was only odd that it befell one with a woodsman's experience. It was the suddenness with which the sense of being lost confronted me that was my moral undoing. My frightened muscles worked before my mind could grasp a very simple situation.

Next comes to mind a relief ship off Messina in earthquake time, and a sullen rainy evening. For two days we had lived in increasing filth and disorder, so that the devastation of the ruins and the spectacle of the maimed and the dead being impartially extracted from the rubbish heap that Messina was become had been almost a relief. Having amazing news and being unable to get away, we newspaper men were chafing until we hated each other and, I fear, even the wounded, who both littered up our ship and delayed its sailing. Every day there had been little shocks and crashing-down of creviced walls that still stood. Suddenly there was a great explosion, far heavier and more palpable than the minor shakings and mutterings to which our ears and nerves were accustomed. Dead silence on the erstwhile clamorous deck of the crowded ship; wailing from the refugees, camped on the shattered quay. I trembled as I waited for the tidal wave to break the ship on the stone quay, and when the wave delayed I rushed to my stateroom and turned my chattering teeth to the wall.

Nothing had happened but the bursting of the boiler in the ship alongside. It was too sudden to be borne. Probably if a meteorologist had told me that another earthquake would destroy us all within a minute I should have met the event like a brave man. At least I hope so.

IV

Evidently mental preparation is of the essence of all courage. We do what we have willed to do in advance, and the more vividly we have anticipated peril in imagination the more manfully shall we face it when it comes. The Navy, a service where minor peril is in the day's work, does well to prepare its men; it beats into every beginner the duty of keeping still in danger and waiting for orders, and that of keeping quiet and not moving about even if no orders come. It is the first move that counts for panic. A man who stands firmly on both feet in time of danger, and keeps his mouth shut, will always be sufficiently brave. Such is the faith of the Navy, and it works in practice — witness the drill of the sinking Camperdown and many a less spectacular instance.

I saw how this worked when the fire ran over the oily water where twenty patrol boats were at dock. It caught on the painted sides of two submarine-chasers, roared up the gulf between

them, crackled up the canvased sides of their deck-houses, and licked twenty feet in the air on their flagpoles and radio-stretchers. But all this was merely spectacular; what really counted was that it also gnawed at the thin wooden boxes containing the fourteen-pound shells. The molasses-like trickle of melting trinitrotoluol from the heated depth-bombs was unpleasing to the eye, but otherwise negligible. What really counted was the first fourteen-pounder shell. If it detonated, so would all the depth-bombs, and our little fleet would be blown to an ooze indistinguishable from the habitual slime of our basin. This we all knew — some five hundred half-trained men on twenty little scout-patrol boats. The situation was entirely calculable and well understood. Three quarters of an inch of canvased pine — three or four minutes — a certain number of gallons of water — stood between us and the most complete annihilation conceivable.

A dash for the land would have given an off chance of survival. Nobody thought of it, or if he did he promptly repressed the thought. All simply waited in stillness and reckoned the event. For a few seconds my muscles carried me behind the triced-up grating of the gangway. My muscles mistook it for a protection. My mind smiled at the folly and took me to the after six-pounder, to be blown up where I belonged, at my station. That was everybody's thought. Meanwhile I had none of the proper feelings, did n't recall my loved ones, nor yet did my life unroll itself before me like a scroll. I merely kept my eye on the fire, as it throve on the ammunition boxes thirty feet across the pier. Would the first shell start? Just a dull curiosity, as if the event, while of general interest, hardly concerned myself. As I looked up and down the fleet, the picture was everywhere the same: quiet men, standing still and wondering. The *Bluejacket's Manual* plainly had wrought its perfect work in us all, and though our taking off would have lacked the superb 'swank' of the Camperdown it would have been entirely 'seagoing,' and that is all that can be expected of landsmen in little patrol-boats.

Naturally I took a proper pride in a steadiness which had been tried by fire; but I was soon to learn that there was no precaution that really worked with the old enemy Surprise, if he could catch you without time to think.

V

This essay ends, as it began, on a scout-patrol boat, but differently, for it concerns a fear where no danger was involved — merely the worst fear, that of the too-sudden unknown. S. P. 227 had just come in from four days of convoy escort and patrol, when orders came to meet a British ship with a precious cargo off Barnegat, at seven next morning, and escort her to New York. We were caught with empty bunkers and half a crew. I put in the coal when I had expected to make up lost sleep, and at one o'clock I had my stern toward Ambrose Lightship and was pointing southward against the new and ugly short chop of a southerly half-gale. Suddenly our call letter flashed urgently, north of the lightship. I ignored it, for the time was short to our morning rendezvous off Barnegat whistling buoy. But the signal flashed so incessantly that I woke the captain, who with an oath of disgust ordered me to turn back. At the place whence the signal had come there was nothing — just blackness, confusion of waters, and uncomfortable proximity of lightless monsters stealing into the harbor. The mystery — a simple one, merely a fellow S. P. tired of waiting — was

disquieting at the moment, and I turned the ship toward Barnegat in a restless and querying mood.

At that moment of uncertainty there rose far up the bay, directly over New York, an incredible column of rosy light. It climbed swiftly and intact thousands of feet into the air and spread into an incandescent rose. Followed, before the mind grasped the spectacle, a concussion which shook me to the marrow.

I had felt the like from Capri when Vesuvius was in full eruption. But this was unexplained and inexplicable. The imagination made wild work of it: an infernal plot! New York destroyed! My knees knocked together. I tottered on the dancing-bridge and clutched the rail for support, while I trembled and the chill crept through my greatcoat and oilskins. Perhaps it was not long, but it seemed long to the moment when I pulled myself together, recalled that, whatever had happened to New York, I had a course to steer and a ship to meet. When the coppery face of the bo's'n appeared over the rail and told me the hold was dry, that was reassuring. I became once more an officer, and for the rest of a wild night the wonders in sight and sound of the exploding powder-works at Perth Amboy, while still unexplained, became no longer terrifying, but merely an unexpectedly romantic decoration for an uncommonly arduous bit of routine duty.

I am no psychologist, and have no mind to analyze these personal experiences of fear. Sufficient if I have suggested that the worst fears are those of imagination, and that we suffer most when there is nothing to fear at all. Possibly one might conclude that a well-trained person would never suffer disabling fear if he fully understood whatever emergency might arise, or if he had time to adjust himself to it even without understanding it. But the usually patient vassals of the rational self have their sway in certain shocks. Their animal quickness outruns the surer mental processes of their master, and from time to time they assert transiently their primal rule.

Perfect love is said to put away fear, and, theoretically, perfect knowledge ought to do so. Practically, the more we know, whether through experience or imagination, the less we shall fear. And the hope of the race seems to lie in such an increase in knowledge as will check and shorten those panics in which a man or a mob may either tremble impotently or turn and rend others as fear turns to fury. But since our knowledge is never complete, and the silent vassals never sleep, there will probably be no time when a man can be quite sure of standing or dying, a gentleman, unafraid.

PLANTS AND POLICIES[1]

BY STEPHEN F. HAMBLIN

I

PEOPLE who hear by chance the word 'quarantine' applied to plants are apt to call to mind the tragic fate of chestnut trees in America, the ravages of the white-pine blister, ruined farm-crops, or the disease of a favorite garden-plant; and they say: —

'Quite right: it's time the Government did something.'

That the Government should do something is doubtless quite right; and among those aware of the situation approval was general in 1912 when an Act of Congress authorized the Secretary of Agriculture to appoint a Federal Horticultural Board, consisting of officials of certain bureaus in the Department, to deal with the problem of protecting the country from the further introduction of insect pests and diseases.

Under the leadership of an entomologist who is still chairman of the Board, it proceeded to place restrictions on the importations of various plants, for many of those coming from foreign countries are said to have been responsible for the introduction of harmful insects and the spread of diseases. Today, while the principle of a quarantine is still upheld, and coöperation with the Department of Agriculture is strongly desired, dissatisfaction with the administration of the Board prevails in many quarters.

The particular action which aroused opposition was the promulgation and execution of Quarantine Order No. 37 in the year 1919. Under this order the Board enforces restrictions which amount to an embargo by 'permitting, under permit' only, the limited and controlled entry of certain classes of plants and making a general exclusion of others.

The general nature of the quarantine measures is shown by the agitation caused in quarters whose interests are apparently totally unrelated. The New York Fruit Exchange is now greatly concerned because Almeria grapes are to be excluded under another order known as Quarantine No. 42, in pursuance of which the Board may at any time exclude bananas from the country; and garden enthusiasts, who have suffered much through the application of Quarantine 37, are now bewailing the fact that the Board has decided to exclude all narcissus[2] bulbs after December 1925. They fear, too, that tulips and hyacinths, those noted productions of the Netherlands, may soon be shut out.

[1] This article is a symposium for which the material was collected and prepared by Stephen F. Hamblin, Director of the Harvard Botanic Garden, and Ann Alderton. The compilers wish to express thanks for their valuable assistance to those authorities quoted in the text, to Mr. John C. Wister (of the American Iris Society and the American Rose Society), and to other experts who have been consulted on the subject.

[2] The term 'narcissus' includes all daffodils. Chionodoxas, fritillarias, grape hyacinths, ixias, scillas, snowdrops, and winter aconites will also be excluded.

In some ways the effect of this quarantine is worse than that of a tariff, for, whether popular or unpopular, an embargo can be legally imposed only by an Act of Congress, when it is openly recognized for what it is, and the necessary executive work is supposedly organized on a proportional scale. The Federal Horticultural Board claims that the tariff aspect of its regulations is merely incidental: thus there is no public or official recognition of Quarantine 37 as an embargo, and the Board itself deplores the lack of facilities for dealing with the vast quantities of material which it insists on handling. Moreover, the members of the Board are the sole arbiters in the issuing of permits, and from the ease with which some people obtain permits, and the difficulties encountered by others, it appears that the elements of a secret proscription list are added to the restrictive nature of a measure that is a tariff in all but name.

Between the year 1912, when the Act of Congress was passed, and the year 1919, when Quarantine Order No. 37 was promulgated, thirty-six separate quarantines were instituted, none of which met with any serious opposition. In order to discuss Quarantine 37, however, a conference of scientific and amateur horticulturalists was held in New York in June 1920, at which there were present representatives from the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University, the Horticultural Societies of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin, the Garden Club of America, the American Rose Society, the Woman's Farm and Garden Association, and many other organizations; and by authority of this representative assembly a Committee on Horticultural Quarantine was formed. The conference, while fully agreeing as to the importance of strict quarantine measures, opposed unnecessary and wholesale plant-exclusion. Yet, in spite of many efforts to persuade the Board to mitigate the severity of its restrictions, the chairman of the Committee, Mr. J. Horace McFarland, has still occasion to speak of Quarantine 37 as 'probably the most unsettling and autocratic action ever taken by the American Government outside a declaration of war.' Professor Charles Sprague Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum expresses doubt that the Board will modify its regulations, and writes of them: —

'Most of them are very unnecessary and unreasonable, and it is not quite clear what induced the Board to make and enforce such regulations. Certainly it is not for the interests of this country.'

Although the Federal Horticultural Board claims that the tariff aspect is incidental, it protests that no secret has been made of its expanding policy of general exclusion. In April 1919 *Landscape Architecture* published almost in full the reply of the Secretary of Agriculture to Mr. Winfred Rolker of the New York Florists Club's Protesting Committee. The letter — which deals, among other protests, with objections to the 'surprise nature' and the 'legality of the quarantine' — contained an allusion to an inquiry sent by the Federal Horticultural Board in 1918 to the Bureau of Plant Industry concerning the advisability of debarring importations of 'all ornamentals and other plants with soil about the roots, and the exclusion of all kinds of nursery stock from Asia, Africa, and other little-known localities.' The report of the Bureau stated that 'the time seemed to be at hand for the inauguration of a policy that would gradually result in the exclusion of all foreign nursery and florist's stock'; and the Federal Horticultural Board considered that, though entire exclusion

would be 'unwise' at that time, 'complete safety' could be obtained only by the debarring of all plants and plant products, and that by shutting out ornamental stock and seedlings the Department had taken a 'definite step toward absolute safety.'

Such arguments might, perhaps, have been more acceptable some hundred years ago, when by refusing to take an active part in the world's affairs America could become inconspicuous to her nearest neighbors. To-day her relations with foreign countries, whether negative or affirmative, are a policy — an individual as large as America cannot live in a crowded room as small as the world without contact. Translated into national terms, the result of such contact is expressed in her laws, the matter and the manner of whose expression must reveal her as a nation of the world, inherently cosmopolitan, or as a provincial unwilling to comprehend the necessity for social intercourse; and it is a self-betrayal, in the making of a law, to dismiss as 'little-known localities' the seats of two of the oldest known civilizations of the world. Moreover, if such a policy had been enforced a hundred years ago, America would lack at the present day more than half the plants that make her gardens beautiful, and more than half the fruits, grains, and other economic plants that make her horticulture profitable and advantageous.

II

Notwithstanding the protests against the present régime, no one has sought to underestimate the menace to horticulture, agriculture, or forestry through exposure to infection or parasites. The opponents, who have themselves suffered losses through the ravages of pests and disease, do not advocate a policy of foolhardiness; they contend, however, not only that some risks are worth taking, but that these risks are imposed by the very forces of life, and that the attempt to evade them by a complicated system of protective measures may result in spiritual and material losses greater than the fulfillment of the menace. With this view they advocate the enforcement of a severe and intelligent quarantine applied on the principle of excluding plants when previous investigation at the points of foreign shipment has proved them to be a source of danger. This plea, however, has been refused on the grounds that 'there are many instances of disease and pests which are not discernible by any practical method yet known.' Yet by the institution of sweeping restrictive measures, coupled with a permit system, the Board has merely centralized the control of inspection without abolishing the practice; and in the foreword of a Government publication it is stated that in the record of interceptions by officials omission is made of many interceptions of insects and plant diseases not *considered* injurious to the plant cultures of this country.

Nobody would wish to deny that the employees of the Board have caught a certain number of insects. It is possible that some damage to crops may have been prevented. But an exclusion policy is at best a negative remedy, and if ineffectual the good has been rejected and the evil admitted. The insects, moreover, have had three hundred years' handicap; some of them, after lying low for a period, have chosen this precise juncture to become obstreperous, and it is possible that on their account many precautions are being taken to keep out what has already entered.

This view of the matter is confirmed by the report of an expert who was asked to comment on a list published

by the Government concerning the work of the Federal Horticultural Board. The report contains a list of forty-five pages enumerating insects and diseases said to have been intercepted. Its contents, however, are somewhat misleading to those without a knowledge of entomology, for one third to one half of the insects named are well-known American species already established and distributed in this country. Consequently a great deal of time, money, and energy is, to all appearances, being expended on the interception of such common pests as the codlin moth, the San José scale, the cotton boll-weevil, the potato tuber moth, the corn earworm, the common mealy bug, and many others.

It is doubtful whether quarantines can be more than a delay; and it is possible that within a short time the ever-growing pile of regulations, both in Washington and in the various states, will create so much public dissatisfaction that the whole system will collapse and leave the country in a worse condition than if no quarantine had ever been imposed. To guard against such a state of affairs the attitude toward this question should be one of the greatest possible sanity and common-sense.[3]

As long as commerce exists, plant insects and diseases will travel from country to country; and if they do not come in on plants they will come in on ballast, ropes, clothing, lumber, or other material, just as the corn-borer smuggled himself in on bales of hemp. No quarantine ever devised will check indefinitely the transmission of diseases from contiguous countries; neither will it seriously impede insects from moving across the Canadian and Mexican borders, borne on their wings or on the wind. State authorities, whose exclusion policy is similar, cannot prevent winged insects from flying across the state borders; yet, to effect exclusion, automobiles are held up along the road, and people compelled to throw away their flowers or their sweet corn. It seems almost as impractical to tilt at aphids in this fashion as to enter into single combat with windmills.

[3] Because of this complexity and confusion of regulations in the several states, the Federal Horticultural Board found it necessary to call a conference which met in Washington, December 30, 1924, to discuss certain state quarantines that threatened to defy the Federal authority. It was with much difficulty that the entomological authorities of Florida, Georgia, and neighboring states were persuaded to respect the inspection certificates of the Washington Board with regard to the harmlessness of plants shipped with soil about their roots from Northern states.

III

In considering the value of a quarantine as an expedient, and in determining the extent of exclusion methods to be adopted, it is well to remember how much can be done by control methods whose use has been made possible by the scientific investigations and research carried on by some divisions of the Department of Agriculture, and by various State Experiment stations.

At different periods in New England the canker worm, the San José scale, the elm-leaf beetle, the gypsy moth, and the brown-tailed moth were going to destroy all trees of certain kinds. All these pests have been so greatly reduced in virulence that they are now of little consequence as a menace to state or nation; and this has been brought about by the natural or the artificial propagation of parasitic or other enemies, and by intelligent methods of spraying. Unfortunately this success in control has not yet extended to finding a means of remedy for the chestnut blight.

The efficacy of control methods is further illustrated by the success of the Dutch and English nurserymen, whose

industry was at one time seriously endangered by two insect pests which attacked narcissus bulbs. Their efforts to control these pests have been so successful that last year the Dutch Bulb Experiment Station at Haarlem had difficulty in finding diseased specimens with which to continue further research work.

This example is of particular interest at the present moment, owing to the decision of the Federal Horticultural Board to exclude narcissus and other bulbs after December 31, 1925; and the peculiar way in which quarantines can work out is shown by the fact that after that date the American public will be prevented from buying these bulbs at the source where the mischief has been practically stamped out, and must turn to a source which is now infested and where the supply of bulbs is admittedly inadequate in quantity and in scope of varieties; and owing to their scarcity these inferior bulbs will be more expensive than those that are now obtainable.

It is strange to realize that, during a frenzy of so-called protective measures, diseased bulbs should have been allowed to enter the country. Yet this was permitted by the original decree in 1919. In 1923, possibly through criticism of the clause allowing their entry, the Board issued a ruling that these bulbs were dangerous. The dangers were described, but the bulbs were not immediately excluded. Three years' grace was given for American importers to bring stock into the country.

As a matter of fact, the two pests have long since been here. They have not proved serious in the colder sections, a fact admitted by the experts of the Board, but in California and the Pacific Northwest they are firmly established and flourishing. This is the source from which the Federal Horticultural Board proposes that American buyers shall obtain their bulbs after the year 1925.

This fact was officially brought to the notice of the Board, which replied by sending to the horticultural papers a statement, signed by one of its members, announcing that the Board did not care whether or not the Dutch bulbs were now clean from the pests, and that the exclusion would go into effect on December 31, 1925, regardless of the condition of the bulbs abroad.

It might be mentioned in this connection that it was one of the fears of the Board that the narcissus pests might become dangerous to onions. This notion has not gained universal support among entomologists; neither does it appear to affect the question in point, since the pests are in the country.

In addition to the fact that control methods are most desirable, as being a solution to a problem instead of a temporary evasion that is not always effectual, it is the opinion of scientific authorities that each infliction of pests and disease, though grievous in itself, enforces sanitation and remedial measures which usually combat the particular causative difficulty and at the same time add to the prosperity of the crop or plants related; and although such visitations will doubtless receive the usual welcome accorded to blessings in disguise, this aspect of the situation is not to be ignored when reviewing the problem as a whole and considering the extent to which it is necessary to sacrifice plants that are hardy and popular for the sake of a problematical scourge.[4]

[4] The Chairman of the Federal Horticultural Board in his justification for the imposition of quarantines insists, for example, that the San José scale costs America a vast sum annually. He ignores the fact that the spraying required to control the introduced pest has accomplished sanitation in orchards so effectively as to increase the quantity and improve the quality of the threatened crops.

IV

Although from the wording of Quarantine Order 37 one was led to suppose that due provision would be made for the importation of plants for scientific and educational purposes, much of this work was at one time seriously interfered with in such plant establishments as the Arnold Arboretum, the Missouri Botanical Garden, and the Botanical Gardens of Brooklyn and New York. Through the recommendations of the Committee on Horticultural Quarantine the Board has to a certain extent relaxed the rigors of the quarantine on scientific imports. It has, however, refused to grant the request of the Committee that these establishments should be permitted to receive plants without disinfection — and not infrequent destruction — on their own guaranty of inspection and protection from the spread of insects and diseases; and it is impossible to gauge the extent of the irreparable mischief caused by the 'protective measures' of the last few years.

Under Quarantine 37 all plants were to be excluded that came from foreign countries, and especially those 'from remote corners of the earth.' By 'permission under permit' exceptions were to be allowed in favor of five types of bulbs, and in favor of fruit-tree stocks and rose stocks. No pretense was made that these plants were safer than the ones excluded, but it was claimed that it was necessary for American horticulture to admit them. This at once brought criticism on account of favoritism shown toward certain classes of plants and consequently to the dealers handling them. The Federal Horticultural Board, however, has denied emphatically that it is influenced by commercial interests.

The Quarantine also made provision for the entry of 'novelties.' Further criticism ensued, because the decision of what did and what did not constitute a novelty was left entirely to the judgment of the chairman — an entomologist, not a plant specialist. He also decreed who could and who could not have permits, how many plants of a variety might be imported, and what was to be done with them for five years after importation.

At first only nurserymen were allowed to import, but such an outcry arose from amateurs that the regulations were slightly modified. Then the Board had the further task of deciding which amateurs were sufficiently distinguished to import, for it was stated that permits would not be issued to anyone for personal use, such as the 'mere adornment of private estates,' and if people were not known to the Department as 'maintaining collections of real merit' or engaged in work of 'real benefit with the plants concerned' they had to furnish 'evidence of their status.' In this connection it may be noted that the Board has been unable to place upon any amateur or upon any of the great botanical gardens the onus of having imported any plant pests. Both the San José scale and the Japanese beetle are attributed to trade importations.

The intense criticism evoked has partly modified this scorn for the amateur, and permits are now issued to people who found it impossible to obtain them a year or two ago. Nevertheless, in its publications the Board takes care to state that it will do exactly what it chooses at any time it pleases, and it has semiofficially announced its intention of going on forever.

The attitude of the Board toward those who want to adorn their estates is rather surprising when one pictures the probable effect on the appearance of the country if, even for one year,

every attempt at adornment were to be renounced as a vainglorious and unworthy pursuit. For the amateur is ultimately responsible for the appearance of the country. 'Estates,' as forming part of the landscape, are a universal possession, and the term includes not only the large enclosed areas of the prosperous, but that vast collection of tiny garden-units whose appearance can make or mar the face of the earth in any populated district. Since many suburbs and villages are far from being beautiful or even orderly, and do not make the most of their possibilities, any effort toward adornment should invite encouragement rather than derision. The recognition of this fact is evidenced by the amount of literature now published on the small garden, and by the interest taken in the subject by garden clubs and village improvement societies; and it is particularly unfortunate that a measure so general should impede or even delay a movement that might contribute much to national life or to the expression of a developing art in America.

Mr. Warren H. Manning, writing on behalf of the American Society of Landscape Architects, states that the restrictions are being extended to cover more and more plants in such ways as to make it more difficult and more expensive for landscape practitioners to carry on their work; and although he believes that all plants used in large quantities will ultimately be grown in America to compete with European prices and qualities, he states that it will be a long time before this can be brought about for all plants that are used and needed in the development of American landscapes and gardens. He adds that every member of the Society is greatly concerned over the questions under discussion, and anxious to see that the regulations for the exclusion of foreign plant-diseases are executed in an efficient, sensible, and practicable way; and with other representatives of various organizations he questions the economy and good sense of present methods.

When first imposed, Quarantine 37 was also unpopular with growers, because they did not have a supply of prohibited plants in readiness, and some nurseries found it difficult to procure permits, while others readily obtained them. Now that there has been time to grow a certain amount of material, the restrictions have become more popular with the growers, for the demands within the country have become greater in direct proportion to the diminishing external supply, and prices have risen inordinately. Rosebushes, bay trees, box, rhododendrons, and azaleas cost twice as much as they did in 1918, and they are frequently extremely difficult to obtain at all.

In some ways this result of the Quarantine has been beneficial, as it has kept out the tremendous quantities of worthless foreign stock which were formerly sold here at low prices, and which seldom made satisfactory growth, owing to climatic conditions. The American nurserymen have grown many plants that they formerly bought abroad, as the removal of foreign competition has enabled them to raise prices and sell their stock at a profit. This gain, however, is somewhat counterbalanced by the fact that the Quarantine has enabled the average nurseryman to standardize his stock and to limit it to the few 'best-sellers.' It is hardly to be expected that he should grow plants in advance of a demand, and welcome new ones whose potentialities are their greatest recommendation. This, in the past, has been the important part played by the amateur, who has accepted the hazards of the experimentalist and has introduced and

grown many plants for which the demand came later, and which are now commercially profitable. In the future such enterprise is likely to be very much limited, and only commercial men of exceptionally wide outlook will resist the idea of an embargo that will enable them, not to meet the demands of intelligent buyers, but to stop a gap at very high prices.

It is in this way that Quarantine 37 has acted as a tariff, and has obtained popularity with the nurserymen, most of whom are now strongly in favor of it. There may be some who favor it because they think it protects them from new diseases, but most of their discussions on the subject concern the fact that it has enabled them to make more money. It is, perhaps, a valuable criticism of this measure that not everyone who has profited by it is in favor of it. Recently a member of one of the horticultural societies, while traveling through the country, found the Quarantine to be popular with the nurserymen with the exception of one man who said that although the law meant 'money in his pocket' he objected to it on principle, because he considered it detrimental to the interests of horticulture in America.

The prosperity of a certain group of tradesmen is in itself a cause for satisfaction. But the financial side of a problem is never the whole of that problem, and when a rise in prices is accompanied by lowered standards of service and of workmanship the standards of democracy are themselves degraded by an erratic system of valuations.

To envisage a result of this kind is not to fail in appreciation of the American nurseryman. He is not responsible for the scarcity of labor, and particularly of skilled labor, through the attraction of cities. It is certainly not due to any oversight of his that Holland was growing bulbs while America was a pioneer settlement; that countries with world-wide reputations for nursery work have acquired them through generations of effort; and that because of their centuries of experience, and because of the skilled and unskilled labor at their command, they commonly grow many thousands of plants which cannot be obtained here. But while the opponents of the present administration of Quarantine 37 have every sympathy with the difficulties of the nurseryman in this country, and every wish to support his demand for reasonable prices and to encourage the attempt to grow on a large scale the plants suitable for American needs and the American climate, they can but see his problem as part of a far larger question; and it is their conviction that the lack of contact with the trade aristocracies of other nations will stultify national development as surely as a refusal to assimilate any of the thought or culture of other lands. They resent the assumption made by the Government that America, who has hitherto benefited by availing herself of the best of all the world in men and plants and culture, will now benefit through refusal to admit plants save under regulations so stringent as to be generally prohibitive. Now that the air is becoming a highway, and natural boundaries mere geographical incidents, they consider measures of total exclusion to be a paradox and a mystery; and any aspect of such measures, however incidental, is the result of an Order promulgated by a Department at the instance of a Board which has now been presided over by the same chairman for twelve years, despite all changes of Government. Under his leadership it appears to combine executive, judicial, administrative, and advisory functions, and in cases of appeal to act as defendant, judge, and jury. Consequently the administration of this group of men may

play a large part in moulding the democracy of a country reputedly democratic; it may result, against the wishes of many citizens, in the general acceptance of a national policy; it may affect international trade relations concerning plants and plant products, either through the obvious invitation for retaliatory measures on the part of other countries, or through the illusion created by the Board as to the value of its work, and the consequent imitation of its methods.

And when, in pursuance of this policy, the inevitable deadlock has been brought about, the original problem is not solved. All injurious insects are not extinct. They are not even isolated in captivity. They are waiting to pounce on the first individual or state or nation that moves hand or foot. It is unlikely that they will wait for that. Then the same dilemma recurs; and the years eaten by the locust are as nothing to those devoured by the Federal Horticultural Board.

V

When the Committee on Horticultural Quarantine was formed, in June 1920, the wish to coöperate with the Department of Agriculture was expressed, as well as the desire to uphold sensible quarantine regulations, while general plant-exclusion was deemed unnecessary. Another cause of complaint was the fact that, with many ports of entry, it was required that all plants should be sent to Washington for inspection and possible duplicate disinfection. Request was made that the final examination should occur at several ports of entry, avoiding the delay, expense, and danger of the inspection in Washington. To this plea the Board yielded slightly by arranging for inspection at San Francisco, insisting that if other inspection stations were desired those protesting should arrange with Congress for the required appropriations.

Although in Washington facilities for the work have been multiplied and the inconveniences reduced, the amount of labor required and the expenditure necessitated in this single phase of the work of the Board are something of an indictment of a scheme in which economy is supposed to be an important feature.

In the Report of the Federal Horticultural Board for the year ending June 30, 1923, it is stated: —

> Quarantine 37, as now administered, involves the handling and inspection in Washington of a vast quantity of plant material imported for introduction and propagation purposes by commercial growers and propagators throughout the United States. It also involves the inspection of all foreign and domestic seeds and plants which are distributed by the Department of Agriculture, as well as all commercial shipments of plants that come into the District of Columbia for local purposes or which are exported from the District in interstate traffic. Much of this material must be fumigated or disinfected. It involves further the receipt and examination of all foreign cotton samples. Much of this plant and other material which is thus received by this office must be disinfected as well as inspected, and must be again sent out to the ultimate consignees. Some of the material is also grown under quarantine, either for the purpose of determining freedom from pests or for experimental purposes in relation to disinfection or pest-control. This work has involved during the fiscal year the handling, inspection, disinfection, and reshipment of upward of 20,000 different parcels and shipments varying in quantity from small packages to carload lots. The protective value of this work in the exclusion of plant pests has been indicated elsewhere in this report.
>
> The inadequacy of the inspection and holding-quarters on the grounds of the department available for this important work very greatly handicaps the men engaged in it and makes it very difficult to

properly handle and examine the imported and other material. The available greenhouse facilities are also entirely inadequate to care for such of this material as it is necessary to hold in quarantine or for any experimental work.

In spite of the realization of the size of the task it has insisted on performing, the Board refuses to lighten its burden by accepting the coöperation proffered both by foreign countries that have agreed to maintain inspection and by the communities of this nation of which the Board is the official representative.

If restrictions on the present scale are to continue, it is hoped that there will be general recognition of their extent, and that every effort will be made to compensate in some slight degree for the losses occasioned to the country by this definite step toward absolute safety; and it is urged that if this quarantine continues, the Department of Agriculture, having cut off the individual right to import, should itself import and distribute on a large scale and according to a definite programme.

In Washington definite plans exist for a Federal Botanic Garden, and land is proposed for this purpose at a suitable location known as the Mount Hamilton Site. By means of this garden it might be possible to grow and send out material otherwise unobtainable in this country.

It should also be possible to benefit through the coöperation proffered by those nations who agree to maintain inspection; and if it seemed inadvisable to entrust the task to men without knowledge of the conditions in this country, representation of the nature of a horticultural consulate might be established where American specialists could prevent loss of time, money, and material to importers in this country by checking the danger at its source.

The immigration policy of the United States has been vastly improved recently through selection abroad rather than at Ellis Island, and the Governments of Great Britain, Holland, France, and Belgium are known to be willing to coöperate in similar action with respect to plant immigrants, giving place and authority to accredited and capable representatives of the Federal Horticultural Board who might be sent abroad for that purpose.

Such coöperation might result, finally, not only in prohibitive measures, but in the apportioning of research work and experimentation to the nation where it could most suitably be carried on, and in the development of a constructive policy. It is surely not too great a thing to ask in a civilized age that the unavoidable interchange between countries shall be productive of growth and ideas, as well as of pests and disease. For, after all, Pandora's box was opened long ago.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN AND REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

In the 1880's the youngest member elected up to that time to the Kentucky House of Representatives appeared in Frankfort with the convening of the Legislature, bringing with him his still younger bride. The wife of the Governor of the state had organized a Sunday school for the inmates of the penitentiary that winter, — the first recorded effort toward prison reform in the state thus to be credited to personal initiative, — and she sought the services of the bride as a teacher. The husband, in view of the youth of his wife, questioned the advisability of this.

'My boy,' said white-haired Mrs. Governor earnestly, 'she 'll come to no harm with me and my convicts within the penitentiary walls; but see that she meets none of these creatures known as lobbyists, who are still on the outside!'

I

We women in the United States have traveled a long way from Mrs. Governor's day to this, when a woman's magazine heads a biographical sketch of a certain personable and charming woman in public life: 'The Lady Who Made Lobbying Respectable.' And this woman's organ, it is fair to assume, feels that it has grounds for its statement, for its belief that this pursuit can be respectable, considering that there is nothing necessarily illegitimate in lobbying per se — that lobbying by no means in all cases implies the power of threat or the use of bribery.

The unfavorable view of the practice as voiced by the wife of the Kentucky Governor was, however, the prevailing one in the 80's — this as gathered from the periodicals and the newspapers of that day, and from the constitutions and the statutes of various of the states that sought to repress it.

Mr. Bryce quotes an experienced American publicist as saying: —

> In the United States, though lobbying is perfectly legitimate in theory, yet the secrecy and want of personal responsibility, the confusion and want of system in the committees, make it rapidly degenerate into a process of intrigue and fall into the hands of the worst men. It is so disagreeable and humiliating that all men shrink from it except those who are stimulated by direct personal interest; and these soon throw away all scruples. The most dangerous men are ex-members, who know how things are to be managed.

Yes; we in the 80's, if the printed word is trustworthy, used the word 'lobby,' as Mr. Bryce again suggests, in a dyslogistic sense: a sense truly the opposite of eulogistic, conveying in our application of it censure, disapproval, opprobrium, moral and ethical contempt. The word in its primary meaning, used as a caption by a cartoonist of that day, is made to carry sinister portent — Lobby: a covered way. The paragrapher, as touching the lobbyist, read into Shakespeare an innuendo of his own: 'If you find him not . . . you shall nose him as you go . . . into the lobby.'

As has been said, attempts were made by the states from time to time to remedy the evil; this by constitutional prohibition, by statute law, and by the force of public opinion. Lobbying was declared by California to be a felony; by Georgia to be a crime. Following California, improper lobbying has been declared a felony by Utah, Tennessee, Oregon, Montana, and Arizona, and the constitutions of practically all the states impose restrictions upon the enactment of special and private legislation. The Massachusetts anti-lobbying act (1890), which has served as model for various of the other states, is based upon the publicity principle. Counsel and other legislative agents must register with the sergeant at arms, giving their names and the character of their employment. In 1907 laws regulating lobbying were passed in nine additional states. In fact we appear popularly to have believed that lobbying should be made the object of incessant war until driven from our legislative centres.

The American woman to-day, however, — as reported, — sees the lobby in a new and a different sense; sees this Augean stable of a former day as cleansed of its abominations by the presence and the methods of her sex; or, to be exact, by the presence in the halls and chambers of legislation of representatives of that percentage of the enfranchised women of the United States who, through organization and leadership, are voice and initiative for the silent and as yet inert majority: an organized minority of, say, one third of the whole.

Mrs. Maude Wood Park, at that time President of the National League of Women Voters, says, as reported by the Woman's News Service: —

> Women have done a thing which has never been done before. They have made lobbying respectable.

In the old days, when a certain group or a certain big interest wanted a bill put through the Congress, it sent a lobbyist or two to Washington, or engaged somebody on the ground skilled at the business, to see members of the Congress and 'persuade' them to vote for the measure. Sometimes large sums of money were placed in their hands to use 'where it will do most good,' in the words of a newspaperman who testified before an investigation committee years ago. That particular person who had been 'approached' said he had bought himself a house with the money. Whether other sums went to build up Washington can be conjectured. It is fairly safe to say that sums contributed by interested persons did not go to orphan asylums.

In those days it would have been the direst insult to say on the floor of House or Senate that a man was voting as he had been asked to vote. Now Senators and Representatives rather pride themselves on having it known that they are voting in the way the women want them to vote.

The women's lobby is a 'front-door' lobby. It works in the open and is effective by reason of the millions of women behind it. Seventeen national organizations of women have representatives in Washington who work for legislation of interest to women in general, regardless of party affiliation. They make no secret of it, for publicity is one of their three tremendous assets. The millions of voters behind them and the inherent common-sense of the bills they push are the other two.

It is a new thing, the front-door lobby, and it has given the word 'lobbyist' so new a meaning that the old working-under-cover urgers of legislation are without a title.

They are also without a deal of their old power; for there is not nearly so much convenient darkness to work in as there used to be, and members of Congress have learned to ask a disconcerting question: 'How many people want this?'

The front-door lobby has let light in. It has conveyed the idea that when a majority of the voters want a law for the general good they are entitled to have it, and that pleasing the people pays better in the long run than pleasing a few pullers of secret wires.

Conceded either way, then, that lobbying is not or is respectable, what is it that the lobby and the lobbyist are about? What is their reason for being?

Lobbying, in America, is a general term used to designate the efforts of persons who are not members of a legislative body to influence the course of legislation. In addition to the large numbers of private bills which are constantly being introduced in Congress and the various state legislatures, there are many general measures, such as proposed changes in the tariff or in the railway or banking laws, which seriously affect special interests. The people who are the most intimately concerned naturally have a right to appear before the legislature or its representative, the committee in charge of the bill, and present their side of the case. Lobbying in this sense is legitimate, and may almost be regarded as a necessity. Unfortunately, however, all lobbying is not of this innocent character. The great industrial corporations, insurance companies, and railway-traction monopolies . . . are constantly in need of legislative favors; they are also compelled to protect themselves against what are known in the slang of politics as strikes or holdups: bills introduced for the purposes of blackmail.

In order that these objects may be accomplished there are kept at Washington and at the various state capitols paid agents whose influence is so well recognized that they are popularly called 'the third house.' Methods of the most reprehensible kind have often been employed by them.

II

Since the above statement was written, defining lobbying as we in the United States knew it two or more decades ago, the ranks of the lobbyist have been increased by the agents of organized labor; of organized agriculture; of prohibitionists and antiprohibitionists; of the federated churches; of organized women; of the National Educational Association; of the professional welfare-workers and reformers, and others.

In this parlous world of 'the third house,' national, state, and municipal, the American woman as a factor of any appreciable moment first appeared some thirty and more years ago, this appearance being simultaneous with the nation-wide spread among the women of the United States of the organized club movement, the prohibition movement, and the suffrage movement.

To-day, as we have seen in Mrs. Park's statement quoted, the organized American woman frankly avows herself a component factor in this 'third house,' seventeen national organizations of women — as Mrs. Park has told us — having authorized agents in Washington to work for their interests, and this apart from the organized women's activities in the various state legislatures.

The American woman's motives thus far in seeking to influence legislation have been for the most part altruistic. And it is not to attack or decry these motives, or to belittle the ends which the organized woman seeks, to say that many of her fellow citizens feel: first, that she, in her zeal for the end she seeks, overlooks the purpose and the proper limits of government; and next, that some of the measures she has helped to write into the statutes are failing of their direct object, while on the other hand they are creating unnumbered collateral evils, alarmingly increasing the official class, and unduly and unwisely burdening the taxpayer. Nor does it detract from the disinterestedness of the organized woman's intentions, that she seems to fail to grasp the fact that no law or statute, since time and history were, has achieved its purpose unless it has had the consent of the popular will.

It seems to these fellow citizens that the organized woman is that illiberal factor in the electorate, a reactionary; and that her policy, as revealed, is

'based on collectivism, which is liberalism's most active and unrelenting foe,' this definition of the reactionary of to-day being that of Nicholas Murray Butler.

Doctor Butler goes on to say: —

> The liberal knows that it is not progressive but reactionary to attempt to control and make uniform by law the personal habits and conduct of men . . . that it is not progressive but reactionary to relieve by law any group of citizens. . . . The liberal abhors the constant success with legislation and with executives of these well-organized lobbies which are now euphemistically described as pressure groups; for he knows that each . . . of these represents not the public interest but a special interest. . . . The liberal resists the building-up of a still more huge bureaucracy at Washington, with its agents, inspectors, and spies, spread out over the land at enormous cost to invade and subtract from what should be the province and responsibility of local government among a free people. . . . The liberal knows that there is a democratic imperialism as well as a monarchical imperialism, and he resists the one as vigorously as his ancestors resisted the other.

III

There are those of the organized woman's fellow citizens who even believe that she, with the persuasive power of her mass vote, has been used, has been exploited; who insist that she is the cat's-paw which at this moment is pulling the chestnuts from the fire; and this through the same fine quality of altruism. There are those of her fellow citizens who maintain that the organized woman as a whole is unaware of the influences that centred upon her from the moment of her enfranchisement, as the instrument by which to accomplish desired ends. To instance: Representative Lester D. Volk, speaking on an Act for the creating of another Federal Bureau, which the organized women endorsed (*Congressional Record*, November 19, 1921), said: —

> In order to maintain schools of philanthropy, to teach social work as a profession, it is necessary to obtain jobs; hence the women's associations are led by those interested.

Senator Thomas F. Bayard, speaking in the Senate of the United States on the proposed Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution, May 31, 1924, said: —

> The junior Senator from Wisconsin (Mr. Lenroot) referred to the tremendous number of very respectable organizations throughout the country which are advocating this measure. . . .
>
> I would suggest this: that all of these organizations seem to get their information entirely from the National Child Labor Bureau; that none of them speak of their own knowledge. They all speak by second-hand knowledge, and they speak vehemently, and are very aggressive. . . .
>
> I state this, that these good people — and most of them are ladies, and I think these organizations are for the most part ladies' organizations — evidently had that fed to them. . . .
>
> I have also received a number of copies of a magazine called *The American Child*, published by the National Child Labor Committee of New York. That committee seems to be the backbone and the clearing house for all the information gathered together and put out. I find in the number of June 1924 a table showing the vote in the House, the names of all the members of the Senate, their addresses, and the statement:
>
> Now write to your Senators.
>
> The Senate has not yet passed the amendment.
>
> Write or wire your Senator.
>
> See pages 7 and 8 for the names and addresses of all Senators.

The American women in the mass, on finding themselves enfranchised, had their moment of exaltation; had their far view of possible better results which they should bring about. I am

sure of this. I say it as a fact. We had our brief moment in which we saw the ballot in woman's hand as the spear in the hand of Ithuriel, the touch of which exposed deceit.

The American woman as represented to-day by the woman lobbyist seems, however, to differ from the man lobbyist, not in ethics, but in methods only.

One woman's group is credited with the use during the suffrage campaign of a 'card index of Congress' whereby, through a tabulation of both the private and the official life of each member, the chosen representatives of the nation's will might, wherever it was possible through intimidation based on the individual record, be bent to the will of this group.

Other groups are said — and this again according to testimony appearing in the *Congressional Record* — to be banded together in a so-called Washington Interlocking Lobby Dictatorship, its principle of operation being: 'A united front, but separate organizations.'

Still another variety in woman's lobbying at Washington is set forth in this same testimony in the *Congressional Record:* —

> American centralism and bureaucracy is frequently called 'Prussianism.' They are as far apart as the poles.
>
> Nothing could be less like the system of expert central control and direction of prewar Prussia, every department of its huge overhead in charge of scientific specialists indoctrinating the German nation in the policy of their Government, than the uncontrolled, undisciplined, unsupervised activities of a Washington Federal Bureau in charge of settlement-house workers, disseminating any propaganda they please, — socialism, pacifism, or what not, — and operating as a political machine in defiance of civil-service rules, with lobbies in Congress and state legislatures for the promotion of the Bureau's interest.

IV

Now the question which troubles some of us here in the United States to-day is not whether lobbying can or cannot be made respectable, but whether we can have and do have representative government when legislation is arrived at through group coercion, be these groups who or what they may; when our laws, as made for us, are the outcome of pressure brought to bear by minorities on the lawmakers.

Can we be said to have representative government when we ourselves are lobbying against the free hand of the legislators whom we ourselves have elected? Shall the parent then seek to steal the manhood of his or her own child? How long shall a house divided against itself stand?

The new President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs endorses and recommends to the two million women within the federation this weapon of group pressure: of group pressure against the functioning of government as accepted by these two millions of us when we asked for and received citizenship under the Constitution. Mrs. Sherman says in her first message to the federated club women of the United States, as printed in the *Woman's Home Companion*, September 1924: —

> Next in importance . . . comes a knowledge of power gained through federation. As an individual, however keen and earnest, the woman citizen feels powerless in the face of a local, state, or national evil which should be corrected or eradicated.
>
> As an individual voter, she knows that her protest will carry small weight with the police department or board of education in her town, the commissioners of her county. As a member of the Woman's Club, fifty voters strong, with perhaps a well-organized civic department, she knows her appeal carries weight because it represents a block of ballots.

Translate this idea into terms of state government and state federation, and it means juvenile protection, better management for state institutions, the sort of housekeeping through state government at which women are adept. From a federation of fifty women, you now deal with an affiliation of several thousand.

Move on from state to Federal government, and what can be done?

The Sheppard-Towner Act is the best answer to that question. Congressmen who wanted to defeat it hesitated before the demands of two million federated club women. And the General Federation, coöperating with the other organizations of women, has stood determinedly behind the Child Labor Amendment, which will free hundreds of thousands of children now enslaved to industry.

Now it may be that the majority of us women here in the United States are really convinced that our political institutions as now existing are unfitted longer to carry on government as desired by the people. It may be that the majority of us women are ready to abandon that 'dispensation of individual liberty which the Constitution of the United States offers them,' though myself I do not believe it.

What we women cannot do, however, is make the Constitution a working agent of another, even if a desired, system. To have the one, we must first abandon or destroy the other. This because our present system of representative government is, in its essential purpose, — which purpose is the preservation of the rights of the individual and of the state through the agency of representation, — a contradiction of government by group or bloc, or by centralized bureaucratic control.

Let us women be as frank here as we are about our lobbying and our group coercion. If the majority of us are agreed against our present system in government, let us say so and get about the next step, which is to declare as frankly what we do want. But at once to ratify a system through a voluntary acceptance of citizenship under the system, and the while be boring from within to destroy what we are ratifying — this would seem to be the part of the witless, the tool, or the enemy.

Or is it — and I myself believe that it is — that we women here in the United States really have not grasped for ourselves the meaning and the purpose of representative government, the Anglo-Saxon's great contribution to democracy?

Is it that we really have not entered into the idea — and this as a working proposition which we then can proceed upon — that in the Grecian democracies, of which our own democracy is a logical development, it was the small physical areas of the little political units which made possible the scheme of democratic government as then operating, the supreme authority resting with an assembly in which every qualified citizen gave his vote *in person;* whereas the same scheme of government, when it was transported to the vast-spreading Roman Empire, led to its ultimate downfall, control being centred at Rome, and leading through this centralized power to abuses, decay, and dissolution?

Is it then that we women, having failed to grasp these fundamentals in the story of modern government as we know it to-day, fail as a consequence to enter into the further idea that it is the principle of representation, as developed by the Anglo-Saxon mind out of the feudal system, that makes modern democratic government possible — a principle which, as embodied in our government here in the vast-spreading United States, we organized American women seem banded to destroy?

Representative government is only the application to government of that principle

which men have found by experience to be beneficial in other important affairs of life.

Government more and more becomes a difficult and complex thing. Just as the citizen selects someone skilled in the law to represent him in a lawsuit, or someone skilled in medicine if his child is ill, so he ought to be permitted to select someone to represent him in government. The representative can, if he so desires, keep in touch with the needs and real interests of those he represents. In intelligence and character he is usually above the average of his constituency. He has the great advantage of listening in and participating in debates upon any important question of policy. He has the privilege of proposing amendment if he favors the principle of a bill but objects to its form. Therefore he has infinitely better opportunity to act intelligently and well than his constituents can possibly have. If the people are unable to select wisely from their own numbers one who will represent them honestly and faithfully, what possible chance have they to legislate wisely themselves?

Upon questions of government we all know how unsafe it is to act upon first impulses. The representative, giving all his time to the consideration of public questions, has an opportunity to correct his impressions where they are wrong. The people have not the time for the study necessary to the understanding of these questions. But the representative may come before the people to discuss with them the mooted question in all its bearings. He thus becomes an educative force.

The above picture, as set forth by Ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois, is representative government at its best, as Governor Lowden is himself a type of the people's representative at its best.

It may be that we American women are better acquainted with representative government and with representatives at their worst. This is offered in defense of the woman voter throughout the forty-eight states who, only too aware of the dubious character of much of the legislative class, obeys her nearest woman leader, whose injunctions — in the words of one leader, as these appeared in a woman's organ, and in this particular corroborating the testimony of Senator Bayard — will be: 'Write or telegraph your Congressman; get pressure to bear on your Senator. Bring pressure to bear where pressure counts — that is, through political channels.'

Let us see how this works. A Congressman goes to Washington from, say, my state of Kentucky, representing a constituency who, from a Jeffersonian objection to centralization of government as threatening that personal liberty guaranteed in the Bill of Rights, opposed the Sheppard-Towner Maternity Bill. Mrs. Sherman, the new President of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, says specifically concerning this Sheppard-Towner Bill: '*Congressmen who wanted to defeat it hesitated before the demands of two million federated club women.*'

How is it that federated women justify to themselves such an admission as this? Have the Constitutional rights of this district in Kentucky, through its elected and credentialed representative, no claims to respect from these two million club women who, each in turn, is given the same right to be represented in Washington through her own Congressman from Maine, or Texas, or California? Mrs. Sherman does not say that our arguments convinced these Congressmen that they were wrong, but that they were afraid to vote their sentiments in the face of two million women's votes. We not only denied their legislative representation to these Congressmen's constituents, but also are directly responsible for the deterioration in character in the individual Congressman.

We have here both a moral and a political crime. We are tempting the Congressman to do evil in violating his own sense of right and wrong; and we

are denying to his constituents their political rights.

Mrs. Sherman, in recommending group-pressure, in theory offers us nothing new; a club of whatever nature over the head of another, as a means of persuasion to our view, was, as an argument, old when Donnybrook Fair was young.

'*Pressure to bear where pressure counts — that is, through political channels.*' This would look, indeed, as if the business of politics in organized woman's hands is to be one with tyranny: an ugly trade.

If American women are better acquainted with representative government and with representatives at their worst, will the methods of the federated women of to-day tend to raise or to lower the present standard? For the woman in Kentucky, who in her turn writes and wires and brings pressure to bear upon her own Congressman or her own Senator, is in her turn denying to him his rights as a representative. Mr. Alleyne Ireland, in *Collier's*, makes these rights clear: —

> A legislative representative is an elector whose duty it is to apply his own knowledge and his own judgment to the conduct of public affairs; a delegate is an elector sent to register the will of his constituents. A legislative representative is supposed to make up his mind after hearing debate; a delegate has had his mind made up for him before he takes his seat. To keep a man of eminent ability out of politics, nothing can be more effectual than to hold out to him a delegateship. To represent a people is an opportunity which can command the service of the most talented and upright man in the country; but the chance to become the obedient servant of the passions and prejudices of an uninformed and misinformed electorate is an ambition which can appeal to few men of worth.

The thoughtful man in the United States admits to the inquiring woman a general lowering from the former standards in our public men. He tells her that democracy as at present operating seems to insist on degrading the statesman into the politician. He points her to this and that illustration of this process of degradation in operation; as with the henchman who, pleading that his candidate never owned a dinner coat, assured his audience: 'Democracy won't flatter any man he 's better than we are.'

The thoughtful American man tells the inquiring woman, however, that the henchman quoted is representative of a proportion only of the American people. He assures her that there is a not inconsiderable proportion in the United States who, believing that the representative form of government is the highest form yet evolved, still believe that because it is the highest form it calls for the highest types in human nature.

V

I could wish that we American women, when our enfranchisement arrived, had been less organized than we were, with our federations, our welfare groups, our suffrage and our antisuffrage groups, our prohibition and our antiprohibition groups, our pacifists, our war mothers, our internationalists. I could wish that we at the start of our citizenship had been a more heterogeneous mass. As it was, when the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment brought our citizenship, before we could apply ourselves to even a cursory study of government, of the fundamentals of economics, and the legitimate scope of legislation, membership within an organization too often determined the individual woman's policy, engendered and fixed her prejudices, and overemphasized to her the interests of women and children, the one ground common, as it proved, to all these organizations.

The English woman, as she is reported in the press, sees her part differently. Lady Astor says of woman's part in legislation: —

English women must think, not in terms of women and children, or of any special groups, but in terms of Empire.

Mrs. Philipson says, as reported: —

Women must n't come in with the idea of working especially for women's questions. That comes into it, of course, but we must n't be narrow and feminist. It will only handicap us, prevent people from taking the woman member seriously. In Parliament one must have a broader idea. One must think, not sectionally, but nationally.

Miss Bondfield says, in answer to a question as to what she considers the most important phase of woman's work in Parliament: —

There is no most important work. It 's like this: these women represent constituencies. I am a member of a big constituency, Northampton, a large boot-and-shoe centre. I represent the town in it as a whole and every question that comes up in Parliament interests me. Of course women exert special influence in the House of Commons on questions relating to women and children.

Perhaps it really is that human nature values only that which it works for, pays for; that which it gains by labor or performance; that which is earned before it is secured. And this may explain why we American women to-day, blessed politically through no efforts of our own, are so busily and — it almost seems — so gayly doing what we can to destroy our own and our fellow citizens' constitutional freedom; doing all that we can, through the multiplying of bureaus and the strengthening of bureaucracy, to change our government into a democratic autocracy, to impose its will upon the states and the people.

George Washington, in the Farewell Address to his countrymen, reminded them and us: 'The independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts.'

The following comment occurs in a letter written by an American woman, a teacher in a primary school: —

I find blindness and disregard for broad principles among American women, extending even to the care of little children; perhaps here is the beginning.

Women want to rush the millennium, and that is not nature's way, not God's way. They ask rewards without giving or exacting service, and this deprives us of our birthright, freedom in its highest sense.

After all, very few of the ancestors of our present-day Americans fought for freedom in our Revolution, and fewer still faced King John at Runnymede. To the mass of our countrymen and countrywomen, alas! freedom is a thing not earned, but conferred; so why not every other good or desirable thing?

Let us women here in the United States, before we repudiate the plan of government which at our request gave us our citizenship, try out for ourselves its logical workings. Let us find, persuade, and elect the right sort of men and women to public office; and, having elected them, let us trust them. To avoid the evils of overpower or of control through force or threat by any group or groups, the originators of this republican democracy of ours embodied within it the principles of representation. And do not let us seek by indirection to overthrow its constitutional equilibrium, indirection being that nature of weapon I am convinced the American woman would not knowingly and voluntarily employ.

MY SHOP

BY MAUDE HUME

My shop is in a ramshackle building on one of the main avenues of a small college town. Street cars go clanging noisily by. They are out of keeping with the landscape, like the houses opposite, yet the houses are quietly ugly. When the shop door is shut you turn to the joy of inanimate things of beauty — to look at jades or porcelains, linens and pottery.

Someone calls my shop the town salon. My daily callers are many, my daily customers are few. I should n't have a shop; I know that. But the ways of trying to make a living are few.

This is the first of the month. How I hate the first of the month! My letters are a mixture of humor and otherwise. They come from friends scattered over the world. A reminder from the bank that a note is due. An envelope with Rolls-Royce printed in the corner. I've been in a Rolls-Royce twice in my life, once in London, once in New York. My friend in New York was bored with life. We looked at rugs worth thousands.

Yes, they actually want to sell me a car. They enclose a photograph of a young millionaire and his new 'model.' Above they say, 'A good business proposition.' I cannot think in these terms.

Li has come to wash the window. He's a delightful old creature. He looks as if he had stepped out of the Ming Dynasty and had forgotten to go back again. You feel they are waiting for him with fine brocades and rich embroideries. He is distressed because I have an inflamed eye: —

'Me come back to-mollah; you no touchee — makem bad.'

He notices each new thing I buy. To-day it is a vase. The other day he admired a Chinese painting. He knew the name of the artist. But then, that 's nothing: the scavenger prefers Masefield to Galsworthy and Dumas to both; the postman has been telling me about the *No* drama of Japan, and the man moving the telephone pole before my door wonders if I am fond of Javanese marionettes; while the professor's wife has been speaking of her struggles with the family washing, and the girl student, looking round, asks, 'Say, what is this — a shop?'

To-day Li brought his remedy — an egg. He rolled it about on my cheek and the gentle massage is soothing.

'You allee same bettah to-mollah — tear no fallee.' Then he laughed. 'You rubum you face, you makee plenty pletty colah.' He went on rolling the egg round and round. 'Makee nightee time morning time you bettah.' Li does n't speak pidgin English, but a jargon all his own. Sometimes he lapses into Chinese; then you wait for the volley to end.

Walking behind him this morning I watched him swing gracefully along, his hands clasped behind his back, a pail dangling from one arm. His clothes are very shabby, but he does n't know a young artist has sent a large bundle of old clothes for him. At last he will have a cap that will hide his queue. Two boys pass and look at the little knot

of hair sticking out beneath the ragged lining. They nudge each other and giggle. They don't know that Li belongs to yesterday.

Li has looked at the bundle of clothing. There are three suits, an overcoat, and a good hat. But he seems distressed.

'What is it, Li?'

'You no breakee egg, no eatem — bling plenty bad luck.'

'Oh no, Li. I would n't think of it. I've had quite enough bad luck.'

He chose a jacket and put it on over his own.

'When will you come for the other things?'

'No wantem.'

'But the hat? Your hat is so old.'

'Got hat — no wantee two hat. You eye allee same bettah. Velly good — goo'bye.'

As he left, a customer came in. She examined everything in the shop, bought nothing, and looked at me pityingly. 'I'm off to a luncheon and then a bridge. You poor thing, how dull it must be staying in this little shop, where nothing interesting happens.'

The scavenger has been telling me about the South Sea Islands. He thinks recent writers have not 'caught the spirit of it all,' and — well, if Gauguin had seen the natives with *his* eyes his paintings would have been different. 'Now, there was Loti — ' But he was interrupted by the man moving the telephone pole, who asked for a drink of water.

The workman went to the tap in the back shop, and paused to listen to someone playing next door. The Russian shoemaker, I explain, takes violin lessons twice a week. We listen, and agree the neighbor has the touch of an artist.

He goes on: 'It reminds me — I can hear it now, the clear note of that reed. It's a beautiful memory.'

'Where did you hear a reed?'

'In the mountains. In India, twenty years ago. A native — Thanks. Oh, will you be open when we knock off? I'd like to speak to you about a nautch dance. . . .'

I've had Beatrice to lunch to-day. She's newly back from Paris, and looks it. Li came in. He always stutters when he's pleased. His parchment face lighted up. 'V-v-v-velly good. You v-v-velly pletty.' Li knows how to be personal without being familiar. He should have been a diplomat.

'You look very smart yourself, Li,' she told him.

He's actually got a new pair of blue-linen trousers, and a clean shirt. I imagine he did n't like the episode of the old clothes. He's an Oriental Tory.

'What you read?' Li has come in without my hearing the door open.

'I'm reading about a raid on an opium den. Li, where do you live?' He explained the direction. 'Then this place was near you?'

He laughed. 'Catchee Chinaman. Catchee hop. Policeman him catchee plenty muchee hop — no catchee me.' He went on washing the window and chattering to himself in Chinese. 'Velly bad, catchee hop; Li no catchee. You eye bettah?' Which was his way of changing the subject.

He walked up the street, turned, and came back; waited at the door a few minutes, and then shook his finger at me. 'Policeman catchee man speakee "opiom." You no speakee that word — velly dangelous. Policeman him speakee "hop joint."'

'Washee?' Li shouted.

'Now what 's the good of washing the window when it's raining, and

you've washed it twice this week already?' We watched the student making patterns on the glass with his finger.

'No pletty. Washee?'

'Li, I've got no money.' I opened my purse to show him it was empty.

'You sick? You allee same yellah.'

'Yes, Li, I'm pretty miserable.'

He helped himself to a cigarette. 'Washee window allee same. You go your house. Li come catchee goo' soupee, goo' pie — makee bettah.'

'Thanks, Li; you are very kind.'

He laid down twenty-five cents on the table. 'You say you no money. I give.'

I laughed, handing him back his quarter. He looked very hurt. 'I give, you no take.'

'Thanks, Li; all I meant was that it was wasting money to wash the window when it was raining.'

He looked at the twenty-five cents in his hand. 'Allee same you no take. Li catchee lottely ticket — '

I dined out last night and heard poor Li had walked about in front of my house for hours, ringing the bell and shaking the door by turns, talking to himself in a loud voice.

He sent a friend to ask for me to-day.

'Li say you chair inside fall out.'

'Thanks, but I don't think I want the chair mended.'

He looked at me, surprised. 'Li say go mend chair. I mend.'

'And who are you?' I asked him.

'Li stays my house'; and picking up the chair he left the shop.

Li walked up the other side of the street. Very evidently his feelings are badly hurt, or he's lost the twenty-five cents in the lottery.

The chair is standing at my door this morning, beautifully mended.

It is a horrid dark foggy day. The scavenger has bad news. His brother had sailed out of this harbor for thirty years in all weathers without mishap. Last night, going ashore in the fog, he slipped, fell into a few feet of water, and was drowned.

'Yes, my brother was a good skipper. It's good we don't know what our end is to be. Thank you for your sympathy. I thought you'd like to know — '

When he's not mending boots the Russian shoemaker next door is studying. He means to go to college later. He goes to a night school, and says nothing may interfere with his lessons.

I sometimes correct him, and the other day when he took a handful of bills out of his pocket to give me change I said, 'You are a very rich person.' He answered me in the slang of the day and was very much surprised when I told him 'Where do you get that stuff?' was not English.

Perhaps the immigrant is learning English and I'm early-Victorian, because a charming girl has been talking to me. In speaking of the man who took her in to dinner last night she said: 'He had a good line. Some party, I'll say. Rotten life you lead here, but there's always lots of highbrows hanging round at tea time. I've got to beat it to a class. Gee, is that the time? Going to college is the limit.'

This is Good Friday.

I've a habit of keeping the festivals of the Church, and decorate my window to suit the day. I've emptied it to-day and put a crucifix in the stark vacant space, hanging a black-and-gold gauze behind. Passers-by stop to look.

The three-hours service is over, but the shop is not open to customers. Someone is knocking. I go to answer. It is Li, gazing at the crucifix.

He comes in. 'You bettah?' Then he points to the crucifix. 'Him velly good, velly good, your Chlist.'

NO PILOTS WE

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

Would I were one of those who preach no Cause —
Nor guide mankind with meddling fingertips;
But let each star that moves without a pause
Shine as it list — as potent when it dips
Beyond their ken in visual eclipse
As when it blazes in a darkling sky,
Regnant and beautiful, while with mute lips
Men bow the head in worship, or in shy
And inexpressive words admit that God is nigh.

We are no pilots: let us trust our bark,
Miraculous, alert, not made with hands,
That feels a magic impulse through the dark,
And leaps upon the course it understands
From shores unknown to unimagined strands;
Resists the helm we give it, but divines —
Being itself divine — divine commands;
And answers to no compass save the signs
Encircling deepest heaven where the Zodiac shines.

THE GRACE OF LAMBS

BY MANUEL KOMROFF

I

In spite of his vice, one could see that he was a man of education and refinement. Of all the people whom I met in China, his scope of vision was the greatest.

It was in a Shanghai hotel that I first saw him, as he passed from the kitchen through the dining-room and eyed me carefully over his bent spectacles. His white coat was badly soiled, one pocket was ripped open, and his eyes seemed to look through you rather than at you. Presently he returned and stood before my table.

'Excuse me,' he said, 'but I'd like to talk to you. You look like a scholar and a gentleman. It's hard to find gentlemen in China — all business men and engineers. I would n't talk to them myself — nothing to say to them.' Quite evidently he had been drinking.

'Been in China long?' I inquired.

'Not long — only eight years. But that's long enough. Four years teaching, three years research, and one year doing nothing — just nothing — but drinking. They brought me over from England and then fired me. I drink too much. That's well and good; but I never missed a class, and not one of them knows my subject. Told me himself — the Chancellor — that the only reason they kept me as long as they did was because my name and titles looked good in their catalogue — not another Doctor of Science in China, and besides that I am a Fellow of the Royal Society, and I have my B.S., M.A., and Ph.D. Looked good on the catalogue, but what good is it to me if I must eat in the kitchen with the coolie help?'

'Eat in the kitchen?'

'Yes, that's it. You see I've plenty of money,' and he drew from the pocket of his white coat a large roll of bills, 'but what good is money? The hotel manager won't let me eat here because I'm always full and like to abuse his guests. Only in the mornings, about this time, does he even let me pass through this way — and this is my fourth hotel in Shanghai. They're all the same. You're the first gentleman I have seen and I'd like to talk to you. Clark is my name — William Clark; came out here to teach the Chinese boys all about mathematics.'

'You are not the William Clark who wrote the work on line geometry?'

'You know it?' he replied, and his parched face brightened.

I told him that we used it in school and that I had often cursed the very day he was born.

'Curse it — that's right! I do it myself. What good is life? If a man spends ten years on a work, as I did on my *Mysticism of Numbers*, and only six copies are ever sold — ten years — six copies, and my royalties were six shillings. Ten years! But what's the difference? It was a beautiful subject: full of mystery. Modern mathematics is saturated with mystery. Ever read

the works of Cantor, and Weierstrass? Two great mathematical detectives — they rid the world of some horrible fallacies. But what thanks do they get? They should have come to China to eat in the kitchen. Ha, ha!'

He came into my room a few days later and invited me to go with him to the native walled city and see a slice of the unknown. We passed through the French settlement, entered the gate of the city, and rode on and on until the streets became too narrow for the rickshaw and we were obliged to continue on foot. Soon we arrived at a small temple and, passing through the yard, reached a low doorway. Dr. Clark struck with his stick on the door, which presently was opened by an old man who seemed quite indifferent to our coming. One side of the room that we entered was entirely open, without a wall, separated from the small garden by only a low carved teakwood railing. In the centre stood a table with a marble top.

Presently two dark-skinned Chinese priests entered.

'Mango trick — can do?' asked Dr. Clark in pidgin English.

'Can do — can do.' And one of them held out his hand, in which my mathematical friend placed a fifty-cent piece.

They brought an empty flowerpot that we both examined before placing on the table, also a box of sandy earth that Clark himself helped pour into the pot. The priest then drew from his belt a tiny seed, so small that it looked very much like the head of a match. This he pressed into the sandy earth. Now a pail of water was brought, and we both had our fingers in it before it was poured into the flowerpot. It darkened the earth and nothing more. But the priest already had his fan in hand and started urging a gentle breeze across the surface of the pot. We bent over it and watched closely.

Presently a tiny yellow sprout arose. As it grew higher, it turned green and divided itself into many stems. Leaves unfolded themselves and seemed to grow in sudden jerks. Buds formed and opened. In a full minute the whole thing was a miniature tree about a foot and a half in height. But hardly had we time to admire it when the petals dropped; two green, plum-shaped mangoes sprang out from the stalk and ripened into a liquid yellow.

The priest continued fanning. 'All lite!' he said. 'Can eat.'

We plucked the fruit from the plant and tasted one. It was rich, ripe, and juicy.

From that moment on neither of us spoke until we reached the bar of our hotel. We ordered whiskey-and-sodas and just sat and looked at each other. Before us on the table lay the other mango, which we had brought with us. It remained full and ripe.

I ventured to break the silence. 'So that's the mango trick I have heard so much about.'

'Call it a trick if you like,' said Dr. Clark, 'but it's more than that. It contains the essence of all things. It contains the germ of our two worlds, the world of life and death that we know, and the world of the unknown. Ever read the works of the two great English mathematicians — Bertrand Russell and Whitehead? I can't say that they mention this particular problem, but they touch very near to it. Mathematics is not quite so exact a science as our little teachers would have us believe. Its fundamentals are based upon absurdities. Myths! Sometimes by some irony of chance we have reached correct results in problems founded upon absurdities — illogically reasoned. It is only by error that any conclusions at all have ever been reached.

'It is only through vision that any progress can be made,' he continued, gazing into the distance. 'But what are men doing? They come to China for trade, for business, for money, for greater power. And what is power? Power is bad. Has one of them come here to gain that magical strength, that spirit that lies close to the gate of wisdom, found only in China, that simple essence of life that grows-up the mango tree and gives off light? Do they come to China for this? And what do they say when they see it? They call it a trick or an hypnotic vision, and to-morrow they forget it. They forget it because they want to forget it. They must forget it or give up their ugly materialism, their quest for sham power; for without the ugly and the sordid they would perish. They call it a trick and at the same time they forget that the same trick lurks after them; follows them to the ends of the earth; tracks them into their very homes. The same trick is the trick of death. That is why I drink, and remain content to eat in the kitchen with the coolie help.'

'Do you think life and death the same thing?' I ventured to ask.

'That I don't say; but what I do feel is this: that there is a world that we know — it is small and petty — and there is a world that we don't know, a world that is touched only in moments of fancy, in gestures of madness. Most people are tied to the one; but as for me, I am no longer interested in existing from meal to meal. I am absorbed by the great unknown.'

About two weeks later he knocked at my door to return a borrowed book. 'Yes, I am leaving, or rather I am asked by the hotel to. I must have raised another scene last night, but it is just as well — I am going to live with the natives. I think I am beginning to understand them and they will understand me. As for the white men, I understand them less and less every day, and that is why I abuse them when — It is just as well. And when my money runs out, then perhaps I shall know the secret, the great secret of immaterialism — the secret of the great unknown. Good-bye.'

II

Six months later, to escape the heat of the city, I took one of the large river steamers up the famous Yangtze-kiang River as far as Hankow. This is as far as large steamers go, but it is possible to hire a junk and a crew, as some missionaries must, for further navigation. It is through the waters of the Yangtze-kiang that one may hope to reach the lofty steppes of Tibet. The journey is slow and expensive, so we had to content ourselves with the tales told by those who came from this distant land of mystery. But how many have ever returned?

At Hankow we saw the old university, the seat of learning of ancient China, and its marvelous library.

'If I ever get the chance,' I promised my host, 'I am coming back to make extracts and translations, with native help, from several of your Chinese classics which deal with the theory and philosophy of art.'

'Art?' he asked in amazement. 'Why art?'

'Because I feel that the Chinese have touched life's essence more deeply and truly in their art — at least to Western eyes,' I quickly added.

'Do you think that Chinese philosophy could embrace our Western problems?'

'No; but I do think that two thousand years of Chinese culture would not have produced a Europe such as we had in 1914.'

In this channel our discussion ran for days, and I am indebted to my host for much valuable information that the many years in China had gained for him.

One morning, as I was looking at a Chinese picture that I had bought, and trying with the aid of Professor Giles's book to estimate its age, the servant came into the room and announced: —

'China boy stand yard-side. Mango tree can do.'

'There you have it,' I said to my host. 'Explain that if you can.'

'Well, let's see what the fakers can do,' he replied.

In the yard we found two poor-looking coolies in rags. One had a swollen knee, around which was bound what appeared to be a silk necktie. I looked closer and discovered a label bearing the words: 'Liberty, London.'

'Where did you get this?' I inquired.

'Master — he give.'

'Where is your master?'

'Master wait street-side. Mango tree can do.'

We announced that we were ready to be entertained, and in a minute they returned with their master. Our servant had already placed an old tomato-can and a jug of water on the steps.

The master appeared, no better dressed than his aids, only his hair was lighter, as if it were burned brown by the sun. He carefully avoided looking at us, and immediately began his performance by scraping up the gravel of the path with the tomato-can.

'Just a minute,' I interrupted. 'Don't you speak English? Are you not Dr. Clark?'

He dropped the can and looked up over his glasses.

'What have you done!' I cried. 'You have thrown away your life for a trick.'

He shook his head.

'You have become a begging conjurer! You have traded your science for — ' Words failed me.

He still shook his head.

'You will not understand,' he said finally. 'Not because you can't understand, but because you don't want to. And why should I explain — I am not here to explain; I am here to do my little act. If you will pay us we will continue. If not, then well and good. I know very well that you have seen this before, but you have not seen it done as I can do it. I have completed it with an addition that has turned it from a trick into a miracle — yes, a miracle. There is a miracle in every man, and every man can in his life perform at least one miracle — but few do; that is their tragedy. Shall I continue?'

He performed the act with marvelous skill but in the same manner in which I had seen it done before, only instead of fanning the surface of the pot he blew across it with his warm breath.

One large mango ripened before my eyes.

'Now,' he said, with a twinkle in his eye, 'now pluck it, and eat it if you can!'

I took the mango from the tree, but before I had time to bring it to my mouth I felt a strange creeping movement in my hand. The mango was already decayed! I let the putrid thing fall to the ground. My fingers were stained with its rot.

'That 's my addition,' the master exclaimed, 'the addition of death! When a man plucks the fruit of life, it rots in his hand. The forces of Nature are greater than the powers of man. The bony hands of death are stronger than the fickleness of life. Time in man is petty to the time of the eternal, but the space of man — What is space? His space is only his

capacity. Have you a capacity for the meagre or for the eternal? Do you acquire things that are everlasting, or do you scratch from the world's slimy surface a few petty odds and ends which you call property? Will you carry an ounce of it with you beyond your grave?'

Had I not known him so well, I might have been offended at his schoolroom voice. But I quickly replied, 'You still demand to be paid for your services.'

'Well, yes,' he admitted, 'but that is because I cannot yet do without food. Some day I may be able to cast it away as I have thrown worldly goods into the rubbish heap where they belong. We are on our way to Tibet. My two boys are natives of Tibet and are as anxious to return as I am to get there. Only the other day we met four more who were going the same way and we have already, with the help of the Buddhist priests, secured our boat. We are now stocking it with provisions for the journey and, anxious to do my share, I am showing one of the feats. But it is only a means to an end.'

'Could you teach us the mango trick?' inquired my host.

He shook his head sadly.

'One hundred dollars,' pressed my business friend, 'if you show us your secret.'

'There is no secret that can be passed from one man to another. It can be acquired only through suffering and pain. Wisdom cannot be sold or bought. It is a merchandise that has no traffic.

'In the past six months,' continued the master of the mango, 'I have learned more than during all my previous years. I think I have reached the first step to wisdom. But I am still an infant compared to the sages of Tibet who are able to raise themselves bodily from the ground. I am still an infant; but I am absorbed by the mystery of existence and the first step I have already reached. We have no secrets. We are not fakers — I will gladly tell anyone the philosophy that grows and rots a mango. It is so simple and yet difficult to accomplish. It can be summed up in a few words — the words of the ancient Chinese: "Lambs have the grace to suckle kneeling."'

His manner was filled with contempt. He turned for the gate and as he passed through repeated the words, as if talking to himself: 'Lambs have the grace — '

FARMERS IN THE PIT

BY WILLIAM L. CHENERY

THE scene is laid on one of the upper floors of the largest bank in Chicago. The spacious offices are wainscoted in heavy mahogany and furnished with rich simplicity. In one of these rooms 'the old man' is to be found. Past sixty now, the powerful frame is somewhat bent by years of unremitting toil. His eyes are still clear and discerning and he speaks as one having authority. Plainly he has been long accustomed to dealing with large affairs.

Thus far the setting might be that of any big business.

Around the corner is another ample chamber, outfitted like the lounge of a rich man's club. The only suggestion of business is to be found in the tickers, which incessantly convey a record of the market news of the world. Seated in earnest conversation are a few sunburned men. Their large hands and strong bodies evidence years of labor and exposure in the open air. Farmers and business men, they are the board of directors of this corporation, and the big business man around the corner is their manager, their employee, their hired man.

The enterprise is itself a novel experiment in American trade. It is a spectacular combination of business and agricultural coöperation, the rural lamb lying down peacefully with the urban lion. Grain-trading corporations possessing extensive elevator properties and capitalized for many millions have merged with the coöperative ventures of thousands of farmers scattered through a dozen states. What this accomplishes and what it fails to accomplish must have large consequences, since it is the culmination of a conspicuous effort, with concessions on both sides, to bridge the chasm which has so long separated American farmers and business men.

No one can understand what is being attempted in Chicago unless he knows the underlying and often ignored facts. The chief of these is the political power of the American farmer. In 1916 that long-headed Irishman, Sir Horace Plunkett, who has devoted so much of his life toward bringing about a better understanding between the American and British peoples, was asked by his Government when the United States would enter the war. He replied, 'When the Middle West is ready.' This opinion was based on his observation that in this country political sovereignty, or certainly the balance of power, had for some years been resting in the agricultural states of the Mississippi Valley. History proved that this opinion was correct; when the Middle West was ready, which incidentally was many months and perhaps a year after the Atlantic States were in the mood to throw aside neutrality, Congress declared war.

Chicago business men have been engaged in a conflict — an unwilling conflict, it may be admitted — with Western farmers ever since the Civil War. During two generations the farmers have had much the same set of grievances. Again and again they have sought through political channels to

obtain redress. Not always have they succeeded in getting satisfaction; their plans have often been frustrated, even though their activity left a deep mark on the development of the nation. All the while, however, their strength has been growing and now, in a vital affair, the business leaders are willing to compromise and to treat for peace.

Low prices for agricultural products have been the persistent source of the farmers' unrest. Sixty years ago Western farmers, impoverished by low prices, fought the attempt of the Treasury Department to withdraw the greenbacks from circulation just as within the past few years the grandsons of the same men have been critical of the deflation policy of the Federal Reserve system. In each case men who had agricultural products to sell have believed that the policies adopted by the Government at the instigation of the 'moneyed interests' have worked to their disadvantage. It does not matter whether the Greenbackers were sound in their objection to Secretary Hugh McCulloch's plans for refunding the Civil War Debt or whether present-day farmers are justified in their antagonism to the policies adopted by the Federal Reserve Board in 1920. The important fact is that several million farmers, then and now, have drifted into a position of sharp hostility to business men and bankers and that these controversies are the result of disproportionately low prices of farm produce.

During the last four years the Farm Bloc in Congress and the unrest in grain states of which it was an expression have been regarded as a strange and unprecedented phenomenon in American life. Actually, however, this new insurgency is but a reappearance of one of the oldest and most solid traditions in the development of the country. The Farm Bloc of 1924 speaks the same language and stands sponsor for many of the same principles characteristic of the Greenbackers, the Grangers, and the Populists. Higher prices — if necessary at the cost of an inflated currency — and lower freight rates were issues which moved the Western farmers during the seventies and eighties quite as much as they do to-day. As the conflict became sharp, fifty years ago, city men said that the farmers believed in repudiation of national debts when they asked for currency-inflation. The lowering of freight rates and the regulation of railroads were termed confiscation and the demand for such things was loudly denounced as a proof of the inherent dishonesty of the men on the farms. Yet it is historically true that the Granger agitation resulted in the establishment of governmental regulation of railroads. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the numerous state railroad commissions are monuments to the unrest of the farmers.

The difference between the present and that earlier period, when even so brilliant and generous a man as Charles Francis Adams could say, on the very eve of the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, that any general law attempting to regulate railroads was inherently impossible because of the diversity of conditions, lies in the greater sophistication of the leaders on both sides. However much conservatives may dislike the ideas and personalities now dominant in the politics of the Northwest, moderate men in all quarters and all activities recognize that the farmers did suffer disproportionately during the depression which began in 1920.

It is of course arguable that the rule of supply and demand is like the law of the Medes and the Persians and that the farmers should accept its blessings and its penalties without complaint. The truth is, however, that other

groups do what they can to modify this economic principle to their own advantage, sometimes with success. Wise farmers concluded that the wide gap between falling wheat-prices and steady bread-prices was due to the highly integrated condition of the flour and bread markets and to the disordered state of the agricultural market. The city men had learned how to protect themselves against rapid variations in the prices of what they had to sell while the farmers remained exposed to the full fury of economic elements.

In the opinion of the leaders of rural thought, they too might stabilize agricultural prices as J. P. Morgan had steadied the price of steel. In this belief they had support in some well-informed circles. Two years ago Bernard M. Baruch, former chairman of the War Industries Board, worked out a plan by means of which a farmers' coöperative organization might attempt to stabilize prices through the acquisition of terminal elevators and the formation of an export company. Nothing came of this immediately, but the idea, as will be seen, is now bearing fruit.

Since 1920 the farmers have centred their efforts upon four lines of activity. They have demanded and obtained laws favorable to the creation of producers' coöperative societies. They have sought and secured loans from the Federal Government. They have asked for lower freight rates, so far without success, and they have succeeded in obtaining the passage of legislation designed to restrict trading in the grain markets. Their aspirations have been by no means fully met; but both in that which they have already attained and in that which has been promised them by all three political parties they are in a more favorable position than ever before.

Under such circumstances the Grain Marketing Company was formed — a farmers' coöperative society, organized under a recent Illinois law. This business is capitalized at $26,000,000 and it has already absorbed the Armour Grain Marketing Company, the Rosenbaum Grain Corporation, and Rosenbaum Brothers. When negotiations are completed the buying farmers will have at least nominal control of a majority of the elevators and of the marketing facilities in Chicago. In addition they will have very large establishments in Kansas City, Duluth, Buffalo, and other grain centres. The coöperative has taken over the offices and staff of the Armour Grain Marketing Company, and George E. Marcy, for a generation the managing director of the Armour interests in the grain market, is now the chief executive.

This shift seems hardly credible to those whose memories run back even twenty years. For fifty years the Chicago packers have been rated as the enemy by insurgent farmers. Among the Chicago packers old P. D. Armour, and after him his son, J. Ogden Armour, have personified the 'big business' which the countrymen regarded as so antagonistic to their prosperity. The conflict between the farmers and the packers has been every whit as sharp as that between capital and labor. These hostile groups are now united in a common enterprise. Peace such as this passes understanding and an explanation is due.

I asked those responsible for the venture, and many others whose positions gave them comprehension of the realities of the grain trade, how it happened that these conspicuous traders had come into agreement with their hereditary foes. The answers obtained from diverse sources were strikingly similar. Here is a composite reply: —

'We grain-dealers are tired of fighting

the farmers. The wheat-growers think that the elevator men and traders make all the money out of grain. They believe that sharp practice and even dishonesty are used against them.

'This long-standing belief has begun to register itself in legislation. Already the trading-in-futures act is being enforced. This law does not forbid trading in futures, but it does provide potential publicity for those who so trade. The brokers must give the names of their customers to the Department of Agriculture. The man who knows that at any time his deals may be made public by a government official is less inclined to buy against the future.

'In other ways the business has already been handicapped. Economic conditions, especially the inability of the European buyers to purchase American wheat, have rendered trade less profitable. Moreover the future looks gloomy. If the radical farmers have their way in Congress—and who can say that they will not—the Federal Government will soon take charge of the grain-marketing business. We do not favor that development.

'Furthermore, we think that if the farmers knew more about the grain business they would be less critical of what we do. They would learn that the restrictions they seek to impose upon us hurt the business itself. Consequently we are in the mood to try something new.'

This is not the whole explanation, but it is the gist of what the traders say. Personal elements are also involved, and important among them was the attitude of Bernard M. Baruch, who was in Europe at the time the actual experiment was determined upon. Mr. Baruch first presented the idea forcefully to the men who afterward carried it to fruition.

The War Industries Board in the stress of international fighting induced the leaders of many American industries to coöperate. Chairman Baruch brought together at Washington competitors and rivals, and the necessities of making war led them to see industry from a common point of view. Good consequences and bad have followed from this coöperation since peace eliminated the common welfare as the prime objective of the joint dealing. Nevertheless the picture remained one of promise, and when the farmers, threatened with bankruptcy by the swift reduction in the value of all their possessions and of their products, sought counsel, Mr. Baruch advised the sort of coöperation the War Industries Board had encouraged during the war.

In company with a group of farmers he journeyed to Chicago and conferred with J. Ogden Armour, George E. Marcy, and other prominent traders. He proposed that one or more of the large dealers sell their elevators and their organizations to a farmers' coöperative. By entering the export trade and holding their wheat for rising prices Mr. Baruch thought the farmers might better their condition. For the moment the plan was abandoned. No one was willing to yield, and then the West continued to send to Washington representatives and senators pledged to enact laws for the relief of the wheat-growers.

Coöperation continued to be discussed and many of those in high position gave their sanction to the idea. Frank O. Lowden, a distinguished former governor of Illinois and a son-in-law of George M. Pullman, who a generation ago was typical of the hard-headed business men of Chicago, abandoned Presidential aspirations to work for an improvement in agricultural conditions. Politicians and statesmen hailed coöperation as the refuge from intolerable conditions and the

grain-dealers began to wonder if there was not something in the idea. A few of them at least were also influenced by idealism. The man chiefly responsible on the traders' side for what has been attempted said with some embarrassment when questioned closely: 'I have given my entire life to this business and when I pass out I would like to leave the industry a little better than I found it.' That is a characteristic Chicago attitude. Nowhere is business harder and nowhere is a generous public conception more likely to express itself in action. Fourteen years ago Joseph Shaffner, a clothing-manufacturer, at the end of a long strike, gave voice to a similar conviction, and already his industry has been revolutionized and the standards of living of hundreds of thousands of workers have been raised. Another Chicagoan, Daniel H. Burnham, put on paper an architect's dream of making his city beautiful and to-day Chicago is being rebuilt with the prodigality of a Napoleon. Unless idealism is conceded, it is not possible fully to understand what is happening in the West.

The organization with which the grain-dealers made their contract is the American Farm Bureau Federation. This is a large and representative body having branches in most of the states. It is dominated by the larger farmers and, compared with certain other agricultural associations, is conservative rather than radical. Still the Farm Bureau Federation actively supported the McNary-Haugen bill, which the Chicago business men denounced as diabolically bad. This measure, which failed of passage in the last Congress, would have established an agricultural export commission with an authorized capital of $200,000,000. Its purpose was to 'restore and maintain approximately the pre-war normal relationship between the prices of certain farm products and the general price level.' It would in fact have put the Federal Government in the business of marketing wheat and, had the scheme succeeded, the domain of those who have so long dominated the Chicago Board of Trade would have indeed been restricted.

The Farm Bureau Federation is itself the result of other Federal legislation. The Smith-Lever Act, which provided county agricultural agents, presupposed the organization of the farmers. To secure the benefits of the law, countrymen were compelled to form coöperative associations. Within two years the entire country has been covered by these coöperatives. County groups have been united into state associations, the states in turn bound together in a national federation.

Marketing problems were at once attacked, and already some important achievements have been recorded. The National Live Stock Producers' Association is a child of the Farm Bureau Federation; last year it did a business of more than $100,000,000. Likewise the vegetable and fruit growers in many states have been organized. Since its very beginning the Federation has been giving attention to wheat-marketing. When the grain-dealers arrived at willingness to compromise, it was an available buyer for those who would yield their control of elevator facilities.

The terms of the bargain have been criticized, but the statement of one of those immediately involved was probably fair when he said: 'This is neither a sheriff's sale nor a hard trade; we have come together at a fair price.'

The contract called for the creation of a $26,000,000 company. The farmers paid out nothing in cash and the grain-dealers undertook to provide $4,000,000 working capital. The previous owners of the grain companies retained 500,000

shares of Class B stock at fifty dollars a share — in effect a $25,000,000 mortgage on the entire business. The farmers have undertaken to sell 1,000,000 shares of common stock at one dollar a share and 1,000,000 shares of Class A stock at twenty-five dollars a share. As rapidly as the common stock and the Class A preferred are sold to the wheat-growers, the mortgage will be retired.

Moreover the profits of the business will be used to pay off the mortgage. It has been estimated that economies resulting from the merging of interests will be from six to eight cents a bushel. This will immediately redound to the benefit of the producers in accordance with coöperative principles. How large the earnings of the business will be is naturally problematical, but one of the companies involved has made an average profit of $1,250,000 during the past ten years. The same company's interest on its share of the Class B stock, or mortgage, will be but $400,000 a year. Manifestly it has yielded something and the farmers have been given a comparatively painless method of buying a large business.

Not less important is the fact that the executives and the personnel of the merged companies are now employed by the farmers. Good management is the key to all business success, whatever the system under which trade is conducted. Hitherto coöperation has frequently failed because the coöperatives lacked expert direction. The Grain Marketing Company starts with managers and a trained staff whose competence none disputes. In truth their very skill has in the past been the farmers' argument against them.

So it has happened that the farmers are in possession of sumptuous offices on Chicago's La Salle Street, the financial centre of the Middle West. There, within earshot of the pit of the famous Board of Trade, they direct a business the very volume of which would arouse criticism and perhaps Federal prosecution if it had not the immunity from antitrust suspicion which attaches to agricultural coöperation.

It seems that something of almost revolutionary significance is happening in the West. Power appears to be passing from one group to another. The grain-dealers say they have given themselves five years more in the business. Within that time the wheat-growers should have learned the intricacies of the market place, trained their own merchants, and become prepared to displace those who are now hired to carry on the business. In the process they will have become accustomed to an environment they have long viewed with suspicion. Likewise the business men with whom the farmers associate so closely will have reached a better understanding of agricultural problems.

Already local coöperative societies in many states possess elevators; added now are storage facilities in the terminal cities, and a marketing-agency with national and international ramifications. The wheat-growers' business is different, however, from that which it may supersede. In producers' coöperation there are no profits in the ordinary sense of the word. Interest must of course be paid on borrowed money and, if the management continues to be as successful as the same men have been in the past, ample net earnings should be shown on the balance sheet. But these earnings will be returned to the coöperators. The wheat-grower will obtain rebates in accordance with the number of bushels distributed for him. What is earned will thus be scattered over the farming-country and not accumulated in the cities.

This is on the assumption that the

plan succeeds. There are those who profess to believe that soon enough the farmers will be glad to abandon the wheat pit, where so many speculators have waged their spectacular campaigns, and return to their ploughs and tractors. Such pessimism ignores too much. The farmers who have sponsored these adventures are university-trained and acquainted with financial methods. The contract they negotiated is the expression of their intelligence as well as that of the lawyers, bankers, and grain-dealers involved. The scientific methods they have long applied to growing their products they would now direct to the distribution and sale of the fruits of their labor.

Excessive enthusiasm is not needed to conclude that this effort or one like it is apt to strike root and to flourish. A little while ago, throughout vast areas the wheat farmers, on the verge of bankruptcy, seemed unequal to the struggle against an economic system which tended to reduce them to a condition of economic serfdom. If there were not intelligence enough in the agricultural regions to master the problem of favorably disposing of such a commodity as wheat, then in fact American farmers might be expected to sink to the level of a peasantry. Fortunately, however, from many directions comes the assurance that the men who plant and harvest the crops are able also to dispose of them.

The Chicago grain-dealers offered no treaty of peace until the farmers persuaded the leaders of the pit that the Government was likely to take over their business. They accepted coöperation because they dreaded governmental operation. The McNary-Haugen bill, which implied Federal domination of the grain market, was close to passage at the last session of Congress, thereby proving that the farmers could wage aggressive warfare in order to win back the relatively high standard of living they once enjoyed. It is interesting to the nation, however, that in an elemental industry, producing and distributing the chief food article of the world, men should agree and seek to work together. Coöperation, honestly and wisely administered, avoids some of the inherent disadvantages of a bureaucratic service. Assuredly this trial of large-scale coöperation is better for the nation than that scheme for bringing the United States Government directly into the grain business, a measure seriously considered during the recent sessions of Congress.

BUCOLIC BEATITUDES

II. BLESSED BE THE PIG

BY RUSTICUS

My neighbor has many broad acres upon which he pays the taxes and over which I ride and walk — an admirable arrangement. He likes to pay taxes and I like to ride where the footing is soft and the paths shaded. This is only one of the many advantages that I possess in having so amiable and excellent a man for neighbor.

To be sure, his orbit is a bit more extended than mine, and we meet but seldom. He, nevertheless, adds enormously to my pleasure, for his manner of life is ornamental and leisured. He does things suavely and without hurry. His surroundings suit him admirably, and when he takes tea in the garden, dressed in spotless riding-togs, he is every inch the picture he thinks he is.

My somewhat covert admiration of his sartorial perfection has been a bit marred, however, by a suspicion that his life was not one of full-flavored and perfect rusticity. It seemed too perfect in detail, just a bit studied. A tumble-down stone wall separates my entire estate from one corner of his domain. It is not a well-preserved or suburban-looking wall. I know it is my duty to repair it — I mean to sometime. Over this wall on rare occasions we hold conversation, and it was while thus engaged that I unwittingly discovered his secret.

I had said something about pigs, and, not wishing to appear superior or improperly proud of my worldly possessions, I inquired as to how his pigs 'did' — pigs are one of the few animals who 'do.' To my surprise he told me that he did not keep pigs; not even a pig; in fact he would not tolerate one on his place. Then I knew his secret — I realized the flaw in his pretentious rusticity.

I turned and walked sadly away. There are times when people reveal themselves so shamelessly and in such bland innocence of the awful revelations they make that the kindest thing you can do is to leave them in ignorance of their guilt.

Then a disquieting thought came to me. If Midas dislikes pigs so much, perhaps he dislikes mine, and wishes them removed. Perhaps he meant to go on and make the suggestion. It was well that I left him. I hastened my step lest he call me back.

Presently I found myself in earnest contemplation of the creatures held in so low esteem by my neighbor. I looked tenderly at them. I recognized the mood. It was the familiar one that is experienced when you hold in your hand a most unflattering report from your eldest's preceptor and the tiny culprit stands before you waiting the utterance of reprimand or sentence. This mood, by some strange twist in my mind, always prompts immoderate and boisterous laughter, which must be restrained in the family circle, but to-

day I was safely out of hearing. My neighbor was taking tea by now in an ornate and inaccessible garden, and I found myself shaken with Homeric laughter as I leaned over the low wall and shared my merriment with two most astonished pigs.

Of course Midas would not keep a pig. I might have known it. Midas chops trees in a silk shirt. That in itself is not inherently base or sordid. But he grunts — it is not a pretty word, but he does — when his axe strikes the tree or log he is manhandling in an utterly inaccurate imitation of a real chopper with a real axe striking real blows. He fails to synchronize properly and betrays the amateur. I have even heard him describe a pack of hounds as dogs!

I was not thinking pleasant thoughts of Midas. I did not try to. I knew I was through with him. Our wives might continue to exchange biennial calls; we might even exchange a word or two over the wall; but for all intents and purposes I knew I was through with Midas. How silly I had been — of course Midas would not keep a pig.

And what a pity! By one of those wise provisions of a benign Providence this crowning glory of rusticity is within the reach of the humblest, except those unfortunates who dwell in congested districts where a perverse public opinion has legislated against this highly useful animal. But then, no self-respecting person would live in such a place anyway.

There is no need to enlarge upon the economic value of the pig. The billboards and the press are radiant with tasteful illustrations of the appetizing final state of this succulent animal. It is in other ways and for other reasons that I admire and love him.

He is the one animal with whom man can ever hope to be on intimate terms, who is an incorrigible wag. He is the humorist of the farm. It seems strange that it should be so. Bred for countless generations for nothing but culinary purposes, daily approaching an inevitably tragic end, he has preserved inviolate the comic tradition.

When opportunity presents, my friend, look attentively at those little glittering eyes and you will see a waggish twinkle that will convince you that you are in the presence of a humorist.

To get the very best out of ownership of a pig, thought should be given to his habitat. An enclosure is necessary. Now, have the enclosure of such a height that your elbows rest comfortably upon the top, arrange a soft and agreeable footing on the windward side of the enclosure, and all will be well. Your relation with a pig is not an intimate one — pigs are not to be handled except in early infancy, and you will find that merely to contemplate them as you stand in a comfortable and relaxed attitude with some support to the body will yield a rich reward.

They should be secured young — there is an innocent joyousness in a very young pig, which will amuse you in the early stages of your acquaintance and will give you food for thought as your intimacy grows. And then the pleasure of seeing them grow! If you have a low and commercial type of mind you can calculate daily your profit, even after deducting the interest on your modest initial investment. The upkeep is not a heavy item. One of the most charming things about a pig is his heartfelt gratitude for the delicacies that a wasteful and ignorant generation regard as inappropriate for human consumption. And to beneficent use he puts them, returning literally a hundredfold.

But it is not these sordid consider-

ations that lead me to love a pig. It is the intellectual sympathy that exists between us that endears him to me.

In the first place, a pig looks more like many people you know than any of your other animal friends. The moment you see a new pig you have at once a dozen names in mind, every one of them fitting perfectly. I will admit that I have encountered a curious prejudice on the part of some people to having a pig named after them. This can be remedied in a simple and most effective manner. In my case, I have a pig which irresistibly reminded me of a near relative, a man of pronounced opinions. That settled his name. On formal occasions and for reference in certain quarters I use a coldly classic name with no special significance. But at the twilight hour when that pig and I hold communion I address him by his lawful given name. I have had pigs who possessed a variety of aliases. In such a case, as I talk pleasantly with one or the other, I go through the list until I use the one name I know to be his by every right of pigship. An ear pricks up, a roguish eye twinkles a bit more brightly, and after a delicately executed *pas seul* around the enclosure he is back once more, demure and attentive.

And how attentive he is! He stands with ears erect, forefeet firmly planted in the empty trough, his little eyes raised to mine, and his nostrils twitching with interest and anticipation. In that posture he is the living image of a lady I know as she leans over her teacup to catch the last syllable of innuendo in the last titbit of scandal that is making its rapid circuit of our little town.

So I address my remarks to Mrs. Jones, and relate to her incidents in the lives of mutual friends, no less apocryphal than those so much enjoyed by my neighbors. And Mrs. Jones's eyes twinkle, and her nose twitches, and her tail curls tighter and tighter in sheer delight until I burst into laughter with a guilty fear that I may have been overheard and so set in motion a new series of stories which would inevitably bring disaster to some of our most respected townsfolk.

There is a direct simplicity about a pig. He knows no affectations. He has but two ends in view. One is to wax fat, — and how splendidly he does it! — the other to amuse, with a subtle, ironic humor. He lives a curiously circumscribed life in utter and absolute contentment. He has none of that nervous intellectual intensity that is so wearing to live with. He has no illusions; he indulges in no moods or fancies; but what a wonderful companion he is! He is the very flower of discretion — your most intimate confidences are safe with him.

The older he grows, the more humorous he becomes, until in his stately prime he so closely resembles the president of our local bank that, at times of financial stringency, I can hardly bring myself to visit him. I know if he could speak he would say something about an impending overdraft. He knows it too, and as he waddles over toward me he puffs and grunts a bit in covert imitation of the great man whom he knows I fear.

I am quick to act on his suggestion. It suits my mood. There are plans afoot which will soon necessitate a visit to that temple of finance. It will be well to be letter-perfect in my part, though I know from experience that my part in the dialogue will be unimportant once it gets under way.

The visit starts with an effusive welcome as Moneybags extends a moist and yielding hand. A wan smile flits for a moment across his impassive countenance, and the judicial manner

is once more assumed. How are things with me? Well, he hopes. But at times like these it is difficult to tell, very difficult. A faint note of pessimism already begins to creep into the monologue. General business conditions are unsatisfactory, there has been overproduction in certain industrial lines, the situation in the Near East is not what he would like to have it. Dark hints of revolution and tottering governments, an uncomfortable feeling in Wall Street, lead naturally to a detailed description of the appalling condition of the farmer, — here I begin to be sympathetic, — due to the presence of either too much or too little gold in the country; and I am newly impressed by the unfortunate circumstance that I either am or am not a citizen of a debtor nation. I do not quite know which it is, but it is dreadful, whatever it is, and I find myself suddenly filled with compunction that I should have come to this noble, suffering person with my paltry needs. I begin to see dimly that I am only adding a feather's weight to the staggering load that this self-forgetful Atlas is already carrying, as single-handed he supports the financial fabric of the world.

He pauses, a chubby hand plays nervously with a delicate ivory paper-cutter. He glances apprehensively at the door; his voice becomes a husky whisper as he alludes to general conditions of unrest among the working classes, their utter lack of appreciation of what is being done for them, and the certainty that things will be worse before they are better. Long ago my little errand has been forgotten in a flood of sympathy for a man so harried by world problems.

At this point Moneybags observes a delicate morsel in a far corner of the trough and he moves away to investigate. It proves attractive, and he forgets me in his efforts to secure it. It is well, for at that moment we are joined by the companion of his sequestered life.

It is Mrs. Murphy, the excellent woman who does the cleaning and other important matters in the little house yonder.

She comes abruptly; her manner has none of the poise and dignity which have always endeared her companion to me. She is vocal, she is positive, she knows what she wants and goes after it with commendable directness. I fear she is, like myself, hopelessly middle-class. But I like her. It is a relief to converse again with a pig who talks my language and with whom I have much in common. For Mrs. Murphy and I have many mutual interests — taxes, interest, mortgages, plumbers' bills, insurance premiums, indigent relatives, and growing children.

The talk turns to other channels. Things are not well with Mrs. Murphy; her rent has been raised on account of conditions in the Near East, there has been illness, food is very dear. I try to explain to her that this is due entirely to unsettled conditions in Russia, but without great success.

Her sister's children — oh yes, they are with her. Yes, six of them. The two eldest are in an 'institooshun.' Thomas will soon be at work, she hopes. Her lord and master is just at present unemployed, but as soon as he gets out of the hospital he hopes to secure half-time.

Mrs. Murphy glides easily from the concrete to the abstract. It is the rich who are to blame. They are growing richer and the poor, poorer. She looks scornfully at the towers of the palace beyond the stone wall. I hasten to tell her that we are not on terms now, that I too am out of sympathy with Midas. She seems appeased.

I try to remember all the dreadful

things Moneybags told me. It is no use. Moneybags was right. The working classes do not, will not understand, but I have a suspicion that Mrs. Murphy and I do not quite understand Midas and Moneybags.

A joyous bark is heard. Shrill voices pierce the air. School is over and life really begins. I leave this oddly assorted pair to work out their problems, grateful for an hour of perfect peace in the presence of perfect understanding.

Finally, a pig is the only animal friend with whom I am able to part at an appropriate time without bitter grief and self-reproaches. It is not that I am not sincerely attached to it by the subtlest ties of kinship. But there seems to be only one logical finale of our life together. If the parting is delayed too long, the relationship loses something of its old-time zest, the flower is fading, and dull and apathetic habit replaces the first sweet fervor of your fellowship. It is well to let the parting come in proper season without vain regrets. And even after the parting there is opportunity for affectionate remembrance. Your breakfast takes on a new and interesting significance. As the delicate morsel rests before you, you inhale its subtle aroma, you see the slender stripes of delicate color, and you wonder — you wonder.

The pig has a secure niche in the Temple of Letters. The gentle Elia has enshrined him for all time. But by a curious chance even he emphasized the gastronomic aspect of his fame without reference to his waggish quality. It is well that the benign Dr. Dolittle has placed before us his true picture in Gub-Gub, beloved of children.

And now, my friend, the fever of the day is over. The twilight hour has come with its suggestion of peace and contemplation. Come with me and we will rest awhile. Let me introduce you to a friend of mine, a person of importance in local financial and social circles. He will amuse you.

And when you reach that time in your life when you begin to suffer from the chronic irritability of the man over fifty, when you begin to get a bit queer, and quarrel with your neighbor simply because he wears expensive and becoming raiment, when you need a solace and an unfailing source of understanding fellowship, when you begin to feel the need of occasional soul-communings with Nature's subtlest humorist and most perfect clown, apply to me. I will sell you a pig and, having dined at your table, I know he will 'do' well.

ROADS — MOTOR AND RAIL

BY GEORGE W. ANDERSON

I

THERE is very *un*common sense in the pithy saying, 'Our fundamental need is not the elucidation of the mysterious, but an appreciation of the significance of the obvious.' This writing is but a modest attempt to promote appreciation of some significant aspects of the obvious facts as to our motor and rail transportation problems.

We may well start our comparison of the two rival methods of moving us and our belongings from somewhere to somewhere else, with the dollar test — the common though frequently misleading measure in American thinking. The value of our railroads, as tentatively estimated by the Interstate Commerce Commission, is about $20,000,000,000. Tested by sales of stocks and bonds, the market value has, for perhaps five years, been from $12,000,000,000 to $15,000,000,000. The railroad securities outstanding, eliminating the intercompany holdings of over $5,000,000,000, are about $18,255,000,000. This is $2,000,000,000 to $3,000,000,000 less than the popular view, based on misleading railroad propaganda, which has long sought to induce public belief that our railroads are capitalized for several billions more than they are, and are worth still more. Nearly forty per cent or about $7,000,000,000 of outstanding stock has long been nondividend-paying; it has had, in the main, but speculative or control value. The railroad revenue in 1923, including nonoperating income, was a little over $6,500,000,000. The estimated value of our agricultural product for that year was about $8,000,000,000. Railroad mileage is now about 250,000 miles, approximately 4000 miles less than six years ago. On these rail highways we have about 2,700,000 freight cars (including private cars), and about 60,000 passenger and baggage and express cars, moved by about 70,000 locomotives. The passenger cars have a seating-capacity for about 2,250,000 people. Railroad employees are about 1,750,000.

But the railroad *industry* covers more than the properties included in the reports to the Commission — mainly, of course, engine- and car-building concerns. Including these, the value of the railroad industry is probably not far from $20,000,000,000, and its annual income not far from the $8,000,000,000 estimated as the value of our agricultural production in 1923. Roughly, we spend $75 per year, per person, in the railroad industry.

This rail-highway-carrier industry is the development of just under a century. Within the first quarter of its career, this new transportation system had demonstrated its overwhelming superiority over its chief competitors, the internal water-highway-carriers — river and canal; and by the middle of the century had gone far toward destroying traffic on these water highways. The outstanding fact as to the

rail highway was its adaptability. It could, as the water highways could not, go almost anywhere — along valleys, over or through mountains — wherever industries were for various reasons located.

But within the last quarter of the century now ending there has come, in the mobility of mankind, a development more revolutionary than had resulted from all previous transportation methods since the dawn of history — and we are dealing now only with transportation on the earth, not through the air.

The statistics as to the motor industry are less easily obtained, less accurate, and more belated, than those as to rail transportation. Our chief reliance must be data put out by the Federal Bureau of Public Roads in the Department of Agriculture, publications of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, and certain other official sources. We now have in the United States about 17,000,000 registered motor cars and trucks. Their present value can only be estimated. But the average retail price of automobiles, not including trucks, sold in 1924 is stated as $814. About half the cars and trucks are Fords. The wholesale value of the cars and trucks put out in 1924 was about $2,250,000,000. The present value of these motor vehicles can hardly be less than $7,000,000,000 to $8,000,000,000 — an average of less than $500 per vehicle. The gross expenditure of automobilists in 1923 is estimated to exceed $6,000,000,000 — close to the gross revenue of the railroads.

Manifestly the surfaced roads are in the main a part of, or at any rate a result from, the motor-car industry. We have approximately 450,000 miles of surfaced *rural* roads, now about double our decreasing railroad mileage, and rapidly increasing. The available figures do not, both as to mileage and expenditures, include the streets in cities and incorporated towns. Our general conclusions from available data are therefore likely to be under rather than over the facts. Motor roads — costing over $60,000 a mile — practically parallel railroads costing originally not more than $30,000 a mile. These surfaced roads must be worth, on the average, $15,000 a mile, or about $7,000,000,000. This view is sustained by the facts that the 35,156.9 miles of completed 'Federal Aid Roads' cost $602,326,380.21 — an average of about $17,000 a mile; and that the average cost of Massachusetts State highways is about $33,000 a mile. Our motor roads and vehicles together are worth as much as our railroads — say $15,000,000,000. Our rural highway expenditures are now over $1,000,000,000 a year, and rapidly increasing. It is stated that the automobile industry (not apparently including roads) gives employment to 2,750,000 people — nearly 1,000,000 more than the employees of the railroads.

In general, without further elaboration of figures and analysis, the conclusion is warranted that the motor transportation industry is now somewhat larger than the railroad transportation industry. It is about one fourth the age of the railroad industry — a lusty growing youth.

But the railroads show many signs of decaying old age. There has been no substantial improvement in railroad equipment or management in twenty years or more. The actual abandonment of about 4000 miles discloses but a small part of the discouraging facts shown by an examination of train schedules and other indicia of the decadent condition of the thin lines. While we have tens of thousands of miles of railroads that never ought to have been built, few of them should be

abandoned. But many thousands of miles now moribund — financially, and nearly so functionally — will be abandoned unless we have, very soon, radical changes in organization, equipment, and management. Our railroads need an intelligent conservation programme as much as do our forests.

The astounding proposition, coming from a highly intelligent and responsible source, of abandoning 1000 miles (almost one half the mileage) of the Boston & Maine Railroad System should be enough to arouse the public to the immediate need of radical changes in both public and corporation railroad policy. The situation is critically bad and rapidly growing worse. But this junking proposition should not be accepted without a struggle to avoid such an appalling waste.

A related, though in essence a different, situation exists as to trolleys. In Massachusetts alone we have abandoned about 570 miles. Many of these lines were, of course, improvidently built; but it is at least doubtful whether the abandonment has not gone to the extent of being serious waste.

II

Let us turn from dollars to functions. The seating-capacity of our motor-cars and omnibuses must be at least 70,000,000 — about thirty times the seating-capacity of our railroad cars. We could move two thirds of our population of 110,000,000 at one time, thirty miles an hour, on very good roads, from coast to coast; and we have passable unsurfaced roads available for motor traffic of about 2,500,000 miles more. As carriers of mankind, the automobile has already passed the rail carrier, although accurate figures cannot be obtained as to motor-car-passenger mileage. It is plain that passenger rail movement is, in relation to population, already substantially decreased, and is tending downward; and that the movement of mankind in motor-cars has not only absorbed what would otherwise have been a movement on the rails, but has enormously increased the general mobility of humanity. No people ever began to move about as we do.

Some cynic has said, 'In America nobody stays at home. Americans live mostly in their automobiles. Mr. Henry Ford has put, not only the American railroads, but the American homes, into the discard.' There is exaggeration in this statement, but exaggeration sometimes helps toward an appreciation of the significance of the obvious.

Turning from passenger traffic to freight and package movement, the salient facts are difficult of ascertainment. The encroachment on railroad traffic, measured by tons, is not alarming. Measured by its importance and potency for profit, as it should be, it is serious. But when prompt and reliable movement of high-class merchandise from door to door is required, the truck is the more efficient and economical transportation agency. Efficient railroading would limit motor freight-handling to this comparatively narrow field.

Less and less does the commonly used ton-mile performance of our railroads test their aggregate serviceability in the transportation field. Over half of their tonnage is the products of mines, mostly coal, a large part of which should go by water or not at all; it should be transmuted into power at the mine mouth and be delivered by copper wire. Consider also the rapidly increasing hydroelectrics. We should cherish no delusions grounded on the recent, much advertised, ton-mile showings of our railroads. Most substantial manufacturing and mercantile concerns

years ago largely abandoned the use of the rail carriers for handling light freight and express packages. They now own and operate, for most short-haul business, their own transportation equipment. Statistics as to the comparative cost are not now available, but are greatly needed. Apart from the privately owned and operated motor equipment, we have a rapidly increasing number of lines of public motor transportation concerns, moving in competition with each other and with the rail lines all over the country. This movement is, to a large degree, seasonal; and the competition with the rail lines is grossly unfair. We cannot justify a public policy that permits road-destroying trucks, moving over free rights of way, to take the cream of the business in the most favorable season, remitting the rail lines to an unremunerative, but enforced, service in bad weather — while we compel the rail lines to pay exorbitant taxes, which go in substantial part to create the free roads on which trucking concerns, frequently financially irresponsible, carry, damage, or lose goods.

It is pretty clear that much of the trucking business is now parasitic; that it pays taxes disproportionate to its road-destroying achievements; and that it calls for such regulation as will greatly reduce its unfair seasonal competition with regular and reliable transportation service.

It is also clear that there is a pressing need of increased efficiency in the equipment and management of the rail service so as to meet the just demand for quick and reliable service for high-class freight. When the railroads seek from the legislatures, as they should, protection against unfair competition, they should be able to make a better showing as to their own capacity to meet public business needs. Not a little of the surge toward the truck is due directly to the failure of rail managers properly to equip and handle their lines. Such a stream of trucks, carrying cotton and wool, as moves from Boston to the Merrimack River cities, from side track to side track, is irrefutable evidence of inefficiency in railroad equipment and management.

The motor roads, motor car, telephone, and now the radio, have, as we all know, radically changed living conditions in the country. Hardly less significant are the changed conditions in our cities. Here the horse and his resultant street filth, with the block stone paving for his foothold, have been almost eliminated. Our streets are infinitely cleaner and smoother than twenty years ago. The air is cleaner — hardly quieter, though the quality of the noise has changed. We are tearing up city as well as country rails and substituting jitneys — and cabs, now serving at rates comparable to those that have long obtained in European cities.

But these changes are not all gain. The motor car, moving or parked, is an extravagant consumer of street space. Exact figures are not available; but compare the street area, lateral and longitudinal, taken by our business or shopping population moving in or out of a city in automobiles, with the street space required by the same number riding in steam or trolley cars. Ten to one is not a reckless estimate. An ordinary automobile is over ten feet long, and must have at least ten feet safety leeway, before and aft. It ordinarily carries in this space of thirty feet not over three persons, of whom one is frequently merely the chauffeur. Think of the conditions if the bulk of the present trolley riders became automobile passengers. The Boston trolley system handles about a million passengers a day, say a third of a million, in and out. All of us riders in

automobiles owe these trolley riders a debt of gratitude for letting us have so much more street space than they use. Yet in 1923 these trolley riders paid in taxes almost one half a cent for each ride. They ought to be subsidized, not taxed, because they are not using their proportionate share of the street space. Informing statistics based on careful counts of motor- and rail-passenger street movement, are greatly needed. It is plain enough that we automobile riders are 'road-hogs' of necessity; and that we ought to pay the sardine-packed rail-riders something for keeping out of our way.

This tremendous demand for more street room has compelled numerous and expensive street widenings — imposing a heavy burden on the general taxpayer, of which the railroads and trolley companies are among the very largest.

In Massachusetts these companies paid, in 1923, $12,490,764.99 in taxes. We still cherish the delusion that the rail carriers are such money-makers that they should be compelled to disgorge copiously. These taxes are grossly unjust. Investors in New England rail lines have, in say fifteen years, lost probably more than $500,000,000. Roughly, one half of this loss may be attributed to unsound public policy, and one half to management so incredibly bad as to endanger the reputation for veracity of any person who knows and dares tell the truth about it.

But the auto has determined that the city of the future shall give less of its area to buildings and more to streets and open spaces. Very likely buildings will, because of the resultant increase in air and light, go higher — a vertical offset to a lateral loss.

Another little-considered expense of motor traffic is a large but unascertainable increase in the cost of our police service. Without the frequent traffic-officer, pedestrian movement in our streets would be practically impossible during the rush hours of the day. Twenty-five years ago we were struggling, strenuously and expensively, to get rid of railroad grade-crossings because of their obvious danger to life and limb. Motor cars have to-day made thousands of miles of our city streets, for all practical purposes, grade crossings; indeed, in many respects, worse than grade crossings, for the rail tells us where the steam engine and cars are going, whereas the motor car is very frequently found where the pedestrian does not fairly expect it. Our streets are to all pedestrians a *memento mori* in action.

III

Most financial and social phenomena are grounded on physical facts. What are the outstanding physical facts of rail and motor transportation? When, about one hundred years ago, the rail highway began to assume its dominant position in transportation, the outstanding physical facts were two: —

1. A great reduction in the friction of the vehicle movement. Iron rolling on iron — now steel on steel — increased enormously the efficiency of the motive power. Now that we have substituted smooth, well-surfaced motor-roads for the old tracks of mud, sand, or ordinary dirt, and the powerful gasoline engine for the slow and comparatively feeble horse, this friction-reducing factor has sunk into comparative insignificance.

2. The second distinction was that the rail highway steered its vehicle. This fact, always important, has, with the growth of motor-road traffic, become increasingly important. Its significance has mostly escaped observation and comment. It is the central

and dominating physical fact in our present transportation problem. Its importance can hardly be exaggerated.

We have, perhaps, 100,000 locomotive engineers in this country — a highly trained and experienced class. Their functions are to start, control the speed of, and stop their engines. The tracks determine where their engines and attached vehicles will go. Except as they must observe signals and switches, they have no steering function to perform. Their highway does the steering — an operation as vital as, and calling for far more skill and continuous attention than, starting, stopping, or speed-regulating.

Look now at the motor vehicles on the motor roads — the nonsteering roads. With 17,000,000 vehicles, we probably have at least 20,000,000 drivers. They must not only start, control the speed, and stop their locomotives, — for every automobile is a combined locomotive and car, — but they must steer their vehicles with reference to all the curves and obstacles in the highway as well as with reference to other steerers of like locomotives. The function of the ordinary chauffeur is, in dominant aspects, more difficult, more dangerous to himself and to other users of the motor highway, than the function of the locomotive engineer. But, instead of having on our nonsteering roads only a carefully selected and experienced set of trained men, we have millions of 'engineers' of both sexes — some of them frequently drunk, a considerable part of them financially irresponsible.

The problem is intrinsic. It cannot be escaped or, in fundamentals, changed. Zealous and competent officials may do their utmost to eliminate the drunks and the unfit; we may install signal systems on our main streets analogous to those now used on the railroads; multiply traffic-officers; guard against defective brakes; regulate blinding headlights; compel all automobile-owners to carry insurance for the benefit of accident victims, in analogy to compensation acts for industrial accidents — these and other protective devices may help, but they will not cure.

The outstanding factors will remain unchanged; we are undertaking to move, on nonsteering highways, locomotives whose course, and not merely speed, is dependent upon human intelligence, alertness, and action.

In essence, the problem is insoluble. Almost as soon as locomotives began to run on the rail highways, monopoly control was, for safety's sake, given to the operating companies. The public use was prohibited; to walk on the rail highway is to trespass, not because it is private property, — for it is not, — but in order to prevent accidents. We cannot exclude pedestrians from our streets.

The inevitable result of 17,000,000 high-powered motor cars, moving on nonsteering highways, in destruction of life and limb, would shock us, if the World War had not taught us to disregard the killing and maiming of human beings.

Compare the achievements of the railroads with those of the motor cars in this killing and maiming field. The figures as to railroad accidents are pretty complete and reliable. They show that in slaughter the railroads reached their maximum in 1913, when they killed 10,964 and injured 200,308; but in 1923 they killed only 7385 and injured only 171,712. The decreased number of trains may be accountable for a part of this apparent improvement.

The published figures as to motor slaughter and maiming are not complete. But it seems clear that the fatal accidents in 1924 were not less than

17,000 — about forty-three a day; and the nonfatal accidents were about thirty times as many, or, roughly, 500,000. That motor accidents are from two to four times the railroad accidents is plain. While the figures published indicate some decrease in accidents per 100,000 registered cars, there is good reason to fear a reverse of this apparent tendency, as better rural roads augment the average rate of speed, and the increasing number of cars in city streets requires more rapid movement between the frequently enforced stops, in order to prevent jams from backing up the current. Thirty-five miles an hour is now commonly permitted on country motor-roads. Cars must move at nearly that rate in our city streets. A few years ago the prevailing legal opinion probably was that a speed of twenty-five miles an hour in a city street was negligence, per se, making the driver prima facie liable for any accident occurring. No such legal doctrine can now be applied. The city pedestrian must watch signals, if there are any, as must a locomotive engineer; failing signals, he must look and listen, and run and dodge for his life. We sardonically say, 'It is the quick — or the dead.'

Our streets are unfit for the use to which they must be put by the confusing mixture of pedestrians, motor cars, busses, and — on some of them — trolley cars. The situation is almost intolerable.

IV

It is plain enough that the greatest single step toward solving our motor-traffic problems lies in conserving our rail lines and in promoting their increased use. The recent traffic-conference in Washington seems to have overlooked this vital point. Only on the steering road can a teeming population move with comparative safety and reasonable economy. To increase motor roads and the number of motor cars is, in controlling respects, but to exaggerate the risks and costs now almost intolerable. The better the road, the greater the speed, the larger the risk. We shall shortly build by-pass roads to divert through motor-traffic from intervening cities like Worcester, Springfield, or Portsmouth. This will relieve the city streets, but it will speed up through traffic and appreciably increase its danger.

But, fundamentally, the steering road is far and away the best road ever yet devised, for rapid and safe human movement. Our policy of making these steering roads toll roads has confused our thinking and involved us in all sorts of stupid, function-destroying methods of development, equipment, and use. On the steering road only can swift movement of great numbers of human beings be allowed with approximate safety.

The one-man car and an intelligent application of service-at-cost financial methods have — so far — saved a lot of our Massachusetts trolley lines. Like intelligence is sadly needed with respect to our steam rail-lines. For a long time our railroad policies and management have been marked by excessive intellectual frugality. We must free the railroads from banker and supply-concern control, and give the brains of the operating staff a chance. No other great industry is so hampered by worship of mouldy myths.

But checking tendencies in motor-car use are in sight. Some of us who do not want to die, in public and unseemly fashion, however desirable our deaths may from the standpoint of others be, are going back to the rails, the steering road — for safety and for nervous comfort.

Except under nearly ideal conditions of weather, roads, and traffic thereon, and of car and driver, there is no fair comparison, in the comfort of riding as far as one hundred miles, in an automobile, or in a good train, particularly a Pullman train. It is the door-to-door flexibility of the motor car — going when the traveler wants to go, and not on train schedule — that entices him from the rail service. It eliminates cab service at the ends of the journey, and caters to our individualism — a sort of egotism. Besides, present rail-rates drive family movement to the automobile, in which the cost, at least the immediate and apparent cost, is much less. We may roughly reckon that a $300 Ford car can, before worn out, carry five people 30,000 miles for $300 worth of gasoline and, say, $150 for tires, repairs, and so forth; $750 gross, or two and one-half cents a mile — half a cent a mile per person. In common use, of course, no such results are obtained. But these possibilities contrast with passenger railroad-rates of substantially 3.6 cents per mile outside of the commutation zones and about two cents per mile within these zones. The immediate cash cost of a country trip for a family of five, in a Ford or in a train, is eighteen cents per mile by train, and about one cent per mile by Ford.

But the well-to-do citizen, furnishing a sedan such as a Cadillac or a Peerless and a chauffeur for his family, will find, year in and year out, his car-mile cost not far from twenty-five cents. Of course, his passenger-mile costs will depend on the size and riding-habits of his family. The efficient citizen who drives and cares for his own car, and uses a lower-priced car, can reckon on a mileage cost of about eight to ten cents. Consequently, this citizen, carrying three or more, is beating the railroad in his expense.

And it is pleasanter to ride, rubber on concrete, than steel on steel. The unnecessarily loud and unpleasantly grinding noise of our American rail vehicles has tended to alienate our affections from our rail carriers, and increased the popularity of automobiles on the nonsteering highways. So have freedom from cinders and approximate freedom from dust.

The English trains are much quieter than ours. Why does not someone invent a rubber-rimmed wheel that will run safely on the rail, the steering road? There is a deserved fortune for the man who will put a noiseless, or nearly noiseless, wheel under our rail vehicles.

Turning again to countervailing advantages accruing from the steering road: On this road it is practicable to use long trains operated by a single engine — an enormous advantage in handling both passengers and freight. On the nonsteering road, trains are impracticable; at least, without interposing at frequent intervals vehicles with steering apparatus and operators therefor. On the nonsteering road, a train operated from a head engine would be wrecked at the first sharp curve.

Plainly the motor roads can never compete successfully with the rail roads in handling heavy freight or passengers in concentrated form.

Another contrast is that, so far, passengers moving on the nonsteering roads have been furnished transportation only — plus some protection against wind and weather. But the passenger rail-carriers furnish us heat, light, toilet facilities, sleeping-accommodations, and expensive station service. A modern American Pullman train is almost a moving set of hotels — undoubtedly the most comfortable form of long-distance transportation ever yet devised; also the most expensive, if all the items of cost were

properly reckoned, as in practice they never are. To ride on such a train is like using a Rolls-Royce for a baby carriage; it carries the baby comfortably enough, but the weight and expense are disproportionate to the job.

But without further balancing the advantages and disadvantages of the two rival forms of transportation — it is obvious that motor traffic easily reaches the saturation stage, somewhat as does the single-track railroad. There has been no pleasure or comfort in riding downtown in one's automobile for two or three years. Increasingly, there is neither pleasure nor comfort nor safety in country trips.

The general conclusion is that motor traffic is unsafe, unpleasant, and generally undesirable, unless kept within moderate limits. We are now at or near the saturation stage.

But, on the other hand, the steering roads, the rail carriers, can handle a practically unlimited amount of traffic; for, by multiplying tracks, order, safety, and efficiency arise in the vehicle movement on the steering road.

V

Turning back from functions to finance, we find an interesting contrast between the methods under which our rail-highway carriers were created, and the method of financing motor cars and motor roads. In general we have financed our rail system, both roads and vehicles, on credit based chiefly on tolls, supplemented by large contributions of public money and still more of public land. But the rail carriers have been so organized and managed as to result in a constant, unwarranted increase of the capital charge. Banker management, and the failure of the rules of the Interstate Commerce Commission to require proper charges for depreciation and nonrevenue-producing improvements, have been the two chief sources of this unsound system.

But rail highways, like all other roads, as well as schoolhouses and other public buildings, are nothing but social furnishings, in which depreciation and obsolescence are large factors. Witness the fate of investments in our canals. No people having a proper regard for their children will load them down with heavy debts or fixed charges for furnishings, family or social. We should pay as we go, or at least provide for the pretty rapid discharge of the debts we incur. Investments in railroads should have been treated as, in essence, public debts — to be shouldered by the generation that incurred them.

The only alternatives to such a policy are confiscation, open or disguised, or an unjust inheritance by our posterity of taxation for ancestral foolishness and selfishness. In practice, we confiscate; witness the New Haven and the Boston & Maine.

This is but a generalization. Historically, our railroad financings have been so mixed up with fraud, waste, stock-watering, bad management, and division of responsibility between investors and Government, that it is not surprising that there is little clear thinking as to the nature and extent of public responsibility for the money so used. Our methods of financing our rail-highway carriers have always been indefensibly and stupidly unsound and wasteful.

So far, our methods of financing our motor roads are in pleasing contrast. These roads have, throughout the country, been built from public moneys — taxation, present and prospective. They are thus, to the user, free roads. The only exceptions seem to be a few remaining toll-roads in Pennsylvania and Maryland, and some toll-bridges,

necessary parts of the highway. But the tendency is toward eliminating all tolls on the nonsteering roads. And these roads are, in general, built to meet an intelligently and honestly ascertained public need — not to make profits for some construction company, or to float stocks and bonds grounded on tolled traffic. Of course, politics and graft have not been entirely eliminated. But in fundamentals the system is sound. For our motor-road financial policy at least *tends* to put money into needed roads only; while our railroad financial policy tended to create speculative, unneeded, strike roads, now in process of abandonment.

In this extensive work of motor-road construction we have been combining Federal, state, and municipal taxation and administration. Since 1916, the Federal Government has appropriated about $600,000,000, allotted to the states on a scheme intended to contribute to a real, *national* highway system. This combination fairly and effectually recognizes that highways, originally and primarily for local use, are increasingly for general, national use. The national work is carried on under the Bureau of Public Roads in the Department of Agriculture. A study — not very profound — of the methods evolved leaves, in general, a pleasant impression of intelligent and sound direction and administration. The Federal Bureau seems to have rendered efficient and economical service in working out the many difficult new problems, and in furnishing in the states and its subdivisions suggestions as to sound methods of construction, maintenance, and financing. The monthly periodical, *Public Roads*, contains data of the greatest value to all officials and road engineers.

A few figures are worth noting as to the origin and destination of our money going into motor roads. Most of the following are found in *Public Roads*, Vol. 5, No. 4. While, unfortunately, most of the figures are nearly three years old, they show instructive facts and tendencies.

In the nine years from 1914 to 1923, the percentage of highway expenditures derived from motor-vehicle and gasoline taxes increased from 5.1 to about 19 — a most wholesome tendency. Per capita expenditures for rural roads were $10.90 in 1921, thus derived: from motor taxes, $1.17; from bonds, $4.15; from Federal aid, $.75; from general taxes, $4.83. About one eighth of all general taxes went for roads.

The methods of financing motor roads vary substantially in different sections of the country. To one familiar with the black and dismal history of New England railroad financing, it is pleasant to write that our New England methods of financing our motor roads are the best in the United States. As noted above, in 1921 the country as a whole raised $10.90 per capita for rural highways; but in New England it was only $6.25. Our denser population probably accounts for our less per capita cost of highways. But the average tax per motor car was, in the United States, $11.80, in New England, $16.40. More important is the fact that in the country as a whole the percentage of the total highway revenue from taxes derived from motor and gasoline was only 10.6 per cent, whereas in New England it was over 25 per cent — more than double the average for the country. In the nation, 38 per cent, or $438,000,000, of the expenditures for motor roads was raised on bonds; but in New England only 12.7 per cent — one third the proportion of the country at large. Our sounder system resulted in having in New England a per capita annual charge for bond interest of only $.80 as compared with $4.10 in the country

as a whole. Clearly our posterity will have, by comparison, good reasons to think well of us.

It thus appears that we in New England are doing better than the rest of the country in making the owners of the new vehicles pay their just proportion of the cost of the roads and streets they make us build and maintain for their use. But they are still paying less than their full share. It is a pity the gasoline tax was defeated in the Massachusetts referendum at the last election. It was a wise law.

We must stand firmly against the political pressure motor interests show menacing signs of bringing against making this industry pay its just dues. Our sad experience with unsound methods of financing our rail transportation system should be an effective lesson.

VI

To discuss the significance of this tremendous development of a new and rapidly growing transportation system in its relation to our railroad problem would call for another long article. A few brief observations only. Five years ago we were assured that the Transportation Act of 1920 had 'solved the railroad question'; that it was 'the greatest output of modern constructive statesmanship'; that under it we were to 'have a few great railroad systems,' competing and coördinating, synchronously and harmoniously, in accordance with a plan to be completed in not more than one year by the Interstate Commerce Commission; that a new Labor Board was to give us peace and efficient coöperation between managerial and operating staffs; that railroad credit would be restored, and investments, old and new, properly protected and rewarded. Five years have passed; no consolidation plan has been adopted by the Commission. The project is practically abandoned, or might as well be. For about three years the prevailing view was that, pending the adoption of such plan, the law froze the status quo, so that the Commission would not approve any consolidation. Then, by a majority of one, the Commission, in the Nickel Plate Case, rejected that view and approved securities to facilitate a consolidation.

Only a decision by the Supreme Court can determine whether the majority or the minority are right in this later construction of the act. But statesmanship that creates such differences of opinion as to their powers among competent administrative officials lacks constructive efficiency.

Under the Labor Board we have had one of the worst strikes in railroad history. At present there seems to be a truce in the labor war — apparently because neither management nor operating staff desires further intervention by that Board. With much higher rates the average net earnings for the five years are about $670,000,000, as contrasted with about $950,000,000 for the three years ending June 30, 1917, taken as a basis for Government contracts during Federal control.

High rates, poor net earnings, no consolidations worth mentioning, one new Government bureaucracy added to the forty-eight previously struggling with railroad problems — these are the achievements of the Esch-Cummins Act in five years. It is no wonder that hundreds of railroad bills are now pending before Congress. Very likely none of them ought to pass, or will pass.

The railroad problem is not solved. But it may be that the motor-road carrier and water transportation will yet solve it, by making railroad traffic so unprofitable that the confusing scramble over tolls — the essence of

our railroad problem — will end, as it has over trolley fares in Massachusetts. Death solves many problems.

It always becomes 'a public function' to provide essential roads and necessary public carrier service thereon, when, charging what tolls the traffic will bear, the undertaking is not money-making. If it is money-making, then the job belongs 'in the field of efficient private initiative.' We may be nearing that stage in dealing with our railroad problems.

At any rate, as our railroads come to their centennial celebration, and view their political, taxation, financial, competitive, and functional status, they may well consider how 'queer' Doctor Holmes's 'One-horse Shay' felt and looked on a like occasion: —

> Little of all we value here
> Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
> Without both feeling and looking queer.

There are few signs that the forces in control of our railroads, either in Washington or in the corporations, are appreciating the significance of the obvious.

WHAT MANNER OF MAN WAS GOMPERS?

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

I

For years Samuel Gompers was American Labor. If one traces its victories, one uncovers his tactics. His virtues were the best measure of its social reform. His prejudices, bigoted under stress, became fixed by its trials and errors. Rarely have the native limitations of a leader so perfectly synchronized with the cultural limitations of a movement. Gompers was the clarion consciousness of the unconscious wishes and fears of the tribal period — the primitive craft phase — of American Labor. He was the Moses of its forty years in the wilderness, its daily struggle for manna, its defense against inner rebellion and outer attack.

It is hard to tell Moses from Israel during those forty years in the desert. Guerrilla existence demanded such high-handed leadership of such narrow idealism that the fire of the leader blinds us to the terrible trail behind him. It was only when those simple tribes were brought to the threshold of their greater social significance that his spirit cooled and clarified against the background of their stern epic. His work done, he went to the top of a mountain and died. His death revealed that he was not much of a prophet, for his vision was limited by his watchful pugnacity. He was not much of a thinker, for the same reason. He was a great personal chieftain, whose narrow righteousness was never disturbed by philosophical doubts or utopian dreams.

It is idle to fall into the rhythm of analogy. But the strength of Gompers was of just that kind. He was a personal leader — vigilant, dictatorial, canny, incorruptible, narrow in his ideals though wide in his sympathies,

and for his time and place the only man for the job. The American Federation of Labor is still a community of backward and often barbarous tribes. When he joined what there was of the Labor movement in his late teens in the late sixties, it was wage-enslaved with a callousness which now seems incredible. It was practically unorganized. At first he drifted — never completely — into the reveries and dream-talk of the socialism of the period, here and there touched by that fatal anarchist decadence which comes to every movement unable to connect with its times. These Red and Black clouds had drifted over from the lightning of the '48 revolutions and the Communist manifestoes of the Old World. But the winds of our industrial frontier soon dispelled them. For a while he even flirted with the equally naïve native syndicalism of the Knights of Labor, whom he later disrupted in one of his most brilliant campaigns. But in time his indomitable realism asserted itself. He appreciated the absurdity of dialectic nightmares and One Big Union attacks against the young giant of American capital. He went to the burning bush and listened to the voice of his Lord. His Yahweh appeared to him in the overalls of a glorified trades-union workman. To him Gompers was loyal to his dying breath. And from him he got this simple decalogue: organize by separate crafts; fight for more wages; for fewer hours; for better work-rules; strike when necessary; break no contracts; obey the oligarchy of the elder chiefs; commit no adultery with socialists, anarchists, syndicalists, communists; covet not the function of capital; and abstain from partisan politics. As years went by he grew ever more orthodox in this ritual of daily opportunism. Under the circumstances he was essentially right. This piecemeal campaign for social justice kept American Labor from dissipating its strength in the hostile environment of an industrial borderland, which only nowadays is gradually vanishing.

II

Gompers had the physical spell of the personal leader. When seated, the powerful, long-armed torso and the enormous head seemed to belong to a six-footer. But when he rose his hefty, absurd little legs kept him from soaring above five feet four and gave a touch of anthropoid strength to his chronic restlessness. The head was magnificent. It looked like an animated boulder, on which the weathers of a rich and dangerous life had carved large and rugged yet tremulously sensitive features. The granite complexion, the mossy tufts of graying hair, the Oriental cast of countenance — its whole noble freakishness fascinated. His face was perpetually acute, forever approving or disapproving with the entire gamut of strong emotion. When he felt very intensely his pellucid gray eyes, perched wide apart behind bits of thin window-glass, gave the impression of inflaming his face. The mouth was a wide slit, with the corners quivering down the hard and well-rounded jaw. The voice had the rare and exquisite gift of communicating any emotion he felt. All his vital expressions rose and fell together as though controlled by some inner mechanism. One moment the mobile mask would be cunningly furtive and quizzical, then intimately and wistfully kind; then again it would glow with a self-righteous passion that in retrospect seemed grotesque. It was a congenitally histrionic face, and its outlay in spiritual energy bespoke an enormous vitality.

Physically, and especially nervously, he was tireless. Inhumanly grueling

labor and a Gargantuan intemperance seemed to make no impression on him. He had the iron man's disregard for all common-sense in matters of diet, sleep, pleasure, drink, comfort, and work. Years on end his work-day began shortly after eight in the morning and ended deep in the night. Even his relaxations — which he often took in one of the cheap burlesque houses on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington or in a saloon frequented by the Labor crowd — were spent with some friend or foe in the everlasting game of Labor strategy. His mere animal spirits roused the elementary admiration which we all have for those who are able to go on forever. And even brief contact with his impassioned, prudential, ceaseless alacrity left one fatigued, pleasantly if the relation was pleasant, distempered if otherwise. But even his closest associates rarely left him with a sense of indifference.

His intensity simplified his nature. His tactics, no matter how oblique or vicarious, were intuitional and not intellectual. In his likes and dislikes he was childishly stubborn. And in the women who played a part in his life he called forth mainly the maternal affection. The first Mrs. Gompers, whom he married when he was seventeen and she a bit younger, and with whom he lived in homely comradeship for fifty-four years, mothered his gifts and adjusted herself to his shortcomings by overlooking them. She slipped into the rôle of making a home for his cause and it was charming to see the fine friendship which existed between this plain little Jewish housewife and the Scotch-Irish Labor oligarchy which moved around her husband.

For a long generation his personal secretary was Miss Guard. And when toward the end of his life the Bright's disease from which he had suffered for many years affected his heart, Miss Guard nursed him with infinite patience. She would interrupt important conferences to force on him a pill or a spoonful of medicine, much to his peevish disgust, which occasionally precipitated a scene. She knew his every reaction and softened their effects on himself with the shrewdness of friendship, fooling him when he needed or wanted to be fooled and giving him a piece of her mind whenever he needed a censor.

His research secretary was Miss Thorne, who knows as few others the pawns and forces in American Labor. In time she selflessly trained her mind into the shadow of his to such perfection that students of Labor and writers who went to Gompers for his opinions almost always came to her afterward for the real facts and psychology back of them. And she explained and extended his views with rare faith and diplomacy. The devotion with which these two splendid old maids admired, understood, interpreted, and forgave him is remarkable, for there was much in his life and language and ways of doing things which they would have deeply resented in others. The secret probably lay in the fact that to them he was both a great leader and a bad boy.

Unconsciously Gompers surrounded himself with far lesser men. Mr. Matthew Woll, who was derisively called his 'crown prince' or 'office boy,' was and still is the only man of marked ability on the executive council of the Federation. The others drifted to the important positions either through a combination of seniority and conformity or, as Labor people express it, because they are 'good poker-players' and play any game accordingly. Gompers invariably held the best hand. They were his creatures, not at all in any invidious, but in the purely malleable, sense. He instinctively picked

them because their minds were certain to fade into his. They shared his ideas, which were mediocre, while they lacked his élan, which was his strength. Constitutionally the office of President of the American Federation of Labor is very weak. He can call no strikes; he can settle none. When he issues a call for a boycott it has none but moral force. The Federation is often called a rope of sand. Its treasury is far weaker than the treasuries of most well-sized unions. The office is entirely one of moral authority, of suasion, of tactics and countertactics, of maintaining nice balances through the juggling of forces. Gompers could play this game — sympathetically, ruthlessly, understandingly, cunningly — with the perfection of a creative artist. Often the leaders were mistrustful of one another, but they could always finally trust him. He had given himself to the movement completely — and they felt it. He understood them better than they did themselves — and they knew it. He was the moral centre of their cause. They often strayed to its periphery; but they never dared to leave the circle of his influence, for beyond its reach was the camp of the enemy.

He held them together with all the devices of the superb politician. But fundamentally he kept his machine through the force of morale.

III

Gompers had the mental characteristics of the personal leader. He was vastly experienced. The social politics of this country for the last half-century were his personal reminiscences. One morning he sketched for me the so-called concerted movement in allied crafts, on which I had spent a good half-year in research and travel. He told me all I already knew about it in a brief half-hour, and then he told me some things about it which no amount of study could have unearthed. He had gone through the vortex of every political campaign since Garfield — in most states of the Union. He had been in the thick of the fight for or against every bit of social legislation since the late seventies. He carried in his retentive mind the motion picture of the last half-century of our social history, which alone would have made him one of the best historians of that period, were it not for the fatal censorship of his frequently bigoted retrospections and prejudices.

Then he was uncannily shrewd. One by one he outwitted his opponents and rivals, driving them off the confines of the mass movement of American Labor, away to the left and into the desert with nothing to face but their own embittered Atlantis. He had the fighter's cold-hot fury, merciless, savagely invective and personal yet superbly controlled during the struggle; but instantly ready to compromise when compromise amounted to victory, and completely forgiving the moment he won. He was above personal grudges, though he was never so weak as to believe that in politics one can fight ideas without hitting their carriers. These two qualities, his monumental experience and his sharp skill, welded by his impassioned self-righteousness, gave the impression of wisdom. He gave such good precedents for his consummate strategies that one had the feeling of a synthetic understanding behind them. Great character often gives this illusion. Thus Gandhi's mystical genius so obscures the naïve nonsense of his beliefs in a world without laws, medicine, and machinery that his observations seem profound. Gompers had the same necromantic influence, not merely on himself and his followers, but also on his dissenters.

Everybody praised or indicted his social philosophy.

But as a matter of fact that 's just what he lacked. He had no long view either of life or of Labor. And the strength as well as the weakness of American Labor under his leadership lay in its hourly realism. When he ventured into philosophical speculations about the State or industrial society he was invariably sophomoric. He had the Jewish admiration for learning, but it was superficial. He read a good deal in the social sciences, but always to prove his own prejudices. And even in his serenest intellectual moments he thought not in search of truth but in terms of debate.

Thus for over forty years he fought the different socialist schools, from the blackest anarchism to the reddest Bolshevism. Yet he admitted to me that he had never studied Marx or Bakunin or Kautsky or Lenin, let alone the historical or theoretical implications of their thought. Of Bolshevism he had this to say: 'Bolshevism in Russia began in prohibition. For prohibition uproots the habits of a people' — thus linking his two pet abominations. Of the wars of the pamphlets in which these Red leaders had engaged he knew absolutely nothing. And since the history of European Labor consists so largely of its reactions to the splits in the Social Democracy, he was so woefully ignorant about it as to be a source of perpetual wonder to his European comrades.

Tactically he beat the radicals, man by man, movement by movement, in convention after convention. He always knew their ways and means and masterfully frustrated them, but he never understood their various aims. He always defeated their intentions, but he never knew their motives, except that he could tell the faker from the fanatic. His first anti-radical drives were against the primitive socialist, anarchist, and syndicalist sectlets, whose constant segmentation speckled the Labor movement in the seventies and eighties of the last century. Then he fought the shrewd but weak Powderly and the Knights of Labor; then the saintly but simple Debs in the syndicalist nineties, and the socialists of this century; then the fanatical and ascetic De Leon and his Socialist Labor Party; then the vitriolically embittered and irresolute Haywood and the I. W. W.; finally our contemporary Bolshevist Don Quixote, William Z. Foster, and his communist phrase-movement. And all along he fought those who believed in a Labor party, from the days when such belief was mere folly to the days when it seemed at least feasible, standing firmly for the nonpartisan policy of 'rewarding the friends' and 'punishing the enemies' of Labor in the two old parties.

But he fought not merely the radicals. He fought all 'intellectuals' — a term he constantly rolled on his tongue with the fascination of deep hatred. Since the war there has been a growing tendency in our Labor movement toward what has been so happily called Trade-Union Capitalism. These New Unionists are accepting the basic economic structure of American industry and are trying to work within it. During the last few years they have gone into banking, insurance, and business to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars. They are developing the technical training and the vocational placement of their rank and file. They are organizing for greater political power. But, most significantly, they are beginning to collaborate successfully with Capital, in the only way in which collaboration is possible, by assuming Labor's responsibility toward production. They

guarantee efficient production in exchange for intelligent and humane management. Here and there, especially in the needle and railroad industries, they are establishing boards of mutual control and impartial arbitration. And they share contractually in the resulting benefits. In the words of one of their leaders, 'organized Labor is passing the stage of mere economic haggling. It is still bargaining. But it is bargaining for a way of life.' Now the illuminating thing about Gompers is that he fought this essentially conservative way of life just as hard, though far more covertly, as he fought the radical way of life. And for the same instinctive reason. The New Unionists threatened to lift his bushwhacking opportunism into an industrial programme. They threatened to weaken his jealous craft-separatism, with its absurd 'jurisdictional disputes' in the face of the amalgamation of capital. In short, they wanted more peace, while Gompers lived on fighting. He was born to infight at close range: for a little more money — penny by penny; for a little more leisure — minute by minute; for a little more leeway — rule by rule; through the weapon of the strike and the armistice of its 'settlement.' And he hoped to orchestrate the discordant trades in each industry so slowly that no leader might lose his job or his power.

All his life Gompers fought these 'intellectuals' — the radicals in the Labor movement, the outside liberals and reformers who were 'butting in,' the New Unionists. Since the war his anti-intellectualist attitude developed into unreasonable hatred of anybody with a formal training or a liberal education who took an interest in Labor otherwise than as a hired 'expert.' This obsession grew on him because he instinctively felt that the Labor movement *was* outgrowing its primitive craft-phase; that it *was* becoming a way of life; that the forty years in the wilderness *were* closing; and that his leadership was bound to wane in time. His own era was really from the early eighties of the last century until our entry into the war. Since then he felt in himself the struggle between the old and the new. He was too self-righteous ever to admit even to himself that he might be wrong. But, like all perfect tacticians, he had an inner censor that warned him when his opponents expressed genuine unrest in the rank and file. And in the last few years he inspired several counter-reformations against his own orthodoxy. When the trades-unions became too fratricidally 'autonomous,' he manœuvred the progressives in the American Federation of Labor into pressing successfully for the different industrial 'Departments' in the Federation. These Departments are mere clearing-houses for all the trades in one industry. But they appeased the rank-and-file wish for closer coöperation, and the leaders could be trusted not to lose their jobs by amalgamating their unions. When in the last presidential campaign it seemed that the advocates of independent political action were gaining in strength, Gompers 'nonpartisanly' endorsed La Follette, to whom he was bound by ties of genuine friendship. Had La Follette won a strong congressional bloc, Gompers would have won with the winner. As it was, Gompers was able to smash completely his Socialist and other third-party opponents at the last national convention of the American Federation of Labor, where he fought his last fight. But, whether in retreat or attack, he always fought with the same heads-I-win-tails-you-lose keenness. The detail of his playing both ends against

the middle was a joy to observe. And, paradoxically, his sincerity was deepest in his very conviction that, as long as *he* was loading the dice, Labor was safe.

His struggle against capital and the judiciary required much less acumen. It needed mainly two qualities, morale and industry. And he had no end of both.

In 1908 he was sentenced to one year in prison for contempt of an injunction against Labor's boycott of Buck's Stove and Range Company. He never served the sentence. But no one who knew him could doubt his contemptuous sincerity: 'That's all right. Prison holds no terrors for me. My fare cannot be simpler. My bed cannot be plainer. And the rest might do me good.' His answer to the 'injunction judges' was equally fearless:—

'Only bigoted, power-lusting judges refuse to admit that the abuses of government by injunction cry to Heaven. They are pure judicial usurpations without any warrant in law.'

The central task of the American Federation of Labor is to organize the unorganized workers, which means chronic warfare against the most conservative section of capital. Under the Gompers régime, since 1882 its membership grew from a scant 50,000 to about 3,000,000. The executive routine of this growth under continuous fire was enormous, and Gompers carried most of its administrative as well as tactical responsibilities. In fact, his intra-Labor quarrels centred largely about this same problem of speed and method in organizing the unskilled workers. We have seen how he resisted the radical demand in the Federation for the spread of class-consciousness. He showed the same stubbornness toward capital. 'There is not one word,' so he once indirectly addressed a group of employers, 'which I have said upon the question of Labor that I would unsay except to say it more emphatically. There is not one step that I have taken which I would retrace except to take it more firmly.'

It would be difficult to pass a more critical judgment on his orthodoxy, resilient only in its safeguards.

IV

But Gompers's immediate strength as a leader was his intense humanness. Nothing human ever escaped his sensitive spirit. He was not merely abidingly kind to those who did not cross him. He understood the arts of warmth and affection. His histrionic temper enjoyed being delicately decent, befitting the person and the moment. His pity was instant and unquestioning. His democracy was not ulterior but natural. He recognized sincerity even in his bitterest foes. 'Is n't it a pity that such an intelligent fellow as Foster should make such an ass of himself?' he once remarked to me. His zest of life was richly spontaneous and communicative, and his humor, both subtle and spiced, was infectious in his own enjoyment of it.

His friends simply could do no wrong. When they felt like it they could 'tell Sam where to get off' with a personal frankness which was amazing. Toward them he dropped all his shrewdness and was absolutely guileless. When he was shown the confession of the McNamara brothers of having dynamited the Los Angeles Times Building, he was dazed by their treachery: 'That's terrible. . . . If John McNamara had told me in confidence that he was guilty, I don't believe I would have betrayed him. I am willing to stand by it — I don't believe I would have betrayed him. But I certainly would

not have declared my confidence in him. I certainly would not have raised money for his defense.' Gompers had fought violence in Labor all his life. Still, McNamara was a Labor man: 'I don't believe I would have betrayed him.' Clearly Gompers was class-conscious; not in the technical revolutionary sense, but class-conscious none the less.

And he liked to think of himself and his own as proletarians, again in the simple wage-earning sense. 'I am a member of a family of working people,' he boasted. 'My father and grandfather worked at a trade. I worked at mine for twenty-six years. My children are workers. My granddaughter is a stenographer. The members of my family always have been and expect to remain wage-earners.' In nothing was his devotion to Labor so touching as in this half-empty boast, in which he believed because he liked the idea. His children are engaged either in white-collar jobs or in small business. Our American stenographers are hardly imbued with a proletarian psychology. And Gompers himself was the scion of an impoverished branch of the aristocratic Jewish-Austrian family Gompertz, sometimes spelled Gomperz, which furnished the Hapsburg empire with merchant princes, soldiers, statesmen, and savants. The well-known actuary and astronomer, Benjamin Gompertz, a member of the British Royal Society, and the celebrated historian of Greek culture, Theodor Gomperz, were distant avuncular relations. Gompers's grandfather was a rather shiftless fellow, one gathers, who after much wandering settled in Holland and bitterly deplored his enforced transition from the upper middle to the working class. But in his father, Solomon Gompers, the proletarian metamorphosis was complete. Sometime in the second quarter of the last century he moved from Holland into the unspeakable squalor and pauperism of Whitechapel in London. There Samuel was born on January 27, 1850, one of eight children. His schooling was meagre. His clothing and comforts and street life were those of the ghetto urchin. His family seems to have been almost destitute. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but he conceived a violent dislike to cobbling. And so his father apprenticed him to his own trade of cigar-maker. In 1863 the family landed in New York City.

In America the family fared much better. The boy had all the advantages of poverty without the demoralization of squalor; of ceaseless toil but in an atmosphere of hope. As he was developing leadership — in his very adolescence — the storm and stress of American Labor gathered about his head.

Gompers never rose above those circumstances. He did far more. He literally conquered them in their very surroundings. He died not much richer, working just as hard and equally 'loyal to loyalty.'

In 1877 he played the leading part in organizing the Cigar-makers' Union. For a few years he was its moving spirit. In 1881 he helped to bring about the International Trades-Union Congress in Pittsburgh. In 1882 this organization changed its name to the American Federation of Labor, elected him president, and he was launched upon the longest militant career in the history of the Republic. For six more years he worked at the cigar-maker's bench all day in order to support his job as president of the American Federation of Labor, at night. And with the exception of the year 1895, when the Socialists were able to combine with the miners and elect John

McBride, he kept his office until his death last December.

Gompers could never quite rid himself of the sense of being an immigrant Jew, aggravated by his inevitable malignment as a 'Labor agitator.' He was far above being either proud or ashamed of his race. For the Jewish faith he had the same strong private dislike he felt for all religion — not merely in form, but in spirit as well. He had the normal man's liking for his own people. At a recent convention he invited the delegates from one of the needle trades, all Jews, to spend an evening with him. 'Let 's have a little party. I want to be with my own people for a change. I want to get away from these Irish roughnecks,' he said, with a slyly affectionate wink at the 'roughnecks' present. But he did feel intensely, and justly, that the head of American Labor must be American.

Normally his patriotism was a very fine thing. He loved his country for the sufficient reason that it was his. But during the war, and to some degree after, his alien-Jew-agitator complex may have had something to do with his rather blatant one-hundred-percentism, as some who were close to him felt. Still, there was a good deal of shrewdness mixed with his nationalist frenzy. When the war broke out, he clearly foresaw the war-time legislation in favor of Labor. He saw in the war 'the disenthrallment of the American worker of every vestige of wrong and injustice.' He felt that then and there was Labor's supreme chance to accelerate its standard of living. And the trend of his mind appears very clearly in the rhetorical question he asked the American people early in 1918 in a public address, and in his own sanguine answer to it: 'When the war is over, do you think that . . . Labor will be thrown aside? Not on your life!'

Gompers felt about the 'disenthrallment' of Labor much as Lincoln felt about the preservation of the Union. Anything goes!

Such devotion touches greatness. The secret of his strength was in the paradoxically selfless egocentricity with which he harmonized his person and his crusade. He lost his life in his cause and he never troubled to find it. He died at the very end of his era and in the midst of his job.

And such a death was really all he wanted from life.

THE CHINESE OF IT

BY AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

October 26, 1924

I HAVE had no mail for weeks. Postal transportation has completely broken down. In Tangku — the transshipment port for all mail from and to Tientsin, Peking, and the interior — there is a grand total of one mail clerk still reporting for duty. The railroad staffs have abandoned the railroads, which is just as well, for the military have every single car and engine between Mukden and Peking, except the International Train.

We have been lying on the Peking-Mukden line; so we have seen all the troop movements of both armies, including the looting of the villages. The war is altogether too large a topic for any letter; I can only say that I have been both instructed and amused, and that as an entertainment and from the scenic standpoint it is quite the best war I have ever seen.

Chao Heng-ti, whose activities were suppressed at Yochow, was a mere barnstormer; and I am informed that Sun Yat-sen's latest performance was even more amateur than Chao's.

Under Wu Pei-fu, the care given every detail extended even to the executions. Wu tried a number of his officers for cowardice, and sentenced them to be beheaded. On going to execute the sentence, it was found that one of them was already dead. A squabble much like that over the Cheshire Cat, in *Alice in Wonderland*, ensued, and ended in the King's famous decision, that anything that had a head could be beheaded, and you were n't to talk nonsense. So the poor old corpse was dragged to the grounds and put through its paces with the rest.

November 5

I am going to try to give you some idea of what has taken place, for the whole thing is most typical of Chinese wars. The political situation you will find quite accurately outlined in various issues of the *Literary Digest*, together with some excellent maps. You really should look up these things to get the full drift.

It all started with an attack on Shanghai by the adherents of the Peking Government, which is contained in the Chihli party. For all practical purposes, that means Wu Pei-fu, and him alone. Americans have been fed so much bunkum on the subject of the Chinese republic that it is hard for them to realize that there is no such thing, and never has been. There are a number of political parties of purely geographical origin; and from time to time one or the other gets possession of the seal and seat of government at Peking. There is never any other means than bribery and armed force. There are sometimes farcical elections, but it is never really necessary to count any votes; and, in fact, if a member of Parliament betrayed any idea of voting against the party in power he would be run out or executed. The Peking Government has no power outside the territory that it controls geographically, anyhow; the other parties just retire

behind their natural frontiers and ignore the mandates from Peking. The Central Government cannot so much as promote a post-office clerk beyond the borders of the provinces it controls when out of power as well as in.

Why, then, all this pother and fighting about who shall sit and hold a meaningless rod, and pass unnoticed laws? Simply because the customs, salt, and other main revenue taxes of China are collected by an international commission of foreigners. This has been found imperative because of the natural tendency of any Oriental to retain for his own use any public or other money that comes his way, so that foreign nations cannot carry on commerce at a profit with the customs in native hands. This is all very deplorable and a source of great agitation to the idealists; but it works, and no other plan will; so that is how they do it. In fact, when a return to native officials is attempted, the merchants themselves come out flat against it.

Now this foreign commission does not care a whoop about Chinese politics. It has one job, and does it: to collect the money and send it to Peking. Thus it comes about that, though the Central Government is a joke on all other counts, it is in clover when the rents come round.

Do I mean that a region which does not owe any allegiance to Peking has to pay taxes to Peking, and that the collection of all the taxes is in the hands of, and enforced by, the united powers of all the foreign governments?

That is exactly what I mean. For if any local Tuchun could gain the customs revenue, by the always simple plan of rebellion against Peking, there would be no limit to the questions that would arise as to just who was the local power. Also it would inevitably break China up into even smaller pieces than at present; and that, every nation distrusts every other nation too much to permit. Most important of all, the Chinese owe great sums of money to foreigners, both bonds and Boxer funds, and no security based on China in any way would be worth the paper it is printed on if the local Tuchuns, here to-day and gone to-morrow, were allowed to receive the money. The whole general fabric depends on keeping as much of this money as possible in useful channels; and while the present system is in most ways unsatisfactory it cannot be lightly condemned, because there is no other plan whereby even a portion of China's funds can be kept out of purely predatory hands, and devoted to railroads, famine relief, education, and so forth.

Now, while there is a petty local satrap for every little mud village in China, and every provincial government has its Tuchun, or military governor, who is more absolute over his own special territory than the Tsar used to be over Russia, there are two great war-lords, to whom every other lesser power must bow if it comes to a showdown. These measure their might in various ways, and the ups and downs between them are too fast and furious to follow. However, be it remembered that, whichever is in power, it is due to the territorial strength of his political party, and to the number and efficiency of the mercenary troops in his personal army. There is, of course, no such thing as 'the Chinese Army.'

Each Tuchun recruits, organizes, and pays his own men, whom he holds by no other loyalty than the fact that they must have pay from someone, or starve; there is never any question of personal loyalty or patriotism.

This fact accounts for the many peculiarities of Chinese warfare, about

which the foreign newspapers are so fond of making 'amusing' remarks. The soldiers of any Chinese army are simply poorly paid day-laborers whose trade is war. Naturally they will take no unnecessary risks or endure no unavoidable hardships when a retreat will settle any predicament in which they may find themselves. Chinese warfare, therefore, becomes a question of position, with never any bitterly contested battles.

If an army is boxed, or outnumbered, it simply goes away from that place, and no officers in the world could prevent. Why should they stay and die for no benefit to anything but the personal fortunes of their patrician employer? Of course they get killed from time to time; but this is looked upon as one of the risks of their trade, and if the death list rises high they get up and leave that dangerous vicinity, for the same reason, and just as commendably, as miners refuse to work in a shaft that is not properly braced. To assume that Chinese have no courage or patriotism on account of the many seemingly ludicrous incidents of this particular form of warfare is to show ignorance of both China and Chinese. No question calling upon them to display either is involved in these commercial or personal wars. In the Japanese War the lowest type of ignorant coolie furnished examples of courage and devotion to duty that any nation, white or yellow, might be proud to have in its military annals.

In these hired armies the soldiers do not even dislike the enemy, any more than a man selling Packer's soap feels impelled to take arms against Pears's representative. They do not even aim at enemy trenches except when under the eye of an officer who stands to lose his head if he is defeated and cannot escape from his vengeful employers. There is, of course, no stigma attached to desertion, any more than a carpenter would be disgraced if he found he could get better pay and shorter hours from Brown than from Smith. Indeed it is nothing for a Tuchun to enlist a poor coolie, march him hundreds of miles from home, and there, meeting with reverses, abandon him, without food, pay, or transportation. A defeated army has but two things it can do to escape starvation, for out of their home village there is no place the Chinese can work or farm. China is so thickly settled that no man may find food away from home, and not always there. They can either join the victorious army or turn bandit. It is the usual thing for a victorious army to be joined by their late enemy en masse.

For the foregoing reasons there is a peculiar quality to Chinese wars that makes them like nothing else in the world at present. I suppose Europe saw their like in the mercenary armies of the petty princes in the Middle Ages. Indeed there is much about them that reminds me of the mediæval novels of Conan Doyle, especially their truces about nothing at all, their punctilious courtesy about not fighting at unreasonable hours, and the way in which friend and foe drop the battle at some interruption, to return at leisure. But, at that, things happen here which could not happen outside of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, except in China.

I may instance the fact that all the armies wear the same uniform and distinguish the side to which they belong by a colored arm-band held on by a safety pin, so that, in the stress of battle or the pinch of hunger, they may join the enemy with the minimum of formality and delay. The troops refuse to wear distinctive uniforms. Indeed they would be foolish to do so, for in a single campaign they may belong to six or eight different armies.

The two big leaders to whom I referred above are Wu Pei-fu, of the Chihli party, supported by Central China and the Yangtze Valley, and Chang Tso-lin, supported by Mongolia, Manchuria, the royalist element of the old régime, and suspected by some of being more than friendly with Japan. South China is a sort of Feudal State, though there exists in the fevered imagination of Sun Yat-sen a South China Republic, of which he is the dictator. Actually he controls Canton only, as far as the city limits, and they are very sick of him there.

When the war opened, Wu was practically on the 'throne' in Peking, though the Presidential chair was nominally occupied by one of his puppets, Tsao Kun, who began life as a coolie in a stable. Most of the military men were of equally low origin. Chang was a border thief with a bandit father. Parliament was filled with the adherents of Wu, but there were various flies in the ointment; the largest was the fact that his old enemy and rival, Chang, whom he defeated and drove into Manchuria two years ago, was known to be drilling a large army.

The fighting began around Shanghai, when it was attacked by one of the provincial governors. This was because the city, while it is actually within this governor's territory, was in fact garrisoned by troops from another province, who held it for the other province against the will of its lawful lord. Shanghai is, of course, rich picking for whoever is in office there; so it was decided by the ousted province, backed by Wu, to try to take it back into the fold. This war had been brewing for a long time. When Wu's friends moved on Shanghai, the defender, Lu, appealed to Chang, as Wu's enemy, to help him out. Chang at once sent money, and promised to move to Peking and run Wu out.

In less than no time the river at Shanghai was crammed with men-of-war of all nations, and wise travelers took the added precaution of booking on a ship that did not stop at Shanghai. It should be understood that at no time was any attack contemplated on the European part of the city. The dispute was over the arsenal, dry dock, and shipyard, a mile up the river. The danger to foreign lives and property was all from wild shots, and from the large bodies of troops collected there. The defeated army was certain to be deserted by its officers; and besides, no organization would refrain from entering and looting the to them fabulously rich foreign section if they could.

Shanghai is, of course, old in this sort of thing, and has an excellent volunteer defense-corps. They barricaded the white section with barbed wire and machine-guns, established armored auto-patrols and sentries, mounted field-guns, and those not actually on watch wore their arms and uniforms to business. Nevertheless there was a period of wild alarm that was changed to huge relief when the warships arrived and threw strong parties ashore. After that, the only epochal event was the captioning of a destroyer picture in a local paper as: 'Silent Sentinels Safeguarding Shanghai Settlement's Shore.'

Shanghai fell to Wu's troops. Chang had been mobilizing, but owing to the fact that all the North country had been badly flooded he had not made much headway. You may remember that when I was in Peking it was raining part of the time as I never saw it rain before; the whole country round could not be traveled except one line to the sea. Chang was digging in behind the Great Wall, but Wu was holding him. Every day made it appear that a really big war was

brewing. One by one warships began to gather wherever there were foreign lives to be protected. It was realized that the fall of Shanghai released many troops to Wu; but it soon appeared that Chang was not stopping for that; also the land was drying off. Then Feng deserted Wu Pei-fu, ran out Tsao Kun, and the whole thing blew up! This coup d'état at Peking had in it the makings of the juiciest international uproar since the Peace Conference. . . .

November 10

At this point you had better get out your map of China or you cannot follow me.

Due west of Korea — or Chosen, as the Japs call it — is the Yellow Sea, so called because it is really yellow. Its western branch is the Gulf of Pechili, where more trouble can start per square inch than on most of the rest of the earth together.

Now from Peking to the gulf runs a railway, through Tientsin, reaching the water at Tangku. Tangku is also on the Pei Ho, or Peking River, which runs from Peking, near the railroad all the way, emptying into the gulf below Tangku, at Taku Bar. From Tangku the railway runs along the shore northward to Mukden in Manchuria, which is the capital of Chang's province. Because of the gently shelving nature of the bottom, ships can connect with the railway at only one place between them. This is at Chingwangtao; and a few miles north is the natural border between China proper and Manchuria, inhabited by a hardier and more warlike race than the lowland Chinese.

This natural barrier is a vast and rugged mountain chain, whose highest and most impassable points are linked by the ruins of the Great Wall. The mountains are impassable to artillery and baggage trains except at a few natural breaks, the most important of which is at Shanhaikwan, where the railroad goes through. At these passes battles have been fought for the Empire of China since the earliest dawn of history. You can see at any of them earthen barriers and stone towers of all ages, from modern saps and trenches to the rude lines behind which the wild men of the great migrations hid.

The fact that he had plenty of warning allowed Wu to occupy the railroad pass at Shanhaikwan, from which Chang must dislodge him before he could get a gun or a man into Wu's territory. It was a position of great natural strength, and supplies came both by rail and by sea to his base at Chingwangtao. Being the representative of the Peking Government, Wu controlled the navy vessels, all four of them! Chang could not get round by sea, and also suffered in diplomacy by being technically a rebel and an invader against the Chinese Republic.

As I have said, there really is n't any such thing as the Chinese Republic, but by legal fiction all the foreign Powers are bound to act as if there were, and it makes a tremendous difference.

Chang used bombardment and aerial bombing, among other devices introduced to the heathen by the Christian nations, but made no impression on Wu's line, until Wu's left flank, which was apparently in as good a case as any army ought to hope for, suddenly fell back. The old fox took personal command at the endangered spot and, though he could not win back the ground, by one of those strokes of genius which he has always displayed he manned the heights above the lost pass, and the enemy dared not come beneath him.

The corps which had given way was under the command of one Feng, a loudly professing Christian, regarded

by most if not all of the missionary element as a sort of cross between Saint George and the dawn of a new day. He has had more missionary publicity and support than any other man, white or yellow, and has yet to miss a chance to lean on it. The rest of the foreigners never thought so much of him; especially after one time, last year, when he entered a forbidden part of the legation quarter and brutally assaulted a native policeman who tried to reason with him. Many considered it a bid for the support of the anti-foreign element.

Anyhow, a few days after the first disaster, and during the temporary absence of Wu, Feng and his whole army left the line and retreated to parts unknown. Before Wu could rally, he was pushed back to his second line at Chingwangtao, and the Manchurians were through the pass. Then it became known that the traitor, Feng, had returned to Peking and occupied it, during the night.

He forced the puppet President to sign a mandate making peace with Chang and ordering Wu to return to Peking and be tried as a disturber of the peace of the realm. The richness of this is the more apparent when you remember Wu had left Peking as the defender of the Central authority, even if it were only a vest-pocket government. Wu, of course, ignored the mandate, and so was proclaimed rebel against the government he himself had put in Peking. Feng continued to lay plans to attack him from the rear, but was delayed by the restlessness of Peking.

Meantime news continued to come telling of more dirty work at the crossroads. Shanghai was, of course, by this time thoroughly quiet, the last stragglers of both sides having been gathered up and enlisted by the victor. The force that Wu had sent to Shanghai was preparing to come back and help him out. Incidentally, they never did come north, for Feng cut the Peking–Shanghai railroad.

After the disaster at Shanhaikwan, Wu had put his best troops into transports at Chingwangtao and left. It was generally supposed he had fled. Judge of everyone's surprise when he landed at Taku and set out up the track, not only to keep Feng from striking his rear, but to take Peking away from Feng, and then return and mop up Chang. It was a plucky scheme, and the way he faced about by sea to cover his own tracks was masterly as well as bold. His transports ran on regular schedule; he was dug in on two fronts, and in full possession of Tientsin.

The foreign element in both Peking and Tientsin, if the newspapers are any indicators, were scared white. Both places wanted more troops than there are in the whole foreign marine-corps. The missionaries who threw themselves on the protection of their friend Feng could be counted on the fingers of one shoulder-blade. Feng prepared to sell his life dear; for if he lost there was no place to run. It looked as if the place was going to bust wide open, and the issue was too desperate for either side to worry about what happened to the foreigners. In fact handbills were scattered through the legation quarter picturing the happy day when a white head should decorate every spike on its walls.

Here let me digress, and hark back to the Boxer War. After that was a thing of the past, the Powers put a gun to China's head and made her sign a protocol which was to cure her of everything from rebellions to mumps. All the powers of foreigners in China date back to that day. The major provisions of the section which was

meant to keep the road from Peking to the sea follow: —

1. The forts at Taku and Tientsin never to be rebuilt.
2. Strong guards to remain in the legation quarter at Peking, and garrison of foreign troops to be kept at Tientsin.
3. The legations to be rigidly segregated; for instance, no Chinese, however noble, can even stroll on that part of the wall which bounds the legations.
4. If the railroad between the sea and Peking should shut down, the Powers to take it and run it themselves.
5. Chinese troops could pass through Tientsin, but could not get off their trains; marching troops not to pass within ten miles.

Now when Wu made Tientsin his base, with thousands of soldiers, it was a clear and open violation of the protocol; and, while the papers wrote silly editorials, nobody knew just what to do. The railroad was so crammed with troop trains — which amounted to another violation of the protocol — that although the Powers proceeded to operate an allied train it took days to creep a few miles.

Now the Peking River is not navigable above Tientsin; so if the line to the sea became a battle-ground Peking would be cut off, the Shanghai railroad being already cut.

What everyone was afraid of was that with a defeated army thrown back into Peking they might take it into their heads to do for the foreigners before they scattered. I am no judge of the probability of this; but I do know that Peking put up a howl that would have awakened Tyre. Possibly you and I would have joined the chorus had we been there.

The whole railroad, with the exception of the one allied train, was in military hands, the employees having fled. In all the towns along the way the post-office staffs had likewise gone. The telephone, by some miracle, was still going.

Hsinho, a little village where the Standard Oil works are, seems to be at about the focal point of the trouble; but you never can tell a day ahead of time in a Chinese war what will happen next. If persistent rumors are true, and Wu Pei-fu has really fled from China, then either the war will speedily subside, or else a new war will break out among his conquerors. Even if there are no more wars, there is in one province alone a huge defeated army, mostly untrained rabble or ex-bandits, and in any case they will be abandoned by their officers, and utterly without organization. This means looting and murder in wholesale quantities.

The railroad is in the wildest confusion. Wu Pei-fu's troops, defeated at Shanhaikwan, being chased through Peking have no other road open to them than this. They are cut off from Peking by Feng's army, and are being closed in on from all sides. Trains carrying troops, loaded beyond belief, dash up the line and back again. Off Taku Bar are many of Wu's transports, some of which steamed up as far as Tientsin, but were not allowed to land by the foreign troops stationed there. Tientsin has been a safety port since the Boxer War, and no Chinese troops are allowed there.

Sometimes, as I think I said before, the same boat goes up and down the river three and four times. At Hsinho transports come up to the railway dock and unload; then the same soldiers get back on again, and go on. It is all utter turmoil; no central control, with trains, ships, launches, and junks being seized by troops and taken

off by whoever happens to get them. Sometimes a train will get on the main line and lie there, the soldiers refusing to let anything go by either way, and yet being unable to agree on which way they want to go themselves.

It is much like Kipling's story of the Bandar-Log, starting one project after another, without finishing anything. Transportation and supply have absolutely broken down. The railroad yards are jammed with trains, the stations occupied, the warehouses broken into by troops, and every place not actually foreign ground looted. Tanku was picked clean of everything to eat. There are no supply trains, so the troops forage like locusts.

Most telegraph wires are cut; and even if they were not, all telegraphers and station staffs have fled, leaving the railroads throughout this district without so much as a section hand. The only person in the post office at Tangku is the superintendent, who could hardly handle all mail from Peking, Tientsin, and way stations personally, even if there were trains to put it on.

This is really a magnum war. Troops have been passing by the thousand. People around have been 'hearing heavy artillery fire' from every conceivable direction; but as I have never heard any I think it must be their nerves.

About six of Wu's transports were tied up along the river at various places. If I had not seen it myself, I could not have believed that so many people could be loaded in such little space. In addition, they carried some very businesslike baby tanks, and a few field-pieces.

At Hsinho they had one large warehouse full of Chinese from the neighboring villages, who were coming out there with what stuff they could carry; they were paralyzed with fright.

Every night the destroyers on the river played their searchlights around, and that alone kept the whole countryside pacified. The Chinese have a great fear of the lights, which they think are the eyes of devils. They will run out of the beam like rats.

Once the light was thrown on a train which some mutineers had captured and were looting, and the whole push took flight. Another time the light fell on a switch-engine, and it backed all the way down to Taku. One night a whole convoy of troops, in about thirty junks (the Swede in charge said sixty, but I don't believe he was calm enough to count), tied up at the wharf of the K.M.A. compound a long way up the river. The Swede was just about to send up distress rockets when the lights were thrown. The troops, which were in retreat from Shanhaikwan, and were all set to loot the place, never even left their boats, not even to get water, but got the coolies to bring it to them. They told each other that the devil-eye would see anything they did, which was fervently corroborated by the distracted Swede, who went down to the ships next day loaded with gratitude and fresh vegetables.

The country was rather wild just at this time; for the troops which Wu had in Tangku mutinied, and started to flee up the railroad to Tientsin. They were Shensi troops, all ex-bandits, and had been badly handled at the front by the energetic Manchurians. When they ran wild, Wu sent an armored train down, and penned them in Tangku, where they soon ran out of food and places to loot.

This train was near. I visited it often. It was made of coal cars lined with railroad ties, and was really quite effective. The living-accommodations consisted of straw spread in the bottom. The general in charge of the loyal troops was also quartered near. The

mutineers were finally pacified and admitted to Tientsin, when the front at Shanhaikwan went all to pieces.

The enemy got around Wu's left flank while he was building up his other line. They captured Lanchow on the Tangku-Chingwangtao line, which took that whole front in the rear and cut Wu in two pieces. The Shanhaikwan forces went all to pot and fled wildly, on transports, junks, commandeered trains, and on foot. Chang took more prisoners than he could send to the rear. Troops in every stage of disorganization began pouring into Tangku. Trains and ships would be seized and taken to one place; then the troops would change their minds and the same gang would come tearing back.

At Tientsin the track was jammed with a solid mile of trains. Many transports full of panic-stricken soldiery went up to Tientsin; but of course the guards of the foreign settlements would not let them off. It would have been suicidal to let that howling mob crowd their way in. Some boats made the trip four or five times, for the crazed soldiers would not listen to the captains when told it was no go.

I could fill a book with descriptions of the awful confusion. There was a mule-train that was found later on, abandoned, and all the animals had died of thirst. That is merely typical; and the neglect and suffering of the wounded was absolutely indescribable. There was not so much as one clean bandage nearer than Peking, and that not accessible. The physicians of Tientsin stated that the percentage of wounds that developed infection was just one hundred.

Where I was I saw the whole flight by land, afoot, and up the river. The fleeing troops even then could not give up the natural tendency to loot. I suppose the poor devils had some hazy idea of taking at least a little to show for all they had been through. A transport tied up to a dock just long enough for all hands to run across the field and loot a mud village; then they all piled back aboard and went on.

After Chang had got so close to Tangku that in another day he would have cut Wu off from the sea and finished him up in short order, Wu piled what few men he could collect on shipboard, and departed for parts unknown. It was a great relief to everyone; for if the clash had come at Tientsin there is no telling what would have happened.

Feng now forced the President to sign an abdication, and himself went ahead, scooping up the tons of stores and the troops that were now penned between two fires. There were some wild scenes in Tientsin for a while; but for the most part the vanquished went over to the victors peaceably. Plans were laid to put one Tuan, loudly hailed by Chang's faction as a compromise candidate, in the vacant chair.

I saw trainload after trainload of Chang's troops go by; I used to go to the station and pass the time of day, just as with Wu's gang. It was n't my war. They mopped up Wu's men as they went, and left the land empty and peaceful.

There seems to be some doubt as to what capacity the navy now occupies with regard to Wu. Of course it used to be part of his forces when he represented the Central Government. But he is now in the status of a rebel; and besides, the province of Shantung has promised not to receive Wu, and that is the province that is in charge of the navy. On the other hand, the present governor of Shantung is not the same as the one who used to administer the fleet, for while it was north, helping Wu, they revolutioned him out of a job.

Wu has n't the least desire to land in Shantung. What he is evidently going

to do is go into the Yangtze Valley, which is, and always has been, hostile to Manchuria, where Chang's crowd comes from. Whether he can there heal him of his grievous wound and return from Avalon is hard to say.

November 11

Since I wrote last night, Wu has left Chefoo, after filling his ships with coal and supplies. He found ready assistance, as Chefoo is a strong Wu port. In fact, all his transports are the entire line of a Chinese company which his adherents confiscated for him at the beginning of the war, whose home port is Chefoo.

Certainly the way of a Chinese war is devious and unpredictable. One of the foreign advisers in Peking has broken into glad clarion cries about what great foresight he has. It seems he predicted at the very start of this war that one army would corrupt the other by bribery. He is indeed a prophet; but I will go him one better — so will everyone out here — and make that a *standing* prophecy for the next ten wars.

November 25

There were three executions here, last week, of bandits. They were shot, which is much better than the old system of beheading. Where that is in vogue, the executioner goes privately to a condemned man's family and demands to be bribed into making a clean slice. If refused, he hacks away for several strokes. I saw a photograph, taken less than twelve years ago, of a woman who was suffering *Ling Chee*. I came very near being sick, and I am no Clara Vere de Vere. When you think that this, and worse, goes on in the interior every day, you wonder what on earth the Oriental can be like.

The international situation has not changed much since I wrote. Wu made good his escape to the Central provinces, and although they had announced before he arrived that they would support the new government he seems to have found means of altering their minds.

Whether his reasons clinked in purses or in scabbards is not known. At any rate, a military dictatorship has been set up at Nanking, the proclamation signed by all the Tuchuns of the Yangtze. Some of these, it is alleged, did not learn that they had signed till they saw their names on the list.

Chang reached Peking, reduced Feng to office-boy, second-class, and called Dr. Sun for a conference on 'how best to secure a United China,' which might be interpreted loosely to mean, Will you move north on Wu if I move south on him? Sun made several speeches full of noble sentiments and departed for Peking, where, at this writing, he has not yet arrived.

Meanwhile the Peking forces are at a standstill, several tactful hints to Feng that it would be a glorious thing for China if he and his army invaded Wu's territory having so far produced no result. Feng knows in just what form this benefit to China would be most likely to arrive, and claims to be too young to die.

Chang is waiting for more solid conditions in Peking before he leaves it. The young Emperor has been ejected from the Forbidden City for starting a counter-revolution. It may seem strange that these two hundred troops should choose to restore the monarchy in the presence of eighty thousand hostile troops who had just taken the city. It would be strange if they had.

The so-called government then went through the form of making Tuan Shi-jui (pronounced Wan Shee-ray for no apparent reason) temporary President, or something. He seems to be the sort of man who would n't harm a fly, and has n't even a political enemy, and is

being boomed for these same reasons.

Wu created quite a furore when he was in Chefoo. It seems that not all the money that was contributed was a freewill offering. It is also said that the local commanding general was in terror during the whole of Wu's visit, and wanted to be allowed to hide in the customs warehouse. The poor general is not used to war's alarm, his rank of general being the only one he ever had. Previous to his appointment as general he was a merchant, and he sought the Chefoo office only because it was the most peaceful in China. He claims to have been misled.

December 2

The Chinese situation continues to simmer slowly. If this were an ordinary war, it would be safe to say the fighting was over, for the Chinese won't fight when it is cold. But Chang's soldiers are Manchurians, and they delight in icy blasts and frozen toes. Especially since the Chinaman freezes first.

Wu Pei-fu is making no headway in the Yangtze Valley; but on the other hand the job of fetching him out of those regions is a case of 'somebody's got to git dem cats,' and the Tiger Man is sick in bed. Feng is evidently in nobody's good graces, Chang refusing to trust him; and, so far as anyone can tell from the outside, his desertion of Wu has got him no reward. He states that he intends to take a trip abroad, since the peaceful settling of China's problems has been accomplished by his recent efforts.

This statement is Chinese etiquette for counting noses. Anyone who feels that he has work for Feng to do is now supposed to prevail upon him to give up his trip. It is the same as when a Native Son announces that in no circumstances will he accept the nomination. Coming from a Chinese, it generally indicates that the lid is about to be unscrewed from something.

Sun Yat-sen stopped off in Japan for a visit. The young Emperor fled to the Japanese legation. He issued the usual proclamation in which he explained his flight by saying that he anticipated no danger. The assumption is he needed the exercise.

The work of clearing the railways around Peking continues briskly. In pulling in the military trains, which were abandoned all over the line wherever there was a siding, they opened up one car, and found the bodies of thirty impressed coolies who had been locked in to keep them from running away. The poor devils had been forgotten in the flight, and had starved to death on some lonely siding.

I should have explained that a Chinese army carries no stevedores or other labor battalions. They pick up coolies as they go along. Sometimes they carry them far from home, and their unsupported families starve before they can get back. The margin of life is so low in China that if the daily income is cut off there is no reserve to meet the shortage. There is no way to borrow, for nobody has it to lend; and no charity to save them, for their fellows are only one day ahead of the game themselves.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PORTRAIT OF ME

WHEN a charming lady, skillful at portrait-painting, invites a modest gentleman to sit for his portrait, there is really nothing for the modest gentleman to do but thank the lady kindly, and sit. It is, for one thing, no ordinary, everyday experience, common to everybody, though more so (to imagine an imperfect analogy) than an unsolicited invitation from a tailor to have a suit of clothes made for him, which the tailor will then keep. In both cases the modest gentleman would be asked to assist disinterestedly in perfecting the skill of a fellow mortal in a chosen calling, his reward the thought that this painter would paint better portraits, or this tailor make better clothes, for practising on him. Few are painted and none, that ever I heard of, measured under these conditions.

Yet the first reaction of the modest gentleman — and I speak from experience — is to assume himself unworthy of so unexpected a compliment, as he foolishly considers it, to his personal appearance. He must needs begin by raising silly objections, and so stands, as it were, first on one foot and then on the other, bashfully sucking his thumb while pretending to regard the lady's intention as an ill-considered waste of good pigment that might better be used in painting a pretty composition of a squash, a tomato, and a bunch of carrots. Oh, nonsense — nonsense! If the lady wishes to paint him, she has her reasons, the most important of which may be that he is so lacking in the more obvious aspects of pictorial beauty that to paint him at all will interest her as much as doing a crossword puzzle might interest somebody else.

So, for all I know, Dr. Samuel Johnson — no Adonis either — may have felt and acted when invited to sit for his portrait by Mrs. Frances Reynolds, Sir Joshua's sister; and that he was invited I take for granted because, like me, he could hardly afford to run about paying people to paint him. Boswell mentions the portrait, but unfortunately did not ask the doctor how he felt and what he thought during the sittings. We know his opinion of women painters in general. 'Public practice of any art,' so he once remarked to his biographer, 'and staring in men's faces is very indelicate in a female.'

But I, who come later, know more about such human reactions than Dr. Johnson, in whose library Mrs. Reynolds would have found no volume of our modern psychology, and in whose bright lexicon there was no such word as 'psychoanalysis.' What Dr. Johnson thought he thought, he thought he thought; and no wise savant had penetrated deeply enough into the relationship between his conscious and his subconscious mind to tell him that what he thought he thought — for example, that it was a bother to sit for his portrait to Mrs. Reynolds — was often a childish form of self-deception, and that what he really thought was the direct opposite.

There is in all of us, as the family psychologist might now explain to him, a primitive instinct to think well of ourselves, and to wish others to agree with this opinion, that cannot but be deeply touched by anybody who wishes to paint our portraits. Subconsciously

we rejoice; we are glad; we kick up our heels. Consciously we restrain ourselves. If it were not for another and opposing instinct — an absurd, hypocritical assumption of modesty slowly acquired during centuries of civilization, a fear within us that the envious herd with which we live may be antagonized by our superiority — we would fall on the artist's neck, *male or female*, in an ecstasy of delight. Then, indeed, it would be indelicate in a female to ask a gentleman to sit for his portrait. And there is no sensible reason to be ashamed of this instinct, for without it our remote and abhorrent ancestors must have remained forever in a remote and abhorrent condition of suspended evolution. That they would not have known the difference makes such a condition even worse.

So, having gone through the preliminary motions, I thanked the lady kindly, and said I would sit.

Now the first point to be settled in sitting for your portrait is to decide just how you will sit: will you, for instance, sit standing up or sit sitting down? And in either case, up or down, in which of the many easy and graceful attitudes habitual to you in daily life will you now sit? It was decided that I should sit sitting; a chair was placed on a little platform called a 'throne'; I ascended the throne, and I sat down on the chair.

I was then told to cross my right leg over my left, fold my arms, tilt my chin, and look at the ceiling; to cross my left leg over my right, put my hands in my pockets, depress my chin, and look at my left foot; to hold my left ankle with my right hand, put my left hand behind my neck, turn my head to the right, and look out of the window; to stretch both legs straight, lean back in my chair, rest my left elbow on my right palm, support my chin with my left thumb, turn my head to the left, and look at the fireplace; to separate my feet widely, lean forward, clasp my hands between my knees, and look at the floor; to put my right foot on the front rung of the chair, my left foot on my right foot, my right hand, palm up, on my left knee, my left elbow on the palm of my right hand, my chin on the index finger of my left hand, and look at nothing in particular — a dreamy pose. Indeed, as you will observe, these are all simple and easy poses such as a modest gentleman assumes naturally when he sits for his portrait.

Eventually, however, the lady decided that I was most myself when I sat with my left foot slightly in front of the other, my left shoulder blade lightly touching the back of the chair, my left hand resting on my left knee, my right hand reposing negligently on my right knee, and looked at her. She then drew chalk marks around the feet of the chair and the feet of the sitter, and put a cigarette between the first and second fingers of my left hand to add artistic verisimilitude to my position of easy, unstudied grace.

At regular intervals, like the little figure of General Grant that used to advertise a cigar in tobacco-shop windows, I lifted my left hand, and smoked.

There is something about this situation, after you have got used to it and a lady has begun to paint your portrait, that seems to invite even a modest gentleman to chatter about himself, probably because he has nothing else to do and because this topic, owing to the primitive instinct I have just mentioned, is so fascinating to all of us. More than that, I suspect it may be the practice of portrait-painters to encourage and insidiously egg on this primitive instinct in sitters, as the best way of obtaining a constantly pleasant expression. It is altogether different from being told to 'look pleasant,'

which merely reminds you that you do not look pleasant already. As you sit for your portrait your past life unrolls itself, not in the hurried panorama of remorse said to precede death by drowning, but selectively, happily, comfortably, always stepping the best foot foremost, so that I, for example, could tell the lady all about it. Incidents of my childhood came back to me, trifles of slight but picturesque interest, yet differentiating the bright little fellow from the childish herd, and somehow forecasting, even then, that he would some day write a Contributors' Club paper for the *Atlantic*. Ah, Boswell! Boswell! — you should have been behind the arras when Mrs. Reynolds was painting that portrait of Dr. Johnson.

Meantime the lady who was painting me said little — an occasional suggestion that I had unwittingly moved my head, or an appreciative word or so to keep the autobiography going — but held busily to her task, tacitly excusing herself from conversation by holding one brush in her mouth while she worked with another. Now and then, to be sure, I stopped. I fell silent, methodically smoking my cigarette and accumulating more material for self-revelation.

'A little to the left, please.
I cannot see your ear.
A little to the left, please,
Will make it reappear.

Your ear is like the North Star
That guides the mari-neer;
And when I see it plainly
I know just how to steer.'

I don't mean to suggest that the lady spoke in verse, but so, like a haunting refrain, her conversation comes back to me.

'T is an odd experience, when you think of it afterward: to sit gracefully on a throne, smoking a cigarette (which is an odd thing, too, for a grown man, made, as he likes to think, in the image of Divinity, to do), and chatting unreservedly about yourself, while a female, as Dr. Johnson would say, stares you indelicately in the face, and by deft mixing of pretty colors copies you — cigarette, chatter, and all — on a piece of canvas. A 'counterfeit presentment,' said Hamlet, with that customary nice choice of words that might have made him a prince of essayists if Uncle Claudius had curbed his own rougher ambition to be a King of Denmark.

And how long this counterfeit will outlast the original!

Little as he may want the thing round — or she either — it seems practically impossible for one human being intentionally to destroy the painted portrait of another; and the older it gets the more potent its aura of indestructibility. It becomes an antique. It may be adopted. It is not impossible that I am now sitting for an ancestral portrait, somebody's great-great-grandfather who will not meet great-great-grandma till they are innocently hung together. I hope the combination will do me credit. This portrait of me, this chatty smoker on a throne, who can imagine its future vicissitudes? The lady no doubt will exhibit it, 'Portrait of Mr. X——,' as the tailor I have imagined would exhibit my new spring suit, and yet not mine, 'Spring Suit Made for Mr. X——,' in proof of his craftsmanship. It may win a prize, and be purchased by a museum, and copied in the Sunday newspapers: —

GREAT MUSEUM PAYS RECORD
PRICE FOR PRIZE PORTRAIT

Or, again, it may attract the attention of an art-loving tobacco-manufacturer, who will suspend it proudly in his palatial banqueting-hall, and distribute gigantic copies all over the

landscape of America, Europe, and the Far East, innumerable portraits of me, two or three times as large as life, and obviously smoking the enthusiastic tobacco-manufacturer's latest cigarette. Perhaps a 'Samuel'; perhaps a 'Queen of Sheba, the Wise Man's Favorite.'

Or, again, it may descend to the lady's heirs, and their heirs; pass from hand to hand, disappear in garrets, become, in short, a vagabond wanderer and nameless, long-time dweller in dusty places sacred to the miscellany of now useless things — bustles, hoop skirts, pictures, tall hats, and so forth, and so forth — that mankind, with a sigh for those who once owned and loved them, mercifully hides away and tries to forget. And yet, who knows? Mellowed by the centuries, my once white shirt darkened beyond hope of any laundry and my cigarette still unfinished, this portrait of me may be found in its obscurity, and recognized as a masterpiece — the unknown 'Man Smoking a Cigarette.' Things as strange have happened in the history of art, and I too may yet have my Pater. I cannot see myself, nor, from my throne, the portrait of me now coming into its long, immobile life on the lady's canvas; but she, like Leonardo, may be painting 'a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions.' I am inclined to question the exquisite passions, but I am sure I have had strange thoughts and fantastic reveries. Everybody has.

So I sat on my throne, smoking my cigarette, meditating, and dictating my autobiography. After all, it is only in a portrait that one sees how one looks to somebody else. My own face, as I see it myself, is, if I may so put it, too round, too much like the full moon; but perhaps to others it appears more oblong, more, indeed, like an egg. It is an unimportant matter of personal taste, but I should prefer to look more like an egg. I would not, of course, have the resemblance too literal. So I was, I admit, curious to see what the lady had been doing, and how I looked to her. One should not expect too much at the end of the first sitting; nor, I realized, was it customary for painters to let their sitters see a portrait in those early stages. But she let me look.

It was a strange thing! I would hardly have called it the portrait of a *man;* and yet there was about it something terrifyingly human. It possessed features — nose, mouth, eyes, and eyebrows, casually distributed in a round, moonish, nebulous, greenish-and-yellowish face. The nose, as I now remember, was blue, or perhaps red, and there was a bright-green patch under the creature's left eye, a lacklustre and indifferent organ. The right eye was livelier. It seemed to be looking out of this nightmare with a penetrating and even whimsical interest. Indeed, on closer consideration, it was this living eye that animated and explained the monster as something organic in process of evolution to a higher order. Perhaps the strangest and most repulsive thing about it was to see it smoking a cigarette. And in some horrible, round, uncanny, and suggestive way it resembled me.

IN THE KEY OF W

THE first straw was my relegation to a back seat, on a well-remembered autumn school-day, simply and solely because my name began with W. The last straw was the defeat of an excellent local candidate in the November election, simply and solely because his name, beginning with W, stood last upon the ballot. I voted for him. I always vote for anyone whose name

begins with W — if for no other reason, just to offset the unintelligent vote of some poor boob who votes for the A's and B's just because their names come first.

And in between those straws there's a whole hayrickful.

Now, therefore, I raise my voice, on behalf of a long-suffering multitude of W's, to protest the disadvantages of living at the end of the alphabet.

We are educated in back rows. We cannot see the writing on the blackboards; we cannot hear, as others can, the precious words of the teacher. We answer 'yes' when we should have answered 'no,' and we answer 'no' when someone else should have answered 'yes.' Nay more, we are led into permanent and insidious temptation, for distance ever lendeth opportunity.

We are always at the end of lists. Sometimes, indeed, the lists stop before they reach us. What avails it to have dinner-danced with the Prince of Wales (God save his royal initial!) if the morning paper, after listing among the guests, —

U

Underhill, Theodore
UpDyke, Mr. and Mrs. Carleton DeQ. (née Bixby)

V

Vaughan, the Misses Violet and Vyvyan,

suddenly draws a line and goes on to inform the world that Aaron Bros. have just received a special importation of bengalines and chiffon crêpes?

Even if the list includes us, who reads it through? Interest may be high at the start — but after all the Bateses and the Clarks, and the Gateses and the Parks, the keenest mind, faltering, may turn and flee before the massed S's.

It's a serious matter financially. For who, seeking by means of a classified telephone-directory the services of an ambulance or an architect or a dentist or a derrick or a naprapath or a numismatist or a pawnbroker or a plumber, does not make his selection from the top of the list? What chance, I ask you, has a Waffle, or a Wozniak?

The spiritual indignities we endure! Take the ordinary grading-system. It equates A with excellence, B with good work, C with mediocrity, and so on down to F for failure. What has A done that it should have such glory? Did you ever stop to think, if F stands for Failure, what W must stand for?

If ever I have the making of a grading-system, mine shall read: —

W = Well done
S = Satisfactory
B = Barely passed
A = Absolutely hopeless

It is precisely we, the W's, who bear the brunt of this desperate finality. We are the climax, the real ultimate: those who come after are but few and negligible. The X's are unknown quantities; the Y's are chiefly Young things; the Z's merge naturally into &c's.

Come then, ye Walkers and Warrens, ye Weavers and Websters, ye Whipples and Whitneys, ye Wilsons and Winslows, ye Wolcotts and Woodwards, ye Wrenns and Wrights, ye Wylies and Wymans, and all ye host of Williamses! Let us Wrise in our Wrath! Let us put an end to the tyranny of the Adamses and the aard-varks! Let us form a union — no, a W-nion! Let us vote for each other, trade with each other, read through to each other, and put each other in front rows!

Thus fortified, what though we still answer last at roll call, wait at the end of lines, go to the last window ('way to your right, third around the corner'), and ride in the last automobiles? Let us together press onWard, forWard, and upWard, hitching our Wagon to the constellation of Cassiopeia, that resplendent W of the skies!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

SOLDIER and author of *Kitchener's Mob* and *High Adventure*, **James Norman Hall** set forth after the war on an Æneid that led him to the South Seas, then on to Iceland, home, and off again. In this story, written at Papeete, Mr. Hall recounts a martyrdom amid the terrible soft loneliness of the Islands in a manner that will distinguish him among modern writers. ¶The saga of **F. DeWitt Wells** describes the climax of as exciting a voyage as ever a landsman made. Judge Wells and his bold crew were perhaps the first since the days of Leif himself to follow the Viking trail in a small boat. The account of the entire voyage is shortly to be published in a volume issued by Minton, Balch and Company. **Glenn Clark,** professor of English at Macalester College, is the author of that most widely appreciated of all recent *Atlantic* papers, 'The Soul's Sincere Desire.' The thousands of readers who found comfort in his message will be gratified to hear that these two essays will form chapters of an inspiring volume to be published by the Atlantic Monthly Press shortly before Easter. Of the great truth that faith will move mountains, Dr. Clark is perhaps the most interesting modern exponent. ¶At the age of sixteen, **Nell Shipman** led her own stock company into Alaska. After playing in musical comedy and vaudeville, and for a year and a half as leading lady in Rex Beach's *The Barrier*, Miss Shipman entered the films. With eight years' experience she became a star and producer of her own pictures. In this and subsequent chapters she records an adventure that far outstrips her art.

* * *

William O. Stoddard is the last surviving member of Lincoln's official circle. From his memories he has taken this vivid picture of his years within the White House. An account of his frontier association with Lincoln appeared in the February *Atlantic*. **Wilfrid Gibson** is an English poet of Pembrokeshire, four of whose poems we have been proud to publish during the last year. ¶As a preface to his heterodoxies on medicine, **Arthur B. Green** writes: —

> Engineering, especially in the management of mills, is my business, and I do not fancy for myself any greater interest in medicine than common. I have been curious about it, and am still. I have tried to find reason in it. That, I suppose, is an engineer's privilege.
>
> It was many years ago that I made the discovery that a medical-school professor, very prominent at that time as a pathologist, on the faculty of Johns Hopkins, knew absolutely nothing about homœopathy. That made me feel that I should know more about it. I suppose that, too, is an engineer's privilege. . . .
>
> I hope other laymen may take courage and speak up.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Marquand Professor of Art and Archæology at Princeton University, served as an ensign in the U. S. N. R. F. during the war. ¶We believe that **Stephen F. Hamblin,** Director of the Harvard Botanic Garden, and his associate, Miss Ann Alderton, plead the cause of garden-lovers everywhere with this candid and effective presentation of arbitrary and unwise policies of one of Washington's bureaucracies. It is prophesied that within a year the country will feel the severe stringency of the Federal Horticultural Board's regulations. **George Madden Martin** has always proved herself a daring banderillero in the feminine arena of American politics. There is, we think, good reason for political-minded women everywhere to consider her remarks with candor and without prejudice.

* * *

Next to keeping a lighthouse, we have always cherished the thought of keeping a store. **Maude Hume's** experience tempts us to reverse our choice. **John Jay Chapman,** a writer skilled in every form of literary art, is the father of Chanler Chapman, whose adventures aboard the Shanghai are related

in this issue. **Manuel Komroff** is a young author whose stories of Russia have brought him wide and deserved recognition. **William L. Chenery,** the newly appointed editor-in-chief of *Collier's Weekly*, is the author of that pertinent dialogue, 'Peter's Coat and the Tariff,' which appeared in the February *Atlantic*. ¶In considering the intellectual sympathy that exists between himself and his pig, **Rusticus** writes with the charm if not the appetite of Elia.

* * *

George W. Anderson, Judge of the Circuit Court of Massachusetts, presents a vigorous plea for the salvation of those valuable railway-lines now in danger of the scrap-heap. **Benjamin Stolberg,** a graduate of faculty service in the University of Oklahoma and the University of Kansas, has recently become a familiar figure in Labor circles. ¶The comedy and tragedy of present-day China are touchingly apparent in these letters of **An American Spectator.**

* * *

Publishers ourselves, we recognize the justice of the Publisher-Bookseller's creed in the January issue. We would answer this critic on all her counts.

New York City

Dear Atlantic, —

At luncheon, in a literary club, a publisher was descanting on his ideal publishing plant. He was listened to with interest. When he had quite finished, one of his audience said: 'We have been told of the perfect working-conditions, the fine presses, the up-to-date machinery; the model village for employees; the comfortable houses for department heads; the mansions for the officers of the company, and the park which is to lead up to the château of its president. But —' he hesitated for a moment to search his memory — 'nowhere has there been a mention of the little hutches for the authors.'

Something like that is the effect the article, 'Fewer and Better Books,' in your January issue has had upon me.

Not to go into the writer's estimate of the cost of production, which is open to attack in several directions, let us take up his creed — commandments might be a better name.

The first, being between publishers, we pass.

For the second, may I ask what business any publisher has with the private affairs of an author, whether as to his relations with other publishers or anything else? And, should he learn that a book had been rejected, could he promise it the same unprejudiced reading that he might give without knowledge of that fact?

Third: — What right has a publisher to dictate how long an author shall spend on a book? The final product should be his only concern. How is it possible to say a book demands at least a year 'for breadth and maturity'? In my own family there are several authors and no two of them work in the same way or at the same rate of speed. Moreover, a man or woman may turn out a fine, simple work in a short time and stumble along for years over some turgid, complex theme. Conversely, the simplest thing is often the most difficult to get right.

Granted that a publisher can make more money out of one book a year when he is freed from competition, will he guarantee that the royalties will keep his author alive? After all, the publishing business, with all its perfect pressrooms, remains dependent on the authors for something to publish.

Fourth: — He demands discrimination against authors who have previously had magazine syndication, especially in fiction. This seems almost too weak to combat. Why discriminate if the work offered is of merit? That should be the one and only test.

Fifth: — Bookselling. The author leaves that to the business management.

Sixth: — 'I pledge myself never to pay more than 20 per cent royalty.' Dear man! He is shy about stating that 20 per cent is paid only where the publisher is to market a book of such importance, due usually to some previous great success made by the upstart author, that the publisher's risk is nil and his profit assured.

Frankly, dear *Atlantic*, I think the gentleman would have had sympathy from all of us instead of a deserved meed of ridicule had he confined himself to his firstly, fifthly, and lastly (which, in effect, is to publish only what he believes to be worth the expensive paper he purposes to print it on).

There the author will benefit also, for it is only when he believes in a book that a publisher does — is able to do — his duty by it in placing it properly before the public.

Were his creed to be adopted in its entirety I am quite convinced, however, that he would attain one of his objectives. Publication would be lessened, for there would be few authors if authorship meant selling yourself into slavery from which there was small chance of escape.

Emilie Benson Knipe

As the honorable third speaker we rise to support the articles of the Proposer's Creed and to answer his critic.

The first and the fifth are accepted without criticism.

Second: — In every partnership, particularly that of author and publisher, a friendly understanding is requisite to good faith. In the matter of judgment we can say that there is no pleasure known to a publisher comparable to the successful publication of a manuscript rejected by another.

Third: — Count the instances when an author writes two worthy books a year. The argument would seem to refute itself.

Fourth: — Will our critic admit that the book written with a double objective ever achieves either with satisfaction?

Sixth: — If a publisher is not to earn enough from his successes to compensate for his failures, it is obvious he had best shut up shop and go fishing.

* * *

The drama of æons of existence.

Dear Atlantic, —

'They seem to me when thinking of them to belong to far distant times.'

It was this statement that caught my attention as I was skimming down the Contributors' Column in the December *Atlantic*. It caused me to hunt up immediately and read, and read again, the article by Nora Connolly O'Brien. For in this particular her 'Visions' are like certain dreams I have had. I call them dreams, for they come in my sleep, but they differ greatly from the dreams I usually have. In the first place, each is only a vivid impression of a certain scene; there is action, but it is arrested action, suggestive of much that has gone before, and much that is to follow. This vividness, as well as their seeming reasonableness, is in marked contrast to the haziness and irrationality of other dreams, and probably is one reason why I remember them, even after the lapse of years, with as much distinctness as the events of yesterday. They are linked together by several common features, but the most distinctive is the presence of two female companions. The Younger I always see plainly; she sometimes gives me a message from The Other, who keeps out of sight in spite of my efforts to see her.

In the first of these dreams, we are climbing along the steep side of a mountain stream. Huge trees almost cut off the sun's light; the growth of shrubbery and grass is most luxuriant. The Younger and I have just passed an old ruined mill; The Other is on the opposite side of the ravine, for the moment out of sight. I have just turned to look for her.

Again, I am ploughing in a rolling field. I throw out my plough at the end of a furrow and prepare to swing my team around, meanwhile looking across at an ancient castle, that holds something of great interest to me. Suddenly The Younger stands at my horses' heads, imploring me to hasten to the assistance of her mother in the castle. I feel a sudden faintness at the realization that I may be too late, as I must make a considerable détour around an obstacle that lies between me and the castle — an impassable gully, filled with thickets and rocks.

Much more peaceful is the next scene. I am in an oak-paneled room, floored with stone flags. My head almost touches the huge rafters of the low ceiling. It seems to be a dairy. The Younger, who has just finished tidying up and putting pans of milk on the shelves behind little wooden doors in the walls, informs me that her mistress will be ready presently. I wait, leaning on my heavy cane, my broad-brimmed hat on my head.

These two have figured in other dreams, which, as I have said, are all alike in that they seem to give a snapshot, as it were, out of the distant past. Occasionally the feeling comes that I am in another world as well as another age. I have furthermore the impression, equally unexplainable, that each is but a link in a long chain. Not that in any dream I remember any preceding one. I simply have the feeling, 'Another of these experiences,' even while I am dreaming. From all these dreams I waken with a feeling of ineffable bliss, as if I had been in intimate communion with more than lifelong friends. This feeling of bliss was present even after the dream of the castle, for I felt sure the danger had been averted.

The last of this series came about seven years ago. I had in this no feeling of the past, but rather of the future. I stood at the top of a small slope. Before me stretched a lane carpeted with soft green grass, ankle deep. Overarching trees, like eucalypti, which I had never seen at that time, grew in front of the little cottages. The Younger came to my side, placed one hand on my arm, and smilingly directed me downward. I advanced slowly, feeling somehow that I had come to the end of a long journey. As I approached the end of the lane, The Other came to meet me from the last of the cottages, and I saw her face for the first time.

'Don't you know me?' she said. 'I'm Bee,' and she raised her arms to me.

Where the name 'Bee' came from I cannot imagine. Nor can I tell why I had the dream at that time, nor why I have had no more of that series. Is it because the drama of æons of existences must come to an end in some such scene?

I would give a good deal to have more of those dreams.

W. C.

Further evidence of perplexing and divided nationality.

MONTREAL, CANADA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article, 'When Is a Citizen Not a Citizen?' in the January *Atlantic*, has been read with a great deal of interest. There are anomalies with respect to citizenship outside the scope of the article and that apply to native-born Americans under certain conditions.

After a five years' residence in Canada, even a native-born American is not recognized as an American citizen by the United States Consulate so long as he remains in Canada, being 'a man without a country,' although all rights are automatically restored on recrossing the line into the States; yet the Internal Revenue Office still calls him an American while resident in Canada and holds him liable for the income tax, even on a purely Canadian income.

The United States Immigration authorities apparently do not recognize a transfer of the allegiance of the parent as applying to minor children. This was ascertained when asking for permits for the sons to enter the States after the writer had become a British subject. Canada claims as British subjects those born within the territory, regardless of the father's nationality.

The writer was born and brought up in New York City, of native-born American parents, but has lived here continuously for nineteen years. With the entry of the United States in the Great War and the policy with respect to its income tax, quite naturally there was objection to rendering tax statements to two countries on the same income, even when later credit was allowed for the Canadian tax and no payment actually required for the American tax.

It is appreciated that after a protracted foreign residence one may not be entitled to the protection of the native flag, since there might be abuse of it; but it is inconsistent, to say the least, on the one hand to deny all rights of American citizenship, and on the other hand to hold amenable for the taxation as described. As the most sensible way out, and to secure the protection of some flag, a number of Americans of permanent residence have become British subjects; but it still affects those with an extended residence representing Canadian branches of American concerns, who expect eventually to return.

In dealing with the United States Consulate, United States Immigration or United States Customs officials, or for that matter with the Canadian officials of like authority, the writer has met with the utmost courtesy, and the comment as above is against the principle and not on account of grievance against any official.

C. L. SCOFIELD

Boys bring all sorts of prices, as the parents who pay the bills well know, but we hold this a sound and moderate estimate.

EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

R. S. S., in the Column for January, asks for figures on the cost of a boy up to his sixteenth year. Here they are: —

Food	$2000
Clothing	725
Shelter	925
Health	400
Recreation	150
	$4200

These are actual figures, covering the years 1908–1923, in a family of five — income rising slowly from $1200 to $3000. Except for the item of shelter, these figures cannot be greatly reduced, with due regard to the true welfare of the boy, though they can be reduced somewhat without danger to health in the *bodily* sense. The item of shelter is figured as 10 per cent of rent, heat, and light for the period. The seemingly small item of recreation is based on the idea that, given a certain minimum amount of start, it is in every way best for the boy to work out for himself a goodly share of his recreation.

Of course, *any* amount can be spent on the boy. It is a question in my mind whether much is gained, in health, education, efficiency, or morals, if the above figures are much expanded. I should be glad to give R. S. S. any other information in my possession.

FRED V. GAREY

* * *

For reasons undetermined, our business department — which divides its responsibility between the *Atlantic* and the *House Beautiful* — employed a quantity of stickers bearing the legend, 'East, West, Hame's Best.' Some of these took their surreptitious way to the mailing-desk, where unwittingly they were attached to rejected manuscripts. Thanks to a good-natured contributor we have been prevented from further injury.

WAPPINGERS FALLS, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR, —

I am in receipt of my manuscript, 'The Creative Impulse and the Family Wash,' which you have returned. I note the rather too appropriate stickers which you have used to seal the envelope and which bear the motto 'East, West, Hame 's Best.' I can only say with the poet: Of course it was right to dissemble your love, but you need n't have kicked me downstairs.

Very truly yours,

J. M.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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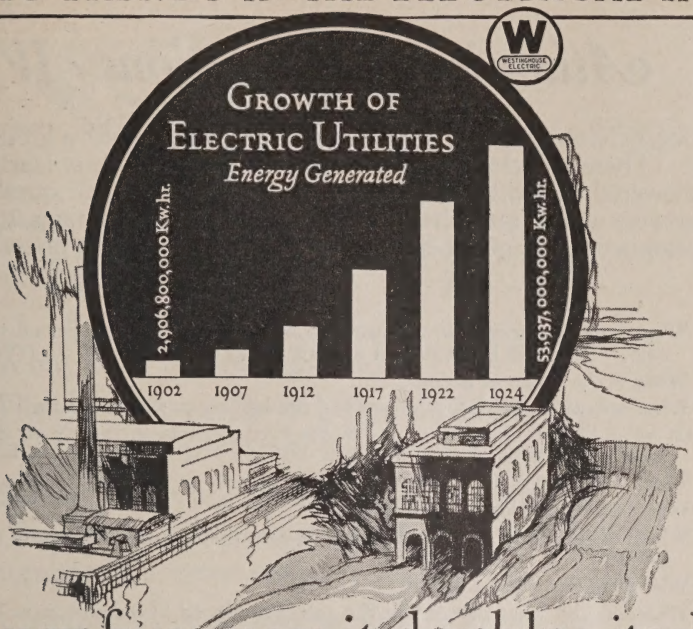
ECONOMIC TRENDS IN THE ELECTRICAL INDUSTRY



Every five years it doubles itself

It's like going up a flight of stairs to trace, on a chart, the growth of the electric light and power industry in this country. That's because the rate of increase every five years has been so regular.

By 1907, for instance, the total energy generated was more than twice what it was in 1902. Five years later it had again doubled itself. Then again, five years later, in 1917. A 50 per cent increase over 1917 was registered in 1922. For 1927, however, authorities predict approximately another doubling; so, too, by 1933.

Customers served by the electric light and power companies are increasing at a rate of more than 1,000,000 annually. Nevertheless millions of homes, fifteen-sixteenths of American farms, and a large number of industries are still to be electrified.

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Atlantic Test Questions, IV

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY will print each month for six issues a group of twenty questions. These questions will be drawn from many fields of learning, but all can be answered correctly and briefly. There are no trick questions. The correct answers will be published in the second issue of the magazine following their appearance. We give below a statement in regard to prizes for correct answers.

61. What famous princess, in the presence of death, looked into her mirror and said, "I am still beautiful. I am not afraid to die"?
62. What is the origin of geometry?
63. What scientific genius first observed "the healing power of nature"?
64. Of what famous decoration was it observed: "At least there's no damned pretense of merit about it"?
65. What is the oldest legal document in existence?
66. Who created the little fairy Picklekin?
67. Which of the world's great rivers has its source in a spring in front of a ducal palace?
68. Who were the "four Marys"?
69. When and by what people was the arch introduced into architecture?
70. What monarch, in reply to a courtier's epigram, remarked: "My words are my own; my deeds are my ministers' "?
71. Who was King Niall's saintly captive?
72. What Queen sailing under London Bridge was pelted with rotten eggs by the Londoners?
73. Who said: "Integrity without Knowledge is weak and useless; and Knowledge without Integrity is dangerous and dreadful"?
74. Where did Dædalus park his wings?
75. What famous American novelist wrote his first book in answer to a critical challenge?
76. What famous eighteenth-century divine wrote: "She's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day"?
77. What were the Seven Wonders of the World?
78. When was Leap Year first instituted?
79. What is the earliest known naval expedition on the open sea?
80. What is the longest reign among the great nations of history?

To be considered for a prize, answers to these questions must be received by us before May 15th, 1925. To any reader of the *Atlantic* who sends a correct list of answers, the magazine will be sent without charge for three months if the sender is not a subscriber. If a subscriber, three copies will be sent to any address desired or will be added to a current subscription without extra charge.

Special Prize. On August 1st, 1925, a prize of one hundred dollars will be paid to the reader who has sent in the highest percentage of correct answers to the one hundred and twenty questions. This prize, however, will be paid only to a subscriber.

Address all communications to the Twenty Questions Editor, The Atlantic Monthly Company, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts

What is it ?

What is an automobile tire?

The dictionary calls it "a flexible tube of inflated rubber, protected by an outer casing."

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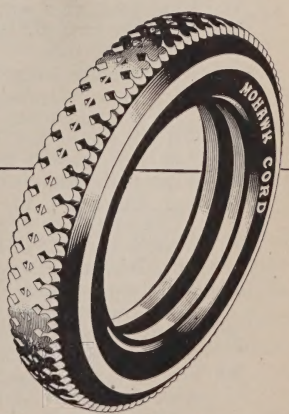
Fortunately, however, you ***can*** read the name lettered on its side, and discover whether or not it is a ***good name***—a name that like Mohawk has never been found on a tire unworthy of your deepest confidence.



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Atlantic Test Questions

The following are the answers to the Twenty Test Questions published in the Atlantic Monthly for February 1925

21. Who was the first great librarian?
Ans. Eratosthenes.
22. Over what famous book has the longest and largest literary controversy raged?
Ans. The *Imitation of Christ.*
23. Suppose yourself on an ideally smooth plane. How is it possible to get off?
Ans. Action and reaction being equal, it is necessary for a person aiming, let us say, to move right, to throw something to the left.
24. What famous guest did Kublai Khan entertain?
Ans. Marco Polo.
25. What arbiter of fashion drew up the social rule: "That all whisperers of lies and scandals be taken for their authors"?
Ans. Beau Nash, for the Morning-Room at Bath.
26. What living novelist made the trenchant observation that "marriage comes and with it too often falls the glass dome which separates without hiding the married couple from the rest of the world"?
Ans. E. M. Forster.
27. What great teacher gave to his followers this final message: "Work out your salvation with diligence"?
Ans. These are the last words of the Buddha.
28. What sacred book did Emerson translate when he wrote: —

"If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again"?

Ans. The stanza is taken almost word for word from the Katha Upanishad I.2.19 and something very kin to it in the Bhagavad-Gita, II.2. Either authority would do.
29. "An Army which can no longer advance will at all cost hold the ground it has won and allow itself to be destroyed where it stands rather than give way." Who gave this order and when?
Ans. General Joffre on September 5, 1914, prior to assuming the offensive.
30. Name three of the fifty English scholars who gave to the world the King James version of the Scriptures.
Ans. Sir Henry Savile, Lancelot Andrewes, Francis Burleigh, Andrew Byng, Jeremiah Radcliffe, Roger Fenton, and so forth.
31. What American Governor prorogued the legislature of his state — the only American case on record?
Ans. Daniel D. Tompkins of New York, in 1812, after which he served two terms as Vice-President under James Monroe.
32. What great civil war of antiquity was fought between father and son-in-law?
Ans. The struggle for supremacy between Cæsar and Pompey, the husband of Cæsar's daughter Julia.
33. What was the longest aqueduct of the ancient world?
Ans. Aqua Marcia, built by Quintus Marcius in Rome in B.C. 144 — sixty miles. (World Almanac, 1925, p. 722)
34. What is the longest aqueduct in the modern world?
Ans. Los Angeles, built 1908–13 — two hundred and fifty miles.
35. What is the high-jump record for horses?
Ans. Eight feet, 13/16 of an inch, made by Mrs. Stuyvesant Peabody's 'Great Heart,' Chicago, June 8, 1923. (World Almanac, 1925, p. 762)
36. What is the title of the ruler of Yemen?
Ans. Imam. His name is Yahya Mohammed Hamid ed-Din.
37. What royal family claims direct descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba?
Ans. The Abyssinian. The Empress of Abyssinia, Woizero Zauditu.
38. Where is the Kingdom of Bhutan?
Ans. On the south slope of the Himalayas between Tibet and British India.
39. For what was John Sholto Douglas famous?
Ans. As Eighth Marquess of Queensberry, he helped to draw up the standard rules for prize-fighting.
40. What very great poet owed his name to a swan and a rat?
Ans. Racine (Rat and Cygne), on his coat of arms.

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn.

Arrowsmith, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1925. 12mo. vi+448 pp. $2.00.

A GREATER improvement on *Babbitt* than *Babbitt* was on *Main Street*, Mr. Lewis's new novel marks an important advance in his development. The immense success of the two previous books might have tempted a lesser man to continue in a manner found so satisfactory by his fellow citizens; he might have decided to capitalize his talents as a hardy perennial prophet of Main Street. Instead he has preferred to attempt something more important and more difficult. And in large measure he has succeeded.

Even those who admired the clear-cut reflection in the somewhat metallic mirror which Mr. Lewis has held up before the American scene were uneasily conscious that he reflected externals only, and but a portion of them. It was a brilliant performance, it was clever, it was photographic in fidelity, — as far as it went, — but it was definitely limited in depth and in spiritual quality. In *Arrowsmith* Mr. Lewis, like his hero, has graduated from the atmosphere of Main Street and Zenith. More than that, he has shifted from his contemplation of the surface of life, the obvious vulgarities, to a study of the urge in a man's soul, the force that drives him across obstacles and circumstance. It is essentially a serious book and a noble book. One or two fantastic characters bob up in it — such as 'Clif' Clawson and 'Doc' Pickerbaugh; one even meets for a few pages in Zenith that well-known realtor, Mr. George F. Babbitt, for Mr. Lewis cannot altogether divorce himself from his past or forget the scenes of his triumphs; but the book itself is not fantastic nor the story the life-histories of synthetic Americans derived from advertisements of collars, union suits, tooth paste, shaving-cream, phonograph records, and Mr. Addison Simms of Seattle. It is the story of an incomplete but genuine searcher after truth.

Martin Arrowsmith was born with the itch to know — the insatiable curiosity of the discoverer. In medical school he came under the influence of a great bacteriologist, Max Gottlieb, and learned his gospel of Scientific Truth. To this gospel he was false, for a season. He married the strangely appealing and convincing Leora and deliberately adopted the code of the general practitioner. As a country doctor, as a public-health official in a Western city, as a bacteriologist in a Chicago clinic, he was a misfit and a failure. At last Gottlieb sent for him from New York and inducted him into the scientific heaven of the McGurk Institute laboratories. Here he did admirable things — only to find that in his great work, the discovery of the 'X Principle,' he was anticipated by a few months by a French scientist in the Pasteur Institute.

Plague broke out in St. Hubert in the West Indies and Arrowsmith went there to fight it with the phage or 'X Principle' inoculation. His was the opportunity to test in the great laboratory of a plague-ridden island the truths of his theories. It could be done only by giving the phage to part of the population, withholding it from others, and noting the effects. Leora dies of the plague; Sondelius, his comrade, dies; Arrowsmith breaks under the strain and gives the phage to everyone; in so doing he fails as a scientist, but acquires a reputation in the world and much honor and glory. Gottlieb fades away in senile decay; Arrowsmith marries a rich wife and weakens under the subtle temptation of an easy life and a shallow success. From this pit he is rescued by a dogged brother-scientist, Terry Wickett. He leaves his wife and child, deserts the glories of the McGurk Institute, and goes to live and work with Terry Wickett in a homemade laboratory in Vermont, knowing that only thus can he preserve his intimate honor, and realizing — as all genuine scientists realize — that there can be no 'success' in life for him, only at most a small contribution to the body of known truths.

This hard outline fails utterly to give a sense of the sure, leisurely progression of the book, the keen comment, the poignant tragedy of Leora, the hot, wild chapters of the plague in the tropic island, the humanity and truth of the whole document, the dignity and seriousness underlying the novel. The bleak scientific philosophy, the callousness, the unconventionality of certain characters will disturb some readers of the book, but few will deny its power or honesty or skill. Mr. Lewis is no longer the composer of superlative jazz. He has shown himself an artist, sincere, powerful, restrained.

RICHARD DANIELSON

Through Thirty Years, 1892–1922. A Personal Narrative by Henry Wickham Steed. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1924. 2 vols. 8vo. xiv+412+418 pp. $7.50.

MR. STEED is well known to all who have followed the story of European international politics and cosmopolitan journalism for the last generation. He has lived in many countries, studied them and written about them; he has seen much of the working of diplomacy; he

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has met large numbers of prominent men who have influenced the history of their day. For years in the columns of the *Times* he was able indirectly or directly to impress his views on the English statesmen as well as on the public, and have his share in forming their policy. How large that share was is a matter of opinion and impossible to determine with certainty, but there is little concealment of Mr. Steed's own views on the subject; indeed one criticism that will be brought against the book is over-emphasis of the personality of the author.

Of the two volumes the second is perhaps the more interesting. The first, which comes down to 1914, though it throws good sidelights on many public characters, tells a story that does not differ essentially from the careers of other well-known journalists. The accompanying record of contemporaneous events with the comment appended to them is written in the tone of the day and suggests a lack of familiarity with some of the later information on the subject. The most important period of Mr. Steed's earlier career was his stay in Vienna. What he tells us about it is worth while, but of less value than his extraordinarily good monograph, *The Hapsburg Monarchy* (1914), which will remain a sketch by a master hand of an ancient empire on the eve of its fall, and which, having been written before the war, betrays less animus than does the present work.

In volume II we have an account of Mr. Steed's activity during the war, where, as might be expected, he saw vividly many peoples and things and did his duty in various ways as an active patriot and promoter of allied causes, notably that of the Jugoslavs. In their behalf he had some sharp passages of arms with several of the Italian statesmen, whom he judges with severity. He wisely spares us one more detailed narrative of the Peace Conference, giving us instead an account of his own activities and achievements as editor of the Paris *Daily Mail* and journalistic confidante and intermediary of sundry negotiators, notably of Colonel House. With Lloyd George he fell ever more out of conceit and he criticizes him often unsparingly. The provision of the peace for which Mr. Steed perhaps claims the most direct credit is the Sarre agreement. All told the book is notable and will take its place among the records of a great time.

ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE

Orphan Island, by Rose Macaulay. New York. Boni and Liveright. 1925. 12mo. viii+310 pp. $2.00.

A MORE delectable piece of fooling than *Orphan Island* would be hard to find. This tale is made up of preposterous episodes recounted with the most matter-of-fact gravity, and of satire like the fire of machine-guns.

Orphan Island is a community founded by Miss Charlotte Smith, a Mid-Victorian spinster shipwrecked while transporting fifty orphans from London to San Francisco. Born an autocrat, but hitherto unabetted by circumstance, she now finds herself supreme; and swiftly and firmly she establishes the traditions, social, political, and religious, of her Victorian girlhood.

Seventy years later there lands on the island a rescue party composed of Mr. Thinkwell of Cambridge, his sons Charles and William, the one a somewhat dilettante writer and the other a passionate naturalist, and his schoolgirlish daughter Rosamond. Miss Smith is now, at ninety-seven, a formidable tyrant ruling over two sharply divided castes: the Orphans, the vulgar, the offspring of the bereaved infants who sailed from London; and the Smiths, the lords of the island, the progeny of Miss Charlotte and her consort, the Irish ship's-doctor, a sad dog, long since eaten by a shark and better forgotten. Whatever is *comme il faut,* in thought, speech, or action, is Smith; whatever is otherwise is Orphan; but Smith and Orphan alike are sternly dominated by the precepts taught to Miss Charlotte in her youth. Into this community, whose notion of contemporary England is derived from *Wuthering Heights,* comes the very modern Cambridge family.

The tale dances along, mocking, fantastic, and vivid. Certain pictures are indelible: the languid Charles Thinkwell, fleeing desperately from a huge, aggressive tortoise, which he tries to placate with smiles and ejaculations of 'Good turtle! Nice turtle! Down, sir!'; Rosamond Thinkwell, an onlooker at the island ball, drunk with the soft island night and the strange Victorian tunes played by the island band, pulling off her shoes and stockings and hurling into the light wild dance on the grass in the moonlight; Miss Smith, arriving august at the feast for the visitors, to the strains of 'God Save the Queen,' and later closing the revel with a somewhat reproving speech: 'Innocent revelry 's one thing, sensual dissipation quite 'nother. 'Member, dear children, tomorrow's the Sabbath. . . . No common, Orphan manners. . . .'

Three pleasing personages of the story are Flora Smith, exotically irresistible, the centre of all the romance; Jean, the Scottish nurse, who, through seventy years of wearying for 'hame, hame, and an Aberdeen haddock tae eat,' keeps in Scottish silence the improper secret of Miss Smith's past, to reveal it at last with Scottish inexorability at the Birthday Banquet; and William Thinkwell, the simple and direct, who at once asks the Orphans, 'But I say, don't you want to be *rescued?* We came here to *rescue* you, you know.' For the answer to this question, the reader must continue to the end of the book. There is no doubt that he will.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

The BORZOI Broadside

APRIL, 1925 — BORZOI BOOKS — VOL. V. NO. 6.

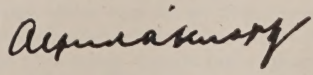
Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Harvest of Fear

"HATS off, gentlemen, a genius," wrote Robert Schumann apropos a certain composition by Chopin. Well, my hat is off to Geoffrey Dennis and his new novel, HARVEST IN POLAND. Here to my mind is a work of sheer genius, a novel overwhelming in conception and masterly in execution. I urge every reader who has any confidence at all in my ability to know

great literature when I read it, to buy or borrow HARVEST IN POLAND without delay.

In Birmingham, England, a young and attractive Oxford undergraduate receives through the eerie messages of a clairvoyant the first warning of vague encounters that lay before him. In Lichfield comes a second warning, more sinister, more supernatural—this time at a ludicrously tragic séance. Then, slowly but with unerring accuracy, the prophecies begin to come true. To Oxford, to Paris—not the Paris of tourists but the real Paris that tourists talk of in whispers and never find—to Breslau, and finally across Europe to Hate Castle in Poland goes Emmanuel Lee, drawn by a force as relentless and strong as the invisible demon that exerts it. And here in Poland demons actually appear: Zwan, the dwarf, half-demon, half-saint; Bethlehem, the Giant whose soul belongs to Lucifer; the Grandmother, relic of an Amazon; Sebastyan, too effeminate to deserve the name of man; and to offset these: Weronika, the one sane woman in a whirlpool of madness; Prince Julian, striving to save Emmanuel from an inexorable fate; Karol, weak in flesh but sanely human. The climax comes when the Giant repents of his bargain with Lucifer and attempts to win Emmanuel to the service of his master, offering him up as a scapegoat in his stead. During one terrible night he is seduced by temptations and horrors, lovely and unspeakably evil. The end is as mysteriously sudden and final as death, but to Emmanuel Lee it brings life.



HARVEST IN POLAND. *By* GEOFFREY DENNIS, *Author of "Mary Lee."* $2.50 *net.*

The Fruit of the Family Tree, by Albert Edward Wiggam. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1924. 8vo. viii+391 pp. Illustrated. $3.00.

THIS latest book by the distinguished author of *The New Decalogue of Science* is dedicated to the health, intelligence, and beauty of the unborn. Its concern is the welfare and happiness of future generations, but its message is to the parents of to-day, and not only to the parents, but to all those who by their activities may influence the trend of the social and economic forces by which our civilization is being shaped. Its central theme is the unescapable predominance of heredity in determining the physical, intellectual, and moral quality of the race. Acquired characteristics are not inherited, curing this generation does not make the next generation any stronger, and you make environment to a greater extent than it makes you. A family tree is, therefore, a fine thing to have, 'if it is not too shady,' and the unforgivable sin is that of marrying lower or meaner stock. The only hope of race improvement lies in the concentration of good strains and the elimination of bad strains.

Mr. Wiggam develops his thesis from the standpoint of the biologist, but with the reverence and spiritual insight which characterize much of the best scientific writing of to-day. He visualizes for the lay reader the mighty drama of the life stream as it has flowed for millions of years and may yet flow for other millions, and he describes the amazing mechanism by which heredity is controlled by the chromosomes within the germ cells. By means of these latest findings of biology man is, for the first time, in position to direct the course of his evolution. We can have, the author promises, almost any kind of human race we want.

The daily record of misery and crime, with which we are confronted at the breakfast table, supplies ample evidence that the life stream of the race is still contaminated with many elements that are a present burden and a future menace to humanity. Mr. Wiggam gives impressive figures to demonstrate the awful cost of our continued breeding of the defective, the feeble-minded, and the criminal, and reaches the conclusion that three-fourths of the misery in the world is due to the simple fact that the wrong people married. Marriage, where children are expected, should be a privilege bestowed by society solely upon the fit. Great strains of blood are a people's richest inheritance; bad strains make only for destruction. From Jonathan Edwards and his noble wife, Sarah Pierpont, have descended 12 college presidents, 265 college graduates, 65 college professors, 60 physicians, 100 clergymen, 75 army officers, 60 prominent authors, 100 lawyers, 30 judges, 80 public officers, — state governors, city mayors, and state officials, — 3 Congressmen, 2 United States Senators, and a Vice-President of the United States.

Blood tells indeed, but it often tells another story. About two hundred years ago the world was cursed by the advent of Max Jukes, a lazy New England vagabond. The melancholy record of his descendants includes 1220 social scourges — diseased, feeble-minded, and short-lived children, thieves, prostitutes, and murderers. Those who regard marriage as merely a personal matter would do well to study the two lines of descent from Martin Kallikak, a young soldier of the Revolution. One, through a nameless feeble-minded girl, has contributed nothing but wickedness and woe; the other, through a young Quaker woman of heroic ancestry, has blessed the earth with beauty and achievement.

The Fruit of the Family Tree obviously has eugenics as its central theme, but the author is at pains to impress upon the reader that eugenics is by no means what it is commonly thought to be. He throws overboard the 'junk and nonsense' with which eugenics has been associated in the public mind, and shows the science to include 'almost the whole range of economic, educational, social, political, moral, and religious agencies,' which lift it to the rank of 'the last great political programme of the human race.' It is a programme that may well appeal to all concerned with these activities — to the professional man, the business man, the legislator; but its more direct and compelling message is to men and women simply because they are men and women.

ARTHUR E. LITTLE

Twice Thirty: Short and Simple Annals of the Road, by Edward W. Bok. New York and London: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. Large 8vo. viii+539 pp. $4.50.

THE biography of a successful man is as a rule so full of cheer and common-sense that one leaves it deeply depressed, longing for a nice gloomy and insane Russian novel to reëstablish one's equanimity. Before I began to read *Twice Thirty*, I was afraid that I had a period of depression before me and, for perhaps two hundred pages, the fears did not seem entirely groundless. But gradually — especially after the biography was about over and the little essays began — I felt more cheerful. It is almost impossible for a successful man to write his life without writing about his successes, of course, and it would perhaps be unreasonable to expect him to; nevertheless, it was when I came upon the author's description of his feelings during his first public lecture that responsive chords began to vibrate within me; and from that point on I read with increasing interest, until at the end I was even ready to grant that he deserved the success he had achieved. This is an admission that we are not often willing to make.

Twice Thirty is not really a biography at all. It is a series of footnotes or addenda to the

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Americanization, which expand or comment upon incidents or subjects merely noticed there, or supply the thoughts and opinions that ripened in the author's mind during the process of living. It also contains many impressions of noted men and a series of chapters dealing with the greatness of Mr. Bok's native land, the Netherlands, of which one, entitled 'Well, I Did n't Know That!' readers of the *Atlantic* will remember with particular pleasure. The contents of the book are so various, indeed, that only by consulting the index can one gain any notion of how various they are.

Some of the essays are amusing, some curious; many are of great value to the youthful reader and a few of real importance to the reader of experience. Of these last, the account of the founding and administration of the Philadelphia Forum is one of the most interesting and most characteristic. That the organization seems hardly to be a forum, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, and that it seems to differ in no essential respect from the long-established Brooklyn Institute, does not detract from Mr. Bok's credit for establishing it; and his comments on the 'it can't be done' type of mind are significant, because they suggest the basis of the optimism that has made failure almost unknown to him. 'The American public,' says he, 'always instantly senses a straight, direct effort to give it the best, and will invariably respond to it, if it is placed within its reach, and human nature invariably responds to its better self if rightly appealed to.' The success of the forum was a reward of such faith, and who can say that the American Peace Award, with the same faith behind it, may not eventually meet with the same success?

On the last page of the book appears the following announcement: 'By the same Author: To be published in 1954: *Thrice Thirty*.' Mr. Bok will then be ninety years old. It is what is known as a ripe old age, but if he has made up his mind to publish this sequel I for one have no doubt that he will live to do it.

R. M. Gay

The Gallants, by E. Barrington. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1925. 12mo. xiv+308 pp. $3.50.

Sainte-Beuve, as Gamaliel Bradford points out, started the fashion of dissecting souls. It remained for the twentieth century to develop this idea into a definite theory of biography: an attempt to illuminate, as by a flash of lightning, the essence of a character, and to eliminate the mass of detail that forms such an important part of older biographical studies. That this method is remarkably effective is undeniable; that it affords an excellent opportunity for the display of literary skill is also beyond question; but whether or not it is conducive to fidelity of portraiture is another matter.

Mr. Strachey is probably the most striking exponent of this method to-day, but in at least three of the sketches in the present volume Mr. Barrington shows himself fully his equal. Indeed, he may fairly be said to surpass both Strachey and Bradford in the delicacy and sympathy with which he depicts great souls in their great moments. Mr. Barrington has not been content merely to imitate a method: he has added to it and made it peculiarly his own. He shows his characters as far as may be through the eyes of contemporaries — or as he imagines they saw themselves — and not as specimens exhibited to the overcritical judgment of an alien posterity. And if due care be taken not to deviate from the known facts, a loss of accuracy need not be the price of this increased effectiveness.

The seven gallant gentlemen selected for illumination range all the way from Henry II of England to Sir Peter Teazle, but in every case it is of the ladies concerned that we get the real picture; the men, alas, are as shadowy as before. They do, it is true, shine with some reflected light, but no single male character stands out clearly and unforgettably from these pages. Whatever be his title, it is with the ladies that Mr. Barrington is really concerned, and in portraying them and analyzing them he is at his best. It is worth noting, too, that he is far more at home in the eighteenth century than anywhere else. Perhaps because he understands the eighteenth century so well, he finds it difficult to be quite at ease in the more direct and, if you like, more brutal sixteenth century. Certainly the sketch of Queen Elizabeth is the least convincing.

The masterpiece is Lady Nelson's story. One ventures to hope that those who read 'The Divine Lady' will also read 'The Two and Nelson'; each is needed to complete the other. As for the portrait of Mrs. Thrale, it is more than a pathetic story of passing interest — it is a real contribution to the more complete understanding of that extraordinary circle in which Dr. Johnson lived and of which he was the most important member, if not exactly the brightest ornament. The reconstruction of Mrs. Fitzherbert's encounter with Beau Brummell damns even more thoroughly the memory of both the 'Prince of Fashion and the Prince of the blood.' They were both damned quite effectively in their day, but we are often in danger of forgetting it because of the romance that has since partially veiled their true characters. We are not so sure, perhaps, of the accuracy of the scene between Mary and the Duke of Monmouth. Stuart though she was, Mary's behavior does not quite fit the character that has come down to us from other sources. Still, history is proverbially inaccurate, and only a poet can hope to fathom a woman's soul.

Mr. Barrington has made a real advance in this style of writing and at the same time has given us several portraits of enduring value. It is to be hoped that he will explore still further in the eighteenth century — and perhaps next time he will seriously try his hand at one or two men!

Edward Allen Whitney

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1925

THE POUND OF FLESH

'He shall have nothing but the penalty'

BY ALICE THORNTON

'I SHOULD think,' March went on musingly, 'that when God sees what poor finite creatures can bear, hemmed round with this eternal darkness of death, He must respect us!'

I must have memorized the lines from the Howells novel in some literature class, in the days when quotations were required as a daily rite. Forgotten in the intervening years, one day in prison I found myself repeating the words. I take them again, perhaps as a shield, while I explain that in this chronicle I make no plea for personal consideration. I committed a crime; I have no desire to minimize its seriousness. The State meted out its penalty; I tried to meet it honestly and bravely. Now society is satisfied that I have been sufficiently punished, although, of course, my actual punishment has never been for an instant within the State's power to inflict or withhold. I am free, and this recital of my experience has one raison d'être: it may serve to interpret certain aspects of the penal problem.

My incarceration of several years was passed in a prison which is ranked as 'one of the best in the country.' My authority for this rating was one of the prison's minor officials, so I beg you to accept it as accurate. I had at that time existed through the first unforgettable weeks. I had become familiar with the rasping, screaming voice in which the head matron issued her commands and with the stupid, brutal discipline of a deputy warden who was frequently somewhat intoxicated. I had sat at a table, furnished with chipped granite-ware dishes, — never sterilized, — where half the diners were a menace to their neighbors. I knew the purposeless, endless, daily work; the purposeless, hopeless life. I ventured the opinion that any sane person would judge my present dwelling-place the most loathsome spot in the interstellar spaces.

The defense was prompt. 'Well, Miss —— ought to know. She's lectured all over about prisons, and she says that this is the only one where the women get any butter.'

I remembered that at breakfast and at supper I had detected a microscopic golden speck upon my plate, about the quantity Titania might use on her

daintiest lettuce-sandwich, and I became respectful, almost reverent. For upon that molecule of butter rested an institution's reputation as 'one of the best in the country.'

Perhaps this is a flippant approach to a serious problem, but I wonder if the woman's estimate was unusually superficial.

The average visitor or inspector who goes through an institution of this nature sees the buildings, a degree of cleanliness and sanitation, men and women silently working. He has, perhaps, talked to prison officials — trimly uniformed guards and white-garbed matrons. He is shown the daily menu, which, on paper at least, appears satisfying; the chapel, where services — and occasionally entertainments — are held on Sunday. In the men's dining-room he sees a screen which tells of moving-picture exhibitions in winter, and bulletins that herald the Saturday baseball games in summer. At the front of the building are the usual spectacular flower-beds, maintained at considerable expense and infinite care for the benefit of the passers-by. There is a library — an inadequate one — and a school — also inadequate. An inmate may hold subscriptions to several magazines and receive practically an unlimited number of books; he may, at his own expense, take correspondence courses with the State University's extension department.

Each of these things represents altruistic effort on the part of former wardens or members of the State Board of Control, and one who has suffered enforced confinement must have a lively appreciation of the effect of these balancing, normal influences. But valuable as these ameliorating efforts may be, they are not, in the slightest degree, a solution of the penal problem.

I

People who consider the prison problem at all are divided into two groups.

The conservative defends the present system, based as it is on the Hebraic eye-for-eye conception of punishment. To him, all folk outside the prison wall are morally more or less white. Those within its shadow are varying shades of black, the intensity of the blackness being nicely graded by the term of sentence which each convict carries, like a label, about his neck: the man with a one-year sentence is not so bad as he with five, and so on, the 'lifer' being the blackest of all. 'And why pamper a lot of criminals that the courts have gone to the expense of convicting?'

The modern penologist is not a sentimentalist; he is a scientist. He feels a degree of responsibility as to prison conditions, but his chief interest must always be in the personality of the offender.

Now those who incur punishment have been aptly divided into three classes: —

> Those whose offenses are isolated and are the result of sudden temptation or extreme emotional states — 'the accidental criminals.'
>
> Those whose offenses are the consequence of an inherent lack of self-control.
>
> Those who, being as it were short-circuited by adverse circumstances from the main herd, have chosen the adventure of 'living without the law.'

I should undoubtedly be classified under the first division. My family were folk of moderate means; my father was a professional man, kindly and honorable. I had a happy childhood and a pleasant youth. Graduating from one of the great universities, I became a skillful worker, a useful member

of society. I was very eager to have my life count for something worth while in the sum total of things. I was leading an irreproachable, conventional existence when I made my one horrible mistake.

Then came the interlude of prison incarceration. Gone were the amenities of life, the out-of-doors I had loved so well. Beyond the iron gates waited my father, bent with grief, with no reproaches for the anguish I had brought him, only that patient paternal love that has always passed understanding. But I am not to attempt another *De Profundis*. My story has interest only as it shows something of the economic and social side of prison life.

There were twenty-five women inmates of the prison when I entered, and all — the feeble-minded, the alcoholic and drug addict, the senile, the young offender, the early dement, the docile and the vicious, the weak and the strong, the highly nervous and the stolid — all were under one prison discipline. The prison was, for a few, a haven of rest; others endured it stoically; for some it was continuous unspeakable torture.

A year of punishment would not mean the same to any two individuals. To Violet, a big healthy animal with innumerable jail and prison episodes in her past, twelve months behind bars meant a rest and recuperation, although it probably was inconvenient to be separated from drink. When she went back to her kind there would be no stigma, no ostracism. With frail little Gloria it was different. If you know Mrs. Wharton's *Glimpses of the Moon* you will recall the golden lady whose many lovers were taken quite as matter of course by her husband and friends. Gloria's lover was not taken so complacently by her husband, and she was serving a sentence on an adultery charge. What might be considered merely as an *affaire d'amour* in one social stratum may be in another a crime punishable by penal servitude.

To my surprise I did not find anyone in the group about me who conformed to my previous ideas of the criminal type. I began to take stock of the conventional prejudices and unfounded beliefs that had been mine when I was a respectable member of society. In the first place, I had never thought clearly enough to differentiate between the legal concept — the individual convicted, sentenced, imprisoned for crime — and the metaphysical concept of the offender against the ethical code, the incarnation of sin doomed quite naturally to punishment. Contradictory to but nevertheless associated with these Hebraic notions were memories of the annals of the Jukes family, some vague impressions of the theories of Lombroso. I persisted in the idea that there was a criminal type, different from the main group of human beings.

Off in another part of the mental storehouse were the sinners and criminals of fiction and history — Raffles, Arsène Lupin, and the women of that fascinating species. Over against the gory Clytemnestra and Lucrezia Borgia were the pictures of Tess of the D'Urbervilles, pathetic little Hetty of *Adam Bede*, Hester Prynne, Dahlia Fleming, Lady Macbeth, Hamlet, Peter Ibbetson, and, because the story as written in the Book of Kings has always seemed to me the one perfect biography, David, the shepherd king, who for love of a beautiful woman put Uriah at the front of the battle. Perhaps it is disconcerting to think that the man whose poems are sung every Sunday in the orthodox churches, had he lived in this century, might have been held on a manslaughter charge and been the theme of yellow-press stories. Because of the genius of Hardy, Meredith, and the other authors,

these folk had motives and dossiers which I understood perfectly. They were vivid personalities; the criminal was an abstraction.

With amazement and bewilderment I was finding it necessary to reject most of the popular fallacies which I had regarding crime; those idle theories seemed quite unrelated to the grim facts of this appalling situation. I found that the guilty are not always punished nor the virtuous rewarded; neither deathbed confessions nor uneasy consciences asserted themselves to clear those who were unjustly suffering. I learned that the woman serving a forty-year sentence was not necessarily forty times as dangerous as the woman serving one year. What every penologist knows — and no one else does — is that disorderly living does far more injury to a community than the few crimes which earn for their perpetrators long terms of penal servitude. If Tess had been restored to society she would have been an asset, not the menace that a diseased, vicious prostitute might be.

II

The modern penal system is credited with several aims besides the elemental punitive one.

First: it acts as a deterrent to incipient crime — a logical reason; but it might be worth while to ask why it is, and under what circumstances, that the certainty of punishment does *not* deter individuals from crime.

Second: society demands, for its protection, segregation under restriction of its highly antisocial members — a valid, universally recognized right, but one which implies that when the incarcerated man shows himself capable of being an asset to society he should be allowed to retake his place therein.

Third: a penal system should be *remedial, reconstructive, reformatory.* My information of what has been accomplished in the institutions designated as reform schools or reformatories has been acquired through reading only, but as to what is being done toward 're-formation' in one of the best prisons in the country, what preparation the woman convict receives to prepare her for a successful rehabilitation when the period of incarceration is past, my knowledge is painfully accurate.

There was nothing that could possibly be construed as reformatory or constructive in my prison experience; nothing that would help one to meet the terrific problem of facing life later and earning a livelihood. Some of the saddest memories of prison life are those of the outgoing prisoners. A woman would always know to a day how much time remained of her sentence. There would be joy when it was a year, six months, one month. But toward the end, especially with those that were superior, the eagerness would be replaced with dread, a fear of going back into a hostile world. It was not unusual for a woman to go out who had no friends or home to receive her; no certainty of employment. She was usually an unskilled laborer, with only the few dollars given her by the State to support her until work could be obtained. And it is superfluous to add that it is not easy for an ex-convict, no matter what her story, to obtain work.

The statistics that give the percentages of recidivists are astounding to the uninitiated. This prison rated forty-five per cent and it is the lowest figure I have seen quoted for any penal institution. I am inclined to think this percentage is underrated. After what I have seen of the mediæval methods of treating the prisoner, and since I know something of the difficulties of life after one has left prison, I wonder that the percentage is not one hundred.

During my incarceration one poor chap was released after twenty years' imprisonment. Three days later he was found in the early morning, crouched down in a corner of the inner yard, having crept back — nobody knew how — past the guard and over the great wall. The matron who told me of the incident considered it a tribute to the beneficent atmosphere of the place, whereas it was, of course, a proof how utterly the unnatural prison-life unfits one for this modern, complex existence. Sadder was the story of the man who, after waiting years for a pardon, went mad less than a week after his release.

It is upon the return to the world that the test comes, not only of the prisoner but of the prison. If the purpose of the prison is to prevent crime as well as to punish the criminal, some account should be taken of the means of restoring the delinquent to society.

I and these other women have failed somehow; but with few exceptions we shall return to our communities. Do you expect us to come back better or worse for the arid, soul-wrecking years? Are we coming back penniless, or practically so? Are we still untaught, unskilled workers? Is there anyone to help us make the first difficult adjustments to a normal life? Please do not readjust your halo and say that someone ought to have attended to these things. No one has — or will, until there is a more general understanding of the basic facts regarding corrective institutions.

It is easier to get accurate information regarding the ex-prisoner's purse and economic status than it is to ascertain her mental and spiritual reaction to the imprisonment. Her conduct will be governed by her mental life, and the future conduct of an offender is a matter of certain importance. When a woman is put in prison, unfortunately she remains a human being, with all the instincts, emotions, reactions of a creature who is alive. The routine and discipline of the prison shut down on normal action and on this instinctive and emotional life, and hold the woman in a constant state of emotional stress and conflict. I believe the aftermath of the years of abnormal mental repressions, plus anxiety and the hatred of the officials and the environment, is the most serious consequence of prison life.

Consider the fact that we were not allowed to go out of doors for ten successive months — from the middle of September until the following July. During the midsummer months, when the heat was most intense, we were allowed out of doors but two hours and a half during the week: two hours on Saturday afternoon; a half hour on Sunday. (How we dreaded Sunday!) That is one bit of prison discipline. Souls need sunshine and fresh air just as much as bodies do.

III

I first saw the other women prisoners on a Saturday afternoon, when permission was granted for the two hours out of doors.

Huddled against the shade of the great stone wall was a group of women the like of whom I had never seen before. There were no beautiful, thwarted adventuresses, no regal Clytemnestras or Lucrezia Borgias, no lynx-eyed Rafflettes. There was the sorriest company of human beings imaginable: haggard middle-aged women; young girls from the streets. Later I was to find that these criminals, delinquents, offenders against the majesty of the law, were really here not so much because they were 'wicked' as because they were physically handicapped,

mentally defective, products of an inferior environment. I found unskilled workers, illiterates, foreigners unacquainted with the life of a new country. The majority were penniless; many were friendless. There were economic, pathological, sociological causes for the failure of these women to be assets instead of the liabilities they unquestionably were to their communities. And these pariahs, these pathetic outcasts, products of poverty and misfortune in many cases, were 'the dead and poisonous matter, foreign and dangerous to the social body,' of which the sociologist speaks.

There were a few who had long sentences, but the most would return to society after an incarceration of one or two years. There was no thought given as to how the human beings who had to bear years of this unnatural life were to survive it; no consideration as to the problem of rehabilitation of the woman after she left prison.

The little group sat on benches in the shade of the great wall; a guard, gun on shoulder, paced above them, a matron sat in front of them. The women were dressed in faded, patched blue dresses; to me they all appeared old, bedraggled, hideous; it did not seem possible that I could ever mingle with them. Vainly I said to myself that I was infinitely more guilty than any of them, because I had had the training, the advantages of birth and environment that should have made impossible my crime; that my clothes were as hideous as theirs. But I could not go near them. However, my isolation was of short duration; first came Selma and Margaret, then Violet, Sally, and Fannie; one by one, the entire group drifted over and surrounded me. They were very curious, although they meant only to be friendly, but the vociferous sympathy was distasteful to me then. Later I came to know and like and be deeply interested in many of them, and I found kindness, selfishness, curiosity, gossip, generosity, in about the same proportion as outside prison walls.

Never have I seen people who loved to sing as did these women. Their only song books were some Moody and Sankey hymnals, evidently bequeathed to the institution years before. The head matron played the breathless little yellow organ, and as she evidently deemed it ungodly to strike a lively tempo on Sunday, the women sang 'Rescue the Perishing,' 'Go Bury Thy Sorrow,' to the slowest time I have ever heard. The most dolorous hymns were without exception the most popular. My friend, the little assistant-matron, was musical and sang very well, but the matron jealously held her prerogative as music master.

A friend sent me some song books, compiled for community singing, and on Saturday afternoons, when we could not go out of doors, we gathered around the organ and sang. How the girls loved it! (Have I said before that the women prisoners, regardless of age, were always designated as 'the girls'?) I can even now see Marie, so pimply and soiled, closing her eyes in ecstasy as she swung into the chorus of 'Love's Old Sweet Song'; and the saffron-tinted Ellen adored 'Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon,' which with joyful abandon she sang exactly off key, although I am sure she did not have the vaguest idea what a brae of Bonnie Doon might be. And Margaret — she must have been a dear girl once, with her pretty red-gold hair and bright brown eyes; now she was stooped and haggard. 'They call me a criminal drunkard,' she gravely explained to me. Margaret loved 'America the Beautiful.'

Oh, beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves
of grain,
For purple mountain majesties above the fruited
plain,

America, America, God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea
to shining sea!

'To think,' she said in a scandalized tone, 'I never knew that song! If you 'll learn it to me before I go, I 'll give you my Easter lily.' Her Easter lily was her most cherished possession — a bedraggled remnant in a battered tin can.

It would have been an excellent and practical thing if, at least once a week, the women could have stayed in the sewing-room after supper to sing, under the direction of a competent leader. They could have learned the fine and dignified religious hymns for the Sunday service, the beloved folk-songs, and some of the better vivacious popular music. It would have been a brief period of respite and happiness, and surely a Christian State ought not to begrudge that.

I was always amused by Violet, a disreputable old soul who in a former existence must have been a pirate. We all admired Violet for an Oliver Twistish performance. On wash days a lunch of dry bread, syrup, and the indescribable coffee was served. The syrup was always heavily watered, but this morning it was water slightly tinctured with syrup. 'Pass the water,' said Violet in her stentorian tones, pointing to the syrup jug. Of course she was promptly reported to the deputy warden and locked in her cell for two days, with orders that she was to have nothing to eat. She was at once a heroine and a martyr, and the ravens that fed Elijah might profitably have envied the efficient, if mysterious, manner in which Violet was kept supplied with food.

And it is with a smile that I recall dusky Lily Belle who, in spite of her name, was a very incarnation of Topsy. On Christmas Eve a lusty wailing was heard from Lily Belle's room. The night matron hastened to investigate. 'What in the world is the matter, Lily Belle?' she asked. 'I'm crying because —— is crying,' was the reply. The matron came to my door, and I assured her that I was quite calm. Lily Belle's vociferous grief stopped instantly. 'Well, I thought I heard her crying 'cause she was here at Christmas time — and she 's been good to me — so I cried, too.' A nice tribute of friendship, was it not?

There were two methods of amusement furnished by the State: the moving pictures, which were occasionally shown Sunday afternoons, and a phonograph. A popular and effective punishment was to deprive the prisoners of cinema privileges; but if the officers were good-natured we sometimes saw one movie each month during the winter. Sentimental plays with very, very happy endings were most popular, and the comedies wherein the actors threw dishes and furniture at one another, fell indiscriminately from mighty cliffs, housetops, balloons, and telegraph poles into startling predicaments, were hailed with howls of laughter. Roars of mirth invariably greeted anything not comprehended. A war play was shown in which an American army officer, maddened by the tortures which his wife, captured by the Germans, had undergone, retaliated with a revenge that was unique and sickening in its pictured detail. The tragedy was mistaken for a burlesque comedy, and as the intensity deepened the mirth increased, until, when the awful climax was reached, my neighbor was wiping tears of delight from her cheeks.

Another time I was interested in the tense interest of Estelle, who sat at my left. Now Estelle was a connoisseur in prisons, having served sentences for theft in various States on her migration West. If she lives long enough she will probably work through to San Quentin. In the screened play

there was a hot pursuit of a thief and, as Estelle had been the object of numerous similar pursuits, I thought her sympathy would be entirely with the culprit. But instead her reaction was quite the conventional one. 'Get him,' she muttered, as a detective appeared; 'Catch him,' when the police dashed in; and when the guilty one was driven off in a patrol wagon she subsided, content.

The phonograph played for two hours every Saturday and Sunday night, and was not altogether a blessing. The collection of records was limited and mediocre, and to one who had musical discrimination it was agony to have to listen to some of the blatant tunes played over and over again, year after year. Thinking to be philanthropic, I asked to have some records of a higher standard sent to me. Their reception was interesting. Tosti's 'Serenade,' sung by Gluck, was always asked for by the two Italians, Kreisler's 'Viennese Caprice' was received with silent tolerance, but Galli-Curci's 'Valse Song' from *Romeo and Juliet* was always the signal for hearty laughter. As the lovely voice rose with incredible delicacy and brilliance to the dramatic climax, it would be drowned by roars of Gargantuan mirth.

Two talking records were very popular, and everyone always laughed exactly in the same places: as Cohen spills his soup, and when Uncle Josh first ate ice cream at a remarkable ultrafashionable New York reception. Custom never staled, age never withered, the infinite variety of these jokes.

IV

Women offenders as a class present several distinctive points which make them and their redemption — if there be a possible redemption — a problem unlike that of the male delinquent. In the first place, the average of intelligence is much higher in the men's prison than in the women's. There are always men of good mental capacity and fair or even superior education on the list of male criminals. There were few women of average ability in the prison I knew; of the hundred or more who served sentences in the course of my own durance only two besides myself had attended a secondary school. I was the only woman with more than a high-school education, the only one trained for a profession. Of course there are obvious reasons for this difference of mental type: the woman of the higher class, social or mental, is not subject to economic stress or temptations as is the man; she is less adventurous; she is more fearful of overstepping the conventions. If she does break the law she is not so liable to conviction as a man.

My statistics have an approximate accuracy, although my methods of compiling them might annoy a scientist; but as every State publishes annual or biennial reports of its corrective institutions, these can be consulted if exact information is desired. I have not the general, classified knowledge such as a biologist might have of the *Coleoptera;* I knew these delinquents as a woman knows her neighbors. I have written the names of all the women I could remember whom I knew during my stay in prison, and then made my deductions from this list. I can remember just one hundred and four individuals. Three of these were serving life sentences; five others, sentences varying from six to twenty-five years. Two were incendiaries. Three had been found guilty of perjury. About thirty were guilty of some form of theft, most often petty larceny. One girl had been sentenced for four years for stealing a dress valued at twenty-five dollars.

That same month two other young girls had been sent to prison from another court for theft of clothing valued at less than fifty dollars, for which they were to serve nine months. Number 20012 had forged a note, but she was an accessory to crime rather than a principal; she would not have had the initiative to do the thing alone. By far the heaviest percentage of convictions was on the adultery charge. More than fifty per cent of the women with whom I came in contact during this period were held on this or relative charges, which would mean that there was a pretty consistent thirty-three per cent of the inhabitants of the women's prison who were members of an ancient profession.

Before the conclusion is reached that prison is exactly the place for the prostitute, it might be logical to ponder several things. It is annoying to consider that there are at large in society individuals just as guilty of antisocial conduct as some of its convicted members — a fact which condones no offense, but which must be taken into consideration if the penal problem as a whole is studied.

Further, fifty prostitutes must have been a very small percentage of the members of their calling in the State; the segregation of such a minority could hardly be considered a remedy of the social evil. In this State the penalty for the offense under discussion varied from one to three years, so that society had but a brief respite from the presence of this group. What is of the utmost importance is that these women, practically without exception, would return to the same sort of life after they left prison. The more intelligent would be more crafty; but the most significant point is that there were few intelligent ones.

The prostitute is not to be dismissed with a clever epigram or with a condemnation of her wickedness; she is distinctly the product of poverty, bad environment, inferior human stock, sometimes — but infrequently — of misfortune. The pathetic creatures that get into prison have none of the allure or picturesqueness of the demimondaine featured in popular plays on the New York stage. I saw but one of this type — Pearl Puhr. When the exotic Pearl came to us she was delightful to look upon, with her chic frock and an exquisite coat built on the lines and with the color which bespoke a good maker. Pearl had dignity, assurance, poise. She told of her car of excellent make, her talking machine of the latest de luxe model, her child in an Eastern school. She had been the head of a large and flourishing 'establishment.' I asked her why and how the fall from all this comfort and luxury. She was tremendously disgusted. 'It was this business of women voting. I took all of my girls down to vote for the Democratic candidates, and the Republicans got in, and they had us pinched because we voted the wrong way. Now, if we had never voted —' I may have this story confused as to detail. Possibly Pearl voted for the Republicans. However, someone, Democrat or Republican, had pity on her plight, and within two weeks after her entrance to prison she was released on a writ of error — the only case where I saw the writ of error used. The Wassermann given when she entered showed a positive test. She had never denied the nature or the prosperity of her trade.

If I should follow the episode of Pearl with that of Harriet, a young girl who had left high school in her first year to marry, and a few months later to elope with a book agent, — arrested within two days, sentenced within a week, — silly, irresponsible, unmoral, sweet-tempered, never vicious, you would get a glimpse of the complications that

have to be met, not only that justice be enforced, but that the prison may serve a useful purpose.

V

I regret that I have not a pen facile enough to give you clear portraits of these women I knew so well. I do not want to write sob stuff; there were unjust sentences; two innocent women were imprisoned; there was brutality; but these things are of minor importance. Any attempt at a solution of the penal problem must always be centred about the individual delinquent, and until there is an intelligent attempt *to learn why the woman has failed*, until an effort is made to make her wholesome and self-reliant, physically and mentally, to make her antisocial life not worth while, all talk of prison reform is idle.

The old idea of the offender is the metaphysical one, based upon the theory of the freedom of the will and the infallibility of the conscience. The will was a general director of conduct; the conscience was an infallible consultant in deciding between what was right and what was wrong. The more modern idea regards the phenomena of volition, like any other phenomena, as subject to natural laws, inevitably the results of definite antecedents — heredity, education, environment, all previous experiences. A psychical phenomenon must have just as definite a cause as would a physical phenomenon, and one must understand the facts in each case. This later theory is so universally accepted that it seems superfluous to quote it; but the fact remains that practically all penal servitude is based on the older theory that we who have offended are deliberate trangressors and therefore merit condign punishment. Perhaps I did; but not all of these others.

Number 20001 came to prison dressed in her best, a percale bungalow apron, which had been freshly laundered when she left the jail eight hours before for the trip across the State on dusty railroad trains. She was much distressed over her untidy appearance when she arrived. Nineteen years old, fair mentality, good-natured. Her family manor had been an old box-car, refitted as box-cars sometimes are for residential purposes for railroad employees. The day after she came she saw a dress which was being made in the sewing-room for a girl who was about to leave. Now these going-away gowns, although practical, are not anything to get excited about, but to Number 20001 a wonderful possibility arose: 'When I go away can I have a new dress?' When she left prison she had her first new dress, but she had been taught no trade and shown no way to earn honestly other new frocks.

Number 20002 had the appearance and pertness of a Paris street gamin. She was pretty except that her two front teeth were missing — a loss which caused her deep despair. How to obtain money to have these missing teeth replaced was the one problem of her life. She met it romantically and, let us hope, satisfactorily. She wrote a suitor that if he would send the money to pay for the new incisors she would marry him when she was free. She told of a hard, barren childhood, as the drudge in a farmer's family. 'I worked for my keep when I was ten years old. No, I never went to school. I wish you could learn me to read. It's fierce being on the street-car when you can't read the signs. And you know how them street-car conductors talk, so that you can't understand them. If I ain't never been that way before, I don't know where to get off.' And she left prison without learning how to read the street-car signs.

Number 20004 was a big Polish woman, a widow of thirty-five, the mother of three children to whom she was devoted, an excellent cook, an indefatigable but inefficient worker, erratic to the last degree, an illiterate, with the mentality and unmorality of a seven-year-old child. When I was housekeeper in the matron's home, Number 20004 was assigned as my assistant. Ours was an exciting friendship; on Monday she would love me to distraction; on Wednesday I was her bitterest enemy; by Saturday the chances were even as to whether I was her 'heart's ownest' or Enemy Number One. She broke every rule in the institution and was never punished. She said to me one day, 'The reason the matron hates you so is because you are quiet and polite. Act like you was a fool; she likes that!' And a demonstration would follow of servile obsequiousness. But even to evade the matron's frightful tongue I could not stoop to that. Number 20004 would sometimes become greatly aggrieved. ''T ain't fair; I learn you how to make swell pie-crust 'nd gravy 'nd such things what I can. You should learn me how to read in English; then I could read them swell receipts 'nd get a swell job in a restaurant.'

One day she picked up an advertisement that had an attractively colored picture of gold-and-brown biscuits.

'R-o-y-a-l B-a-k-i-n-g P-o-w-d-e-r,' she slowly spelled, following the letters with her chubby finger. 'That says, "Parkin' House rolls." It's lucky I can read some, ain't it? Now some of those girls is so dumb they can't read nothin'.' She left before our school was started, but it is doubtful whether she would have had the concentration necessary to learn to read.

Number 20005 was of the small and exclusive class known as 'model' prisoners. One did not earn this distinction — nor deserve it for any perceptible reason. The implication was that the model prisoner had never been reported for the further degrees of punishment; the title was supposed to designate docility and abject submission to the endless code of rules. In reality a model prisoner was either a high favorite with officials or else of so negligible and colorless a personality as to be practically invisible to the eye. Number 20005 had ponderous feet that stumbled and blundered along, a big clumsy body, above which, to one's surprise, was a handsome face — a face that would have been strikingly beautiful had it been lighted by personality and intelligence. There were strong regular features, thick, lustrous brown hair, and large dark eyes that were pathetically bovine. She was ambitious to further her education; confidentially she told me that she wanted to learn how to use big words, the popular conception there of a higher education; but the poor dear could never get beyond the first part of the Third Reader, although she pored over this with endless patience. She was a wonder in the garden, where she could lift a shovel of dirt with the ease of a strong man. She loved to help me with my flower garden, and the dexterity with which she transplanted the young plants, her interest in each one, were pleasant to see. 'Whatever I plant grows; see!' And it did. She braided quaint old-fashioned rugs; she was a wizard with the flatiron, the warden's finest laundry work always falling to her share. She earned *one cent a day*, and although outside of prison she had five children it never occurred to her to ask for more. She was a model prisoner.

Number 20006 always reminded me of a white rabbit — not Alice's, but just any white rabbit. She had had

countless children by a feeble-minded husband. One day he disappeared and Number 20006, who was decidedly of the clinging-vine type, transferred her brood and her affections to another man with whom she lived without benefit of the clergy — hence the prison sentence. Some of the children were parked in a charitable institution and others with charitable folk throughout the county. Number 20006 was toothless, anæmic, undernourished; her knowledge of housewifery or sewing was practically nil. One does not have to be a rabid prison-reformer to realize that she needed nourishing food, instruction in the responsibilities of maternity, artificial teeth, and a working knowledge of the basic household-arts, instead of the barren drudgery of penal discipline.

I was always fond of Number 20007, a little German woman whose worthless husband had left her with several children to support. She showed me her wedding picture — she stiffly happy in an atrocious veil, he resplendent with a red carnation in his buttonhole. 'He was a fine man,' she said; 'the only trouble was that he ran away when we had so many children.' This woman had earned her living by scrubbing and cleaning two saloons. She stole some money, — 'I needed it something fierce,' — was caught, convicted, sentenced to a year in prison. Her children were put in a charitable institution during her incarceration. She was a tireless worker, good-natured, kindly. After her sentence expired, she returned to the city with ten dollars in her purse, no job, a branded criminal. Would it not have been more wise and merciful if the State had sent Number 20007 back to her flock with a trade, with some craft or knowledge that would make her self-reliant and self-supporting?

Consider the story of Number 20008, a lovely young creature, slender and lithe and frail, with a skin like ivory and gorgeous auburn hair. Her people had been nice small-town folk in a Western state. She had met and married a good-looking stranger with charming manners. Later he proved to be a member of a gang of gunmen who drew heavy sentences for an attempted bank robbery. She herself had been involved sufficiently to draw a light sentence. She had accepted the standards and the cheap cynicism of the man she loved, but basically she was still the honest small-town girl. Of all my pupils she was by far the most superior, keenly appreciative and responsive. Had the stage directions been just a little different, she might have been a beautiful and talented college girl. She talked to me many times of her future. 'I do not mind this much, because I had rather be near my husband than any place else; but I do wish that I could be using this time to prepare myself to be self-supporting after I leave here.'

Number 20009 would have been classed by the old school of penologists as a confirmed criminal; the modern psychiatrist might interpret her mental processes otherwise. Born in Sweden, she migrated to the United States when a young girl. Meagre education; employed as a house servant; married; one child. She had previously served sentences in three other prisons for theft, always petty larceny. She took much pride in telling of these exploits and of her adroitness in theft; offered to tutor the younger girls in the gentle art; had a mania for collecting things — bits of ribbon, bright paper, books, scraps of cloth, from which she would make amazingly clever bits of fancywork. She was an expert seamstress and a good cook; worked constantly with a nervous energy that made one pity the poor, frail body. Fifty years old, she looked seventy, except that her hair was

brown, abundant, and well cared for. She was very generous. At Christmas she gave me an elaborate pincushion, made entirely from materials which she had stolen from me! Immaculate, almost austere in her personal habits. I asked her why she stole when she was able to earn a good living by sewing or doing housework. 'Always I would think, "Now I have got a good place and these folks are good to me and I can always have a home here," and then I would see something that would just make me take it. This last time I was working for a lady and she was good to me, and I said, "Never again." And she had a parasol that I thought was the homeliest one I ever saw; and I stole that parasol, and some of her stockings that were too big for me, and some money — and here I am. The judge said he could give me two years or ten, and I told him to give me the ten years. Now I will die here, I hope. I can't make myself behave when I am outside.' She had lived in the state less than two months when she was arrested. The taxpayers will have to care for her for ten years.

Although I had lived for several years with women whose past experiences might seem to warrant it, I had heard no obscenity and little profanity; but when Number 20010 came a reign of terror began for all of us. On the slightest provocation streams of unspeakable lewdness and invective would flow forth. The intelligent matron, who was responsible for several radical improvements, was genuinely interested in the girl, only twenty-three years old. The newcomer had previously run away from a girls' reformatory and had been traveling with a street carnival when arrested. The matron tried to direct the young thing's tremendous energy and vitality into useful channels, and the girl tried to respond. For several days she would be docile and work energetically; then an explosion would follow that shook the very stones in the hardened walls. With confinement she became increasingly irritable and unmanageable, and it was finally necessary, for the protection of the matrons and the other inmates, to have her permanently locked in her cell. Fortunately — or perhaps unfortunately — her sentence was a short one. She was diseased; unquestionably there was mental aberration; but she went forth more dangerous to the community than a burning brand thrown at random. If, instead of the stereotyped term of punishment, the psychosis had been dealt with intelligently, if the girl had been discharged not at the end of twelve months but when she was healthy, physically and mentally, and ready to be a useful member of society, the prison would have been performing a function quite different from its present one.

Perhaps Number 10001 should have headed my list, as she was the oldest inhabitant — eighty-four years old; she had been in prison since she was fifty. For thirty-four years she had lived under the silence system of a rigidly disciplined penitentiary where daily, almost hourly punishments were being meted out for violations of this code, but she remained the most fluent conversationalist I have ever heard. I do not know whether this was because she was a woman, or because talking is a human trait not to be overcome in so short a time. Several years before my arrival she had been granted some species of respite and had gone to live with her son. She was not welcome, — probably illtreated, — and had come back to the prison as a place of refuge. The girls were always kind to her. Fruit and sugar — luxuries that might be received only on holidays or when one was allowed to have a visitor —

were always shared with old Number 10001. She received many little gifts from the girls, but these were always given away immediately, because Number 10001 also enjoyed the rôle of benefactress. She thriftily gave where returns were surest. As a steady contributor, I was the recipient of many presents: bizarre bits of fancywork, much-thumbed religious mottoes in German; little cracker animals, her gift of gifts — it meant self-sacrifice to give one of these away.

Number 10001 had lived for eighty-four years on an interesting sphere in an interesting universe. Races of men had flourished and declined; men and women had lived, and loved, and hated, and worked, and played, and died. The world held African jungles and American skyscrapers, mountain peaks and Blackburnian warblers, clever books and beautiful music, molecules and theorems and political parties, fossils of dinosaurs, and etchings, and sonnets, and great bridges — but no intimation of their existence had ever come to the mind of Number 10001.

Of the store of knowledge of the human race, of any traces of intellectual curiosity, her mind was as barren as that of an animal. She was very pious, and would expatiate endlessly on religious themes. The old apple-trees in the prison yard had come from seed that she had planted when she was a newcomer there, and it was she who had planted the four peonies, the bleeding heart, the two rosebushes — the only attempts that had ever been made to introduce beauty into the sterile space.

That there is among delinquents a high percentage of those of inferior or subnormal intelligence is now a matter of almost universal information. It does not follow that delinquency and the inferior mind are synonymous. But realization of the generous percentage of those mentally handicapped among offenders ought to suggest that punishment is not 'the correct idear,' as Mr. Salteena puts it.

And this insight into one determining factor of crime suggests others — alcoholism, bad environment, poverty, bad heredity, lack of education, misfortune. But when one studies offenders at first hand, there comes a realization of the weakness of any general causation-theory, because instead of exact general classifications there will be Monica and Helene and Martha; and when one tries to fit them into these predetermined pigeonholes it can be done only by a manipulation of facts. One loses sight of Monica and her problems and finds only an automaton that does not bear much resemblance to the real and likable woman. And it is this real woman we must know, if we wish to help her.

(In a succeeding paper, which is to appear in our May issue, Miss Thornton gives her constructive ideas on prison discipline. — THE EDITOR)

SNOW-BOUND

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

I PAUSE at the outset of this narrative to consider a question of expediency. Should an itinerant journalist ever confess boredom? Should he not, rather, avoid mention of the valleys into which he is sometimes forced to descend? The matter may be considered from varying points of view, but on the whole perhaps it is best for him to be quite truthful; for if any follow him on his inconsequential wanderings they must be creatures of flesh and blood, with reactions very much like his own. And experience is never all of a piece. The most credulous of travelers-by-proxy know this, and they are not likely to follow one with trust, even in fancy, along continuous mountain-ranges of happy incident. 'What sort of country is this,' they will say, 'where one breathes always the heady air of purely joyous adventure? Either this man is fortunate above his fellows, or not wholly candid, or too considerate of our susceptibilities,' and they will leave him to explore for themselves, in the imagination, the more arid stretches of experience which he has pretended do not exist.

Having thus convinced myself, by special pleading, I am the more willing to confess that, on a winter afternoon, I was sitting in a chilly attic-room in a settlement on the coast of Iceland, playing solitaire — that last lethargic resource of the profoundly bored — and thinking, with some misgivings, of the future. It was about two o'clock, but dusk was already gathering. Wind, the implacable foe of man and beast in Iceland, was blowing at hurricane strength, driving before it the ashes of stars, the minute clinkers of burned-out constellations in the semblance of snow; and there was no promise of abatement. Of Iceland nothing remained save one small house in which I was entombed with its six inmates. Nothing remained of sun, moon, or stars, save that endlessly falling ashy débris, giving of itself all that remained of light.

I have been mildly bored, upon occasion, elsewhere in the world. It is the price one must pay for the gift of life, and how welcome, afterward, is the warmth and color and freshness of awakening interest! But never before had I found myself sinking into the unfathomable depths of ennui. The mere fact of playing solitaire convinced me that I was thus sinking. I threw aside the cards in disgust. How many games had I played? Twenty? Fifty? Impossible to say. I paced up and down the room, four steps to the window, four to the door. 'Well, this *is* a new experience!' I muttered despairingly, and immediately there came a gleam of hope. How is it possible, I thought, to have a quite new experience, even of boredom, and be bored with it? But the gloom settled again, like the wintry light fast thickening with yet more sombre shades of gray. Evidently this was the anomalous thing, the exception that proves the rule.

My coming to this settlement had been the result of pure whim. One day, not long before, I was lying on a rug in a pleasant, book-lined room, with my map of Iceland, now pretty well worn with much handling, outspread before me. The recumbent position is an excellent one, not for painstaking study of a map, but for the idle, after-dinner survey. Chin in hands, elbows resting on the eastern and western littorals of one's island or continent, one may pass a very agreeable hour speculating as to what might be found there — or there — or there.

Wandering thus in fancy along a lonely stretch of coast, I came to a village, obscurely marked, at the end of one of the many fjords which indent the shores of Iceland. There were mountains on either side, rising almost perpendicularly from the level of the fjord. Midway was a river tumbling down the steep valley-wall, and a trail, doubtless, leading to the wind-swept table-lands beyond. So much information was to be gained beforehand; but what sort of experience one might have in that isolated settlement was not, of course, to be determined by dreaming on a hearthrug before a pleasant fire. So I decided to go there as soon as opportunity should offer.

I had not long to wait. Two weeks later I climbed down the side of a fishing schooner to the wharf at this village. The sky was overcast, after several days of fine weather, and the shoulders of the little group of Icelanders gathered there were powdered with the snow that was just beginning to fall. I had begun my usual halting, verbless inquiries for lodgings, when a short, grizzle-haired man came bustling up. He wore steel-rimmed spectacles that gave him a benevolent look, carried a cane, and was dressed in a mussed, rather greasy suit of blue serge. Doffing his hat, Danish style, with an exaggerated arm's-length gesture, 'Good day, sir!' he said, in English. 'Welcome to our city!'

I was a little surprised at the idiomatic expression, and it was not his only one. He spoke English fluently and, greatly relieved, I made known my wants. There was no hotel, he said, although they meant to have one some day. 'And a good one, too!' he added. 'I am going to build it myself.' He insisted upon showing me the site he had chosen for it, and hurried away in front along the border of the fjord until we came to a rusty boiler, lying in the open, half covered with snow.

'There!' he said. 'You see? I 've already made a beginning. This is for my hot-water system. I mean to have things very comfortable.'

Then he talked at length, earnestly and convincingly, of his plans. It was plain that he saw the hotel, in his mind's eye, already completed, with guests sitting around the radiators in the comfortably furnished office, and neatly dressed waitresses laying the tables for dinner. And there was only this rusty old boiler lying by the side of the road, just where it had been dumped. It looked as though it had been there for a long time. When I asked how long, he became gloomy of a sudden.

'Three years,' he said. 'No one comes to Iceland now — not since the war.'

He gazed at the ground, a picture of despondency. Then, brightening as quickly again, 'Do you suppose I could persuade some large business-concern in America to pay my expenses over there, so that I could tell them of the possibilities for trade in Iceland? We ought to do an enormous business with your country — enormous! Think of our fish — our salt cod and herring oil! Then there 's mutton and wool and Iceland ponies —'

Immediately he forgot the hotel

project and talked as enthusiastically of commerce.

'Don't you agree with me? Don't you see the opportunities? You must know someone in New York I could go to? That might result in something big! I might stay there. I 'd like that — living in New York.'

At length I confessed that I was not in business and knew little of the possibilities for connections there.

'You 're not!' he exclaimed. 'Then why have you come to Iceland?'

'Oh, merely to travel,' I replied. 'I have always wanted to see this country.'

An expression very like anguish crossed his face. He gripped his hands tightly over the head of his cane, and punched with it through the snow, against the rusty boiler.

'You might have gone to Denmark,' he said. 'You might just as well have gone to England, or France, or Spain. And you came to Iceland! Think of it!'

He appeared to be talking to himself rather than to me, and at the moment I felt that I had been guilty of an all but criminal act.

'Why did you come?' he then asked, looking at me reproachfully. 'You 'll have to stay now, you know. I mean, you 'll have to stay here, in this village — perhaps all winter.'

'Oh, surely not!' I replied, a little anxiously.

'Oh yes, you will! That is, it 's very likely. You 've noticed how the fjord is freezing over? It may fill with ice so that no boats can come in, and even if it should n't there are no boats due for a long time. I think we 're going to have a heavy snowstorm. It looks that way; and if we do, you can't go over the mountains to the next settlement. It 's twenty-five miles away without a single house on the road. In winter the trail is often impassable for weeks.'

'Well,' I replied, 'I suppose I 'll have to make the best of it. But do you know of any place where I could stay? Is there any sort of boarding-house in the village?'

Immediately he was all enthusiasm and energy again.

'Of course! I keep one for the present, until my hotel is built. And here we are standing out in the snow! Come along! You 'll be very comfortable there. I 'll see to that!'

He seized my bag and rushed off as though there were not a moment to lose. The village looked very dreary in the gray light of late afternoon. The houses were perched on a narrow shelf of sloping ground around the end of the fjord, and directly behind them rose the mountains, barely visible through the falling snow. After a five minutes' walk we came to a bridge over a swift stream. My landlord stopped there to wait for me.

'You see how quiet it is here? Nobody in the street. Well, it 's like that all winter. Nothing to go out for. You won't see the sun, not even if the weather clears. From October till January it does n't rise above the mountains. It 's very gloomy. And I 've lived here all my life! Think of that!'

He hurried on again, pausing a moment later to add, 'But Iceland is a wonderful country. I would n't live anywhere else, not if you were to pay me for it. Wait till it clears up! You 'll see how beautiful it is then.'

II

His house was even more precariously perched than the others, between the mountains and the fjord. I could barely discern the rocky wall towering over it. The door was very low. We had to stoop to enter. The living-room was so filled with odds and ends of furniture that one moved about with

difficulty. A fine oak sideboard, hand-carved, stood by a wall. It must have been a relic saved from days of better fortune, and looked sadly out of place in the midst of broken-down kitchen chairs and rickety tables. Two boys of about eight and ten were wrestling on an old plush sofa. They were making a fearful racket. One had the other down and was pounding him for all he was worth. A girl, slightly older than either of them, was playing a phonograph. All three looked as though they slept in their clothing. Their father spoke sharply to the boys, but they paid no attention.

'They 're very wild,' he shouted above the din. 'I hope you don't mind a little noise? My wife 's dead — six years ago. I have an old woman to keep house, but she has n't much time for the children.'

Then, raising his voice even louder, he shouted, 'Gudrun!' The housekeeper — she might have been of any age between sixty and eighty — came to the door. Her scant white hair hung in a single braid, and her face was very red, as though perpetually immersed in steam. She made a little bone-stiff curtsey and, after a brief conversation with the landlord, went out again.

There were two rooms on the upper floor. Mine looked out to the mountain wall and was lighted by one small window. The roof sloped steeply on either side, so that one could stand erect only in the middle of the room. It was furnished with a washstand, a bed, a deal table, and a chair. The bed had lost two legs, and was supported at the lower end by a box; and when my landlord grasped the chair the back of it came off. There was no stove. 'But you will be surprised,' he said, encouragingly, 'how much heat comes up through the floor. It 's not nearly so cold here as you might think at first. The children sleep in that other room. Don't let them disturb you. If they make a racket, just you pound on the wall — ' He broke off abruptly. 'But you 'll be wanting a bath, of course! Wait! I 'll arrange that!'

I was not at all eager for a bath just then.

'Oh, please don't bother,' I said. 'To-morrow will do just as well.'

'No bother at all! Glad to do it. I know how Englishmen and you Americans are: first thing — a bath. I know! That 's all right! I 'll have it ready for you in no time!' and despite my further protestations he rushed downstairs. I heard the outer door slam, and again became conscious of the slightly subdued uproar from the living-room: the shouts of the boys, and the rasping of the phonograph playing endlessly the same record: —

> She 's as sweet as the heather,
> The bonnie purple heather,
> Mary, my Scotch bluebell.

The wind was gathering strength from moment to moment. It came from the north and swept without check down the full length of the fjord, making the little house tremble under its ceaseless impact. Fine snow drifted through invisible cracks and lay in little drifts, unmelted, on the floor. The gray light glimmered more faintly. Soon it was quite dark in the room. I sat on the bed waiting for my bath.

The landlord was gone for a long time, but at last I heard him running briskly up the stairs.

'It 's all ready!' he announced cheerily. 'You won't mind a little walk? I have no bathroom here, but there 's going to be a first-class one in my hotel. Fuel — that 's Iceland's problem.' He became gloomy again, and although I could not see his face I could imagine the swiftly changing expression. 'All of our coal is shipped in, mostly from England, and it 's very dear since the

war. Think of the coal in America! Millions of tons! Cheap, too! What a chance for trade! You sell us your coal, and we sell you our fish. Well, some day — but come along! The water will be getting cold if we don't hurry.'

Had I been alone I should have been lost, at once, in that blizzard. It was pitch-dark and the snow came against our faces with blinding force. We struggled on through drifts and over wind-swept places where it was all we could do to keep our feet. Presently we stumbled against a door and my landlord said, 'Here we are!'

We had difficulty in opening the door, — the wind was blowing directly against it, — but at last succeeded, and I found myself in a large room built halfway under ground. Wooden vats were arranged around the walls, and one of these, my bathtub, was sending up clouds of steam, luminous in the lamplight. A fire was going under an upright boiler. On racks overhead sheepskins were drying.

'The skins are washed in these vats,' my landlord said. 'They are especially fine ones. See how white and soft the wool is! There ought to be a big market for them in America, don't you think? Now there 's an opportunity — Iceland sheepskin rugs! And we could furnish thousands.'

Taking a notebook from his pocket he sat down on a box and began making calculations. Meanwhile I prepared hastily for my bath. I had to crouch while undressing, to avoid contact with the Arctic Circle, and lost no time in getting into the water, which was waist-deep and of just the right temperature. My landlord looked up from his notebook, beaming at me through his spectacles.

'Is n't that fine?' he said. 'I was sure you 'd enjoy it. But you 'd better not stay in too long. You might catch cold. Now about these sheepskins — '

He shouted information about them all the way back to his house, his voice sounding very faint and thin above the howling of the wind. I made the briefest of replies as we stumbled through the snowdrifts, but my thoughts were not of sheepskins. Oh, it was a memorable bath, all round, and I doubt whether many landlords could be found anywhere in the world who would have put themselves to such a deal of trouble, on such a night, for a chance guest.

Supper was waiting for us. The children were already at the table, impatient to begin. Before bringing the food, the housekeeper tried to wash their faces with a damp rag. She succeeded with the youngest by taking him unaware, but the others fought her off.

During our absence another guest had come in, a strange little man, with a beard reaching almost to his waist. He was dressed in knickerbockers, a blue jersey, homespun Iceland stockings, and moccasins.

'He is very deaf,' my landlord said. 'He almost never speaks. I 'll not bother to introduce you.'

He ate very rapidly, with great zest, and was through with his supper even before the children, who wolfed their food like little savages. Before getting up from the table he drew back one sleeve of his jersey, and I noticed that his forearm had been shaved smooth. Holding it horizontally, he laid along it a train of snuff, which he drew in with one loud intake of breath. Then, gravely bidding us good-night, he left the house.

My landlord prepared to leave soon afterward.

'I have a great deal of work to do,' he said. 'You know, I never have a minute to loaf. Make yourself at home, and your room is ready whenever you want to go to bed.'

It was then only seven o'clock, too

early to think of bed. I returned reluctantly to the living-room. The prospect of spending the evening with those three children was anything but a pleasant one. The little girl was not at all boisterous, but she had a horrible passion for the phonograph, and there were only three or four records. She played them over and over, regarding me, meanwhile, with a grave unabashed gaze, as though I were some interesting piece of inanimate mechanism. I confess with a certain amount of shame — being her elder by at least twenty years — that she made me feel very uncomfortable. I sought refuge from that steady scrutiny and was fortunate enough to find the fragment of a school geography lying on the floor. I hid behind that, making a pretense of reading, and gazed so long at one paragraph printed there that I still remember it, and shall remember it, doubtless, to the end of my days: —

'Seydisfjordur (885) er mesti baer á Austurlandi. Par er ágaet höfn, og barnaskolum er mesta hús i baenum.' (Seydisfjordur — population 885 — is the largest town in the East Country. There is a fine harbor, and the schoolhouse is the largest building in the town.)

It was a great relief to me when the old housekeeper came in from the kitchen. All three children crowded around her, begging for some favor, and finally, with an apologetic glance in my direction, she sat down before a cottage organ and began to play.

A miraculous change took place; the children quieted down at once, and joined in singing part-songs which seemed to have in them all the wild and lonely beauty of the land. Some of them may not have been Icelandic songs, and one, at least, I recognized — Ben Bolt. Later, having nothing else to do, I made a copy of the first stanza in my notebook: —

Ae manstu nú ekki hana Alis, Ben Bolt,
Hana Alis med lokkanna flód?
Ef brostir pú vid hún af glaedu pá grjet,
Ef grimdist pú titradi hun hljod.
Í kirkju-gardirum gamla, Ben Bolt,
Er grof úti horninu ein;
Par lögdu peir Alis til sídasta svefns,
Og settu henni forn-grytis stein.

The words sounded as odd as they look in print, but the children had clear sweet voices, and I have never heard that old song more effectively sung.

Meanwhile the fire in the stove had gone out, and the room grew increasingly chilly. The others did not appear to be aware of this, although their breath came forth in steam as they sang. Presently I went quietly out of the room and upstairs to bed. The singing lasted for another hour and, when the children retired, to my surprise they did so without making the least noise. I lay awake for a good while, listening to the booming of the wind, an awe-inspiring sound. Never before coming to that remote spot had I known what the north wind, fully aroused, could be. It seemed fluid ice, and swept over the ramparts of that desolate coast with scarcely an eddy, like water flowing over a pebble. From high overhead came a tumult of lonely voices. All the spirits of the North had returned from the Underworld and, crying and calling to each other, hurried along the upper surface of that mighty torrent of air as over a solid, viewless pavement.

III

It was pitch-dark when I awoke. I lit the candle and looked at my watch — eight o'clock. The drifts of snow on the floor had greatly increased during the night. They sparkled in the candlelight, flashing from flawless crystals innumerable points of color, green and red and blue and white; but I was not

tempted to get out of bed. I heard no sound of activity downstairs. The house was quiet except for the complaining of its timbers under the incessant buffeting of the wind.

The future looked as dark to me as the dawn of that winter day. Supposing I were to be marooned indefinitely in this village? What could I do to pass the time? I had brought nothing to read, and there was nothing in the house, in either English or Icelandic. The only thing approaching a book was the fragment of school geography. In such weather it would be impossible to find much diversion out of doors; and, even though the weather permitted, the village was so hemmed in between the mountains and the fjord that one would soon exhaust the possibilities for exploration. One could walk only along the narrow shelf of land where the houses were, and this was less than a mile long, and scarcely one hundred yards wide at any point. No, I should have to spend most of my time indoors.

In the midst of these gloomy reflections I observed, of a sudden, that the thumb of my right hand was twitching, with an erratic circular motion. Then the left one began; then both started twirling furiously, first in one direction, then in the other, then each in opposing circles — a supposedly difficult manœuvre for thumbs, but one which mine performed with the greatest ease. By that sign I knew that I was going to be bored, perhaps very seriously bored.

Summoning all my courage, I threw back the eider-down coverlet and sprang out of bed. I regretted that there was not one of those fine sheepskin rugs to stand on while dressing, but lacking it I dressed all the more rapidly. Outside, despite my warm clothing, — two suits of woolen underwear, two army shirts, heavy Iceland stockings, corduroy coat, riding-breeches, and sheepskin moccasins, — I was chilled through in a moment. Little could be seen from the doorway, except that the snow had drifted against the mountains in a long steep slope, half burying the near-by houses. The lower reaches of the fjord were frozen over to a distance of several hundred yards.

The housekeeper, who slept in the same room with the children, came downstairs as I reëntered the house. '*Godin dáginn!* (Good day!)' she said; '*pad er ágaet vedur* (it is fine weather).' I looked at her sharply, but her face was grave, composed. She had, seemingly, merely given utterance to what she regarded as a statement of fact. She was building a fire in the kitchen stove, and I watched with dismay her cautious method of putting on the fuel. She added just enough to bring the water in the kettle to a boil. But the coffee was excellent. I drank two large cups of it, very slowly, and having no further excuse for remaining in the kitchen, returned to the living-room.

My landlord came in about ten, greeting me pleasantly, in a preoccupied manner. He brought with him a sheaf of papers which he spread out on the table, and excusing himself — he was 'very busy just now' — began covering them with figures. I do not know what he was doing — making estimates, perhaps, for the new hotel; but whatever the work, I envied him his complete absorption in it. The housekeeper brought his coffee, but he paid no heed, and when at last he did drink it, it must have been quite cold. Then, seizing his hat, stick, and overcoat, and again urging me to make myself at home, he rushed out into the storm.

For lack of other occupation I too went out shortly afterward, and struggled through drifts, waist-deep, shoulder-deep, along the border of the fjord. I could see, dimly, the path my landlord had taken. It passed the

tobacco shop, the general store, the baker's, the post office. Although it was getting on toward eleven o'clock, all these places were still closed, the entry-ways deeply buried in snow. The trail, growing fainter in the drifting snow, disappeared a short distance past the wharf. My landlord must have gone on to the hotel site, but I followed him no farther.

Boredom is a malady which gathers nourishment as easily as a dog gathers fleas. The mere enumeration of its causes, in any virulent case, would fill a volume the size of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy;* but the chief effect of it is that the sufferer loses his human conception of time. To him a moment is as a year, and a day as all eternity. It is sad to think that this godlike faculty for living in time as in a pure abstraction is granted us only when we do not want it, and snatched from us again in the first infinitesimal fraction of the first golden moment succeeding the period of boredom; but so it is.

During this day — if it may be called a day — the two boys wrestled on the plush sofa, on the floor, under the tables. Tiring of this, they rode down the staircase on a wagon furnished with spools for wheels. Tiring of this, they tormented a fine old sheep-dog who moved from place to place in the effort to avoid them. At last he took refuge beside my chair and they left him in peace. He too was profoundly bored, if one may judge by appearances. From time to time he would rise on his forelegs, look up at me in sympathetic understanding, yawn from the depths of his being, and go to sleep again.

The little girl did not play the phonograph all the time. She sat for hours, her hands lightly folded in her lap, gazing at vacancy. She seemed neither happy nor unhappy, neither bored nor amused. I marveled at her passionless immobility. One felt that she could have remained thus forever; that she was the perfect flower of forty generations of ancestors who had sat through an unbroken monotony of winter days and nights, possessing their souls in patience. The gift came to her, doubtless, from the mother's side of the family. The father was dynamic. It would be hard to find a spot on the habitable globe less congenial to a man of that temperament. I was appalled at thought of the countless thousands of times he had rushed up and down the narrow strip of land between the mountains and the fjord. But his was a sanguine nature, and I doubt whether he was ever unhappy for long. He was in and out of the house all that day, gloomy at one moment, blithe the next. He covered sheet after sheet of paper with figures. It was curious to watch his changing expression as he worked, but for the most part it was one of absorbed, eager interest. Small wonder, I thought, that his house contained no books. He had no need for them. He had his dreams. He invented his own romances from no better material than a rusty old boiler buried under the snow, or a sheepskin rug hanging up to dry in a turf-covered shanty.

IV

My third day here was like the two preceding ones, except that I spent most of it in my room, playing solitaire. That night the wind died down, the weather moderated, and it began to rain. When I woke the following morning it was again very cold, but I knew, by the light in the room, that the sky was clear. My landlord knocked at the door while I was dressing.

'You 're late this morning,' he said. 'And such a morning! Glorious! You 'll see now how beautiful this place can be! But we 're frozen in. I can't get the door open.'

We worked for half an hour clearing the snow away from the door. It was more than five feet deep there. My landlord climbed out first. He had a shovel in his hand. He dropped it, flung out his arms, and disappeared. 'Hello!' I said. 'Is it as deep as that?' But there was no reply. I climbed after him to see what had happened. The next moment I was on my back, gazing at a cloudless sky, and gliding at tremendous speed down a long slope of ice-encrusted snow.

I would not have believed that any ice — not even Iceland ice — could be so slippery. I thought I should never stop sliding and did n't stop, in fact, until far out on the fjord; and the best of the journey was that, in mid-course of it, boredom left me. I felt it go, suddenly, as though an immense weight on the spirit had volatilized, leaving me lighter than air. It was a glorious release.

My landlord was sitting on the ice, not far from where I came to a stop. Tears were running down his cheeks.

'Please forgive me!' he said. 'I can't help it. You don't know how funny you looked — ' and he broke down again.

'How are we to get back?' I asked, when he had somewhat regained composure.

'I 'll get the shovel. Maybe we can dig our way up.'

The shovel was farther out on the fjord. My landlord rose cautiously and was about to make his way toward it when we saw the old housekeeper — a mere speck at that distance — climbing out at the doorway.

'Look!' said he. 'If she is n't careful — '

Then she too threw up her arms and sat down. Two years have passed since I witnessed her descent, but at thought of it my diaphragm quivers spasmodically. She started in a sitting posture, but as the wind billowed out her skirts she reversed and came on head foremost.

Blessed, misnamed law of gravity! Before half an hour had passed, most of the village — old men and maidens, housewives and housekeepers, children, babies in and out of arms — slid down the mountainside to the fjord. There we all were, like ants at the bottom of a huge bowl: minute black figures trying to scramble up the slippery sides. 'My landlord is right,' I thought, as I watched the others. 'I 'll never be able to leave this place.' The mountains, rising so steeply overhead, looked immeasurably high, and over the ridges poured the light from the hidden sun.

Taking turns with the shovel, we dug footholds up the slope. The housekeeper followed warily. I looked back from time to time, to see how she was progressing, more than half hoping that she would lose her balance; but we all three regained the house without mishap.

'Well, what do you think of Iceland now?' said my landlord.

'It 's a beautiful country,' I replied. 'And what a place this would be for winter sports!'

He grew thoughtful at once.

'It would!' he said. 'I had n't thought of that! As good as Switzerland or Norway! It 's a wonderful idea! And in all these years it has never occurred to me!'

All that day he was more than usually preoccupied.

During the night there was a wet snowstorm which covered the glare of ice. The next morning it was again clear and moderately cold, and so the weather continued. Three days later a cargo-boat arrived unexpectedly from England, with coal. When I learned that she was to put in at Reykjavik, the capital, and that I could go with her that far if I chose, I did not know

whether to be glad or sorry; for clear crisp weather has wonderful curative properties for body and spirit, and I was now convalescent from my attack of boredom. Nevertheless, remembering my long imprisonment, the two boys wrestling on the sofa, the phonograph with the three Harry Lauder records, the hours I had spent playing solitaire, it seemed best not to tempt Fate too far. So I packed my haversack and set out, with my landlord, for the wharf. A pathway had been dug that far, and the snow on either side was higher than our heads. The steamer had not been able to reach the wharf. It was tied up at the edge of the ice about two hundred yards away. A grimy pathway led to the beach, where the coal had been piled. The last of it was now ashore, and we were nearly ready to leave.

'I wish I were going with you,' said my landlord. 'I have n't been to Reykjavik in four years.'

'Why don't you come?' I urged. 'The change would do you good.'

He shook his head gloomily.

'No, no! Don't tempt me. It 's impossible. I have too much to do here.'

'Well, good-bye,' I said.

He was silent. The steamer gave a long blast of the whistle. He roused himself with an effort.

'About winter sports here,' he said. 'That is a really splendid idea! I 've been thinking of it a great deal. Do you suppose we could? But the weather is so changeable in Iceland. You know how it is — raining one day and snowing the next. I 'm afraid we have n't enough snow?'

He looked at me wistfully, as though in the hope of a confident denial of the statement. And indeed at the moment it seemed an absurd one, for the snow lay everywhere to a depth of three or four feet.

'I 'm not so sure,' I replied; but knowing the peculiar geographical conditions of Iceland I could not bring myself to give further encouragement.

The lines were being cast off. A bell jangled in the engine-room. It was necessary to go aboard at once. The steamer backed away and stood down the fjord.

My landlord waved his hand; then, turning his back to us, he tramped across the ice in the direction of the hotel site.

Very small and lonely he looked, beneath the encircling mountains. Of a sudden he disappeared behind a rise of snowy ground. Winter seemed to have engulfed him, finally and irrevocably, together with the rusty boiler — 'for my hot-water system.'

O THEOPHILUS

BY CAROLINE ATWATER MASON

I

THE man had landed from a small steamer the evening before. He had been able to make his way through the customs without delay, and from the docks he had gone into the southern part of the city for lodging. There such quarters as he could have found must have been of the humblest.

It was late in May, and Sunday morning. The stranger walked alone through the streets, and as he went he directed earnest glances on either side, as if expecting something which thus far he had not found. The few persons who met him turned, some even stood, to look after him. Quite without consciousness of the fact, the man was a noteworthy figure in this part of the world. He wore a long woolen mantle of pale grayish hue and upon his head was a close cap of the same fabric. He walked with a long stride and with a light step, having sandals on his feet.

His search at last brought him, as the bells were ringing for nine o'clock, before a pillared façade. Here he halted, his eyes fixed on a cross above tall iron gates. These, at the moment, were thrown open. He bent to read a printed card attached to the gate. It bore a notice to the effect that, to enable the worshipers to secure time and freedom for recreation, the hour of service had been changed to half-past nine.

'Re-creation!' The stranger pronounced the word slowly and with evident satisfaction. 'Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day,' he murmured to himself; then, 'Sir, may I enter here?'

This question was asked of the attendant at the gate with grave courtesy.

'Sure, sure,' was the reply. 'That 's what we 're here for.'

'This is the house of God?'

'You 've said it. St. Cyprian's. All right. Walk in. You can take any seat you 're a mind to.'

With this the stranger was ushered into the church.

II

The service over, the man was observed standing within the entrance of the church, aloof, but in no way ill at ease. In fact, the repose and distinction of his person and bearing were commented upon as singularly impressive.

A group of girls stood for a time outside the church door, glancing in furtively at the stranger. Question and conjecture were exchanged concerning the man's race and calling.

'How can you think for a minute,' urged one of the group, 'that that lordly being could be a Swami, or anything but a Greek? Take one glance at his profile. Clearly classic! There! Someone is going up to speak to him. We must stop staring.'

A gentleman, who had stopped at the book-table in the vestibule to make a purchase, did, at that moment, approach the stranger. Holding out his

hand, he said with the American's careless cordiality, 'My name is Fellows. Connected with the Chamber of Commerce. I may have met you before, but the name —'

'I thank you. I am Theophilus, formerly of Rhodes.'

'Well, Mr. Theophilus, we are very glad to see you here this morning. Hope you enjoyed the service?'

The response was a detached smile of assent. Then the stranger, a sudden glow on his face, volunteered a remark in precise, formal English.

'I noticed with pleasure, as I entered here, that the hour of worship has been so arranged that each worshiper shall have time on the Lord's Day for his own re-creation.'

'"Re-creation"? Oh yes, yes. Exactly. Our American short cut is "recreation," but I know what you mean, sir — that card on the gate. Yes, it 's a new thing, and it takes wonderfully. First attend early service, then recreate the rest of the day. That 's the programme, and I am starting myself now on Number Two. My car is waiting just over there. Say — how would you like to motor with me down to the shore?'

Theophilus inclined his head with an air vaguely suggesting one who considers the granting, rather than the acceptance, of a favor. Mr. Fellows persisted along the line on which he had started, although why he chose it he hardly knew. There was something about the man —

III

As they drove on through the city streets, Fellows, reflecting that more likely than not this foreigner might never have seen the inside of a car like his, if indeed of any car, felt a faint irritation at his impassive silence. This was broken, however, after they had passed several churches which many persons were entering.

'In very deed,' he exclaimed, 'this is the Christian city which I have traveled far to find!'

The smile with which these words were spoken suddenly awoke a cordial desire in Fellows to see the mayor Monday morning, and get him to give Theophilus the freedom of the city in return for the honor of his presence. He was certainly a personage, a man of no small consequence.

Lawns and woodland slope away from the verandah of the Merrymount Country Club. Beyond and below these the ocean surf that Sunday morning ran with music to break upon the sands. Theophilus, who supposed himself now to have arrived at the home of his new acquaintance, Mr. Fellows, watched the scene in still delight from the porch in which they sat together.

Few moments passed, however, before interruption came with the entrance upon the scene of a gentleman attired in a sporting-suit, carrying under his arm a long leather case. At his jovial challenge Fellows rose at once and conferred with him for a moment apart. Theophilus, meanwhile, looked with mild perplexity at the implements protruding from the leather case. Were these to have part in some unfamiliar ritual of that spiritual re-creation to which, as he supposed, the later hours of the Lord's Day were dedicated? Fellows, now ready to leave, paused to explain to Theophilus the necessity he was under of 'keeping a date' made a week ago. He would return soon after noon, and they would have luncheon together. Meanwhile, as he happened to have with him a new book by his pastor, the clergyman to whose sermon Theophilus had just listened, he would leave that for his diversion.

Left alone, Theophilus sat, the book unopened, his hands clasped upon his

breast, his look withdrawn, touched by some inner radiance. Two hours passed. Looking up at the sound of a car, he recognized in the man now coming up the steps the pastor of the Church of St. Cyprian. The recognition was mutual.

'I am glad, my good friend, to find you here,' exclaimed the Parson. 'I saw you this morning at a distance, after service, with Mr. Fellows, but I lost the chance I wished to speak with you. This is an unexpected pleasure.'

'Your friend has received me graciously into his home, for a quiet hour,' returned Theophilus.

On near approach the Parson gained a sense of an unlooked-for quality in this stranger, something not connected with his costume or even with his person. Unconsciously he dropped his manner of patronizing kindliness. All attempt to explain the guest's mistake regarding the Club was given up as irrelevant, as they sat down together.

'I recognized by your garb, sir,' the Parson began anew, 'back there in the church, that you are a native of classic lands. I have been in Greece and Rome myself. You have won distinction — is it in philosophy? I am not quite sure.'

'My public connection was with one of the military orders,' the other replied; 'but it is true that I have given much time to philosophy. I follow it now no longer, however.'

'Oh yes,' said the Parson wearily, 'that is the way it goes with us all — over here anyway. What chance has a professional man in these days — even one in the ministry — for the pursuit of abstract thought? The one thing demanded of us now, over and beyond incessant social obligations, is to work up some new financial campaign. That is what brings me here to-day. I expected to find Mr. Fellows here. We must have his name to head the list of subscriptions to our new Mass Movement for Missions. It comes on to-night. Where is my friend, I wonder?'

Theophilus not replying, the Parson answered himself.

'Oh, to be sure! I might have known — golfing. He would be at this hour. I suppose he will return for luncheon?'

'I believe so. Are your Christian people then very poor, if I may ask?'

'Oh, my dear sir — poor? They are rich. No trouble on that point. The trouble is to persuade them to give their money for the spread of the Gospel, or any such object.'

'What, then, do your Christians with their money?'

'Oh, they give liberally enough along certain lines — educational, civic improvement, and such. But, in the main, money over here goes for luxury, extravagance, high living. I have touched up that point pretty plainly in one of the chapters of my new book. By the way, I see you have a copy of it there.'

Instead of passing the book to its author at once, Theophilus, with a word of apology, opened it himself.

'I was looking into this book at the moment you came,' he remarked, 'and if I may detain you a little I wish to inquire concerning this chapter, the title of which caught my eye — "Jesus, as Viewed by the Modern World."'

'Oh yes. That would, of course, appeal to you, coming as you do from Bible lands.'

The Parson, the book now in his own hand, glanced over the pages with animated interest.

'You have mentioned a difficulty in persuading the people of your church to give freely of their money for the spread of the Gospel,' volunteered Theophilus. 'Is not the cause made plain in your chapter there? If there is not a Gospel worthy of acceptation — ?'

'Sir, you have asked a crucial question. It is one which I should be glad to discuss with you, for it goes deep.'

As the Parson was speaking, there broke in upon him the greetings of Mr. Fellows and his friends, just returned from the golf links, eager for luncheon. In short order then Theophilus found himself in a group of men at a circular table, one of many such, in a wide, low-ceiled room.

From that moment the non-American guest would have experienced only bewilderment, had he found it worth while to experience anything in connection with what went forward. While one course of elaborated food and drink followed another, and discussion of stocks and bonds waxed fast and furious, the man from 'Bible lands' ate rice, drank water, communed with his own thoughts, and was still.

IV

As the little company began to break up, the Parson, slipping into a vacant chair beside Theophilus, said in an undertone, 'I want you to notice that gentleman sitting alone at the next table. Over there, see, near the chimney?'

'I observe him. He has the face of the man who thinks.'

'Right. That is a celebrated university professor, a man of science. You have probably heard of him — Professor Kirkwall, the astronomer? I have met him, but he would not remember me.'

While Theophilus was observing the man thus described, Mr. Fellows had risen, and the company now followed him to the verandah. But here, after a few moments, watches were consulted and a movement for departure among the golf-players became imminent.

'I fancy, sir, you don't go in for bridge,' said Mr. Fellows, addressing Theophilus. Anticipating his assent, he held out a parting hand. 'So I must leave you behind with the Parson,' he added. 'Sorry not to have you with us on my yacht, but we will hope for that when I see you again.'

When they were left alone the Parson breathed a long sigh, as of relief.

'Now we can go on from where we were,' he commented. 'You have not forgotten?'

'We were speaking of the Gospel.'

'Precisely. And of our modern conception of it.'

'You stress this word "modern." Do I understand that you hold that a new epoch demands a new conception of Christianity?'

'Just that. A new conception and a restatement. Ours is a scientific age, my friend, and we must admit that the present generation can hardly be expected to rest content with outworn mediæval formulæ. I need not tell you that many portions of the New Testament in recent years have been rejected of necessity, not being in accord with modern, scientific principles.'

'Still it is possible that these will be restored by greater knowledge,' commented Theophilus. 'We know in part. I recall this same process as having been followed with the canon of Plato,' he added. 'Only two of his Dialogues were left unchallenged.'

'Of course. I must have heard of that fact. Very interesting. Very much in point.'

'Only, in the case of Plato, it became necessary later to reverse these decisions,' Theophilus proceeded quietly. 'But I wish to inquire concerning the creeds, in particular the Roman symbol. That is based upon the New Testament documents, I believe. It was pronounced by the congregation, led by yourself, this morning.'

'Perfectly true' — with a gesture as of appeal. 'There 's the rub. These ancient formulæ are a sticking-point. I suppose it is natural for the unlearned to accept them still as truth, unchanged

and unchangeable. We, who have the advantage of historical training, understand that these utterances simply mark a phase in the development of the religious consciousness. Thus they are merely of passing value.'

'But they are retained?'

'Yes, thus far' — and the Parson's knitted brow indicated disquietude. 'Of course we have moved on through successive interpretations of them, and successive reconciliations. But there is restlessness, especially among our younger clergy. It cannot be denied that there is restlessness.'

'How do you meet it, if I may ask?'

'Well, sir, we are meeting this with a strong movement toward the cultivation of mysticism, and we are somewhat encouraged by the response to our efforts. There is a very interesting revival of the study of Plotinus, of which you would be glad to hear — of Neo-Platonism in general.'

Theophilus was silent.

The Parson again took the initiative.

'The fact is that the Church with us, at the moment, is in a state of transition. And there is nothing harder to control than transition; nothing harder either to define or to describe. Nevertheless we are moving on.'

'But moving in what direction?' inquired Theophilus with urgency.

'We are moving, sir, toward the evolution of a broad, modernized, comprehensive religion, in which all men of all cults and creeds can meet on common ground.' Then, as if by an afterthought, the Parson added: 'For mankind, as you know, is incurably religious.'

Theophilus assented with sober civility, as if the phrase were more familiar than reassuring.

'What then will you do with Jesus, called Christ?' he asked.

'The old, old question,' murmured the Parson, smiling uneasily. 'There is thus far among us — except in very advanced circles — still held to be ground for believing that a certain historical basis for the person and life of Jesus exists in each one of the Gospels. Even the Fourth. That is my own opinion.'

'Would you then kindly give me, in few words, your conclusion in the matter?' asked Theophilus. His usual mildness of expression had changed. His aspect was solemn, even stern.

'It is all there in my book,' returned the other. 'I hardly need say that such parts of Scripture as involve the supernatural are incompatible with the Modern Gospel. We hold that, around this nucleus of the historic Christ, of which I just spoke, a myth of some suffering, dying, and risen Redeemer-God was woven at a very early date. The disciples seem to have "caught on," so to speak, to the philosophical mysticism of the Gentile world. In this way they expanded their personal devotion to the Man, Christ Jesus, into the Christian cult, which has come down to us. In reality Jesus was born as we are born; died, and was buried as we are. You know — or, perhaps, you do not know — Matthew Arnold's famous lines, "And on his grave with shining eyes —" '

'But this is not "modern"! This is no new thing!' Theophilus broke in upon the Pastor's poetry with passionate emphasis of finality. 'It is to me as if I hear not you, sir, speaking, but the voice of Cerinthus.'

'Really? I do not know how that may be. I have not attempted to be exhaustive, but it is — '

'It is of the first century — the old, old gainsaying. It is Gnosticism.'

A shadow fell across the open book as these words were spoken, and a voice, a vigorous, even imperious voice, broke in with the exclamation, —

'Not Gnosticism, but Agnosticism, if you will permit the interruption!'

V

The speaker was Kirkwall, the 'man of science.' The others rose at a motion of his hand.

'You will see if you look around you,' he more gently admonished, 'that this clubhouse verandah is no place for religious discussion.'

Unnoticed before by the Parson and Theophilus, the verandah around them was foamed over now by a crowd of women and girls, many men in their train. Smoking, drinking, and merry-making surrounded their small and sober island.

Ready without delay to follow Kirkwall, the men soon found themselves in a secluded rocky nook under tall pine trees. Without introduction or apology, Kirkwall now repeated the word with which he had first entered the lists.

'Agnosticism! That is what it really comes to in the last analysis. I have been sitting for a few minutes within hearing of your conversation, as you will grant I had the right to do, since it was carried on in public. I have listened with interest to your summary of scientific scholarship, my dear sir.'

This remark was addressed, with a smile of engaging frankness, to the Parson.

'Yes,' he went on, 'I have heard before that John and Peter and the other Apostles were miraculously transformed from unlettered fishermen into accomplished and learned charlatans, as soon as their Master was out of the way, and set to work with one accord to construct a new philosophical cult.'

'They had also, perhaps, a craving for martyrdom,' commented Theophilus meditatively.

'So it would appear,' assented Kirkwall. 'I am familiar with the theory that, in framing their new cult, the Apostles borrowed Immortality and the Logos from the Greeks, and I don't know what from Isis-worship, Persian Mithraism, and so forth. My dear sirs, all these hypotheses, if you will pardon my frankness, are "profane and vain babblings." They are "oppositions of a science falsely so called"!'

'"Which some professing have erred."' Theophilus completed the quotation.

'It really seems,' Kirkwall went on, 'as if the futility of this Anticredibility Crusade would be obvious to any man who troubles himself to look back, say, to Paulus. He published his Life of Christ in 1828, explaining miracles on a naturalistic basis. Then Strauss came along and discovered the miracles to be myths. But Baur and his Tübingen school, in the middle of the century, decided that they were not myths, but legends. They had things their own way for a little, but, you see, it takes time for legends to grow and assume form. Consequently Baur was driven to push the date of Construction of the Synoptic Gospels on into the second century. But this castle in the air was dissolved in short order. It happened not to fit the facts. So now Bousset comes forward with his romancing about the "sources" being the pagan mysteries. Who knows which way rationalism will turn next?'

'But, my dear Professor,' burst in the Parson, white from the shock of his amazement, 'surely you, as a man of science yourself, acknowledge that religion must have a scientifically correct basis!'

'As a man of science I have learned to perceive that science and religion can never rest on the same basis. There can be, as Steinmetz said, no scientific foundation of religion. Faith remains, and must remain forever, the foundation of religion, while sense, and sense perceptions, constitute science. Keep the two apart.'

'But really, Professor Kirkwall,'

urged the Parson, 'you are the last man one could associate with Obscurantism! You would not have theologians claim to believe that which cannot possibly have come to pass!'

'I would have theologians call a halt on their vain efforts to bring the eternal verities "down to date." It is high time — "date" being always in flux, never crystallizing. But to what particular feature of the Christian system do you refer as impossible?'

'Well, the actual resurrection of Jesus, for one thing, as given by the Evangelists,' replied the Parson.

'But it must be you read your famous critic, Schmiedel? You cannot have overlooked his dictum that it is logically inevitable that if, at any time, it should be recognized that the resurrection of Jesus never happened, Christianity would be over and done with? Are you ready to meet the logic of the situation?'

'Schmiedel sometimes goes too far for me,' returned the Parson nervously. 'I am myself quite conservative!'

'Well, frankly,' exclaimed Kirkwall, 'could anything be more deplorable than the mess the Liberal critics have thus far made with the threadbare fragments of the New Testament out of which, for a century and a half, they have been trying to piece together their "Modern Gospel"? The shadow of Jesus which issues from their alembic — how confused it is, how wavering! That of a man half dreamer, half dissembler. Compare Luke's Gospel — written, you know, about the year 70 — with what these latter-day Biblical chemists make of it. Even Renan admitted that this Evangel is "the most beautiful book in the world."'

'I have it with me always, borne here on my bosom.' Theophilus spoke very low, almost as if he preferred that his words should not be heard. Perhaps they were not. For the Parson had suddenly awakened to the flight of time, had remembered an appointment overdue, and now, with hasty farewells, hurried away.

VI

Some faint echo of his companion's words was manifest when Kirkwall spoke, they two being now left alone.

'Do you know,' he said, 'that if you actually carried with you at this moment the very text of Luke's Gospel, as it came from his hand, it would make no difference with men like our friend the Parson?'

Theophilus looked with keen inquiry into the other's face.

'No difference whatever, in the end,' repeated Kirkwall. 'For, you see, the first axiom in the system of Naturalism now applied to the Bible is that whatever purports to be supernatural must be denied. This is called scientific. Were such a manuscript discovered, the critics would betake themselves in hot haste to their laboratories, to their microscopes and various textual testings. They would in due time announce that, even if this version were all that was claimed for it, it only confirmed their "scientific" positions.'

'The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life,' mused Theophilus. Then, 'You are yourself, my friend, a Christian, I think.'

'I have not that honor,' Kirkwall replied simply. 'But I perceive, sir, that you are a Christian scholar of a different stamp from those now in the ascendant here. You have not interested yourself, perhaps, in their various substitutes for Christianity?'

'I am unversed in your modern learning,' was the response.

'You have escaped much! One formulary defines God as "the unborn life of the world that is to be." Then we have Synthetic Religion. Quite

recently appears the system of our psychopathologists. Their pitiful pedantries pass nimbly now from lip to lip. According to them religion is the "fictitious interpretation of existence in terms of the interests of the ego"; religious experience is reduced to "a defense mechanism." The desire for reconciliation with God — "the Father-Image" — is a phase of "the Œdipus complex." The aim of religious behavior is to "release the personality-picture from the inferiority complex." The sacrifice of Christ is a symbol of the "liberation of the unconscious." The highest reach possible for "religion" is that man "must so master his impulses that he may reassemble his personality-picture in such fashion as to make it an effective instrument of orientation." Do you grasp it?'

'I grasp the fact that such as these hold that in man himself man must henceforth seek his religion. The secret of God is not with them.'

Then, below his breath, Theophilus repeated: —

'*In him was life.*

'*And the life was the light of men.*

'*And the light shineth in darkness.*

'*And the darkness comprehended it not.*'

Kirkwall spoke again after a little.

'Christianity alone,' he said slowly, 'can touch the highest in us, and the deepest. It transcends all other religious conceptions, whether on the mystical side or on the side of behavior. It was a white fire of revelation, struck out in the conjunction of the Hebraic and the Hellenic genius. And it persisted for a few centuries. Then Rome took the divine fire, set her Vestal Virgins on to it, paganized and standardized it. Later the Reformation came on and dogmatized it.'

'Rather, as I should apprehend it, the Reformation brought it back to its initial glow,' said Theophilus.

'Perhaps. But something of the primal passion was lacking. Even so, when all that men could do was done, the primitive Christian religion stands supreme in our history. And why not? Here, first of all, was vitality — life. A life lived; death and the bondage of sin conquered; the power of an endless life bestowed. Life, which brought into action the supreme human energy — love. Mystery also was here — the indispensable thing which our critics and psychologists are working hard now to abolish, the element which divides religion from ethics. Then, further, we shall agree that primitive Christianity offered mankind aspiration, and hope, with the sternest sacrifices and sanctions, while it upheld a lofty and fastidious morality. It was simple enough for the child, yet with a mysticism exalted enough for angels.'

'More than all, it was true. What lacks it yet?' queried Theophilus.

'Make it work to-day, if you can! I see no chance for it.'

'It has worked against heresy and schism, against prison bonds, mockings, and scourgings, against torture and death.'

'Yes,' rejoined Kirkwall. 'Over those last it could triumph, for those forces were without. Christianity now is beset from within.'

'Heresy and schism have always worked from within. The Church will survive the present revival of Gnosticism as it survived the same thing in the first centuries.'

'But there is a yet deadlier thing working within. Can the Church survive prosperity?'

'How do you mean?'

'I mean Ease. I mean the tyranny of the Material, the Practical, the Obvious — briefly, the genius of our civilization. You see, my dear sir, with us the Church has grown cautious. It shrinks from whatever fails to conform to the

"spirit of the age," which is materialistic, mechanistic, sterile of ideals. Hence, the outcry for a Modern Gospel. The Church is philanthropic, to be sure, but our philanthropy, in the main, is bent on making other people comfortable that they may not, by their discomforts, turn and rend our comfortable sense of having done what was expected of us. Our unspoken litany is, Lord, make us prosperous! Lord, make us popular! Lord, preserve us from fanaticism! Can the religion which Christ brought survive in such an atmosphere?'

'It survived in the atmosphere of the Roman Empire. And it outlived its collapse.'

'Men were willing then to die for the Faith.'

'There are many deaths a man may die. Men may be asked again to die for the Faith.'

Kirkwall shook his head.

'Hardly, I think. There was a time when I dared to call myself a Christian, but that was years ago. Images and passages from the Scripture come to my memory still, as an ode of Wordsworth or a sonnet of Milton will, now and again. They are to me a pensive reflection of a past rapture, an emotion for which there is no corresponding activity. Neither the one nor the other has power to stir me now. My mind dwells elsewhere. I belong, like the rest, to the world of the obvious, the material.'

'You are an astronomer, I believe?' asked Theophilus.

'Yes, the stars are my job. And they are too much for me. I confess it. My faith is not strong enough to stand the universe since it has grown so great.'

'Because creation is found greater than men once knew, it cannot have a creator?' questioned Theophilus. 'So said the Psalmist also. "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, *what is man?*" But in the same breath: thou hast made him; thou art mindful of him; thou hast visited him; thou hast crowned him.'

'Oh, but when you have to realize the boundless reach in time and space of the sidereal universe! When you are forced to see human life as a mere "organic scum" forming for a moment upon the fortuitous fragment of some nameless star — that star itself but a forgotten speck in space — faith shrivels! The sense of personality becomes dim.'

'Yes, as you said a little while ago, it is not in the realm of man's sense perceptions that faith has its roots,' replied Theophilus. 'It is in the power of the Eternal, Immortal, Invisible. To the humble in heart and mind grace is given to endure — even the universe — as seeing the Invisible.'

They were silent for a time. Drawing a long breath, Kirkwall spoke at last with a wry smile.

'Humility, in spite of the organic-scum theory, has never been my strong point. But, in some mysterious fashion, in your presence, sir, my defenses crumble. I have told you that I have found the universe too hard for me, and that I have found the present-day practice of Christianity too easy for me. I am thinking. Perhaps I can leave the universe to God. He knows more about it than I do. You said just now that there are many deaths a man may die. If a time were to come when Christianity must perish unless men were found willing to die for it, I might find it not too easy to be a Christian. And surely — not too hard.'

'That time is at hand.'

VII

Many days had passed. Many deeps had been sounded, and many shallows.

It was night. The moon, rising over a small and lonely island in the Ægean Sea, served only, by its light, to cast into deeper shadow the western shore beneath the steep foreland.

The form of a man moved from the verge of the shining tideless sea to the darkness below the cliff — a man with head lifted, as if he were listening. The figure became motionless as a voice within the shadow was heard. It called his name.

'O Theophilus!'

This voice was more tender than earthly voices, but it was of a human tenderness. The man's face, though turned toward the shadows, became irradiated. Response came on a note of exaltation.

'Now is my heaviness turned to rejoicing,' he cried out. 'I salute thee, Lucanus, my master and fellow servant in the kingdom and patience of our Lord.'

Again the voice.

'Thy mission is fulfilled? Thou hast acquainted thyself with the Church of God in the Western world?'

'Yes, I have accomplished that for which I was sent. I am ready now to depart, and to return with thee to the abode of the blessed dead.'

'Hast thou found faith?'

'Many men I have found of holy and humble heart; many who have held fast His name and have not denied His word.'

'Speak, most noble Theophilus, I beg thee, of the things which thou hast seen and heard in the churches.'

'There is faith, but there is withal much unbelief. The cross of our Lord, and the power of His resurrection, and the testimony of His word are set at naught in the counsels of many.'

'But these are no longer called by His name?'

'They have called themselves by His name until now.'

'To such as these it is not given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God. Their counsel and their work shall be but for a moment. But the word of our God shall stand forever.'

'Even so. But the times are waxing evil. It may fall out that, ere the Church recover faith, the present order of things shall pass.'

'Fear nothing. The kingdoms of this world, in fullness of time, shall become the kingdoms of our God, according to the eternal purpose which He hath purposed.'

'We can await His time. True and faithful is the word of His grace. Thine own Evangel, my Lucanus, has abounded to my consolation in the far country. Even now I have returned it to its secret place.'

'But hast thou not made it manifest among those men of faith? Or among such as are of little faith?'

'Nay, Brother, the time was not yet come. For with those of faith the word is already hid in their hearts; and the others would not be persuaded though one rose from the dead.'

'So be it. Let us go hence.'

MILKING THE PUBLIC

BY A LITTLE PROFITEER

I HAVE been in business for myself just four months. Only four months since I left my last job, never, I hope, to work again for another's gain. And already I note a changing of my sympathies. At one time I aspired to the profession of farming and took a four years' agricultural course at a state university to that end. I pitied the farmer in his struggle against a market controlled by others. But now I am a business man — a milk-plant owner. I deal with farmers daily — and all too soon I feel a dawning contempt for that body of men which sells me milk at so low a figure.

I sat for a year in an editor's chair on a metropolitan newspaper. I aimed my shots at privileged business and learned that to loose one's pen was to lose one's job. Enormous profits meant robbery to me; and now a very small business privately owned has doubled my income with less effort than I have ever put forth before. My profits are unreasonably great. I should soon be rich and suffer the consequences thereof, were it not for the modesty of my ambitions when contemplating my own business from the point of view of a poorly paid employee. What I sought four months ago was not wealth, but the independence that comes from being one's own boss. I settled in a town of 2500 souls, where my market has very definite limits. Yet all the temptations that can come to the big business-man have come to me on a smaller scale. Before I am entirely corrupted I wish to record the feelings of an employee as he goes into business on his own.

My income is small compared with that of most business-owners. To me, however, after keeping body and soul together, clothing and feeding wife and children, on $6 a day, an income of $12 to $15 a day seems little short of luxury. And knowing how niggardly is the price I pay the farmers for their milk, and how great is my share of the selling-price of my products, I feel like a robber.

Especially is this true when I don't mean to do it. To buy a farmer's milk at 16 cents per gallon, pasteurize, bottle, and hand it over to my fellow townsmen at three times that figure looks like robbing both the farmer and the consumer. At least, so it looked to me during the first month of business. At that time I thought of giving the producer a bonus and the consumer a rebate. But now my skin is a shade tougher and six months hence I fear that I shall regret having made even these admissions. But that is the very reason I make them. If business success means the dulling of one's conscience, the hardening of one's heart, I want to know, at least, and to be able to prove to myself that I was n't always what I bid fair to become.

I said I did n't mean to extort such profits. I had never been on the 'inside' of business before. I knew that the incomes of large corporation heads were great. I believed the oft-repeated statement that in big business there are many economies. I believed that the reason so many small businesses fail was to be found in the smallness of their output with correspondingly high

'overhead.' So when I decided to sell my output of milk, butter, ice cream, and cheese at the prices set by my city competitors I believed I was inviting the living-wage, plus independence. Instead, I am in luxury. I can now see how business can grow into legalized robbery. Yet in this hour of realization I find myself agreeing with my satisfied customers that to handle milk in so modern a fashion is worth every cent I am charging.

I spent seventeen years in school 'being educated to serve society' (as my father used to put it). And my services never netted me more than $50 per week. Whether I taught youth, wrote editorials for the masses, made ice cream for picnics, or clerked in a bank, my best effort for eight to nine hours a day netted me no more than $50 per week. But when I establish my own business, borrowing the capital and working half as hard as before, I 'serve society' to the tune of $12 to $15 a day. And were I situated in a city of 150,000 instead of a town of 2500, I might conceivably increase that income five to ten times. And so I ask myself: with such temptations to wealth, what manner of man shall I be after six months, a year, or six years of business success?

I have n't started to save. Instead, we have a new car. We now have a laundress and a cleaning woman. Our child is in a private school. My wife and I are calmly discussing home sites. How long will $12 to $15 per day seem robbery? How long shall I cherish the ambition to lead the struggling farmers out of the clutches of big business into coöperative enterprise? What I get in my little town is mine just so long as the farmers fail to coöperate. The big milk-distributors in near-by cities successfully control the price of milk because the farmers let them. Milk stays at 16 cents per gallon at the plant, 13 cents at the farm, and remains at 44 to 48 cents per gallon at the consumer's doorstep.

If my small plant can keep as profits half of this difference between 16 and 48 cents on each of the 100 gallons handled, what must be the profits of the city distributors? Unless it is a mistake that the larger the output the greater the economy of production, their profits should be great. For the following analysis of my own costs will show what is possible in a very small plant.

I purchase 100 gallons of milk a day at the price set by the city distributors thirty miles from my door — 16 cents. I pasteurize, bottle, and distribute 80 gallons of this to 225 private homes at 12 cents a quart and to 6 restaurants at 34 cents a gallon. The other 20 are separated into cream and skim milk. I sell the cream at 12 cents a half-pint. Surplus cream is made into ice cream, and all the skim milk goes into cottage cheese.

It costs me about $12 a day to run the plant. This includes electric power, coal for the steam, work of two truck-drivers, upkeep of the two small trucks, upkeep of the machinery, bottle caps, replacement of broken and lost bottles, miscellaneous supplies such as ice-cream salt and straining cloths, interest and depreciation on an investment of $3500.

My daily milk balance-sheet for August read about as follows: —

Receipts	
60 gallons milk sold retail at 48c....	$28.80
20 gallons milk sold wholesale at 34c.	6.80
2 gallons coffee cream at $1.92.....	3.84
5 gallons ice cream at $1.00.....	5.00
	$44.44
Expenditures	
100 gallons milk at 16 cents.....	$16.00
Plant overhead per day.....	12.00
	$28.00
Profit	$16.44

The plant also makes a small quantity of butter and handles eggs, in neither of which is there much profit.

With the cost so low one might ask why the law of supply and demand does not reduce the price to the consumer. I don't have to reduce my price because I am the only distributor of pasteurized milk in a town where there is a large demand for safe milk. I have competitors, farmers, who undersell me two cents a quart. But why the large city distributors do not reduce the price of their milk I do not know.

It is possible that they agree on a price. Or it may be that the costs of doing business are greater per gallon the larger the output — which I do not believe. My own conclusion is that the profits which seem so large to me — I cannot forget the living-wage — are in reality only average. The per cent of gain in other branches of American business must be equally great and greater. The American business-man expects that much profit in one business or he can and will turn to another.

But I am still a radical. I attend meetings of the League of Youth, boost the progressives, and admire the socialists. For how long, I ask. My best friend in this little village is a poor artist, a radical socialist. We hobnobbed together as two students, partook freely from the same cup until — until the day I traded in my battered touring-car, relic of bygone days as the poor employee, for a shining new car.

My friend is desperately poor. He buys milk from my dairy. He has a better head than I have, more brains. He has a better education and is a better Christian. I am no longer sitting at his fireside. Instead, we are going to the near-by cities to the opera and carrying with us friends who too are fortunate enough to afford the tickets. We have ten friends where before we had one.

If a half-day's labor in a town of 2500 will bring me $12 to $15 a day, what will a whole day's work in a larger city do? In terms of dollars and cents it might make me rich. But shall I try it? After I have pushed this little business of mine to its limits, I shall still be far from a rich man, though I shall have a respectable income. Shall I be satisfied? Unless I differ from the average successful business-man in America — and I fear I do not — I shan't. I shall move to the city. I shall play the game among the busy business-men, turning my back upon my conscience until I am old, until my children have grown into what I don't at present want them to be — successful business-men.

No. I shall be content. Here I shall remain. I shall be satisfied in a small business. I shall discard the new car and regain my friend if —

'Come, daddy, let 's go for a ride.'

'TRUTH IS STRANGER—'

BY D. E. ADAMS

'You 'll have to shift, Andrew.' Mrs. Stewart leaned her pudgy weight forward to give a slight additional impulse to the laboring sedan.

'The top's nowhere in sight,' muttered her spouse, cautiously jamming down his left foot and shifting in his seat as the car settled into a slow, noisy grind. 'It 'll take a heap o' gas to go up in low. See what that guideboard says.' Mrs. Stewart craned her neck at the tipsy board stuck in the gravel bank at her right.

'Avalon fourteen miles.'

The little man at the wheel growled but said nothing. The road stretched straight ahead — up, up, up. On the right a steep bank of rocks and gravel sloped sharply down from the mountainside clear to the wheel-track. On the left an irregular line of rough-hewn boulders marked the limit beyond which the narrow roadway dropped off a thousand feet into space. So narrow was the track that now and again the hub-caps grated warningly against the rocky barrier, as the car lurched upward over rough-dug waterbars. Across the cañon, a mile or more, the dark forested slopes rose grim and forbidding. Clouds hung low above, from which spurts of moisture now and then could be seen sheeting down into the cañon. The afternoon sun had already sunk below the jutting sky-line, and shadows lurked in the rocky walls to which the road clung with what seemed a precarious grasp.

'I wish we were out of this,' said Mrs. Stewart, almost in a whisper. 'Whatever made you try it?' She shivered as a gust of wind silvered the wind shield with a sudden film of moisture.

Andy did not take his eyes from the road. He only shifted again in his seat to relieve his aching leg without relaxing his firm pressure on the pedal that held the flivver in low. He was a gray little man, with little stringy gray side-whiskers, which failed utterly to hide a little gray receding chin.

'I really don't know, Maria. I wish myself we had n't come. Everybody told us this was a wonderful trip, but I shall be thankful if we ever get out of here. I wish I was right back behind the counter this minute, weighing sugar.'

'I don't wish that, Andy.' Maria spoke firmly, although she glanced apprehensively about as she did so. 'You have n't had a vacation in ten years, and you need one. But I wish we had n't come up here.' Andy gave a quick side-glance to the left.

'This cañon is supposed to be one of the beauty spots of the country, but we 're altogether too near the edge to suit me.' He fixed his eyes, owl-like behind huge spectacles, upon the road again. The clouds seemed to drop lower as they ascended, and a fine mist filled the air. 'Sit steady; there 's a sharp curve ahead, and I can't see well.'

The car ground slowly around the curve. Suddenly out of the thickening mist loomed another car headed downward. Maria screamed and grabbed Andy's arm. With a quick lunge, Andy

pushed her aside and reached for the emergency. As the sedan ground to a stop, he perceived, however, that the other car was not moving, and apparently not occupied, though it filled the exact middle of the road and blocked all further progress.

'What do you suppose —' he began mildly, but his sentence was not finished.

A masked figure stepped suddenly forward from behind a jutting rock on the curve just ahead of the sedan.

'Stick 'em up!' Falteringly Andy raised his arms as high as the top of the sedan would allow. Maria followed his example, breathing hard, her hat very much awry, her little round fat face a picture of fear and misery. But the man with the gun was not looking at pictures. Partly lowering his automatic, as if he saw that it was no longer needed, he spoke over his shoulder.

'Come on, Bill, jack 'em up.' Another figure emerged from behind the rock. In the moment of his approach Andy noticed that the masks of both were greasy bandannas with irregular slits for eyeholes. The second man was short and thickset and limped slightly as he came forward to the side of the sedan.

'Get out,' he growled.

'I — I — c-can't take my foot off the brake — the emergency does n't hold.'

'They never do,' replied the robber shortly. 'Keep your hands up.' He jerked the door open on Andy's side, seized the wheel, and twisted it sharply to the right. The sedan lurched backward into the gravel. 'Now come out of it, both of you.'

'But the car's headed over the bank,' protested Andy feebly.

'All the easier to push it over when we get through with you.'

Painfully Andy straightened his stiff leg and climbed down, his hands wavering above his head. Maria followed him, scrooging by the wheel as best she could. The thickset man pointed to the outer edge of the road.

'Get away from the car.' Then he began to go through Andy's pockets, taking out everything that he found. Andy's worn fountain-pen came first. The robber glanced at it, and tossed it over his shoulder — into nothingness. He extracted a few bills from the worn wallet which came next; with the other hand he fished out Andy's Ingersoll, and that too went over the brink. Slowly the little Scotchman's ire rose, as he felt his lean ribs poked and pushed in search of plunder. His knees trembled. The sweat poured down his forehead and streaked his glasses. One by one his prized small possessions were tossed into the cañon.

'Nothin' doin',' growled his tormentor. 'There ain't five bucks on him.'

'Then you'll have to try the First National,' snapped the other, raising his gun. Andy's assailant turned suddenly and grabbed for Maria's skirt-hem, half kneeling as he did so.

Andy's knees stopped trembling. A cold fury seized him. His roving eye spotted a jagged rock about the size of a man's head, not twelve inches from his right foot, lying loose in the roadbed. They would, would they! He'd show them! He looked cautiously toward the man with the gun, who had turned and was looking out into the cañon. Andy feigned an expression of horror, looked straight up the road past the man with the gun, and cried out, 'Your car — look out!'

The gunman whirled. Andy became in that moment endowed with superhuman strength. A long step, and his right hand grasped the slack trouser-seat of the man reaching for his wife's ankle. A heave, and over the low barrier of rock the robber followed Andy's possessions. As the gunman

swung back in vexation at Andy's ruse, his face collided violently with a jagged rock hurtling through the air. He dropped his gun, staggered backward, and before he could recover himself from the blow something landed like a catapult upon his chest. That was all he knew about it! In another moment Andy dragged his second victim to the edge of the roadway, and pitched him too into oblivion.

Maria, her mouth hanging open in dumfounded astonishment, stood looking at her mild-mannered little spouse.

'Why, Andy Stewart, what have you done? You 've killed those men!'

Andy looked at her. He was standing in the middle of the road. His glasses were gone. His hat was gone. A streak of blood stained his right hand.

'Yes, I hope so. I 'll teach them to throw away my things and insult my wife.'

Without another word he turned and strode up the road to the standing car. He turned the steering-wheel, reached in and released the brake; the car moved forward across the road to the rock barrier. Sweating and muttering, Andy pushed aside several of the smaller rocks which impeded its progress. Then he got behind and pushed. With a wild lurch, the car followed its owners over the brink. Andy replaced the stones, smoothed over the ruts with one foot, brushed the dirt from his shoe, and returned to his wife.

'I guess we 'll be going. Get in.'

Without a word Maria climbed into the sedan. Andy looked around upon the scene of combat. He recovered his hat and glasses, wiped his hands on a piece of waste, and tossed it carefully over the brink. He stood for a moment beside the car. A cold gust swirled up over the edge of the cañon. The sky grew dark. Stiffly he climbed in, and stepped on the starter. For twenty minutes the car ground slowly upward through the gathering gloom. Andy's hands began to shake. Sweat stood on his brow. His lips grew dry. He glanced at his wife. She sat hunched forward, peering through the darkness ahead, her face pale, her hat still awry.

'I — I — ' began Andy.

'What are you going to do, Andrew Stewart?' She turned toward this man whom she had known for years, half-fearfully, as if she were addressing a stranger.

'I don't know. It all seems like a dream. It was n't me that killed those men. It could n't have been.' The steering-wheel wobbled as he spoke, and the car lurched toward the dangerous side of the road.

'Be careful!' cried Maria sharply. 'I never saw you like that before. It 's all too terrible. Why did n't you just let them take what they wanted?'

'Because they intended to push our car over the edge when they got through, and probably we would have gone with it.'

Maria gasped. Her eyes widened.

'But what can we do about it?'

'Nothing much, I guess. I wish I was back at home filling kerosene cans. I s'pose I 'll have to stop at the next town and give myself up.'

'Don't you do anything of the sort.'

'It 'll be found out if I don't, and then where 'll we be?'

'You killed them in self-defense.'

The grade grew steeper. The rain fell faster and faster. The lights pierced only a few yards into the darkness. Then the car shot forward. The rain ceased, and a spatter of lights appeared away to the right.

'We must be up — those lights would be Avalon.' Andy let the boiling car into high, and relaxed his grip on the wheel as they rolled down a gentle slope. Twenty minutes later the mud-spattered sedan came to rest before the Hotel Avalon, a battered frame struc-

ture, flung down slightly askew alongside the muddy street which represented the 'business section' of Avalon. At the clerk's desk Andy inquired for the sheriff. The clerk pointed a dirty finger toward the corner, where a rangy individual in flannel shirt and chaps sat tilted back against the wall, absorbed in a battered newspaper. Andy crossed the room and stood for a moment waiting the sheriff's pleasure. The dim light from a smoky oil lamp in a wall-bracket cast flickering shadows across the floor behind him.

'Wal, mister, what can I do for you?'

Andy drew up a chair and leaned forward.

'I've come to give myself up. I've just killed two men.'

'What th' — You killed two men? You don't look it.'

'Well, I — I — did. They held me up down on the cañon road.'

'Let's have your gun.'

'I have n't any.'

Disbelief grew on the sheriff's face. Stammeringly Andy told his story.

'Jim,' called the sheriff across the room, 'anybody take the cañon trail since noon?'

'Not a soul,' answered the clerk laconically, looking up from the *Police Gazette*, which lay on the desk.

The sheriff turned back to Andy.

'You hear what he says. You must be dreamin'. You could n't 'a' knocked out two men with guns barehanded. You ain't big enough.'

'It does seem like a dream,' admitted Andy, 'but it happened. I would n't be giving myself up if it had n't.'

The sheriff stiffened up and looked at him coldly.

'What are you — tryin' to get some free advertisin'?'

'No, I'm not,' Andy barked angrily, rising from his chair. 'You need n't believe me if you don't want to. I tell you that I killed two men and threw them into the cañon, and put their car over after them. I'm offering to give myself up. If you won't go down and verify my story, that's up to you. I'll go on.'

'Hold on. We'll go down. Better leave the woman here.'

Andy made brief arrangements for Maria; the clerk promised to see that she was made comfortable.

'Let me go too,' she protested, when Andy told her that he was going back with the sheriff to confirm his story.

'There won't be room.'

The sheriff cranked up a battered roadster standing in the dim circle of light by the hotel steps, and they began the ascent in silence, the tall sheriff bowed over the diminutive wheel, the little Scotchman trembling beside him in an agony of apprehension. As they topped the rise, the sheriff stopped and alighted to put on a chain.

'Looks wet up here.'

'It is,' said Andy, 'it poured guns all the way up.'

'How far down —' began the sheriff.

'I don't know. It was n't long after we passed a signboard that said "Avalon 14 miles" and it was right on a sharp curve where a big ledge jutted into the road.'

'Guess I know where yer mean. Road's narrer, and there ain't much wall.'

'I should say not; not half enough for such a dangerous place.'

'Road ain't used much by greenhorns. 'T ain't safe.' Half an hour passed, as the roadster crawled down the slippery roadbed, which seemed rougher and more washed out than Andy remembered. Finally the car rounded a sharp curve, with brakes set and chain dragging.

'Here we are. Now le's see. Jest show me what happened.'

'Yes, this is the place. I first stopped

about here.' Andy took his stand in the glare of the lights from the roadster. The sheriff produced a huge flash-light and walked slowly up and down the roadway.

'Whar'd you say their car went over?'

'About here.'

'There ain't a mark to show it. Say, mister, what's the idea? There ain't been nobody killed here, nor no car put over this wall.'

'The rain has washed the tracks all out.'

'Looky here — what 's your game, anyhow? There ain't nothin' to prove what you say. And besides, no car came up since yesterday on our side.'

Andy shook his head slowly.

'I don't know what to say if you won't believe me. Could n't we go farther down and get into the cañon?'

The sheriff eyed him with scorn.

'That would take weeks and a whole party, and nothing would be gained by it. The thing for you to do is to go back to your wife and let her take care of you.'

Back at the Hotel Avalon, Maria paced her room in agitation. She had refused to eat anything. Her mind seethed with conflicting emotions. The memory of the afternoon was terrible to her beyond belief. She trembled when she thought of it. And yet one ray of brightness illumined the whole scene for her. Her husband was brave. He was strong. Single-handed he had slain two robbers. She had known him for forty years, but never before had he appeared in the rôle of knight. She had loved him always. But now — why, he was a *hero!* And how bravely he had given himself up!

A light flashed across the wall. She hurried to the window. The sheriff's roadster was just coming to a standstill outside.

Maria was waiting on the porch as Andy climbed stiffly down. She looked her question, but he shook his head dumbly in a puzzled way. The sheriff drew her aside.

'I think, ma'am, that your husband needs care.' He tapped his forehead significantly. 'He 's probably tired or somethin'. There ain't a trace to prove that yarn o' his.'

'But it 's true, every word of it.'

For a long moment the sheriff looked into her earnest face. Then he looked away across the street.

'Wal,' in a low tone, 'I dunno what to make of it. Least said soonest mended. Pussonally, I don't believe a word of it.'

Maria turned indignantly.

'Well, Andy, if we are n't needed here, let 's go.'

The sheriff leaned against the wall, lighting a cigarette.

Andy paused in doubt.

'Then you don't want — '

'No, I don't. Get on out of here.'

Andy turned on his heel, descended the steps, and opened the door of the muddy sedan.

'Get in,' he ordered briefly.

Maria obeyed in silence. Andy stepped on the starter. Suddenly she laid a hand on his arm.

'You have n't paid the clerk.'

'I don't care if I have n't. I never was in such a crazy place in my life. They don't believe a thing I say. They probably would say my money was counterfeit. I wish I was at home selling soda crackers. What 's that sign say?' For a brief moment the wavering headlights picked out the legend: 'Hunter's Gap — 30 miles.' 'We c 'n make that to-night, and then we 'll eat. I 'm famished.'

'Never mind, Andy. I know what happened. I know that you 're the bravest man I ever knew.'

Andy twisted uncomfortably in his

seat. 'Shucks, anybody 'd 've done the same.'

'They would not, Andy Stewart. If it had n't been for you, we 'd have been in the bottom of that cañon right now.'

Seated in the tiny all-night lunch-room at the Gap, Andy and Maria ate ham and eggs in silence. Suddenly Andy looked up and nodded his head ever so slightly toward a group in the corner. Maria pricked up her ears.

'Bill back yet?' she heard.

'No,' replied a speaker in the corner. 'He figgered to make a couple o' hauls on the cañon road. Might be a week — he 'll come home the other way.'

Maria looked at Andy. Andy looked at Maria. They rose. Andy paid the bill. Outside Andy surveyed the sedan.

'Good for another stretch to-night, old girl?'

'I think,' said Maria, 'that we might just as well go on the rest of the night, and sleep somewhere to-morrow.'

Five minutes later a red tail-light disappeared down the road that led from Hunter's Gap toward civilization.

A week later Andrew Stewart — of Stewart and Hemingway, Groceries, Flour, Grain, and Feed — sat in the office of Lawyer Proctor, his legal adviser. His face was tanned beyond its usual appearance, but a deep wrinkle creased his forehead. For twenty minutes he talked earnestly. At first the lawyer's rotund face wore an expression of grave concern, but as Andy proceeded he began to smile, and then to chuckle. The smile broadened to a grin, the chuckle deepened to a roar.

'And he would n't hold you? Oho, ho, ho, ho! That 's a good one. I don't believe you did it myself, Andy.' Lawyer Proctor wiped his eyes, and then went into a fresh paroxysm. 'The sun must have touched your head a little. Oh, that is rich. Two of 'em single-handed. Andy the hero! Haw, haw, haw! Ha, ha!'

'But, hang it, man, I tell you it 's so.'

'You could n't make anybody believe it — not if they knew you, Andy. You 'd best just run along and forget it.'

That evening, as Maria was combing her back hair, Andy said briefly, 'I talked with Proctor to-day. He did n't believe a word I said.'

'Did you tell him what we heard at the Gap?'

Andy hesitated.

'N-no. I did n't.'

'I 'm glad of it. Don't you care what they say, Andy. I know that you 're a brave man. You 'll always be my hero.' She put her arms around his neck. Andy looked at her doubtfully.

'Tell me one thing, Maria. If you had n't been there, could you believe that that ever happened?'

Maria looked away for a moment.

'Don't ask me that, Andy. I was there, and I know what did happen.'

'Got a big shipment of sugar to-day,' said Andy briefly.

GIFTS OF SILENCE

BY LAURENCE BINYON

No sound in all the mountains, all the sky!
Yet hush! One delicate sound, minutely clear,
Makes the immense silence draw more near —
Some secret ripple of running water, shy
As a delight that hides from alien eye:
The encircling of the mountains seems an ear
Only for this; the still clouds hang to hear
All music in a sound small as a sigh.

Far below rises to the horizon rim
The silent sea. Above, those gray clouds pile;
But through them tremblingly escape, like bloom,
Like buds of beams, for sleepy mile on mile,
Wellings of light, as if Heaven had not room
For the hidden glory, and must overbrim.

THE MOVIE THAT COULD N'T BE SCREENED

REEL II. DISASTER

BY NELL SHIPMAN

October 16

YESTERDAY Winter coughed, to-day he is down with a cold. It rained all day, stopped suddenly, the sun shone for an instant, disappeared behind a black cloud; came a clap of thunder across the lake, and then, hurrying on the white feet of the waves, a flurry of snow.

We cannot say the weather has not been good and waited just as long as it could for us, but the roof is not on the cabin and it has been so cold and slippery all day the men could not put up the rafters.

These are the times when one needs all the grace available. My Dear's foot is so terribly bad from overdoing it again — trying to get about and help — and he groans and suffers and it rains and rains and I plunge about that miserable black hole of a houseboat trying to dish up a meal for four wet, steaming men. The Boy and I eat after, like the cook and her son. My Dear is horribly shocked, but it is really more comfortable than to try to squeeze in at that tiny table with all the heat and confusion. Of course, in nice weather we ate out on our floating dining-room and it was lovely, but I can't ask them to sit out there now in the damp cold.

Sunday was Jim's birthday. I made a nice cake and we had early supper out on the raft. During the meal it grew dark and I must needs attempt to light the gasoline lantern. I am scared of the thing anyway, not being able to reconcile gas and flame in my nonmechanical mind. I turned it on too far — or fast — and fire shot out every which way. Dumbbell-like, I yelped and My Dear came running, hurting his foot horribly. So the birthday was spoiled.

To-day I exploded another Old Wife's tale. I made bread; good, sweet, crusty loaves. We ate a whole one for supper. Have always believed bread-making to be a sort of thirty-third degree of housewifery, along with baked beans, doughnuts, and pumpkin pie. Now I 've made, successfully, the entire quartette, and just you let any old cook-wife look wise at me again! There is really nothing to this cook business except to mix some sense into the making and watch the oven.

October 24

To-morrow is my birthday, but I refuse to recognize it even by a passing salutation. We will get up at six and go poaching with a four-by-six net we made of knotted twine, a new form of sport which is both exciting and dangerous, because a Ranger is apt to happen along at any time and you and your net are in the soup. But it is great fun hauling in a load of whitefish. They are hustling upstream, the females to spawn, the males leading the way. We get away with only a tiny millionth of all that are there, so I do not feel very wicked, and we do need them most awfully for food. Whitefish is the

stand-by three times a day now, and we don't call 'Come to dinner!' We say 'Come to whitefish!'

The cabin is now being roofed with shakes. These are long, natural shingles sliced like slivers of yellow butter from chunks of cedar. One man holds a long knife-thing which another whacks with a hardwood bludgeon, and down peels the shake. When we get the roof on and the doors and windows in we 'll feel more secure against the cold that is descending in swoops. The little tent I am living in is hardly warm. It is not extra clean either, at present, because the Boy overfilled the oil stove and left it burning. When I came in everything was covered with an inch of oily black soot and I have spent two days trying to wash it off.

Went to the village yesterday to mail the order for the winter grub, enclosing Uncle T——'s check for five hundred dollars and blessing him.

We have found a country grocer who will sell at rock-bottom prices and deliver the things — 'lay them down' they call it — at the dock. It is a tremendous saving, as the freight on bulky things is frightful. We 'll have our hay, flour, cereals, vegetables, and food all laid away, and when our cabin is done we 'll feel pretty snizzlish.

What comparatively small things can make you happy! Once I had two cars and two homes and a fat salary and about eleven wardrobe-trunks full of duds, and the Lord knows what else, and my combined possessions did not give me the acquisitive joy I feel as I gloat over our winter's stores. This is a for-true 'grub-stake' and no fooling.

The trip down was lovely, all clear blue and radiant gold. The tamaracks are especially beautiful now, vivid amber tufts against the dark-green backing — a most nice tree at all seasons. In spring they froth over with light green; even dead and leaning against the skyline they never fail to be picturesque. I have seen sapling tamaracks in winter bent over and piled high with snow until the forest was a succession of marble arches.

The big back-range is snow-covered now and the Chimneys stand out so clearly etched they seem to have spotlights playing on them. Coming home the moon was up and the lake just enough wind-tossed to make a moon path. Dear God, You did make things most beautiful!

To-morrow I 'm thirty. But I won't grow old. I won't jell, get set in mind and figure, be thick-waisted and solid-legged. Sometimes, when I am so very tired and discouraged, I believe I 'm going to hop off soon, and I am outrageously delighted at the prospect; but bless you, I 'm too like dear mother ever to get out of it before my time. She wanted to die for ten years, but she felt her work was not done. The day when she came creeping upstairs, that fearful black time of the flu, and took one good look at me and was satisfied that I could not pull through, and my brother was off in France, gassed and in the hospital with double pneumonia, why then she just crept off downstairs again to her own quiet room and lay down and died. She was sure we were both going and she wanted to get there first; perhaps to speak a good word for us in passing, knowing that we should need a friend at the gate.

No, there is no chance of my finding a premature parking-place. I shall live to be a raw-boned horse of an old woman with a mass of short white hair under a rakish red-velvet hat; never a nice, comfortable, white-wool rabbit with a pretty pink scalp.

Oh dear, I wish if we can't get to making pictures I could at least be writing on my book! My dolls are lonely and want to come out and play — Enid and Dodo and Sophie P. It is

worth living thirty years to have managed Sophie.

My great consolation is that somehow all we are going through will make a writer or a better actress out of me. It ought to make something! My poor, poor hands! They say 'worked to the bone,' but the phrase is a fallacy. Work of this kind swells them and gnarls the joints; the nails get broken and rough, and the finger-ends like nutmeg-graters.

And so my diary goes on — a monotonous chronicle of work and worry, food and hope, debt and suffering. On the first of November snow fell, and a few days later we were actually installed in the cabin and I said good-bye to my black hole of a house boat.

The cabin was very pretty, rustic throughout and snug against the weather, except for the shake roof, which had been badly laid and so leaked. With the finishing of the cabin, and before the animals were fixed for the winter, came a peck of grief. We had expected a little money from our last venture, but it was 'held out on us,' as they say, by two of the creditors into whose eager paws it chanced to fall, and we were quite destitute. Two of our men quit at this juncture and demanded their wages. There being no blood in the stone, they attached the motor boat and a great lummox of a gasoline wood-saw. The latter was no great loss, as we had no gas with which to run it; but the departure of the boat was a grievous catastrophe, as it left us absolutely without means of transportation, and the condition of My Dear's foot was daily growing more alarming. The awful sword of gangrene now dangled over our heads. If it fell, how could we get him down the lake and into a hospital?

Good balanced the bad. Correspondence with a camera man who had been with us before led to an agreement whereby he was to come here and make a series of short pictures of outdoor adventure, sharing in the profits of the series in lieu of salary; and through an Eastern connection we were extended credit for a supply of negative film.

Here was a chance to build back, an answer to our prayers! If only we could get My Dear out before the lake froze over! We had determined that an operation was the only salvation and we bent every effort and thought to the ways and means. Along about Christmas I had a mad notion. Only a few weeks before, I had made the long, cold journey down-lake and by automobile to a small town south of us, to appear at a benefit performance for a local Woman's Club. The house had been good, the applause quite gratifying, and I bethought me — why not give a benefit for myself? There is a certain amount of curiosity with regard to the personality of a movie star on the part of the public. A curiosity, I may say, that when satisfied usually tends to disappointment. They think you are going to be different from regular two-legged, flesh-and-blood animated structures, and the discovery that an actress in 'real life' looks and acts just like anyone else makes them mad.

I made arrangements to appear 'personally' in two towns and departed, my heart heavy with misgivings, for I had to take with me the Boy and a young fellow who was working for us. This left Old Daddy and My Dear quite alone. I was desperate enough to put my show over all by myself, but my partner insisted that I take what help was available. The little steamboat had come up to take us out and, as we chugged away, my last view of the snow-burdened ranch included two brave figures waving good-bye, the big straight one with his crutch, the little bent one with his corncob pipe.

The misadventures of my lecture tour have no place in this record. Suffice that the proceeds were enough to defray the necessary doctor and hospital arrangements for My Dear.

On New Year's Eve a terrible blizzard hit the Northwest, tying up everything. It took three days for the snowplough to battle the thirty miles from the railroad to the lakeside, and when I finally got to the village the lake was frozen. Not safely and nicely all over its huge expanse, but in hunks. The bay was ice-locked, and though the little steamer battled and crunched, backed, filled, and fought the ice for eighteen hours, she could not break a channel.

What of my two men alone at the upper end? Worse than alone, really, because of the care of the animals. The thermometer had dropped to thirty-five below and then come back to twenty, where it hung. Twenty below zero is bitter cold in the lake regions. It would take two able-bodied men all their daylight hours to keep the fires going in that cabin, let alone feed the insufficiently housed Zoo. And one man was a cripple suffering hellish pain, and the other was seventy years old. They would be worrying about us, horribly. They had had no word of us for ten days; did not know if we had ever reached our destination, let alone come back. I learned a little later that at this time Old Daddy, with an idea of soothing the patient, developed into a Greek chorus of woe. 'Where can they be?' the sick man would moan. 'We don't know. Maybe they are at the bottom of the lake!' 'Yes,' echoed Daddy, 'maybe they are!' 'Or perhaps,' the sufferer would continue, 'perhaps the auto stage skidded in the snow and hurled them all down the mountainside!' 'Yes,' agreed Daddy, bound to accommodate, 'perhaps it did!'

Down at the village I watched the stubby-nosed steamer bruise and batter herself against that unrelenting ice for a day and a half; then, early the next morning, I approached the weary-eyed captain, who was gamely sawing up four-foot wood for another day's fight. I said: 'Can you make it?' and he said, 'No, I don't think I can; but I 'm willing to keep on trying.' I believe he would have kept on all winter, or at any rate till he had burned up all the wood in the forest, but it was a losing game. It was so cold that with every foot his boat gained the channel closed that much behind him, the broken chunks knitting together into solid ice.

There seemed only one solution, or rather two, and I proposed to pilot them up-lake, over ice when there was ice and by the beach when there was none. The risk of the trip was nothing compared with the horror of sitting in safety at one end and not knowing if Life or Death waited at the other. I would not expose the Boy to the journey; it was doubtful how many days it would take, everything depending upon the condition of the ice. Our lake is twenty-one miles long if you 're a crow, but allowing for all the deep-curved bays of the shore line it is a good forty. So I left the Boy, protesting to the last, with a kindly woman who runs a restaurant in the village. The young fellow, whom the newspapers referred to rather grandly in the accounts of the adventure as an 'attaché of the camp,' was game and stuck, although it turned out later he was mortally afraid of the ice and the water under the ice. I always think that a coward who turns brave is the very bravest kind of man.

So we started. Somebody suggested that we should have a boat and drag it over the ice to the first water, but no one offered the loan of one, or help in the dragging. I made a tentative remark concerning snowshoes in event of

our having to hit the inland trail, but there seemed to be a dearth of such footwear. I really think that they did not expect us to get there and felt they could use their boats and shoes to better advantage at home than as interior decorations for the lake.

The first bay proved good crossing, the ice thick and just slick enough to permit running slides, which speeded up travel considerably; but at the point we came to open water and started on a long trek, traveling four miles south again before we could head north. This bay continued endlessly and it had no beach, just a sharp, rocky ledge pitching sheer into the water. The rocks were thick with ice and entailed much scrambling, pulling, and clawing, with sometimes a brief wading-spell in the icy water. It was late afternoon before the lad and I made Eight-Mile Island. Here we found a small stretch of good ice, crossed it briskly to the channel, and rounded the point, only to find Indian Bay wide open. Our hearts did rather flop. We were very tired, and this open water, stretching, as nearly as we could tell, to Cape Horn, meant miles of the same kind of ice-rock hiking we had endured all morning.

Far up on the beach we discovered an old hulk of a rowboat, battered and worthless, but still more or less of a boat, and I had a brilliant idea. We would drag this down the beach, over the hundred yards or so of ice, launch it, and paddle it to Cape Horn. If the Narrows were open maybe we could paddle all the way home.

It took an hour of fast-dying daylight to manœuvre the old hulk into the water, but finally she floated, the lad and I in her, each grasping a piece of salvaged two-by-four pressed into service as paddles. The Lena, as we christened her, leaked like a Swiss cheese, but the air was so cold the water froze inside her. Our mittens had got wet during the launching and they froze fast to the improvised paddles.

And so we paddled across the long bay in the fiery glow of a sunset that held no heat, the lake glassy smooth, and the new ice, being born all about us, making a sweet, tinkly temple-bell sound against the sides of the boat. With twilight came the inevitable north wind and things were not quite so lovely. Our lake can kick up from a ripple to a man-sized whitecap in five minutes and is a regular meeting-place for the winds. Also, Lena was rapidly filling up, and all my frantic bailing with an old coffee-can seemed of little avail. After a while it grew very dark and we wondered, to ourselves, where Cape Horn was, though to each other we shouted, above the wind, such conventional remarks as 'Pretty dark, ain't it?' 'Yep; God help the movies on a night like this!' 'You cold?' 'Not — much. Are you?' 'Nope.'

It was probably about seven, or after, when the low-riding bow of the Lena grounded against something and I peered anxiously into the gathered blackness. 'It 's ice,' I announced. I imagined it was frozen from the Cape to Reader Creek. But was it good ice? That was the question. Should we get out on it, abandon our leaky craft, and set forth for parts unknown on this strange black floe? Did it go all the way to shore or was it perhaps just a floating island?

We whanged at it with our two-by-fours and pieces sloughed off. We decided that perhaps it would be better to keep on paddling for a bit. Unless the ice took a big curve at the bay we might reach the shore, where there was a cabin belonging to the steamboat captain. We could break into that.

Some kind of shelter was growing imperative. The wind was bitterly cold and we both were wet and exhausted, although we still made inanely facetious

remarks to each other above the howl of the gale. So we paddled back to what we guessed was the nearest point to shore and disembarked. The lad jumped first, while I sat tight and prayed that the ice would hold him, then that it would hold my additional weight as I jumped. It did, though it groaned a bit, and we wisely decided not to try to save Lena. She was almost half full of water and the dead weight of the boat dragged up on the ice would surely sink us. We waved her farewell and started shoreward, without even the feeble help of a flashlight — another object we had tried, unsuccessfully, to borrow.

It was a curious sensation, walking that slick black ice at night, knowing only vaguely our general direction, trusting that the ice would go all the way to shore, that we should miss air-holes, that the big zooming cracks shooting out from under and around us were really only the effects of the extreme cold — not warnings of instant submersion.

Somewhere along the dim, dark shore was a shack where two woodcutters lived. They were away, but we knew the cabin would be open and there would be grub and a stove. We edged on, bit by bit, our occasional remarks still lightly keyed in a last attempt at a bravado we did not feel. And after a very long time indeed we crashed through the rotten shore-ice, waded in water that topped our boots, and staggered to the beach. The snow had drifted and before we found the woodcutters' shack we wallowed to our armpits; but somewhere under the snow's soft whiteness was ground, regular solid earth — and we did n't care. The shack was a mere summer-shell of a place, with enough holes in the walls to throw out all the cats in the country; but it had a small stove which was soon red hot, and the cupboard gave up a bag of farina and some coffee. We made a great pot of mush and another of coffee and blessed the woodcutters, their heirs and assigns. By sitting alternately with our backs and fronts to the fire we managed to thaw out, and eventually sheer weariness overcame a slightly creepy aversion on my part to the greasy huddle of bedding on the lone cot, and I slept while the lad kept the fire blazing.

At daybreak we started for home over clear ice that covered the lake with a great sheet of plate glass. Near shore the rocks and weeds of the bottom were visible through the ice, but where the lake was deep one seemed to be walking on crystallized water. Dotted all over the surface were dainty fern-shapes formed by the frost, and in a bit of open water I saw ice lily-pads with frilled and fluted edges.

There were no adventures on that day — just a tireless plugging along, over the ice when it was good, along the beach at the open places. It was late afternoon when we rounded the point and the dog-chorus gave welcome. We were home! My Dear was safe; ill from apprehension and worry, in great pain from overuse of his poor foot — but at least alive! They had experienced sub-arctic weather, the food freezing upon the table before they could eat it. My sweet Niki Sia, the Panama deer, had frozen to death the night of the big drop, but everything else had pulled through. The nightmare was over, so we thought; really it had just begun.

(To be continued)

LEISURE — FOR WHAT?

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

One of the outstanding defects in modern education is that it takes no account of leisure as a permanent factor in our life.

There is doubtless plenty of excuse for this lapse. Neither in ancient society nor in any state of society prior to our own had the average freeman occasion to concern himself with any problem of leisure. Leisure itself, considered as the surplus of time not definitely required for daily practical tasks, is for most of us a very recent affair. It is an essentially modern phenomenon. It is largely a by-product of man's conquest of nature, his development of newly discovered energies of nature to supplement or release his own. Leisure has come to us slowly, unevenly, unequally.

Some classes derive their leisure as a by-product of the mechanization of lives in other classes, with which they have no further relations. To others it has come as a direct result of the harnessing of steam and electricity to what were formerly human tasks. To some narrowing groups it has not yet come at all.

We recently have been considering the steel worker with his twelve-hour day, now reduced to eight. During this discussion it has been estimated that some 300,000 American workers, of which the steel people are a major part, are still subject to the twelve-hour day.

We fail to realize how amazing these figures really are. A generation ago this was the regular day for practically all our working people. To have reduced in less than two generations the twelve-hour class to only 300,000 is almost an industrial miracle.

The leisure-making process, moreover, is still at work. A great scientist and electrical wizard, who died a few years ago, prophesied that we are approaching a time when man's control over electric energy, chemistry, and mechanical forces will enable a four-hour day to suffice for the needs of physical life. A startling revolution in life is being evolved.

Science is continuously affording new methods of control over the processes of nature, which make for the existence of a social surplus of which no other generation dreamed — a surplus of products and of wealth created in such quantities that, given adequate and just distribution, it is more than sufficient to meet those age-old problems of poverty which pietists hardly a century ago believed to be an inevitable doom and a part of the inscrutable purpose of God. They considered it an unescapable fact that there was in nature not enough to go around; and Malthus's theory of population was accepted as a disagreeable mathematical certainty.

Our ancestors considered not only poverty but continuous labor a necessary and unavoidable thing. The present social surplus, due to the conquest

of nature and the discoveries of science, was unthinkable.

While radical minds to-day are dealing with the injustice of the distribution of the social surplus of things, on the assumption that a better world is possible when the redistribution is made on different lines, practically no discussion has been devoted either by radicals or by conservatives to what is really an equally important aspect of the matter. The growing social surplus is not only of things but of time. The time surplus, for convenience of discussion, I call 'leisure.'

The pressure of enlightened public sentiment for the enlargement of this social surplus in time is continuous and inevitable, due to contrasts the injustice of which become year by year more apparent. The growing interest of socially-minded people, for example, in shortening the long hours of women and children is due to a commendable desire to remove an injustice that becomes year by year clearer in its contrast with the rapidly increasing leisure time in other groups. Hard work for long hours in times prior to the advent of high-speed operations in industry is becoming less and less possible under the tension of modern working-conditions, and the experiments of industrial engineers have shown that shorter hours can be made to be really more productive.

A very considerable and increasing body of leisure for workers in the industrial field has been due not only to humanitarian legislation but to facts concerning human capacities, ascertained by a cold-blooded modern industrial psychology applied to the study of work-fatigue. The long working-day is an anachronism. Notwithstanding the slow process of its elimination in certain industries, its ultimate disappearance is inevitable. The battle for the shorter day is still on, and it is perhaps unreasonable to expect those engaged in the struggle to gain it to stop to discuss what they will do with it when they get it.

II

The meagre discussion which the time surplus has received has been in the main due to the questionable assumption that leisure is a thing good in itself. Create the four-hour day, — if this dream is not too remote, — and it is assumed that the margin of leisure thus created will take care of itself, will prove beneficial to its recipients. The pressure for the shorter day never has taken into consideration what is to be done with the balance of the day when it is released from labor. That the newly created leisure should itself be a new and distinct problem has never been considered. It is not unfair to say that the assumption generally made is that leisure and happiness are practically synonymous, so that if we attain leisure and fail in happiness it is in some special way our own individual fault, for which no one but the sufferer himself is to blame.

The defect in this assumption need not be discussed here. I think, however, it may be said that the relationship between leisure and happiness is year by year becoming for the vast body of our workers a more serious problem. Perhaps one reason is that, for a number of causes, we are less fit for leisure than any previous generation, and that leisure is potentially more injurious under existing conditions and in the absence of education for leisure than at any previous period in the world's history.

Leisure itself has been won, in large part, by the subdivision of processes by specialization and by increased mechanization of industry and the development of the iron man. The

tasks of countless thousands of our workers are to-day so uninteresting, so monotonous, so mechanical, that there is no happiness in the daily toil.

One of the current problems of industrial psychology is that of evolving new incentives to make men work hard and effectually at these monotonous tasks. We have as yet evolved no sufficient philosophy by which the uses of leisure are given any special function as incentives to work. Our psychology on work-incentives proceeds happily along so-called practical lines. Man should work at his task mainly spurred on by the hope that he will receive a financial compensation never quite sufficient to enable him to buy things which other workers have made and which alluring advertisements have induced him to want. The worker's life should be a pendulum between producing and purchasing; and his leisure a happy hunting-ground for what to buy or as a means of displaying or using something which he has bought. In the opinion of these psychologists, happiness is attained by us by taking in one another's washing.

The stimulus of what we want to buy, rather than what we want to be, is, in current theory, that which keeps us at work.

The people who can set before us a long list of new things to want, in a way to make us want them irresistibly, are the main contributors to our current squirrel-cage conception of progress. No doubt any theory of the use of leisure which should make it something else than principally an expression of the buying-power might be considered an alarming heresy because of its possible effect on sales. Is it not conceivable, however, that more leisure might come to all of us, and that we should try harder to get it for our fellows, if those who have it made it seem more valuable?

In the intelligent use of working-time, in the practical application of energy to desired productive results, we Americans are supposed to be highly efficient. Can anyone say the same of our use of leisure, or does our working-life paralyze our power to apply our released energies to anything worth while? The use of our time for earning our daily bread makes most of us perform tasks which represent not our personalities but our necessities. If what we do with ourselves when we are free from our tasks is the criterion of what we really are, how many of us would be proud of the way we meet the test of leisure? How many of us are yet fit for a leisure world? How many of us do use leisure so as to make the return of the twelve-hour day seem a consummation devoutly to be wished? Yet leisure is our doom, and even the four-hour day may prove to be a not impossible imagining.

The old-time artisan, on the other hand, to a much greater extent was accustomed to self-expression in his work. Being accustomed to self-expression in his industrial life, it was far easier for him to carry through self-expression into the very limited field of leisure which the circumstances of his life afforded him; as illustrated, for example, in the spontaneous expression of peasant races in folk dances and pageants, and in the folk music which we to-day are endeavoring to transform into jazz for fox trots.

Owing to the difference in the quality of work and the lack of self-expression through work, our enlarged leisure to-day takes mainly a receptive instead of an expressive form.

A main defect — from a cultural point of view — of the movies, for example, is that the people who see them contribute nothing to them. They are simply receptive of what the miracle-workers of Hollywood produce for

their diversion. We are slow to realize that one of the effects of the specialization or mechanization of our life in our zeal for enlarged production is this closing-in of the fields of self-expression for the individual, the mechanization of what were formerly processes of self-expression. The mechanical piano, the phonograph, and the radio make the long toil of learning music as a personal accomplishment seem less worth while.

Except for a relatively small group, and that public which finds expression in crossword puzzles, our souls sit on the bleachers and watch a game played no longer by us but for us.

We have before us, in a new and common form, dangers to which, as Hamerton said in his *Intellectual Life* years ago, the rich were peculiarly exposed: —

'Even his modesty, when he is modest, tends to foster his reliance on others rather than on himself. All that he tries to do is done so much better by those who make it their profession that he is always tempted to fall back upon his paying-power as his most satisfactory and effective force.'

Any process whose most conspicuous result is an enormous increase of mechanical labor, involving a constantly diminishing field for personal expression for man in the mass; any process which takes the educational factor out of man's personal industry, which increases both the quantity of the things that support physical life and the quality of the mass of human beings, and yet diminishes the field of self-expression for the average individual in his leisure as well as in his work, by failing to educate him to the use of leisure, and makes sterile his diversion — this is a process which hardly can be called progress.

The habits acquired through our current passive and receptive bleacher-type of leisure also have had a debilitating effect upon us as citizens. We participate personally in our politics about as much as we do in our play. We listen to campaign speeches on the radio as we are accustomed to listen to the fox trots from our favorite broadcasting stations, and with the same individual intensity. We turn them off when we do not like the arguments or the quality of the candidate's voice.

Less than half of us, women as well as men, bother to vote at all. Voting at election is a distinctly easy process, a sort of movie-going business at the most. Participating in the primaries where nominations are made is a much more important matter and involves initiative — which is too much for most of us.

The really weak spot in current politics is the failure of our people to take their place in the primaries. A receptive and passive citizenry cannot make a democracy which is worth while. The cracker barrel in the country store afforded far better training for public life than ever will be furnished by the unaided radio and the newspapers. The cracker-barrel discussions may have lacked learning and highly desirable information on public questions, but they had the vitamines — the personal interest, the personal expression of individual thought or prejudice of their participants. The leisure habits of a people which takes its pleasure by suction rather than by expression make them fully satisfied if in their relations to public life they have risen to the dignity of a referee at a ball game and are performing a closely parallel function. A wilderness of referees, however, will not improve a game of baseball or do much to elevate the quality of service in our public life.

That is no adequate excuse for our failure to improve our political institutions or the personnel of our public

offices. More men and women have more time to devote to these matters than at any previous period of our history. Who can fairly deny the charge that it is our lack of adequate conceptions of the obligations as well as the pleasures of leisure which is at the basis of the difficulty? Science has given us more ways than we ever had before of frittering away our time. We are using them all and crying for more.

It is a question whether, on the whole, science has as yet added much to the subtler aspects of human happiness. To the obvious forms of distraction it has of course contributed many things capable of mathematical computation by statistics. Progress from the point of view of science is very largely an affair of figures, and we are assured that it has in store for us a continuing line of additions to progress of a similar quality. For example: we know more to-day about scientific ways and means of killing one another and of destroying property than ever before, the latest triumph being the airplane which, without an aviator but governed and directed by radio, can carry and discharge death-dealing gases to the destruction of whole cities.

If we refrain from using these new instrumentalities of death and destruction, it will be, I think, not because of the teaching of science but in spite of it. It will be because we ultimately shall have learned how to fill the content of leisure with the seeds of peace by some superscientific means.

The reapplication of love to life is the greatest practical problem before us, on the solution of which the future of Western civilization depends. It is not a mechanical or a scientific problem; it is a cultural problem. Science adds little to the solution of cultural problems, for cultural progress depends upon a cultural theory of success. It depends upon a system of education which adds to the capacity of the individual to be happy as well as efficient. Even the beginning of such a system of education is not yet apparent in this country, nor are the needs of such a system understood.

III

The only subject of major importance on which there is with us no adequate statistical information where such information is perhaps possible is in this very matter of the uses of leisure. To what extent is America a country which is subnormal in its amusements? What percentage of our people derive their main cultural inspiration from the movies? How many million readers have the shoddy story-weeklies and monthlies and the new dailies, which are mostly pictures? Do the people who read lowbrow literature read anything else? Is there any process at work by which readers pass on and up and finally graduate from the deadly mess furnished by the average news-stand, or is the condition more or less permanent? To what extent is the gallery at the opera Nordic in its content, and how far does the music of our great cities depend for support upon Jews, Germans, and Italians?

Statistics on the present uses of leisure by our people could be assembled which might or might not give aid and comfort to the Ku Klux Klan or the cult of 100 per cent Americanism.

In all seriousness, why would not a 'leisure' survey add something important to our information on progress, real or apparent, toward culture? What more real test for the vitality of our higher education than a statistical survey that shows how far — to use a golf term — culture 'follows through' into postgraduate life? A survey of the state of culture in the United States would be worth all it costs, for we

respect statistics more than any other country and spend more money in other fields in accumulating them.

Helvetius tells us that the amount of intellect necessary to please us is the most accurate measure of the amount of intellect we have ourselves. Most of us, I think, would shrink from having so drastic a test applied to ourselves, though we may concede its logic.

I remember some years ago having had a morbid dream. What Freudian explanation for it there may be I do not know. It was in two parts or cycles and was this: —

The tower of the Woolworth Building suddenly burst forth with a torrent of molten lava, which ultimately submerged the city of New York. Centuries passed; and then some archæologists, delving in the ruins of what had been the subway, came upon a subway news-stand. They doubtless were able from the publications so found to give the world a true picture of the classic culture of buried New York. I was fortunate enough to wake up before their conclusions on this interesting subject were announced.

IV

This paper is not intended as a mere discussion of æsthetics. The matter is a far more serious one. Take the subject which we are discussing so much to-day — the growth of lawlessness. The relationship between lawlessness and leisure is not often discussed, yet there is a direct relationship between morality and fatigue, and it was fatigue which favored the law with our ancestors. A man who has done a long day's work, who approaches the end of that day physically tired, is far less likely to commit crime or to indulge in antisocial conduct than the man who finds his energies still fresh at the end of his task. Our forefathers were less tempted than we, and the excess burden of contemporary temptation is something which we seem quite to overlook when we deplore the conduct of our youngsters.

There are to-day not only more things to want and to have, but more time in which to enjoy them. The essential difference between us and our forefathers is not that they were perhaps intrinsically much better morally than we, but that they were accustomed to harder conditions of life, to the discipline of a continuous environment of work, to a theory of life which was mainly work. The tired horse rarely runs away.

We Americans are justly alarmed at certain aspects of our present life. While we have more wealth and more leisure than any other country, we have, at the same time, a crime record which is unparalleled in the past history of the civilized world and which is wholly out of proportion to that of any other civilized country to-day.

Doctor Hoffman, Chief Statistician of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, who has for the past twenty-three years computed the homicide rate for twenty-eight American cities, says, speaking of the figures which he has compiled for the year 1923: 'This is the most amazing murder-record for any civilized country for which data are available. It indicates a state of affairs so startling and of such significance that no government, federal or state, can rightfully ignore the situation. The murder rate has practically doubled in twenty-four years.'

He gives the homicide rate for the United States from 1911 to 1921 as 7.2 per 100,000 of population. Italy, the next worst country for murder, has only 3.6 per 100,000, and no other country measurably approaches the United States in the murderous tendency of its population. England and

Wales had in the same period .05, Scotland .04, and Switzerland .02 murders per 100,000 of population.

He tells us that in 1921 there were two hundred and thirty-seven murders committed in New York City as against ninety in all England and Wales. Last year there were twenty-seven murders in London against two hundred and sixty-two in New York. An extension of these statistics is hardly necessary.

One additional feature is, however, that in crimes of theft and robbery our bad eminence is equally appalling.

Why is it that crime in America is wholly out of proportion to crime in other civilized countries? Why do we have a record which cannot be equaled even in the most war-wrecked country of Europe? Those who attribute all these blots on our national escutcheon to defects in our criminal law and our courts and the shortcomings of our police are shortsighted indeed. Why are we the greatest consumers of habit-forming drugs? Why are our insanity records appalling and getting worse? Of course we cannot ascribe all these disgraceful conditions to any single cause, but one cause that is among the most fundamental we have scarcely considered at all. We have never regarded leisure as the microbe-bed from which these diseases come naturally and almost inevitably.

As industry grows less interesting to its participants and creates continuously less joy in work, we have, as a result, a not inconsiderable class of our young people seeking a more exciting and hazardous substitute for a life of such toil. A dull background of uninteresting work, moreover, produces or tends to produce, in the leisure of those who work, reactions to make a balance by excitement, thrill, danger, dope, and lawlessness.

We have tried and are still trying repression, censorship, police regulations, prohibition, new statutes, criminal prosecution, and perpetual preaching against lawlessness. We are making little progress and we have sufficient sense to know it. There must have been a moment when even Mrs. Partington realized that the Atlantic Ocean was too much for her. On the other hand, those whose business it is to give the people what they think they want are busily engaged in purveying jazz, movie thrillers, and limburger literature. Lawlessness not only exists and flourishes as never before; it has a philosophy in a bogus European psychology, adopted and adapted, that believes in no repression, but in the yielding to instinct and the destruction of the duty-principle as a 'complex.'

Some years ago a distinguished financier explained that the cause of a financial panic was an accumulation of undigested securities. May not undigested leisure have a like effect? The most pathetic part about American prosperity, of which we hear so much, especially around election time, is the form of its leisure. If industrial civilization breaks up, — and who knows whether it will? — it will be largely because leisure fails of its promise of happiness. It is high time that we thought of the relation between uneducated and untrained leisure and the permanence of our civilization.

The massive head of Rodin's Thinker still leans on his tired arm as he sits in front of the Pantheon in Paris. I always visualize him as the giant of toil, taking a moment's breathing-time before he resumes his weary task. He is not really thinking. What if there were given to him leisure sufficient to think of the meaningless monotony of his toil without dignity, and to consider his now suppressed uneasiness about the value to him of his industrially efficient life?

V

This is not the place for discussing any theory of a leisure class or indulging in any of the rhapsodical attacks of the socialist on the unfair distribution of the alleged benefits of idleness. There is nothing yet to prove that leisure has conferred any special blessings of contentment on any large class of workers whose hours of labor would have been considered in any previous generation inconceivably short.

Happiness escapes charts and compasses. If some delicate instrument could be devised to gauge joy in life, it might well be doubted whether its measurements would show that the released worker who to-day spends his surplus hours at the movies or in driving his flivver for miles in aimless wanderings has any more happiness in those hours of leisure than his father had in working from daybreak to dark and enjoying a vacation only when sick. The relationship between the restlessness of discontent and the use of gasoline is not fanciful but real. The main contribution of the automobile to the happiness of a growing leisure-class is that it furnishes a new way of transforming an otherwise unbearable leisure into a mode of motion, with gasoline performing the function of a soothing syrup for grown-up children.

We are so intent upon material production as the main purpose of life that we seem to have subordinated everything else to it. We think that our institutions are safe as long as we produce things in greater quantities. We want 'safe' immigrants.

Our whole immigration policy to-day is based upon the idea of newcomers as producers, and the only form of production that interests us is the production of goods. We examine the immigrant for trachoma. We never ask him whether he can sing or dance or play. Yet, when we consider our poverty in productive leisure, would such questions be necessarily absurd? We do not as yet consider in connection with this immigration problem, for example, what contribution races may — or might — make to our joy of living. On the contrary, we nullify the contribution that these races would be able to make to our culture, killing as fast as we can the culture they bring to us, through a process of Americanization that spoils all but the most persistent of them, and does not help us.

Those of us who are Nordics doubtless derive some satisfaction from the superiority which we are alleged to possess over other races, to which are being given neat new names properly to describe their lower worth in the sight of God and the Nordic man. Personally it is in connection with this subject of leisure that my misgivings interfere with the comfort which my complete Nordicism should afford me. A long succession of incidents in dealing with rather humble people has led me to feel sure that the unspoiled or newly arrived Mediterranean has something to teach us, if we would listen, about the uses of leisure.

Some years ago we had a Polish cook. Her days out were spent more or less alternately between playing chess with the automaton chess-player at the Eden Musée and going to the opera. Money spent on clothes seemed an extravagance to her, but spending it on music was a form of economy.

An amusing combination of these wholly un-American traits was well illustrated on an occasion which I recall when she fished out of the waste-basket some very much outworn gloves of my wife, cleaned them carefully, and wore them triumphantly to a concert at the Biltmore where Sembrich sang, and on which she lavished five hard-earned dollars.

A few months ago I called at the shoemaker's in the country town where I live in the summer, for a small repair job on my golf shoes. Our shoemaker is as un-Americanized a little old Italian as you can imagine, and he keeps a dirty shop on a mean street near the railroad station. Every possible mark of poverty was upon him. One of his boys, a lad about ten, was picking up scraps of leather in the shop. We conversed.

'I have a new violin,' he said with some pride.

'Do you play?' I asked.

'Not yet,' he said, 'but I take lessons. My father has a teacher come up twice a week from Norwalk.'

'Does anybody else in the family play?'

'They are too little; only my sister, she plays the piano.'

'Have you a piano?'

'Yes,' said the old shoemaker quietly, 'not very good, but good to learn. I like music. Music nice,' he added, as he chewed the thread reflectively. 'Not much music here — all movie.'

I suppose when the boy is a few years older and has become fully Americanized he will learn to despise the old-fashioned ideas the father has brought with him to America, and his painful effort to transplant in a new and practical world the things which meant color, life, and happiness in the world from which he came. Just now, however, the boy is in the proud enjoyment of the violin and the lessons from Norwalk.

When we learn to classify men as inferior or superior by what they do with their leisure, we shall attain, among other results, a new angle upon race prejudice and perhaps find a new solvent for the heretofore insoluble.

A friend whose mania for classification goes beyond all present accepted standards divides his associates and acquaintances into groups, the A group being those who stimulate his highest intellectual powers and whose interests include the broadest and best cultural fields. 'All my friends in this class except two,' he says mournfully, 'are Jews, no one of whom could belong to any good club in the City.' Sometime perhaps we shall consider who loses most by this process, the club or the Jew.

The development of a philosophy of life that includes a rational use of leisure is particularly difficult to the New England temperament. Howells analyzes this difficulty in a shrewd observation upon one of the characters in his *Fearful Responsibility*. 'He was one of those people, common enough in our Puritan civilization, who would rather forgo any pleasure than incur the reactions which must follow with all the keenness of remorse, and he always mechanically pitied (for the operation was not a natural one) such unhappy people as he saw enjoying themselves.'

'I am going into town,' said the old Yankee, 'and like enough I'll get drunk, and Lord! how I dread it!'

The old New England temper, with all its priceless moral qualities, was nevertheless one for a working, Old Testament world that followed from sunrise to sunset the Biblical admonition, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' The old hymns that they continue to sing in New England churches picture the after life mainly as a place for rest, which the Puritan expected to attain only in Heaven. The world of leisure on this planet is a new and dreadful world to him, full of the reactions incidental to its pleasures, and to be approached with fear and caution. To the New England temper leisure means a perilous voyage on a chartless sea, one not to be undertaken in a spirit of adventurous abandon.

VI

While we spend so much of our time as we do in defending our institutions against attack, it is well for us to remember that the main threat comes, and must come, not from without but from within. A civilization that creates a leisure which it cannot rationally use may well be in greater danger of destruction than one that has no leisure at all. A civilization that bores its beneficiaries is perhaps even worse than one that overworks its slaves. A world fit for democracy is a far easier aim than a world fitted for leisure. Democracy can stand the test of war. Whether it can stand the test of uninspired leisure and survive is quite another matter. At least we should begin to recognize the problem and the necessity for its solution.

Why do we not see that what is returning to us is slavery in a new form? The vital defect of slavery was not only what it did to the slaves but also what it did to their masters. History tells us of the softening and disintegrating influence upon civilizations having their work done, not by applied energy of their freemen, but by slaves who obeyed the masters' bidding, leaving the masters to vice and the luxuries of a degenerating idleness. The slaves suffered, to be sure; but they destroyed their masters; for the civilization of their masters perished as a tree that rots from within.

The danger of the new slavery is almost wholly to the masters, and in 'masters' we include classes that in no previous era considered themselves masters in any sense; some of them are, in fact, inclined to call themselves to-day wage slaves. Even the most ideal redistribution of wealth and of leisure under social justice will not and cannot change the essential quality of this danger in any particular. The iron men who work for us, the slaves mustered in increasing numbers to do our work, are no longer flesh and blood. In the old South not much over ten per cent of the population were slave-owners. We are all slave-owners to-day, and the slave-traders of our time are not akin to the pitiless people who once filled our South with black bondage. They are industrial engineers, electrical experts, chemists, and men of wisdom in the sciences.

Our slavery comes not from the darkness but from the light, and the new slavery is called 'progress.' The old escape, moreover, is not open to us. These slaves we will never set free. For better or for worse they will serve us as long as our civilization lasts. We have no intention of returning to the life of toil from which they have released us. The genius of the magic lamp will forever work for the hands that hold it. There is no way out but by meeting the remorseless test of the lamp, by proving that we can live in a slave world without succumbing to those insidiously enervating influences which have destroyed all the slave-made states of the past.

The great problem before us to-day is to create a civilization that does not degenerate under leisure. This can be done only by setting in operation forces making for a culture that recognizes, as no civilization since the fall of Rome has been required to do, that leisure is and must be a means and not an end; that its true value is measured by what we do with it — by whether it lifts us or lowers us in the great world of intangibles, the world not of material but of spiritual values.

THE SCOUT'S STORY

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CATTLEMAN

BY J. F. TRIPLETT

[In the land that teems with the daring spirit of the adventurer, the last frontier State of the Union, there are yet alive many first settlers. It is, then, still a land of the pioneer age. When we listen for an hour to one of these courageous Westerners as he recalls the early days, we are caught in the romantic atmosphere of the forty-niner and the early emigrant from the States. We hasten to record the human achievements of wresting a living from a seemingly barren waste land among hostile Indians and renegades, before such achievements are forever lost to humanity. In this effort, the story we quote came to light and has been deciphered from a torn, yellow-with-age, blurred manuscript.

Mr. J. F. Triplett was a true pioneer; he was born in Kentucky, crossed the plains and the mountains in '57, was a cattleman, journalist, vigilante — also a lover of books. He continually faced personal dangers and risks that would make an ordinary man shudder. He died in Elko, Nevada, in 1921.

— Etta Jean Craig]

May 1, 1862. — Left Carson City at twelve o'clock, noon, bound for the sink of the Carson River, for the Truckee and Humboldt Rivers, and for such other portions of this ill-begotten, God-forsaken, sagebrush, alkali, sand, lice, and mosquito country, as used to be set down on the map when I was a boy as unexplored regions. Our party consists of nine men, but we expect to join a dozen or more men at Ragtown. We are all well armed and well mounted, and are supplied with provisions for a month's campaign. The object of the expedition is to collect a large band of cattle and to recover, if possible, from the Pah-Ute Indians a number of horses and cattle which were stolen by Mr. Lo and his dirty-faced braves during the past winter. The stock is owned by residents of Carson, Washoe, Eagle, and Lake Valley, and was driven to the low countries in the fall of 1861 for winter pasturage.

We traveled thirty miles this afternoon and are encamped at the foot of Susan's Bluffs, a high cliff of rocks named by myself, in 1858, in honor of a young lady, a former resident of Clarksville, California. She once gave me a very amusing description of her trip across the plains, and mentioned particularly the falling of her horse at this precise locality; her horse may have fallen here, but it is my opinion that she 'fell' a long time before she reached this place. All except myself are asleep; I am sitting near the camp fire, writing notes that may never do me any good, for if Mr. Indian gets my scalp he 'll be sure to make gun wads or a bonfire of this book; but I am too much of a night owl to go to bed early. Here I am on my way into the heart of a country known to be inhabited by hostile

Indians; all for the paltry sum of ten dollars a day — and why? Because I have the misfortune to be broke. Well, I reckon a broke man might just as well have his scalp taken as not, and it matters but little to me whether mine is taken or left, so they don't leave life in the worthless carcass, for I would not like to be sailing around bald-headed for the want of a scalp.

May 4. — Left Susan's Bluffs at 8 A.M., passed Fort Churchill, had to halt and let the Bluecoats satisfy themselves that we were cow-hunters instead of a band of Rebs going back to the States. If we had not had a well-known cattle-owner in our crowd, I reckon Major McDermit would have stopped us, because of my being in the crowd. Crossed the ten-mile desert and camped for dinner at the old Honey Lake Smith Station; it was at this station that the first massacre of the whites by the Indians, in 1860, occurred. All know the gloom that was cast over the whole community by the disastrous result of the expedition under Major Ormsby, who went out to chastise the Indians (or to steal their horses), for the simple reason that the Indians killed three or four white men at this place. Major Ormsby was killed, so also were sixty of his men, and the balance, one hundred and forty in number, were so badly frightened that they will never want any more Indians. Another party of seven hundred under Colonel Jack Hays went out, myself among the number (see notes of 1860). After noon drove twenty miles, camped at Cottonwood Slough.

May 5. — Drove six miles to Ragtown. In the early days of the emigration across the plains this was quite a noted place; had several hundred inhabitants, composed of thieves, gamblers, and traders, all assembled here to rob the poor emigrant. 'T is here that the road leaves the desert so well known as the forty-mile desert — forty miles of sand, ankle-deep. From the sink of the Humboldt to Carson River clear waters and beautiful meadows. What a change in a few years! Then a perfect hurra-town, now only one inhabitant, Asa Kenyon — a regular Robinson Crusoe, as far as being monarch of all he surveys is concerned, and as ready to rob a pilgrim or 49'er as any of his predecessors were. Came up with the balance of our party; we now number twenty-three.

May 6. — Remained in camp all day repairing saddles and getting ready for an early start to-morrow. Elected J. B. Winters captain, he being the largest cattle-owner present. All hands jubilant that they are going to have a good time, but they don't know the country; Hell is an ice house to some of the places they 'll see before a week passes.

May 7. — Captain Winters may know what he is going to do, but d——d if I believe he understands the cattle business. We will be off in ten minutes.

May 8. — Accomplished nothing.

May 9. — Worse than yesterday.

May 10. — Repetition of the ninth.

May 11. — Camped at Hot Springs.

May 12. — Only one horse left in camp; balance gone to hunt *cold* water. One man gone to hunt horses. Boys beginning to find that the sun can shine hot. One small wagon for twenty-two men to crawl under to get in shade; no tents, no willows, no sticks to stretch a blanket over, not even sagebrush. Hot, hotter, d——d hot. Oh, Laz'rus, put your finger into the cup and let one drop of cold water fall upon my parched tongue. Nar' a drop. Man returned with horses. Reckon every man will sleep with rope in his hand.

May 13. — Left Hot Springs. Glad to leave. Hell may be hotter than that camp, but some of our boys can't be made to believe it. Camped at a cold

spring high up on the side of the mountains; don't know why we are up here, unless to keep out of the way of cattle. Seven days out, horses getting tired, men discouraged, and have not seen a cow's track.

May 14. — Left camp at sunrise. Discovered signs of cattle at about ten o'clock. Came in sight of a herd of about fifty head about twelve. Gave them a big race, or at least the captain and some of the men did, and did not get a hoof. I did not go into the race, as I was satisfied from the orders given that we had better save our horses, as we would have the run for nothing. I think I could have taken the men and secured every animal that we sighted to-day, but, as the captain gave me a big snub the first day out for offering a suggestion, I concluded to say nothing.

May 15. — Had a little better luck to-day. I caught a six-month calf belonging to our captain, and we killed it and will eat it. Am doing a big business. Been out from Carson thirteen days: thirteen times ten makes 130. Making money for myself, but it's rough on my employers. Think they 'd better come down and discharge me.

May 16. — Started from the edge of Whiteplains. Traveled in an easterly direction; does n't seem like our leader is trying to find anything. Think I 'll desert and go back to Carson and report to my employers that they don't owe me a cent — that the knowledge gained under the able leadership of Captain Winters will amply recompense me for the time I 've put in.

May 17. — We are camped on Carson River four miles from our starting-point. Have not secured cattle enough to supply us with beef. All hands mad and some of them talk pretty plain; I have nothing to say, as I expect to start to Carson to-morrow.

May 18. — I left camp alone this morning and moved up to Ragtown. Stopped to have a chat with the proprietor, as up rode a messenger in haste, requesting me to wait for the company. They had broke Captain Winters of his command, and wanted me to take charge of the expedition and make another effort, as all had cattle out and were anxious to get them. I concluded to wait and see what could be done. Ex-Captain Winters apologized for snubbing me; said he knew nothing of the management of cattle, or of their habits, and so forth. I am boss now and to-morrow we start out to try our luck again. There has been a good deal of growling and grumbling among the men, and at my suggestion the company has elected Jim Benton as chief growler. No other man will be allowed to grumble at anything. No matter what his grievance may be, he is not to grumble about it, but must refer it to the chief, whose duty it shall be to do all the growling that may be needed.

May 19. — Left Ragtown at 8 A.M. Traveled northwest through the sage-brush, across one corner of the forty-mile desert; passed the grave of poor Bob Ridley, who was killed by Indians in the Ormsby massacre two years ago. Arrived at the Truckee River at 4 P.M. Are encamped on one edge of the battleground, where the volunteers under Hays gave the Indians the first whipping they ever got.

May 20. — Traveled down the Truckee and are encamped for the night in what is called 'the orchard,' a beautiful valley, covered with a magnificent growth of cottonwood trees, which, viewed from the distance of ten miles or more, reminds one of an old-fashioned Eastern apple-orchard — hence its name. Cattle signs.

May 21. — Started at 8.30 A.M. Traveled down the Truckee River to the foot of the 'Tombs,' a lone mountain of rock without a sign of vegetation on it, which stands where the

waters of the Truckee divide, the main branch running west, the other running in an easterly direction. In crossing the smaller branch we upset our wagon, wasted some grub, and broke my ink bottle. An Indian once told me that the mountain referred to had 'heap holes' in it — caves, I suppose — and that they put their dead Indians in the holes, so it is called the Tombs. Followed the main branch of the river to where it empties into Pyramid Lake. The lake takes its name from the number of small light-colored islands in it, all, or nearly all, being in the form of a pyramid. The lake is about twenty-five miles long by twelve to fifteen in width; water strongly alkali, though fed by streams of fresh water. Horses tethered on sagebrush. We cook to-night with sage; either have a splendid light or are left in uncertain darkness. Sagebrush out, fire ditto; boys in bed, and I 'll go too.

May 22. — Traveled north twenty miles. No sign. Turned east, crossed low range of granite hills to Mud Lake, the sink of the east branch of the Truckee. Owing to the soft and miry nature of the ground, could not get our horses to the lake, so we traveled north ten miles to Lost Springs. Plenty of grub, but the springs are only 'holes in the ground,' not large enough to put a bucket in; improvised a pump by tying strings into the rim of an old wool hat (like boys string kites), then with a long pole pressed into the crown of the hat we soon raised water for ourselves and our half-famished horses. Fifty head of cattle.

May 23. — Left camp at seven o'clock — course north to Smoke Creek Canyon. Met a delegation of the family of Lo, who requested us to 'heap go back.' Did not like the looks of things, so accepted Mr. Indian's invitation. Returned to and camped at Lost Springs. Twenty-five more cattle.

May 24. — Left Lost Springs; traveled southeast to an old road used by emigrants in the early days, who entered California by the northern or Beckwith route. Found good water at the Black Rock Mountains; camped early. Found seventy-one head of cattle wilder than deer.

May 25 and 26. — Have put in two days 'cleaning up' Black Rock section. Are now camped on the western edge of the 'desert' at a warm sulphur spring — a villainous place. One of the boys expressed his appreciation of the place by declaiming that he could smell Hell. Ninety-eight head more.

May 27. — Returned to Ragtown for grub, all tired. Had a hard day, but men satisfied — have now 244 head cattle.

May 28. — Left three men to herd the cattle at Ragtown; started to crop what was the 'terror' to the early pilgrim — that is, the forty-mile desert. Each side of the road is white with the bones of cattle and horses that perished on the desert in crossing to California. Tons and tons of wagon-iron and chains could be gathered along the road; the emigrant, having lost so much of his stock, was unable to take his wagon through. With a spirit of pure cussedness, to be found in no one else on earth except a man crossing the plains, he would burn all of the wood of his wagons and then scatter the irons. For the first time some of our party to-day beheld the beautiful and weird effects of the mirage: small rocks, not larger than a water-bucket, two miles away looked larger than a two-story house, while mounted men at the same distance appeared to be more than one hundred feet high. Suddenly the scene changed, and the whole country ahead of us appeared to be a vast lake of clear water, very enticing to a thirsty man, but aggravating to an extreme degree when, pushing ahead for an hour or

more, the effects of the mirage passed away and he found nothing but the burning desert sands, which would cook an egg in five minutes. Reached the Humboldt Slough at four o'clock, tired and thirsty. Plenty of water of a poor quality; no grass. Station-keeper says there is grass five miles distant. Hired him to drive our horses thither. No wood visible, yet in the thousand sand-hills adjacent I know we will find all the fuel we require. These sand-hills are of all sizes, from two feet to one hundred feet in diameter, and by digging into them a short distance we uncover a tangled mat of roots from one-half inch to two inches through, which we find to be perfectly dry, and to make excellent fuel — that is, if a fellow hurries his cakes. There is no sign of vegetation on or around these sand-hills, yet they are full of roots. I suppose the changeable winds cover the shoots with sand as fast as they appear above the surface.

May 29. — Station-keeper brought in the horses — reckon from their looks that they had to dig into the sand-hills for all they got to eat. Crossed slough nearly one mile wide. Ferried men, saddles, and wagon; had to swim horses. Traveled thirty-five miles up the river and encamped at old Bannock Station. The emigrants used to tell me about seeing the elephants as they were coming down the Humboldt; I wonder if we will see anything of the animals as we go up. Hope they won't be in the shape of dirty-faced Piutes. Found to-day fifty-one head of cattle.

May 30. — Still on the move upward. A dreary-looking country; some grass along the sink of the river. Indian signal fires on the top of every mountain. Don't apprehend any immediate trouble, as I can read the signals as well as Mr. Lo. They telegraph our number and the direction we are traveling. Whenever they signal each other to gather in, 'I 'll call the turn' and it shall be: turn back. The wagon-road has been badly washed by storms and cloud-bursts. Had some difficulty getting wagon along; kept men scattered in hills; found twenty-six head cattle.

May 31. — Rolled out early, working hard all day. Wagons made thirty-five-mile drive; found thirty-two head cattle early in the day. No sign of cattle in afternoon. Met old mountaineer, who told me, 'No cattle above.' I believe he told me the truth; will go to-morrow and prove or disprove his words.

June 1. — Left wagon in camp, also three herders. Made a tremendous circuit; found the old mountaineer to be entitled to credit for veracity. Saw one dilapidated, superannuated savage; he might have been a warrior sixty years ago, but at present he is but an imbecile heap of breechcloth and filth.

June 2. — Turned back without being warned to do so; made late arrival; have to hold cattle under guard.

June 3. — Drove to Humboldt Slough, crossed cattle and horses, drove five miles up slough where station-keeper herded our horses on up-trip. Nothing but white sage for horses.

June 4. — An old savage came to camp to beg bread; says there is water in the mountain opposite our camp and 'heap cow, heap bungo (horse).' Wallowed through mud and water across the slough; found forty-eight head of big fat lazy cattle and six pretty wild horses. Distance from slough to spring estimated fifteen miles. Think that the cattle and horses were driven into the mountain by the station-keeper so that he could get away with them. Returned to camp — double guard to-night from those who laid off to-day. Caught and tied up three of the horses; found they proved perfectly gentle as soon as caught. Out of bread.

June 5. — Started in a southerly direction across the forty-mile desert,

as near as we can tell about parallel with the emigrant road. Fifteen miles out fresh signs of cattle. Followed about five miles; found a number of pools of water in the middle of the desert, a good many cattle grazing in sight. The pools of water are at no point more than ten miles from the emigrant road; could the weary pilgrim of early days have known of the presence of water so near, many thousands of dollars' worth of property might have been saved. No guard to-night. Turned loose 157 head of cattle found since leaving Ragtown.

June 6. — Scattered men to the east and west for a regular rodeo; rounded in the camp about two o'clock P.M. Counted cattle; have 320 head to guard to-night — 163 more than yesterday.

June 7. — Guarded all night with full force. To-day followed as near as we could the direction of the pools; found seventy head more.

June 8. — Five men to drive cattle — balance scattered out toward upper sink of Carson River. Camped five miles below Ragtown; 102 head found to-day.

June 9. — Sent to Ragtown and had the other herd brought down. Have no bread, but everybody jubilant, as we have 736 head of cattle under guard.

June 10. — Lay in camp all day; horses and men need rest.

June 11. — Left eight men to hold cattle; took old Simpson road eastward; traveled thirty-five miles to lower sink of Carson — splendid meadows, cattle and horses in sight.

June 12. — Made a drive of everything except a few of Winnemucca's braves, whom we encountered. Got sixty head of cattle, seven horses. One bronco cow hooked my horse and I shot her. Did n't hurt the horse much, but finished the cow. We cooked her calf.

June 13. — Crossed cattle and horses over the sink to the meadows on the east side. Got thirty-nine head of cattle.

June 14. — Took to the mountains with eleven men to search the country around Sand Springs, and after a hard day's work reached camp on the east side of upper sink with 172 head more cattle. No bread — no sugar — beef and coffee straight. Can scoop up all the salt we want from the ground. Ten days without bread; getting ravenous. Hard-tack would taste to us like ginger cake to a schoolboy. Bound to get all the cattle in the country, bread or no bread.

June 15. — Sent four men with cattle back to herd. Took balance and went south to Lone Mountain; camped in a dry camp — no cattle.

June 16. — Returned to old camp on upper sink; four men returned.

June 17. — Called for one man to go with me to Chalk Mountain Valley, the home of the notorious Buffalo Jim, a renegade Piute, well known for his antipathy to the whites and for his cleverness as an appropriator of stock belonging to the emigrants. Old Jake Wilson volunteered to accompany me. All remonstrated with me for attempting the trip. Traveled all day without water; camped dry.

June 18. — Were aroused this morning by the most terrible yells I ever heard, jumped up, found the yells to come from the throats of Buffalo Jim and about one hundred of his followers. Concluded I 'd struck a bad streak; told old Jake to keep close to me and put a bold face on, let his heart flutter as it might. Knew that nothing but impudence could get us out of the scrape; so took out my pipe, filled and lit it, walked up to Mr. B. Jim, offered him my hand, took from my pocket an old mining-deed and told Jim that I had brought him a paper-talk (letter) from Governor Nye. Read the deed to him word for word, and in explanation

put such interpretation on it as I deemed the exigencies of the case required. Told the savages that Governor Nye wanted all the Indians to come to the sink of Carson in ten days for shirts, flour, blankets, and so forth. Gave myself plenty of time to get away. Asked for water, was shown it, ate a little dried beef, and lit out. Followed the mountain to the southward; camped at Mills Gate Springs, a place where two mountains come close together, leaving a pass wide enough for two wagons to run abreast.

June 19. — Found forty head of big cattle in charge of two Indians who claimed them as the property of Buffalo Jim. Again had recourse to my deed; gave the Indians six half-dollars, some tobacco, and my red-silk handkerchief. Started immediately on the trail for camp; drove all day. Camped at about five o'clock to let cattle and horses have something to eat. Ate a little dried beef and at dark started, and drove all night. Rested at daylight and for a couple of hours on the twentieth. Drove till noon and found a spring; stopped two hours. Thought we were near enough to camp to make a run for it if the Indians should follow; made camp at dark. Would give a steer for a loaf of bread. Old Jake is now eating his rations of beef and coffee, and as he eats he recounts our adventure in Chalk Valley. He says his 'har jest riz' when I walked up to the chief of the renegades. Well, to tell the truth, mine riz too, but don't say a word about it. I 'm captain now, and if the captain does n't *show* courage he 'll lose the respect of his men — but I 'd like to know how Jake Wilson's har riz when his head is as bare as a billiard ball.

June 21. — Saw dust on the road some miles distant; went out and found a party of Californians bound for the Boise Basin Mines. Got seventy-two sacks of flour and a loaf of bread — the best bread I ever tasted. Stayed in camp balance of day.

June 22. — Drove up south side of sink to the old 'Adobe,' an abandoned station not used since the Indian War of 1860. Found eighty-one head.

June 23. — Moved up opposite Ragtown and crossed the main herd over to our camp. Tried to buy flour; could n't get any. Bought five pounds of rice as a substitute. 'T is now cooking and is watched by a number of eager eyes. Found twenty-two head of cattle.

June 24. — Started up the lake for Carson River. Saw a few cattle on an island in the lake supposed to be about one mile from the mainland; proposed to swim to the island and get them. A Cherokee joined me. We tied undershirts around our heads and plunged in; the longest mile I ever traveled was to that island. Found six gentle work-oxen, got them on a narrow point and forced them into the water. By swimming back and forth we soon got them started to mainland. We each then mounted an ox and rode ashore. Good thing we took our shirts, or we 'd have been badly blistered. During our absence Mr. Benton was thrown from his horse and had his arm broken — simple fracture, which I set by measuring the well arm and using willow for splints.

June 24. — Moved up and encamped opposite old Honey Lake Smith Station; swam the river and bought five pounds of beans and a small piece of bacon. Will feast high as soon as beans cook. Twenty-nine head of cattle.

June 25. — Drove up and encamped opposite Fort Churchill. Found 123 head to-day. Bought sack of flour; ate half for supper. Every man pitches into the bread-baking. Frying-pan, oven, flat rocks, sticks, and all are brought into requisition for bread-baking.

June 26. — Crossed the river at Bucklands; drove to Miller eight miles below Dayton, wind blowing a gale.

June 27. — Moved out bright and early; made the biggest drive on record, considering the number of cattle, as we have over 1300 head of cattle, not counting calves.

June 27. — All claimants of cattle having been notified, commenced early to assort and part out. Had a busy day, as I had to preserve order and assist in the work of parting out cattle. One man who lost a cow two years since on the summit of the Sierra Nevada thought he ought to be first to inspect this herd. I tried to persuade him that the ones who were paying for having it done should have the first say; but no, he would hear to nothing and rushed in on foot, frightening the cattle as he went. I lassoed him and led him outside the gate, for which act of courtesy he threatened to use the law on me.

Got through the day; settled with the owners who had jointly employed me to make the trip; received high praise for the success of the expedition, and no one was more profuse in his compliments than the gentleman who snubbed me.

SEVEN CENTURIES OF CIVILIZATION

BY D. W. FISHER

I

THE world has, as we say, come down in the world. It has been used to better things. In ancient times a spiritual life that centred in art and philosophy made the world; and in mediæval times a spiritual life that centred in religion and morality made the world. But no spiritual life of any description appears to be making the world at present. A world which was once ruled by spirit and spiritual ideas is now ruled by machinery and material ideas. A world which was once human has become unhuman. And in becoming unhuman the world has escaped from the grasp of man, and is rapidly slipping into a state of nonhuman and nonrational confusion. This is what has happened to civilization.

A spiritual activity, real even if limited in scope, made the Greek world. 'We,' says Pericles, 'are lovers of beauty yet with no extravagance, and lovers of wisdom yet without weakness.' Also the Greeks were lovers of freedom, both mental and political freedom. Their love of beauty, wisdom, and freedom made their civilization.

But the modern world, having lost the belief in spiritual life and activity, has naturally lost the belief that spiritual activity in man is the cause of civilization. A large school of modern thinkers have come to the conclusion that in all these matters biology is the real explanation. They would say that the Greeks created a superior kind of civilization because they were a biologically superior race. The modern thinker of this school, if he really thought about his theory, would tell us that Socrates was a great philosopher, or Æschylus a great dramatist, because

he was a great and excellent biological specimen. But this seems to be a long way off from being an explanation; in fact, it seems to be nonsense.

The men of the Middle Ages carried on a kind of spiritual activity, and made it dominate the course of outward events. And when I say the men of the Middle Ages, I do not mean the men of the Dark Ages. I mean the men who lived in the strongly and even brilliantly lighted ages that unfolded in the towns of France, England, Germany, Italy, and Spain in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

These men carried on a kind of spiritual activity; but it was different from the kind we have just discussed. The man who lived in Athens and was a free citizen probably believed in the idea of a natural, limited, and human perfection. But the man who lived in any part of mediæval Europe or belonged to any level of mediæval society believed in the idea of a supernatural, infinite, and divine perfection. In short, the man who lived in the mediæval world believed in the Christian religion. And the men of the Middle Ages believed not only in religion; they believed also in beauty, and in reason or wisdom.

And in the Middle Ages a strange thing, and yet a very natural thing, happened. The various aspects and departments of human life moved toward a natural unity and wholeness; just as in the modern world they are moving toward an unnatural separation. Spiritual life held human life together; just as in the modern world the life of material interest is splitting human life into a million disconnected fragments.

For instance, the men of the Middle Ages did not fall into the modern fallacy which says that ethics can be separated from politics. I do not mean that they were always moral in their politics; I mean that they believed that they should be moral in their politics, or, more precisely, that they believed that moral rights and duties, which in the end meant largely human rights and duties, should be reflected in all true statute law and all true government. They did not, contrary to what is sometimes said, believe that the king ruled by 'divine right.' The men of the seventeenth century invented this pleasant bit of political philosophy. In fact, the men of the thirteenth century believed very much what Mr. Cleveland believed when he announced the obvious and often discredited notion that public office is a public trust. They did not believe in the divine right of kings; they believed in the divine and moral nature of kingship, and of all political and public authority.

Again, they avoided the very grave modern fallacy which says that ethics should be kept out of economics. They would not admit that business is merely business; they held that business is a form of human activity. The practical economist of modern times holds that business is business. He generally starts from a theory of unrestricted competition, and he generally ends by converting this into a theory of unrestricted monopoly. The mediæval economists had not attained this level of thought. They started from a theory of justice. They invented, and through their civic authorities they applied, the doctrine of *justum pretium:* a just price for commodities, and a just wage for labor. In our day usurers and profiteers are showered with honors and probably sent to the Senate; in that day they were put where they belonged — namely, in the pillory. Modern men have succeeded in large measure in making themselves revolve round trade and industry. For one reason or another the men of the Middle Ages, in their local merchant-guilds and craft-

guilds, succeeded in large measure in making trade and industry revolve round human nature and human needs.

They avoided the modern mistake of separating art from life. They were not too æsthetic to be practical, like the modern Wildes and Beardsleys, and they were not too practical to be æsthetic, like the modern Babbitts. The mediæval artists created an art which could be seen by all the people all the time; not, like modern artists, an art which could be seen by some of the people some of the time. They embodied their love of beauty, as a recent writer has said, in 'everything they touched.' They embodied it in craftsmanship, in poetry, in painting, in sculpture; above all, they embodied it in the architecture of their abbeys and cathedrals, their town halls, and their towns themselves. They created an art which was new, and an art which reveals, more plainly perhaps than anything else, the life and the soul of their civilization.

These men did not make the modern mistake of separating life from philosophy. The modern man is perhaps right in denying that the mediævals were a race of scientists; he is not right in denying that they were a race of philosophers. It is quite certain that if Plato or Aristotle could have appeared in mediæval Paris he would have felt immensely more at home than he would in modern Paris, and infinitely more at home than he would feel himself in modern New York. In our day groups of millionaires build universities for any one of half a dozen utilitarian and irrelevant reasons. In the Middle Ages groups of scholars created the universities at Bologna, Paris, and Oxford for the simple reason that they believed in knowledge and wisdom.

I do not wish to leave the impression that these men created a perfect civilization. But they created a real civilization. They created a place where men lived well together, just as modern men are creating a place where men are finding it more and more impossible to live well together. The society of the Middle Ages still contained war and conflict; and it still contained differences of feudal status. But the society of that day moved toward justice, and even seemed for a while to move toward peace; and the society of that day moved more rapidly than any society before or since toward human freedom. Men were united, and believed they were united, in a single ultimate purpose, and they were united in a single society. They engaged in conflict, they permitted difference, but they were held together in an inner and essential unity. As in Greece, yet in a way totally different, man was a whole of body, mind, and spirit. And the world was a whole. It was not a perfect world. But it was a world that was moving with a great energy, and moving in what might reasonably be called the right direction.

II

Since that day the great accident has happened to the world. It is a hard statement, but scarcely less than the truth, to say that the man of the present day has abandoned the mediæval belief in God. But that is only the beginning of what he has done. The man of the present day has also abandoned the Greek belief in reason. And following on this the man of the present day has quite naturally abandoned the belief in man himself. The old deists of the eighteenth century, the men who made the American Revolution and also the French Revolution, could believe in man, and in the rights of man, resting on nature and reason. The man of the present day does not believe in man, much less in the rights of man, because he does not believe in God, or

even in reason. In short, the man of the present day has abandoned the ideas that created European civilization.

The central point is, perhaps, the deplorable fact that the modern man has ceased to be human. This, according to an idea that originated with Aristotle, should mean that he has ceased to be a rational animal. And there is plenty of evidence that he has ceased to be rational. We need look no further than modern warfare.

The ancients carried on a great many wars, and the mediævals carried on a great many wars. But no modern pacifist would deny the obvious fact that they usually fought because they wanted to fight. The most remarkable thing about the modern man is that he fights without wanting to fight. He does not fight from any simple human necessity; he fights from a vague unhuman necessity. He fights because the machinery of modern trade and industry compels him to fight. The old wars at least issued in a rough and human construction; the next war promises to issue in nothing but an unhuman destruction. The modern man fights against all right reason; he fights from wrong economic reason, supplemented by herd and national instinct.

And for similar evidence we need only turn to modern class or industrial warfare. Again, a struggle between the classes is nothing new in human history. But the old struggle between the classes was something different. The old struggle was usually prosecuted on the basis of some agreement. It was generally carried on under the shadow of some common conception, some symbol of a common history, or of a common belief in God or reason. The new class-struggle is prosecuted on the basis of a universal disagreement. It is carried on under the shadow of the modern belief that man is an economic animal, and therefore an animal moved by self-interest, or at most by class interest. Within these premises the modern masses have very naturally and logically worked out the modern brand of doctrine called, rather vaguely, Bolshevism. And the opposing classes have not been behindhand. They have worked out an equally modern and materialistic brand of doctrine called in different languages Fascism, the White Terror, or Onehundredpercentism. And the modern class-war is fought out on this basis. Both parties believe in force: physical force, economic force, mental force, known as propaganda. They believe in anything but the force of reason. They both desire, consciously or unconsciously, to capture the modern State, which in its remote origin in the Middle Ages was in some sense a moral and human structure, and to convert it into a vast industrial structure, perhaps to be plundered by the few, perhaps to be served by the many under external compulsion.

The modern man has given a new turn to an old struggle, and he has given it a wholly destructive turn. He has given it a turn which destroys the whole fabric of social existence. In the modern industrial war the modern man fights against all right reason and spirit; he fights from wrong economic reason, supplemented by an overpowering instinct of plunder.

But the modern man has not only ceased to be rational; viewed in a certain light, he has ceased to be an animal. He has not only become a nonrational animal; what is perhaps worse is the fact that he has in certain ways become a nonrational machine.

He has become a part of the machinery of modern industry. That is quite obvious. The modern man has first been deprived of the ancient belief that he is a centre of inner freedom; and then, under modern industry, he has been deprived of his freedom. He has

first been deprived of the ancient belief that he is a spiritual and rational creature, and therefore an end in himself; and then, under modern industry, he has been employed more and more as a means to the ends of other people, which take the practical forms of power and money. The modern man has taken his place as one of the interchangeable parts of the modern industrial machine.

But the modern man is also a part of the machinery of public opinion. I cannot hope to exhaust this mysterious subject. So far as America is concerned, we here come upon the strange fact of modern Puritanism. It might seem that the Puritan is an idealist; but of course the modern Puritan is mainly a materialist, and only partly a vague and impotent idealist. The old Puritan, at least the old English Puritan, wished to regulate human nature and opinion because he was a clear and intelligent idealist; though we might think him a highly debatable sort of idealist. The new American Puritan regulates human nature and opinion because he is a materialist depressed by the fact of materialism. He feels in his own mind the strain generated by the impact of a vague and ineffective idealism against the weight of present-day materialism; and he endeavors to relieve this strain by going in for the radical regulation of human nature and opinion, by force of legal enactment or, if necessary, mob violence.

The thing that has happened to the modern man is well illustrated by the two political conventions recently held in this country. At Cleveland the present-day American appeared in one rôle; at New York he appeared in another. At Cleveland he appeared as a nonrational automaton; this is the modern man who fits into the machinery of industry and public opinion. At New York he appeared as a nonrational maniac; this is the modern man who runs amuck in war between the nations and war within the nations. Perhaps the same men did not attend both conventions. But in modern life it is frequently one and the same man who performs in these two rôles. The modern man appears to be a strange mixture of nonrational animal and nonrational machine.

III

The bedevilment of modern man and of modern civilization is obviously the work in large part of science and industrialism. The worst feature of science is that it fills the head of the modern man with essentially unimportant things, and then drives out of his head essentially important things. Science fills the head of the modern man with the notion that nature is something material and mechanical, and then it drives out of his head the vastly more important notion that man himself is something rational and spiritual. The scientist of the present day has invented a better idea of nature than anyone could have invented in the days of Aquinas; and then he has invented a worse idea of man than almost anyone would have thought of entertaining in the days of Aquinas, or even of Aristotle.

I say 'the scientist.' Of course the man who does this is the man who converts science into philosophy; he may or may not be a scientist. In any case the scientist has filled the modern atmosphere with the idea of matter and machinery; and generally speaking the modern man has converted this idea with great avidity into an ultimate philosophy. Thus the modern man has acquired a specious, or at least an unimportant, science; and he has lost a real and important science. He now knows how to regulate nature; but he

does not know how to regulate himself or his civilization.

All of this is grist for the industrial mill. I do not say that the Devil arranged it; but he could hardly have arranged the thing more perfectly. The modern industrialist finds everything ready to hand. He is pleased that man knows so much about nature; and he is equally pleased that man knows so little about himself. He can get the few men he needs who know how to regulate nature; and he can get the vast multitude of men he needs who do not know how to regulate themselves. The less they know about that the better. The industrialist need not bother with beings who concern themselves with their rights as rational animals; he can deal, and deal much more conveniently, with beings who concern themselves with their duties as nonrational automata. Under the reign of modern materialism his problem is simplified; and it grows simpler every day. The industrial mill takes all those foolish beings who think they are rational animals and grinds them into line, or out of existence. Science and industrialism, the latter rather more directly and deliberately, work together to invalidate the ancient notion that man is a rational creature, capable of creating a human and rational civilization.

In view of this broad fact, it can hardly be said that the modern man has registered any very substantial achievement. He may imagine that he has achieved what he calls freedom. The obvious fact is that the modern man, especially in America, has been losing in recent years the legal rights which his forbears wrote into the various bills and declarations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But I do not limit the discussion of this point to the level of written charters and enactments. The fundamental fact lies elsewhere. Let us cheerfully admit that the modern man still retains some of the outer machinery of right which he acquired through the English, the American, and the French Revolutions. The fundamental fact is that he has lost the inner substance of right and freedom, and has lost it mainly through the industrial revolution.

He has, let us admit, freedom of action; but under modern materialism he has no end or goal of action. He has all the material conditions of life, and he still has many of the legal conditions of life; the only thing he does not have is life itself. His freedom, where he still retains it, is a false freedom. It enables him to go nowhere.

Speaking of him very broadly, the modern man is, as we say, unbalanced. He has lost his balance. The normal man keeps up a very delicate balance; for he retains contact with the inner and spiritual centre of his own being, while he moves outward at the same time toward the material component of himself, and of the external universe. But the modern man does not maintain this delicate balance and order; for he loses contact with the centre of his own being, and only moves outward toward the material part of himself, and the material part of the external universe. He rushes outward in a mad desire to possess the world; and he loses his grip on the world, after having first lost his grip on himself. He loses belief in the spiritual and rational life which should properly lie within himself, and then he loses control of the political and social life which obviously lies outside himself. Thus man devotes himself to matter, and ceases to dominate life and civilization.

Whether the damage that has been done may yet be repaired is another question.

THE EAGER WING

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I WOULD not cage you more than does the tree
The bird. I felt your eager wing
Beat on my heart in that first day of Spring
When out of all the many you chose me
And sang and built and always seemed to be
At home. I said, here is a thing
Of alien rapture — let it nest and sing
Until it shall be off again and free.

And now it is September and I know
How quick you are to seek the upper air;
I do release you and I watch you go,
But oh, you are so mortal climbing there
Above my shelter, and the wind so strong,
The ways so many and the flight so long!

GYPSY BLOOD

BY HARRY B. SMITH

'A JUDICIOUS selection of one's parents,' says the Japanese philosopher, Ohara, 'is the first important step in life.' His name, as well as the paradoxical character of many of the aphorisms of this sage, betrays the Milesian strain in his otherwise pure samurai blood.

It were presumptuous in me to attempt an analysis of the epigrams of Ohara. His delicate nuances doubtless elude the full appreciation of one to whom his language is but a late and laborious acquirement. It happened that in turning for the hundredth time the rice-paper pages of my well-worn copy of his *Book of Ten Thousand Half-Truths* I encountered the pearl of Oharian wisdom which seemed for my purpose both text and moral.

In the Decalogue's decree that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, there is more injustice than the manifest unfairness of chastising the innocent; for no mention is made of the sins of the mothers. Yet Moses, the editor, is conceded to have been a clever man and, if credence is to be given to a tradition regarding bulrushes and a royal princess, he was familiar from infancy with the caprices and indiscretions of young women in the highest society of his time. That Moses was ignorant of modern science is no reproach to the memory of an able man and a conscientious editor; but observation should have taught him that the maternal misdemeanors have the dominating influence. If the original material mentioned only the sins of the fathers, while he may have had scruples against altering the text, the matter was certainly worthy of a footnote.

I

This is the story of one who was the innocent victim of heredity, unfortunate in his choice of the authors of his being. His birth superimposed upon a previously immaculate escutcheon that bar sinister which in heraldry is the base of a triangle. His mother and his putative father were both Parisian aristocrats of the old noblesse. Kings and the fair rulers of kings had prized their friendship and praised their fidelity; but somewhere in the heart of his handsome mother had been a spark of the roving spirit, a lurking trace of nomad blood, her inheritance from some errant belle of her race. It was this gypsy strain, this impulse to go a-roaming by the light of the moon, that impelled her son to his downfall and caused the untimely end of a career of promise.

Trifles decide our destinies. The supposed grace of God, but for which John Wesley thought he might have been the man in the gutter, may be merely a blood corpuscle more or less, the development of an atom evolved in pangenesis. It was this infinitesimal tilting of the physiological scale which barred Michael Bruno from the high estate, the fair environment of his ancestors. A life of idleness and luxury had been their prerogative for

generations. Liveried lackeys had driven them through the streets of Paris, and they had looked with disdain upon the plebeians wistful with envy or fierce-eyed with resentment.

To the casual observer, Michael had the family good looks; but unhappily the roof of his mouth was not so black as it should have been, and by connoisseurs, learned in such matters, certain defects — scarcely noticeable — were imputed to his legs and tail. His first custodian pursued the policy of honesty, whose results are said by optimists to be eventually satisfactory, and would do nothing to impair the confidence of a valued clientele. Instead of falsely representing Mike to be of unimpeachable lineage and establishing him as a pampered minion of the boudoir, a sale at a reasonable price to the Great Bruno was willingly consummated. This was the identical Great Bruno whose company of strolling players has so long delighted the patrons of the entertainment described by its sponsors as 'polite vaudeville.' Indeed, dramatic criticism has frequently eulogized the acting of Bruno's Dogs with an enthusiasm generally reserved for human histrions from remote regions, acclaimed as great because not understood.

When Mike was admitted to the Great Bruno's company — or, to be accurate, to the conservatoire in which pupils were developed into *sociétaires* — he was something less than a foot of curly black wool, from one end of which alert and restless brown eyes blinked upon a world in which sleep and play agreeably alternated. His juniority extended through the greater part of a theatrical season, during which he was a mere neophyte in the Temple of Thespis. The Great Bruno only casually recognized his existence; but Mike was the special protégé of the even greater Mrs. Bruno, who carried him wrapped in a shawl, smuggling him into day coaches and sleeping-cars, while the regular troopers traveled in baggage cars to which they were carried in their boxes. The weekly migrations were always accompanied by a frenzied yelping and barking, doubtless in protest against such unseemly treatment of artists, or, it may be, expressing those petty jealousies which are inevitable in a profession whose members are proverbially temperamental.

From Mrs. Bruno, — 'Mlle. Leroy' on the programmes, — as head of the informal preparatory school, Mike received his rudimentary education and became well grounded in the primary curriculum: such elementary branches as sitting up, rolling over, and jumping through a circle formed for the purpose by Mademoiselle's stout and motherly arms. These simple lessons led to more difficult studies: balancing a lump of sugar on one's nose and waiting patiently for the announcement that breakfast was ready; or 'listening for the Indians,' a feat which consisted of putting an ear to the ground and holding it there till Mrs. Bruno gave utterance to her own exclusive idea of a war whoop.

These talents seemed pleasant to acquire under genial tutelage, the lessons being informal during the afternoon and evening performances, when the Great Bruno was on the stage directing his company. Mrs. Bruno had much leisure, as she appeared only once in each session, merely to impart feminine interest and charm by her pink tights, yellow wig, and long blue earrings. Frequently she would stand in the wings, holding Mike in her arms, while he watched with fascinated gaze and audible panting the strange scenes enacted by his elders. It was in these great moments that the

glories of art were revealed to him, and there awakened within him an eager and restless ambition.

It appeared then that dogs, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Bruno, could wear clothes, little skirts and jackets, trousers and tailed coats, hats of many varieties, some plain, others adorned with ribbons, feathers, and flowers; and it was demonstrated that with practice a dog could carry a fan or an umbrella. Wide-eyed amazement and uncontrollable barks of surprise followed the revelation that an advanced dog walked on two legs nearly as well as on four; that creatures of his kind even had bad habits, like human beings. There was an Irish terrier of clownish countenance, who twice a day was seen going through the swinging doors of a small house, presently emerging and staggering to an adjacent little lamp-post. There he was taken in charge by Flip, the white bull-terrier, in a helmet and a blue coat, with a club under his foreleg, hopping on with all the dignity that a hop can display. Twice a day Mike saw this same little house with smoke and a red glare at its windows, and then, while bells rang and gongs clanged, a wagon was drawn on by two collies, other members of the company riding, wearing bright tin hats. In an upper window Tiny the Maltese appeared, and Flip, now in a scarlet coat instead of a blue one, ran up the ladder and carried her down by the nape of her neck. After this came the grand finale, in which there was always a tumult of barking and much joyful gamboling around the Great Bruno, all snapping for the lumps of sugar, of which the supply was never equal to the demand. Then Mrs. Bruno would trip out to participate in the triumph, bowing and smiling, taking as much of the applause as if she, instead of the greyhound, had done the flying leap over two chairs placed a long distance apart.

The precise relation to life and the cosmos of these strange pranks of his elders Mike could not understand, nor why the fantastic exhibition was always followed by the loud noise of a number of human beings slapping their forepaws together. Nevertheless it was very amusing and, watching from behind a canvas tree, he never could see it without an irrepressible desire to burst out barking, which caused him to be gently spatted into silence by Mrs. Bruno. Soon, however, he realized that all this work, or play, whichever it might be, was necessary if dogs expected to eat. Each performer, after his own achievement, received a small edible honorarium, and following every afternoon performance a substantial repast was served. These memorably enjoyable occasions were often marred by the piteous wailing in outer darkness of some unfortunate brother who, for failure in his specialty or for general dereliction in his professional duty, was paying the penalty of hunger. Evidently the world was governed by an inexorable law that if a dog would not work, or even if with willing heart he tried his best and failed, it was not for him to share in the rewards of industry and good luck.

Naturally Mike had no knowledge of the idle rich. Only by atavistic subconscious memories of the life of his aristocratic forbears did he dream that somewhere there might be sluggards of his race surfeited with luxury and immune from effort. It was obvious that, in the law of causation, food followed the faithful performance of certain duties, each getting a share according to his talent and diligence. His own modest efforts were always thus rewarded by Mrs. Bruno, and consequently, when inclined to hunger, he would approach his protectress, sit up and beg; and if that failed he would offer other exhibitions of his simple

artistry, following each by an appealing look or a gentle vocal hint which rarely failed to bring satisfactory results.

In the absence of Mrs. Bruno, sometimes he would try these tactics upon friendly strangers. His first experiment of the kind was essayed when he wandered into the parlor of a hotel, where he was noticed by several elderly ladies who were playing cards, and he was lured to sociability by the offer of a piece of candy whose only defect was its small size. The gift seeming but a promise of favors to come, 'more' was suggested by Mike's sitting up and playing the mendicant. As the lady had returned to her cards, she did not even see him. After a patient holding of his pose, he decided that the appeal was inadequate. 'Something else may interest her,' he thought, and tried rolling over; but an argument about the game was in progress and he was ignored. Saying his prayers and listening for the Indians were then exploited, with brief intervals for expected recognition, and when his particular elderly lady's attention was again turned in his direction Mike was rapidly performing his entire repertoire, finishing with a staccato bark, by which he meant to say: 'Surely, madam, any one of these clever performances is worthy of recompense. If you think otherwise, kindly observe their overwhelming effect in the aggregate.' Naturally his reflections did not take this elaborate form, but the idea was there. More simply expressed, his brief remark signified: 'I 've done my best. Now true merit should be rewarded.'

From gossip heard in the company he understood that there were social spheres in which it was not necessary to earn one's own board and lodging by talent and hard work; but he was certain that such an existence would be distasteful to him. A career, a desire for knowledge, to be like the successful comrades who had risen in their profession, applauded by men, women, and children; to have one's conscientious efforts rewarded by palatable morsels — these were the things that made life worth while. And so ambition stirred within him, zeal to outgrow an idle puppyhood and to enter the great arena of canine action.

On a day when the Bruno company was in the midst of an engagement in a large city, between the afternoon and the evening performances Mrs. Bruno took Mike for a walk along a wide handsome avenue, where the sidewalks were crowded with well-dressed men and women and the roadway filled with resplendent motor-cars. On the front seat of one of these cars Mike saw, seated in dignity and pride, a black French poodle, one of his own tribe and race, surveying the jostling throng with the serene contempt of a Marquise for a sans-culotte rabble. Happening to catch sight of Mike led by his leash, the aristocratic stranger displayed an excitement so rare and extraordinary that her mistress, a dowager of several chins, expressed solicitude, fear that something was wrong with Zizi. 'Why is she acting that way?' she asked the chauffeur.

Mike, from the pavement's edge, gazed at the haughty patrician with a curiosity inexplicable to himself. And this interest manifested by Madame la Marquise? Was it but the natural camaraderie that two of the same breed and race feel intuitively, never wholly repressed even in the most arrogant noblesse? Or was there in the mind of Madame la Marquise some glimmering of the truth, some telepathic message saying: 'Behold thine Ishmael! But for thy waywardness, he might be beside thee on silken cushions who is now but a vagabond.' If she heard any such voice of the maternal instinct, she

calmed herself by an effort, passed, and gave no sign. Better that a liaison repented should remain her secret than that, in a moment of plebeian emotion, she should impair her social standing. After all, the child seemed well cared for.

And for him was there no mysterious whisper to his subconscious self, saying 'Yon proud beauty is the mother who bore you'? Strict devotion to veracity compels the chronicler to state his belief that there was nothing of the kind.

For five months Mike led the life of a strolling player, traveling from town to town, one stage much like another, each dressing-room the counterpart of its predecessors, his box in the property room to sleep in; the rides to the railway stations, wrapped in Mrs. Bruno's shawl; the swiftly moving panorama seen from the train windows; another town, and the routine of theatre and hotel over again. Life seemed lacking in variety, but redeemed by the interest and adventure of art. To the inquisitive mind, avid of new sensations, there were always novel episodes in the daily round that relieved the monotony and made life worth while. Quarrels there were, as in all companies of show folk, petty jealousies of each other and of the favors of the manager; but the artistic temperament, if sensitive and quick to take offense, is easily conciliated, and the wagging tail of apology was rarely offered in vain.

It is inherent in the histrionic nature to feel that one's own talents are not accepted by the world at their full value, that the praise lavished upon one's fellows is hardly warranted by their talents. The members of the Bruno organization, like all imperfect canine beings, had the defects of their qualities. Gossip and detraction were not unknown. While one of them was performing, his comrades sitting about and awaiting their turns would look at each other and yawn, rather bored, intimating: 'Nice chap! I 'm really very fond of him. But whoever told him he could act? Just wait a minute and I 'll show you the difference.' But when the criticized performer finished his scene and came trotting to his bench, censure changed to geniality that implied 'Good for you, old boy! You never acted better.' Thus was maintained the superficial good-fellowship characteristic of the profession, though each knew who would be the real star of the company if there were any justice in the world.

II

Five months of the mountebank life, and then, just as it began to pall and become a trifle monotonous, something unusual happened. The older troopers seemed to realize its significance, for one night, after the final performance in a small town, the barking and yapping were louder and more prolonged than Mike had yet heard at the conclusion of an engagement. It seemed to sound a note of joyous anticipation. To his whimpered interrogation, Flip, the white bull-terrier, a veteran actor of the old school, gaped to the full extent of his pink-lined maw and patronizingly communicated the fact that it was the end of the season. This conveyed no meaning to the novice and his interrogative whine asked for more definite information; but Flip, being a bit morose, — his Policeman had not gone so well that evening, — only growled grumblingly, intimating that he had never met a young amateur so persistent in asking questions, adding: 'Wait and see for yourself.'

Mike was left to wonder and imagine. He was carried by Mrs. Bruno to the train and smuggled into a sleeping-car.

The troopers, each in his slatted box, barking in every tone in the canine vocal gamut, were taken to the baggage car. The railway journey seemed exactly like its predecessors, though somewhat longer; but the end, how different! Instead of arriving at a vast and crowded station filled with smoke and terrifying noises, the train stopped at a showy little wooden building in the midst of a world unlike any that Mike had ever seen, and he stared at his comrades with a wild surmise, as a great explorer had done in somewhat similar circumstances. There were many houses, but far apart, with wide spaces between filled with bright-colored growing things, not unlike those that he occasionally had seen Mrs. Bruno buy in order that they might be handed to her over the foot-lights. Instead of muddy streets, there were tempting white roads just dusty enough to make them ideal for rolling purposes.

Could this be the same world? No crowds; no hurrying across streets, dodging cars with their clanging gongs; no rasping warnings from murderous motors; no frightening roar; all clean and sunlit. Alluring were the white pavements bordered by some strange green substance. 'Grass, you little fool,' Flip sniffed in answer to his question about this. The very air seemed different, pleasant to pant in. At the first revelation of it all, the Wanderlust seized upon his soul, even as it had upon the soul of Madame la Marquise in her momentous revolt against conventionality. There was a vague unrest in Michael Bruno's youthful mind as he viewed the great open spaces where dogs are dogs. To pervert the poet slightly, it was as if a new planet swam into his kennel.

The strollers were transferred to a large yellow wagon with two horses, driven by a friendly man with whiskers on his chin, greeted by the members of the company as an old friend. The Great Bruno, Mrs. Bruno, and Mike, with Flip as a privileged veteran, entered a small black car something like the taxis of cities, but with no roof, open to the air. They drove over white roads, through expanses of green and sunshine, till they arrived at a big white house, whereupon the mummers in the trailing wagon shouted a chorus of joy by which it was proclaimed that this was what they called Home.

During the summer that followed, Mike agreed with the opinion of Doctor Pangloss that 'all is for the best in this best of possible worlds.' All seemed designed for canine comfort and happiness, bounteous Nature not only providing every necessity, but affording facilities for the indulgence of whims and caprices. In an environment restricted to hotels, trains, and railway stations, who would have imagined that there were fussy feathered creatures on two legs whose clucking and aimless pecking at the ground one might interrupt by chasing and scattering them shrieking till out of reach, when they would cluster, wild-eyed, cackling their indignant protest? Yet who could have known that against this harmless game there were laws enforced by a switch? New zest was imparted to life by the discovery of the barnyard cat, whose prompt acceptance of battle converted many a gallant assault into an abrupt halt, doubtful reconnaissance, and a contemptuous decision to leave the marauding wretch to his conscience. Still the charging part was always good sport, even if it ended in the better part of valor.

In this Arcadia the members of the company were accustomed to spend their summers, resting and recreating after the cares and labors of a theatrical season, their well-earned leisure interrupted only by a brief daily lesson to

keep them in practice. There were commodious quarters for them all; but Mike continued to be Mrs. Bruno's protégé and was admitted as a guest in the big white house, where Flip resumed his regular summer engagement as caretaker, he being a dog of versatile mind who could turn his paw to anything.

Mike had the freedom of the house, the garden, and the barn. It was satisfying for a while, yet there seemed to be so much unexplored country; and from the gate he often gazed up and down the road, wondering what region of romance lay beyond his range of vision, and he longed for adventure in that forbidden land. When he first yielded to temptation, his wanderings extended no farther than a few yards from the gate; but there came a day when, doubtfully, but with heart beating with the spirit of high emprise, he started upon a tour of investigation. On his return, hearing Mrs. Bruno's voice inquiring as to his whereabouts, he made a discreet detour to the back yard and selected a patch of sunshine in which to be found apparently sleeping. Mrs. Bruno presently discovered him and remarked that 'the little rascal was there all the time,' whereupon he blinked up at her demurely and flapped a corroborative tail — his first falsehood.

This was his initial adventure upon the open road; but the roving impulse now possessed him, the far-reaching effect of one mad maternal escapade. From that day, it was not only when the gate was left open that he followed the gypsy trail; for he found a place where a broken picket facilitated escape at will, and his absences became frequent, each hour of freedom bringing its own delightful surprises. One met agreeable acquaintances in all ranks of society, some well groomed and wearing modish collars with name-plates; others mere vagabonds, ill-conditioned but sociable. At first sight, the latter were inclined to display toward him the envious resentment of the proletariat for the aristocrat; but Mike's genial Gallic nature made him friendly and condescending. He accepted in the true Bohemian spirit the proffered invitations to luncheon, taking pot luck in the alleys where these care-free vagrants knew all the most likely pails and boxes. The fare was simple, merely the remnants of plain home cooking; but there was always an interesting element of luck in the foraging, and good humor seasoned the least promising bone. For a snack between meals it answered well enough.

With children he established immediate popularity, and in several instances narrowly escaped summary and enforced adoption. If they happened to have anything eatable, which was almost invariably the case, his sitting up and begging produced prompt results and shrill-voiced approbation. With one boy, his experience took the form of a practical joke which gave him much secret amusement, the lad undertaking to teach him some simple and familiar tricks which Mike pretended to learn with astonishing aptitude, the instructor not knowing that his supposed pupil was a professional, to whom sitting up and giving the paw were mere pup's play.

During these absences, Mrs. Bruno displayed an almost motherly anxiety, knowing his unfamiliarity with the perils of motor traffic, and Flip was usually delegated to retrieve the wanderer. The white bull-terrier was a born detective with an almost uncanny gift of olfactory deduction. Invariably the truant was found and made to trot home. As the two approached the gate where Mrs. Bruno waited, Flip always advertised his efficiency by

seizing Mike's ear and growling a remonstrance, telling him what might happen to the young and inexperienced who ran away 'for to be'old this world so wide.' Mrs. Bruno tried to make her voice very harsh and threatening as she reprimanded him; and on one occasion she appeared with a whip in her hand, which looked dangerous, but, in the way she used it, proved to be nothing worth howling about, though he yelped a little merely to humor her.

III

The summer came to an end just as idleness was beginning to pall; for artists cannot long remain contented away from the glare of the footlights and the music of applause. After an exciting day of preparation, Mike found himself on a train again, sitting on Mrs. Bruno's expansive lap, gazing out of the window and looking his last upon gardens and green fields. He learned from the master, with some interpretation by Flip, that henceforth he was to take an active part in the performances. He was cast for no particular rôle, but took his place with the others in the opening ensemble, in which each member of the company improvised his own part, saying and doing whatever he pleased, after the manner of a harlequinade, all capering around the Great Bruno, who alternately cracked his whip and held it to be jumped over, shouting 'Allez!' and 'Hoop-la!' while the musicians played their loudest and fastest. After the show, the master made his bows holding Mike in his arms, which was about the biggest honor a member of the company could receive, and he was proud and happy, though the fox terrier who had been featured in that manner during the preceding season snapped at him viciously on their way to the dressing-room. He learned new parts as the season progressed and was even entrusted with some of the leading comedy characters; but no success was ever so gratifying as that of his first appearance, followed by Bruno's patting approval. Young as he was, he knew enough of canine nature to be sure that he was a success when he realized his decreasing popularity in the company. The sardonic snarls of certain ill-natured veterans were frequently uttered with the deliberate intention that he should hear them.

'You 'd think he was a star, the airs he puts on,' he heard Boris, the tall Russian, remark one evening; and Spotty, the coach dog, added: 'If *he* 's an actor, *I* ought to be following a garbage wagon!'

Throughout the season Mike developed in talent and grew in favor with his manager. The esteem of the amiable and the envy of the malignant should have proved to him that he was happy. He was making a good living and must have been prosperous, for more than once he had heard Bruno tell people: 'That dog is worth a thousand dollars.' With youth, fame, and the high regard of his patrons, surely he should have been content; but the artistic temperament and the gypsy spirit were inseparable in him, his inheritance from a mother incurably romantic. The stolen hours of liberty during the past summer haunted his memory. There were times when even the triumphs of a stage career were insufficient to relieve the monotony of comparative respectability, and then he longed for that free life, for those vagabond comrades — rude and ribald, yes; but so profoundly canine.

Often, with a guilty conscience, he found himself watching the stage door and thinking how easy it would be to sneak out unnoticed, and then he would be restrained by the actor's sense of his

duty to The Show, the feeling that the audience must not be disappointed; but when one inherits the weak will that parleys, half persuaded, the yielding is but a matter of time and opportunity.

It was during a matinée in an inland city classified theatrically as a 'three-nighter' that Bruno missed the dusky clown whose antics were a conspicuous feature of the opening ensemble. Mrs. Bruno was notified and made hurried inquiries, and after the performance there was a thorough search of the theatre and the neighborhood. Mike was nowhere to be found. Like a celebrated writer, he had learned that he could 'resist everything but temptation.' He had found his opportunity when the stage doorkeeper deserted his post to take a note to Miss Polly Dixey, popularly known as the Queen of Jazz.

Venturing furtively into the street, carefully assuming a manner that, in case of detection, would enable him to claim that he was only looking around and had no intention of leaving the theatre, Mike presently quickened his pace, and he had trotted but a short distance when he realized that the way of the transgressor is not only hard, but muddy, crowded, and perilous. Conditions improved as he progressed. It was a small city, so it was not long before he found himself in a more agreeable neighborhood, not unlike the country town of his summer adventures — streets where people lived, not like those where they merely rushed about with no apparent purpose.

'There should be good fellows here,' he thought, 'who will offer the simple hospitality of the alleys. An hour of freedom is worth a scolding, even a whipping, and anyone is apt to get lost.' In his inexperience, it never entered his mind that there were bullies and blackguards of his species, wolves in dog's clothing, whose joy is in bloodshed and savage combat; but it happened that the first animal he encountered was one of a kind wholly new to him, a huge creature, shaggy and sharp-snouted, knowing nothing apart from his breeding and training as a minion of the law. This ruffian had received a memorable mauling from an Airedale considerably under his own size and weight but filled with the fighting blood of the Irish brigade. Since the ignominy of that defeat, he had nursed a permanent grudge against all dogs smaller than himself, to which animus the sight of a *caniche* added the inbred antipathy of warring races.

In the onslaught that followed, murder was prevented only by a loose muzzle, the monster's sympathetic owner having complied with the letter of the law, though ignoring its spirit. The brute could bite, though with limitations. Cruelly maltreated, rolled in the dust, and bleeding from superficial wounds, Mike scampered from the scene of carnage as fast as his injuries permitted. Beneath the porch of an empty house he took refuge and licked his wounds. He lay there through the night, getting such sleep as wailing cats allowed him, filled with a great disgust of life always most poignant in those who realize that the gods have of pleasant sins made whips to scourge them. For Mrs. Bruno too the night was long and restless, and she found no consolation in her spouse's assurance that when a dog takes to running away there is no use in trying to do anything with him.

Morning came at last, inspiring Mrs. Bruno with a determination to go forth and search, and to the wanderer bringing only the pangs of hunger and a realization of his loneliness and misery. It is in such emergencies that one feels the handicap of culture and good breeding. A born vagrant could have foraged for himself and found enough

to keep body and soul together; but an unpractical artist, reared in comfort, could only worry and wonder, while his excited imagination was tormented by a maddening mirage of dog-biscuit. He had sold his birthright without getting even the mess of pottage to which by precedent such bad bargainers are entitled.

His wounds received lingual treatment, and he found encouragement in the discovery that they were not deep, that his condition was due to shock and mental anguish rather than to physical injury. Unaccustomed to being his own valet, he made the best toilet he could, pondering the while on his course of action. He decided that he would try to find his way back to the theatre and meet his wronged benefactors with every expression of joy. He felt certain that he could play the repentant prodigal with convincing realism. Incidentally, on his way, he would keep careful watch for any stray morsels of food. How precious now would be the almost worthless bones of which, in the bygone summer, he had gnawed his share, mainly to avoid the reproach of snobbery from good-hearted chance acquaintances.

In appearance a typical dog that had seen better days, he trotted nervously down the street, every sense alert to discover the road by which he had come. His incidental invasion of alleys resulted in no edible treasure-trove and, as he had recklessly run away from his good dinner of the day before, he experienced a sensation new to one of hitherto well-ordered life — the pains of starvation.

It seemed to him that he had scurried a long and devious way when he beheld his first prospect of help and encouragement, a street in which many children were all traveling in the same direction toward a large building, in front of which they gathered. Experience had taught Mike that in a group of young humans there was generally one at least who could be relied upon to produce food of some sort; and he remembered the tactics by which, rather from caprice than from hunger, he had acquired a share of it. One of the groups of children presently noticed him capering around their feet with the always recognizable desire of the unfortunate to cultivate the favor of the prosperous. In the days of his vanity, when he had been well groomed, there had been no hesitation in accepting the right paw of fellowship; but now, begrimed and disheveled, he found that his offer to become a playmate was received with a humiliating lack of enthusiasm. Chagrined and mortified, he realized that the apparel oft proclaims the dog.

By the discerning few, who instinctively recognized a noble mind struggling with adversity, he was given some patronizing words; but the greater number turned the cold shoulder of indifference. In the doorway of the large building a woman appeared ringing a bell, and with that crown of sorrow that is the remembrance of happier things Mike recalled the summer days when such a bell had announced a hearty meal. The children began to move toward the big building, and he saw that prompt and energetic action must be taken. Remembering the effective use of his talents on former occasions, he began an abrupt exhibition of the tricks that had never failed. His sitting up and begging enlisted mild interest, as his motive was apparent; but when he said his prayers certain of the children lingered to approve. He listened for the Indians and then walked on his hind legs, his mouth open with a grin which sought to establish an entente cordiale. There was a responsive excitement from the spectators which developed into ex-

clamations of surprise as he reversed his position and walked on his forelegs. His spirits rose with the evidence of success and the prospect of reward. He started to rush around in a circle, barking sharply, reproducing in monologue the grand rally which always concluded the performances of Bruno's company.

It was at this moment that Mike became conscious of the approach of a very tall man, and he stopped his running and barking to admire a blue uniform similar to that worn by Flip, the white bull-terrier, in his rôle of guardian of the peace. Officer Callahan fired at as close range as he dared and, the innocent bystanders having scattered to areas and doorways, the bullet found its billet. Mike's eyes stared an instant in astonished inquiry as to what had happened to him. His body quivered — and then he lay still, just as if he were listening for the Indians.

'You kids keep away from strange mutts,' advised Officer Callahan. 'Could n't ye see the way he acted he was mad?'

That same afternoon the Great Bruno, in his ornate velvet costume, found his spouse, with Flip beside her, outside the stage door, looking wistfully up and down the crowded street.

'For God's sake, Mabel!' he exclaimed. 'Ain't you dressed yet? You only got ten minutes.'

'All right, Tom,' she said. 'I can make it. I thought maybe he'd come back for the matinée.'

'Forget it, mother. Don't I tell you when a dog starts to running away he's no good? It's born in some of them. Look slippy, old lady, or you'll be holding up the show.'

During the afternoon performance Flip, for the first time in his career, was guilty of unprofessional conduct. While Tiny, the Maltese, was mincing across the stage carrying her parasol, the bull-terrier, with no apparent provocation, suddenly seized Spotty the coach dog by the neck and shook him till the theatre rang with dismal howls.

The master's whip separated the disturbers of the peace, and Flip, the aggressor, received most of the punishment. Unhappily, it was impossible for him to explain that he had overheard the coach dog's remark: —

'Small loss! He was n't a bad sort personally, but he sure was a rotten little actor.'

MRS. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

MRS. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER is known through printed material only during a few years of her life with her husband and in the most intimate connection with him. She was born in 1816, in the small town of Dracut, Massachusetts, the daughter of a physician named Hildreth. She had a passion for the drama and Shakespeare, studied for the stage and acted for a few years, then left it to marry the young lawyer of Lowell. She had a numerous family, led a busy, useful life, and died in 1876. There is no biography of her, no elaborate record coming from herself or others; but a large number of her letters from 1860 to 1865 are printed in connection with her husband's. They are letters of extraordinary brilliancy and force of self-revelation; they give a startling, varied, veracious likeness of a most original spirit.

It is best first to establish this striking couple in the normal current of happy and fortunate married life, the substantial and sympathetic sharing of common suffering and common joy. It is evident that, at any rate during the years when we know them, they were well off. There were ample means for comfortable and even luxurious living. Money was always abundant and there is no sign of the wear and tear so sure to accompany financial stringency. There was a large and beautiful house in Lowell, plenty of servants, horses and carriages, and all the equipment of a man and woman prominent in the community and able to appear so. Everywhere there is the sense of ease, of the ability and the disposition to have the external benefits that do not make happiness but go far to sustain it. In consequence home was a pleasant place, and the wife could write securely to her husband of her desire to have him return to it: 'What happiness it would be to see you coming up the avenue, even *greater*, that there would be none to greet you but me. We should not say much, happy enough to sit down together, and look on one of the loveliest views in nature, satisfied that this is home.'

And if home was happy and comfortable it was not only money, but still more her thought and gift, that made it so. It is clear that she was an admirable domestic manager, understood the elaborate art of household economy in all its developments, and knew how to make the machinery run smoothly without any evidence of machinery at all. It is delightful, when she is absent, to see the care and forethought with which she plans what is to be done at home, what is to be cared for, what may not be neglected. With the intense domestic energy of the true New England housewife, she no sooner gets into even a temporary dwelling but she takes steps to put it in order: 'I could not help putting this house in order, new carpeting the entry and stairs, and taking up the others to have them cleaned.'

In all these things Mrs. Butler is perfectly and charmingly a woman. She is so likewise in her social instinct and all the elements that go with it. Without the least trace of vanity or coquetry, she knew that she had beauty, made suitable efforts to preserve it, and sighed for the possible loss of it. She quotes a friend's ecstasy over charms that have vanished with youth and regrets them — because her husband may: 'I lie here so pale and wearied, so unattractive, that I would fain present some bright season of life when I was looked at with pleasure and *loved*, by those who felt the inspiration of my nature.' She liked dress, too, enjoyed pretty things, and her letters have just such reference to them as is normal and proper.

She employed all these minor agencies, in combination with greater ones, to achieve social success, and it is clear that she did achieve it. Men and women liked her, because she understood them, sympathized with them, and went out of her way to do those little kindnesses that seem insignificant and yet go so far. At any rate, her husband believed in her social powers. He begs her to conciliate and charm Mrs. Grant: 'If you do all that your knowledge of the world, tact, and genius will enable you to do, then you will do a thousand times more in captivating the woman than I could possibly do with the husband.'

Of intimate friends outside her own family there is not much suggestion in these letters. Mrs. Butler may have had them; during the war period she was too busy to give them much of her life. But those who were closely connected with her had claims that were never disregarded. She was deeply attached to her brother and sisters, and her devotion to her dying sister is eminently pathetic. She was sensitive to all suffering and misery, and her grief over the wounded in the hospitals depresses and unnerves her. Energetic, self-sustained, well-balanced as she was, all this crowding burden of varied life sometimes overcomes her, and she cries out for peace — and love: 'I get so wearied and nervous with the varying cares that if there is not absolute peace between you and me, *somewhere, to rest*, — I falter at once and sink down presently, bruised, and helpless — till the daily routine hurries me on again, to care for the many that come.'

Yes, for all the happy background, in that tremendous crisis of national and personal struggle there could not but be many weary and discouraged hours, hours when it seemed as if the nerves and muscles would positively and finally refuse to do their duty. 'I am in that state of nervous irritation that I cannot endure to think on one thing for five minutes.' And so fatigue and ill health have their normal place in the letters, as they have in life. He has his times of illness and she is anxious about him, anxious to take care of him, anxious as to how he will be taken care of. She has her own times of illness, when for the moment even she has to give up. But she is at it again quickly, for there is not a trace of the shirk about her; on the contrary, she is bound to die fighting, if die she must: 'In truth, I could sink down wearied, only that that is a poor resource, not fit for a thinking, earnest man or woman.'

She had her higher forms of refuge, also, to which she could escape when the daily strain and turmoil got too much for her. She had a broad, lucid intelligence, and liked to use it at all times. Beauty appealed to her and consoled her; not so much perhaps beauty of painting or music, — at least she makes little reference to these, — but beauty of literature and the

splendor of the great poets. Also, she was exquisitely alive to the charm of nature and has really magical words for rendering it. Storms thrill her and enchant her, and she watches delightedly the movement of the swallows or the martins through them and before them. Then a calm night sets her dreaming, and all she asks is love to share it: —

'Such a flood of light and beauty you never gazed on. The moon is full — the wind cool and fragrant, waving the long, pendent willows that float like a woman's hair on the sighing breeze. The long, dark shadows sweep over the lawn and roads. It is not calm and still. The deep sighs and whispering among the trees make it a night of strange, mysterious beauty. The air is alive with spirits, agitated with sudden news; they float tremulously in and out among the trees like phantoms, as they are.'

Then there was God, an even surer refuge for spent nerves and fainting courage. But God is not especially prominent in these letters of Mrs. Butler. She may have been settled on the fundamentals, but she hardly retained the childish simplicity of faith, any more than her husband retained it. With his glib tongue and facile memory, he was always citing Scripture for his purposes, too often with the unfortunate lack of taste which so fatally characterized him. But it is doubtful if the impressions went very deep. When his wife is considering joining the church, he puts no difficulties in her way, but frankly confesses that he cannot share her faith: 'If I *could* believe, I would become a member of the church, but alas! I have n't faith. You may have.' But when it comes to the point of decision, she doubts and hesitates. In an admirable passage of thoughtful debate, she examines her attitude. Yet still, still she is not ready for the final surrender: 'I have a great dread of doing anything hypocritical, and many things that I am not now aware of might come up to make me feel that I was out of place.'

The harmony between husband and wife was even less disturbed in earthly relations than in heavenly. They both were devoted to their children and took great comfort and satisfaction in them, and the children did them credit. The daughter, Blanche, inherited her mother's beauty, and much of her mother's varied attraction and charm. Mrs. Butler's letters are full of references to the children's welfare. She is solicitous about their health, their education, their clothing, and their future. As she reads that of her daughter from her own, she feels a mixture of foreboding and hope. 'She will see things more charming, rich, and clothed with a dreamy beauty, sometimes in her life, and she will be more worried, troubled, and shaken with grief at others. So the balance will be about even. But if I were to choose for her, I would have her jolly and selfish.'

Yet dear and close to her as the children are, they are forgotten in a profounder, tenderer attachment, and when she is parting from her husband even the thought of home cannot console her: 'You will not be surprised at this deep sadness which held me even up to our own gate, without one throb of pleasant expectation at sight of home and all it contains until I heard the sound of the children's voices playing in the evergreens.'

II

For, under the varied current of normal, daily life, the one thing that counts in her existence is the love for Benjamin F. Butler, and the

longing to have him love her in return. This love, and the singular gift of subtle self-analysis with which she depicts it, make her correspondence a high-wrought romance, tortured at moments into tragedy, and perfectly absorbing to watch in its nature and development. She was a self-analyst in everything. But all the penetration of the analytical instrument is chiefly applied to the dissection of these intensest of human relations, which she cannot understand, because nobody does, but which tantalize her, and perplex her, and fascinate her, in the ever-renewed effort to unravel them.

The delicacy of this analysis will appear in nearly all the passages that I quote, but it cannot be better summed up than in the sentences in which she explains and defends the candor and directness of her letters: 'I must express myself, and the varying feelings and contending passions that beset me, and the look of men and of nature as seen through my eyes, or my letters will be so meagre and threadbare you will not care to read them. It will not be me that writes, but a thing I am trying to fashion to suit you, which would soon become a nonentity, made up of platitudes. I will express the evil and the good that is in me, life as it looks to me, let my own individuality have fair expression (it will, no matter how close I hedge), and if I hurt sometimes, I may be able to atone at others.'

It is evident that, with such an analytical temperament, happiness, at least in this mingled world, is hardly possible. Nerves so constituted are exquisitely sensitive to joy, but they are too well aware that joy's hand is ever at his lips bidding farewell. Not that Mrs. Butler was an habitual and obvious pessimist. Far from it. But the larger sense of human misery was never far off, and it takes little to make it well up in words of strange, compelling beauty, sometimes merely pathetic and appealing, sometimes with a note of proud rebellion, almost of despair: —

'Oh, dear, I shall die, with catching at straws! I could laugh out like a maniac, but I won't. I have a great mind to pack one trunk and go into Asia all by myself. In that way, I might manage to stay in the world by going out of it. Now, I am not good to-night, nor resigned to what is placed before me, but am beset with an ugly feeling of humorous and fiendish mockery at the way things look. No doubt some evil thing is tampering with us. I will say my prayers, put out the light, and creep into bed beside of Blanche.'

These moods of restless distress were naturally fostered and augmented by her husband's necessary absence on his military duties. Sometimes she is able to be in the South with him. But again he is far, far away, and for all her cares and all her intensely active occupations she has too many minutes and hours when she dwells upon the remoteness and the solitude and the hopeless, unforgettable void. Though it is right and best for her not to be with him for the time, she cannot reconcile herself to it, longs unspeakably to tell him all she feels, almost determines that they shall never be parted again. Above all, she not only wants to be with him, she wants him to want her with him, and the reiterated expression of this haunting human lover's doubt and desire is strangely poignant in its intensity. Sometimes it appears in just a touch, part playful, part tender, part reproaching: 'Well, dearest, would you like to see me? "Yes, very well if you did not weary me with asking the question." Good-night, good-night.' Sometimes it develops in longer complaint, even with a suggestion of bitterness: 'You may not be aware

how much the tone of your letters has changed. In every letter I have asked, begged, to know if you wished me to come, and when. After telling me three times not to come, the only permission I have received is this: "*If* you can appear so and so, I shall be glad to see you." I shall be as God wills, and circumstances compel, subject to the same feelings as other people. . . . Your letters have hurt me. I cannot bear it, nor the manner in which you have asked me to come.'

And immediately one wonders, how did the husband take all this, what was his attitude in the matter? It is the old, old story. He loves her with his whole heart; her love is an essential part of his life, perhaps the most essential part. But he is secure of it, and he is immensely busy with other interesting affairs. He really cannot be quite so preoccupied with sentiment, nor understand why she is. Again and again he expresses the tenderest, most obviously genuine feeling, not always with such words as hers, sometimes with his fatal lack of taste, but at other times very charmingly. When she is fretful and disturbed, he tries to laugh her out of it. Really, they have loved each other devotedly for twenty years, they are grown, middle-aged man and woman, above all they are in the thick of the world's great affairs; and is it not just a little trivial to let one's self be so tormented with the strange, subtle fancies of the heart? Or he takes it more seriously, begs that his already enormous cares should not be augmented by her who ought to relieve them: 'Was ever a good, kind, loving wife so afflicted with her own sad fancies? And your letter fell upon me like a stone.' Or, in a sadder, quieter mood, he feels that she has misunderstood him in her querulous criticism, but feels also the tender, moving charm of her misunderstanding: —

'You make a part of the voyage of life, on to its port of destination, that deviation which was and is but a stupid and foolish blunder of the helmsman. You set down as a part of the original purpose and chart of the voyage acts which were only intended and done to correct the blunder of the steersman. But sadly, beautifully have you wrought it out, and admiration, love, sadness, pity, sympathy, and yearning tenderness, mingled with whirling celerity as I read. Ah me! That my faults should return to me with such vivid painting by such a hand!'

And is it not a study of strange fascination to see two persons, who were playing such great and open parts in the world, tearing away at each other's hearts, as if they were Antony and Cleopatra, and the world were indeed well lost for love? And she perfectly appreciates the strangeness, and admits it, and regrets it. She has been foolish, she has been mistaken, she will do differently. Yet she troubles him again, again intrudes the old, teasing, torturing doubts and wishes, till he actually rebels and speaks with a harshness that he does not mean any more than she means her complaint: 'I knew too well the result, foresaw it, and was *fool* enough to be persuaded into changing what was a lifetime conviction upon some supposed idiocy that you were not like other women. Now you have a right to write me such admonitions, but you had better not.' And thus the old endless battle of the heart's unfulfilled desire is fought out. Only, in this woman, it is fought out with a singular clarity and force.

And it cannot be said that her distrust or distress ever go so far as actual jealousy — at least in her letters as printed for us. I have no reason to suppose that she had cause for such a feeling. Indeed, I am assured by an

intimate friend of Mrs. Butler's, so far as such assurance goes, that she never had cause. On one occasion Butler attempts one of his peculiarly infelicitous jokes: 'I must lose my housekeeper. . . . I shall have to get another. What say you to a young, dashing, black-eyed brunette, with a strong tongue and a sharp nose, that will make us all stand around?' And the suggestion is taken up in a manner that shows the far-off sensitiveness of that clinging affection: 'I see you have not received my letters, or this matter of housekeepers would not be presented either for blondes or brunettes. But let that pass. Gilman can look that the Negroes do not destroy; there should be no other servants in your house. I speak now for your own honor; what might be supposed to affect me is of little moment. None can make me less than I hold myself, as *expecting* consideration; if I deserve more, it will be estimated hereafter.'

But such unhappiness as there is goes far deeper than any temporary jealousy, strikes right down to the fundamental incompatibilities and impossibilities of separated human hearts. Always there is that longing for perfect union and identity. Always there is the hopelessness of achieving it. Sometimes this is suggested in a brief, impersonal, general touch: 'Ah me! there is such a wide difference between man's thought and woman's.' Sometimes it takes the form of a querulous petulance, hardly intended or perhaps even realized: 'I verily believe my letters would be more welcome to any man on your staff than they are to you, and that is saying but little.' Sometimes there is just the vast sense of fatigue and pettiness, the vague desire to be caressed and cherished and taken care of: 'Oh, dearest, I feel just as Benny does, when he creeps into my lap at night and wants me to rock and sing to him. And there is nobody to rock or sing or care anything about me. . . . I especially wish to-night that somebody loved me, a little, I am so tired; but I hardly think there is anyone can, it is so much work. And really it is folly to trouble about it.' Or again there is almost a proud pleasure in superior sensibility, a feeling that there is a distinction in the misery of analysis itself, and that only those natures feel the separation and incompleteness that are really worthy to be completed: —

'Life with people like you and me cannot roll on like a long, calm, quiet summer's day. We shall have the variety of the seasons, storm, calm, the bright promise of spring, the sick and melancholy glories of autumn. All experiences of life will come to us because we are capable of them all, we shall sound every string from the lowest note to the top of our compass. May we learn to touch those strings gently that produce discord!'

III

But everywhere and at all times, through all the analysis and all the suffering, the passion for identity is there, the desire to be lost in love itself, if not in the object of that love. The lover has no existence, desires none, except as she is bound up with the one being to whom she has relinquished all her fate. At least this is true for the period covered by the letters that are given to us. And the intensity of self-abandonment is made all the clearer by the slight glimpses we get of an earlier life, of more personal hopes and ambitions, which prevailed before love had conquered all. It is evident everywhere that ambition, the intense desire to realize one's full powers and do something great in the world, was inborn in this energetic spirit. Romance, the wide sweep of imagination,

ever devising larger hopes and nobler triumphs, was so native to her that neither years nor disappointments nor sorrows could wholly wear it away. 'I do not live like other people, I am confident. I began life entirely different from those I knew. I am as far apart from them now as then. . . . In every fibre of me is woven a romance that will die when I am dead, and not till then. It is not the school-girl fever, that must find an object, make a match, and then is commonplace forever. But a love of beauty, of art, even where it is not cultivated, an instinctive love of it in every form, in books, painting, poetry, and music. . . . There is a deep and keen sensibility in my nature that time does not deaden; I think it only intensifies.'

With this passionate attitude toward life, it is easy to conceive what it must have meant to abandon a career upon the stage, though no actual reference to this struggle appears. Hints of it are implied almost pathetically in the constant quotation of Shakespeare with which Mrs. Butler's letters are filled. It seems as if not only the better-known plays, but all of them, had become part of her thought and life to such an extent that bits from them creep into her own writing almost unconsciously. And all this suggests that she might, at some time, have had literary ambitions also. Certainly the power and beauty of her letters would justify it; I am convinced that if they could be gathered into a volume by themselves they would soon be established among the classics of American literature.

But whatever hopes of this kind she may have cherished, it is obvious that they were gradually lost and merged in the larger career of the brilliant erratic personality to which she had attached herself. From 1860 on, or probably from much earlier, Mrs. Butler's ambition was her husband's and her husband's only. As for the quality of his, it undoubtedly lacked the clear, pure flame of hers; but it was large and sweeping enough — some might say brutal enough — to absorb, if not to satisfy, anyone. In moments of enthusiasm the ambition knew no limits, reached out for the highest conception of power, of course to be used for the highest good, as in the notable passage: 'It is coming — a "Military Dictator." God grant the man may be one of power and administrative capacity. Let it come — the man has not developed himself yet — but he will — in the field too, before long. The day of small expedients and small men is getting by. Well, an empire is the repose as it is the ripeness of nations.'

Then, after the moods of enthusiasm, came the moods of discouragement. Merit was not recognized. Stupid cabals blighted honest effort. West Point hung like a cloud over real genius and intelligence and made advancement impossible. What was the use anyway? With age creeping on, what was there left in life worth a man's ambition or his hope? 'It is all a blank, and I think not of much consequence. There is not much worth living for to a man of forty-five. We have seen it all. How tame is life now in comparison with what it was! All's known. Why drag out a few more years to reiterate the same routine? Alas! for the enthusiasm of youth!'

Yet right beside him all the time was this woman who, for him at any rate, was never doubtful, never discouraged, never depressed. What superb, unshakable confidence she has in him! His intelligence, his will, his character — who can equal them? 'I do not often praise you, but it is my firm belief that there is but *one man* now known to the people who can save this country in its present critical state from utter

loss and confusion irremediable; and that is yourself.'

And she did not stop with approval. She urged, excited, spurred on to glorious deeds and great adventures. The stakes are high, immense; what matters it, play on, play all: 'There is but a step sometimes between a crown and a gibbet, and in days like these one cannot tell to which his labors will lead.' Never falter, never flag! Fail? Screw your courage to the sticking-place and you'll not fail. 'You have many times wrung triumph from the very clutch of despair, and will do it again, and again, in despite of them all. Never yield an inch, or droop an hour, disheartened. It is the great game of life you are playing. And it goeth faster than a weaver's shuttle. Your brain spins swifter than other men, and you must *weave* while you *spin*.'

And then she blends a dozen feelings and motives together, love, ambition, fidelity, Shakespearean reminiscence, and seasons it all with that sweet, subtle, tender marital playfulness, which is both a cement of solidarity and a sad seal of separation: 'So, so, I must not expect you here. You are so enamored of your trade, a day cannot be lost from it. You might exclaim with Antony, "Oh, love, that you knew the royal occupation, then should you see a workman in it!" I shall not help to buckle on your armor, but I have mended your drawers and will return them to you when they are nicely pressed.'

And she not only stimulates generally, she understands and follows all the details of his thought and effort, and her advice and influence are evident at all stages of his career. Politics? There was not a quiver of his political aspiration which she did not understand and sympathize with. When she is at home in Lowell, she studies the situation carefully and analyzes its broader aspects in a way which she thinks impossible for him when engaged in actual combat. She implores him to cultivate some influences and to avoid others. Seward — much should be made of Seward. And she never ceases to deplore that she could not have had the opportunity of dealing with Seward herself. Grant, Lincoln, all of them, must be handled with care and tact. So must the people at large, and if they are, surely in the end they must come to appreciate the absolute necessity of falling back upon her idol for salvation.

But interested and interesting as Mrs. Butler is in politics, she is even more so in military matters. The 'plumed troop and the big wars' are not remote from her — far from it. She studies all her husband's military associates and has her most distinct opinion about them. This one is a help and a resource, to be relied on and trusted. That other will fail at a pinch: do not believe in him, keep away from him. She follows actual movements in the field with passionate solicitude, and drives home her injunctions with sledge-hammer vigor: '*Think*, while you have the time, note everything great and small, trace back every step of this campaign, see if there has been a blunder made, and what is likely to be Grant's movement from this time out, and where you would be able to strike the best blow if they send you more troops.'

Oh, that she were a man! Not that she is ever unwomanly, unfeminine, ever for a moment gives that impression: she does not. She is keenly susceptible of fear, and admits it — fear, on occasion, for herself, much more the wife's and lover's fear for him. Repeatedly she begs him not to expose himself foolishly or unnecessarily. But when the tense strain

comes, when her high-wrought fancy is kindled by ambition and love, then all the woman is melted out of her and she is ready for any great emprise: 'The death of General Williams has nerved me like steel. Would I were a man. I am stronger in the hour of danger, for then I forget myself and woman's cares, and feel all the high enthusiasm that leads to deeds of fame, and for this reason it is better I should be with you. I could never pull you back from what I thought it your duty to do, but should urge you forward, and help, with all the wit I have.'

The concrete instance of this splendid urgency that touches me most is Butler's own account of his wife's conduct when the troopship which he commanded was stranded and in imminent danger off Cape Hatteras. Mrs. Butler tells the story vividly, but makes little of her part in it. But her husband himself depicts his discouragement and almost despair. With no subordinates on whom he could rely, with slight marine experience of his own, he was almost ready to give up hope and even control. 'As I sat with my hand covering my face, I felt a light touch on my shoulder. I looked up and Mrs. Butler was standing beside me. "Cheer up," she was saying; "do the best you can, resume your command, and perhaps all will be well."' All was well, and the woman's quiet words carried him through that crisis, as they carried him through so much of life.

Not that at all times she was not keenly aware of his weaknesses and deficiencies. These wives, with their terrible vision, always are aware. Sometimes she cautions, sometimes she chides, sometimes she mocks gently. 'So, so, "sufferance is the badge of all your tribe," is it? You make me smile. It is the one quality you most heartily abjure — patience and sufferance will never be guests of yours. If pressed in they will get cheap entertainment and speedily be shown the door.' But let anyone else criticize, and how quickly she leaps to his defense. His enemies get no consideration from her. They are animated by prejudice and mean envy, and in the end that sure old arbiter, Time, will bring their devices to naught.

It is perhaps here that we should observe just the slightest trace in her of that lack of a higher, finer delicacy which is so deplorably obvious in him. Not that we are to infer it in her because she loved him: alas, we see the love of higher, finer natures just so misplaced every day. But at times she has a touch of his acerbity which I regret. Also, I could wish that she had stood out resolutely against the gifts which he was constantly sending from the South to her and to others. Of one such case she writes: 'Mr. Butler has sent his mother a service of silver, four pieces; he bought it by weight. There has been so much talk, I would not say much about it if I were her, for envy makes people bitter. . . . There is nothing to conceal, but envious minds will not believe so.' There may have been nothing to conceal, but at least such purchases were wrung from the cruel necessity of war, and it was far better to eschew them altogether, as Sherman did.

Yet these minor matters must not for a moment be understood to imply any essential flaw in the nobleness of the woman's spirit. She aimed high always, looked high, loved high, in a lofty fashion and for lofty purposes. However her beloved might strive highly, she wished him to strive holily. Just how much she knew about the complicated business transactions that went on under Butler's administration we cannot tell, because we cannot tell anything definite about them ourselves. But we do know that wherever he went

he was followed by a train of financial adventurers, always ready to make commercial advantage out of the necessities of friend and enemy alike, and that this train brought upon his reputation a cloud of discredit such as affects no other commander of equal rank, either North or South. And at least it is evident that the wife knew enough about it all to feel the intense danger and scandal of it, to understand that he was wantonly and foolishly imperiling his happiness and hers, and all the larger, saner ambition which she so deeply cherished for him.

With what profound insight does she analyze, even at an early stage, the weakness which held so much possibility of evil: 'Beside the fond devotion of a wife, there is still the same responsibility felt by me for whatever you may do, as there was years ago when you laid your head on my lap, and prayed me to look kindly and lovingly into your face. I saw then what I have since seen in Paul, but not in the other children, peculiarities easily wrought upon, and dangerous from their very simplicity. . . . Yes, that readiness to believe in the "*fair outward seeming*" is but an indication of your faith in deeper, higher, and holier objects, though these you may often turn away from and seem to disregard. Guard against this last, oh, dear love, guard against it. Try not ever with sophistries to obscure to your own mind the clear dividing lines of right and wrong.'

How tersely and how ardently does she caution him against the tendencies that beset him: 'No man that I brought into the Department, were I you, should be allowed to do things that I did not fully understand.' Again, 'Keep the men whom you know to be honorable, capable business men, who are decent in their morals and conduct, and root out the others without mercy.' With what a cry of agony does she deplore the influence of those who, she sees too clearly, are working ruin and disaster. 'Is it not enough to make one mad that after two years of agony which I have borne, and after I had proved to him that Jackson was the cause of his failure at Fortress Monroe, yet again that he should bestow all power and give all confidence once more, to have his reputation assailed, and the power he has and might yet gain, slip from his grasp and crumble to nothing?'

Yet through it all not for one moment does the love falter or the devotion fail. She has merged her heart and her hope and her life in this love, and neither Heaven nor Hell nor Eternity can shake it. All that she has and is and can be depends upon the desperate effort to achieve identity with this other soul that, as all souls do, eludes her grasp and flits away from her. For still, still, back of the effort for identity is the everlasting impossibility of it, which makes the tragedy of marriage, the tragedy of love, the tragedy of all our baffled, frail, uncertain human life. As Matthew Arnold has it, our souls are petty islets, set forever apart in an impassable, unfathomable ocean.

Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
. . . . .
We mortal millions live *alone*.
. . . . .
But when the moon their hollows lights,
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing;
. . . . .
Oh! then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent;
For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent!
. . . . .
A God, a God their severance ruled!
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

JUSTICE WHILE YOU WAIT

BY NORA WALN

It was in Nanking. I had gone to the city market to buy apricots for preserving and used more time in making my purchase than I had planned. Apprehensive lest I reach home too late to witness a tennis match in which my husband was to play, I swung the motor car around a corner faster than I should have done in a street not made for motor traffic and in a country where wayside shops spring up by magic overnight.

My rear mudguard collided with the bamboo corner-post of a new teahouse and the flimsy structure collapsed, bringing down with it the kettle of hot water, the charcoal-burner, — which rolled across the road in a trail of glowing ash, — a neatly piled pyramid of oranges, a canister of dry tea, sundry pieces of crockery, and the greater part of the teahouse, on the head of the old woman shopkeeper. The stool on which she had been seated was squashed flat. She still sat on it, clutching her cash-box to her breast.

Naturally she was in no smooth humor. Amid the babble of language that she screamed at me, while the crowd collected, I gathered that I was 'the child of a fish,' a 'hot boiled sweet potato,' a 'pale-faced demon,' a 'turnip-footed foreigner,' and a 'wild woman with a coat on wrong side out.' What more I might have learned about myself I do not know, because Chang, my Chinese servant who had been with me to market, stepped from the car.

He bowed to the policeman, to the old woman, and to the crowd. In ingratiating tones I heard him say, 'She is only a little girl and she knows nothing of the customs of our people.'

I gasped at this, but I was to hear still more to blast my self-pride.

'She is driving a fire-eating wagon, and, as you can all see, she is far too incompetent to have any control over this great demon.'

The crowd nodded assent. The old woman said, 'Yes, yes.'

'What is done is done,' Chang continued. 'The attractive little shop of the thrifty old wife is demolished. It lies about her in ruin.'

The old woman began to scream again. 'It is ruin — I am ruin — all my trade gone — even now some customer might have been buying hot tea — ruin — all ruin — all the fault of the careless wealthy foreigner!'

Here my servant became shrewd. He knows the limits of my purse and, should there be any chance for leakage, he reserves the right to direct it into his own pocket. So he spoke.

'Ah, but the motor wagon does not belong to my mistress. It is the property of the tall master, and he will be angry, very angry, and use hot words because of what has been done. The damage is the fault of the shopkeeper who built a shop where there was no shop before, thus closing the road and causing the horrible scar which all the crowd may see on the side of the car.'

Even the old woman rose from the débris of her shop and came and looked at the scar. I sat motionless at the wheel, a prisoner awaiting sentence at

the bar of a Chinese street-court, where public opinion is the judge.

One of the crowd took a long opium-pipe out of his mouth and queried: 'We can all see the shattered shop and the damaged fire-wagon; but what is to be done to make it all right?'

'Nothing can be done for the fire-wagon,' my cook said stoutly, 'because there is no man here wise enough to repair that damage. Much money must be spent, and a man must come all the way from Shanghai.'

'Perhaps so,' said a gray-haired grandpa, with a little boy clinging to his withered hand; 'but after all, the foreign owners brought the foreign car to this city. It is not a possession of the native people. It is a scatterer of dust and foul-smelling gas, a menace to the children who play by the road, an annoyance to pedestrians, a destructive element in the life of the city.'

Chang bowed. 'And yet you would have one, honored sire, if you could. The Military Governor has one. Lui, the silk-dealer, has another.'

'This is not rebuilding my shop,' wailed the woman.

'Two coolies could be hired to put the shop together again, and the foreigner should pay for the labor,' said a man in a silk gown.

This was agreed. Two coolies set to work. The bamboo house grew again like a mushroom, in the exact spot where it had been before. The crowd lent a hand in clearing away the old wreckage from under the motor wheels. My cook haggled over the bargain, accepted the general opinion, paid the coolies the equivalent of fifteen cents in United States money, and gave the old woman thirty cents to buy fresh supplies. There was peace.

The crowd, pleased with the outcome of its judgment, beamed upon the old shopkeeper and myself alternately. I bowed to the old wife, and she who had called me many names in anger a little time before smiled and returned the bow. I turned on the motor. The crowd slowly dispersed. The policeman gave a military salute.

'It could not be helped. Accidents are accidents. Do not worry about what has happened,' the policeman said paternally.

Again it was at the temple bazaar, where I had gone with a Chinese woman friend at the time of the Festival of Clear Brightness. Just outside the temple gates a crowd had collected about a centre of commotion. The curious old amah Yuan-yang (Faithful Duck), who always accompanies my friend Hsing-o, soon broke a passage through the crowd by repeated cries of 'Lend light! Lend light! Ladies of the Lui household come this way,' and thus gained a vantage position from which we could see and hear.

A man in the uniform of the city police held two men apart, one in either hand; but we saw the one in the silk coat struggle free and grab the victim in the blue coat by the throat.

'He is a thief! He has my money pouch!' Silk Coat cried, as a bystander loosened his fingers from Blue Coat's throat.

'How do you know that I have your money?' Blue Coat grunted sullenly.

'Because it is gone, and you stood near me when it disappeared.'

'Other men have stood near you in the market place,' a disinterested citizen put in.

'That is so,' said a fat woman.

'It is n't so. He took it!'

'You should not tie your shoes in a melon patch,' Yuan-yang added her thought. 'If you are not a thief, you should not press against other folk in the market place.'

'Both men should be searched to discover which has the contested

money,' interposed a scholarly-looking man. 'That is the only way to get at the root of the trouble.'

The court in session — that is, the chance-collected crowd of men and women of various stations in the city life — agreed to this. The search began, both men submitting to what public opinion had decided necessary.

In the midst of the search a small boy on the edge of the crowd cried shrilly, 'Here is the money! I have found my father's purse!' And sure enough, he came dragging a decently clad man backward from the place where the fellow had been making a careful exit after taking part in the discussion. Beneath his short satin coat, the tail of which the small boy held up, dangled a purse.

It was identified and returned to the rightful owner. After a short discussion it was decided by those assembled that the thief should pay each of the injured men two dollars because of the inconvenience he had caused them. These sums he paid from his own purse. Then a square of pasteboard was brought from one of the bazaar stalls and the scholar wrote upon it with thick strokes of black ink: BEWARE — THIS MAN IS A THIEF. The placard was hung about the pickpocket's neck, and he was ordered to sit beside the temple gates until sundown.

No guard was left to watch him, but when I walked that way after tea he was sitting in the appointed place, staring straight in front of him, ignoring completely a crowd of little boys who amused themselves by flinging abusive remarks at him.

Sometimes queer twists are given to cases. On the train south of the Nankow Pass two years ago the following happened.

I had been gazing idly out of the window, dreaming over the rugged beauty of the Great Wall as I had seen its bleak gray strength during the midwinter storms of the last two days, comparing this visit with those of other seasons — spring, when a carpet of new grass crept up to the grim bricks, and violets and wild strawberries ventured to blossom in broken crevices; summer, when the scorching sunshine glittered on the granite, and deepened the cheeks of persimmons that hung on loaded trees; autumn, when golden brown tones mellowed the landscape and painted the Wall with warm daubs of color. Loud voices roused me from my dreams to consciousness of a row in the section next to mine.

The conductor — dressed, by the way, in black-velvet trousers and green-silk coat, with a derby hat on the back of his head — had asked a Chinese soldier for his railway ticket.

'See my superior officer in the next car about it. He has my fare,' the soldier said stubbornly.

A few minutes later there was a clanking of spurs, a rattle of belted swords, a glitter of medals, and a deep voice demanding, 'Who are you, to tell the conductor I have your fare?'

'A private in your regiment.'

The officer sniffed. 'You're a mud turtle!'

For that remark the private slapped his superior officer soundly in the face. The officer sprang at him to return the cuff. Two men rose from their seats and held them apart. A crowd of passengers gathered, to discover what was the trouble and assert their right to sit in judgment over a disturbance of the peace.

The conductor began his explanation of the trouble.

'This private referred me to his officer for his railway fare. The officer says he has no ticket for the private and no money in his purse to pay. He resents the private telling me that his

officer will pay. He says the private was given money for transportation.'

'Yes, yes,' pressed the crowd. 'But where is the ticket now? Soldiers are lazy and useless. Why should they ride free when other men have to pay?'

'Pay — how can I pay?' sneered the soldier, as he struggled to be loose and at his officer. 'The money I had for my ticket has gone for eggs.'

'Ah, now we are reaching a solution,' from a civilian. 'Where are the eggs?'

'Two thirds are in the belly of my officer.'

Attention focused on the officer.

'If you have the receipt the merchant gave when you bought the eggs it would be proof that you bought them,' a man in spectacles suggested to the private.

'The receipt is in my coat and there it shall remain. It is the only proof I have that my officer ate my ticket.'

'Conductor, if you had this receipt would it not show that the man had money for a ticket but that it is now gone — would it not serve in place of a ticket?' queried Spectacles.

'There is no stop between here and the destination of the two. It would be more expensive to halt the train and put them out than to let one ride without a ticket. Yes — I will take the egg receipt.'

A sullen grumble from the private. 'I will not give it.'

'It is the property of the conductor,' from the crowd.

'Hand it over,' said the officer.

'Shut your face or I will smash it shut!' This remark from the private to his superior officer broke upon my astonished ears.

There was a scuffle. The two were pulled apart.

'Take the officer back to his compartment,' said Spectacles. 'Leave me to get the egg receipt for you.'

The others of the crowd agreed to leave the matter to the spectacled citizen. The officer was led away. I turned to my window. A low conversation went on behind me. In a little time the conductor returned, and Spectacles handed over the egg receipt.

Then the conductor moved halfway down the aisle and returned.

'By the way, I do not think I collected your ticket.' He spoke to Spectacles.

'I have no ticket,' was the calm response, 'but in the car there is peace. Where there is peace let peace remain.'

Peace remained.

When I itch to get at the root of a thing and deal out just punishment, which I see Chinese people calmly accepting, my memory usually flashes before me a picture to remind me that Oriental and Western logic are as far apart as the two Poles.

This time it was an incident in Canton that came to me. Soldiers had come to exact an exorbitant tax which the mayor demanded of two merchants, Chou and Wing. The two men saw the soldiers approaching and ran for cover, but Chou, who had been standing in the doorway, failed to escape. Wing hid himself away in the recesses of the shop. Chou was forced to deal with the intruders alone, and was made to pay a large sum of money to save his life.

'How did you feel when you heard your partner threatened?' I queried of Wing when I heard the tale.

'I felt that one dead man was better for the business than two dead men,' Wing answered seriously.

Chou nodded his head in solemn assent. The half-dozen customers and clerks who listened in on the conversation, in true Oriental fashion, — by which it is never rude to be interested in what one's neighbor says, — nodded their heads also in accord with this sensible way of reasoning.

While civil war rages north, south, east, and west, the simple, common, everyday life of the people goes on by common law, under which it is understood that each family is responsible for all its members down to the nineteenth cousin; that each crowd is responsible for the settlement of disputes that arise in its midst; and that villages and hamlets can survive only by observance of what custom has made common law. It is the big cities with their unwieldy population that suffer most. The small places still cling to the custom of taking their heaviest responsibilities before the elders of the place.

It was in the village of The Workers in the Noonday Sun, where I spent two months in the household of the Wong family, that I first heard a case tried before the city elders. The latter are men appointed by no election and serving without remuneration — chosen by common consent of the people because of their wisdom.

The very household of which I was a guest was shaken to its foundations upon discovery that the wife of the eldest son was expecting a child, although her husband had been absent from home for nearly two years. Such a crime is, according to custom, punishable with death, but custom also decrees that the woman shall not be punished until after the child's birth.

Suspicion pointed to the son of neighbors whose western compound wall was the eastern wall of the Wong dwelling. The injured husband was called home. The case was brought before the elders. After two weeks of evasion and discussion the young man confessed his guilt and was turned over to the husband to be put to death, as the elders decided that was his right. Lee-wo was confined in a far part of the Wong compound.

The day of the woman's delivery came. A boy was born and the news was carried to the husband. The wife had already borne her own husband seven daughters but no sons.

An hour after the birth of the child an amah came into my room to fetch me a cup of tea. 'The master has sent a bowl of vermicelli to Lee-wo,' she said simply. 'We are all well pleased. A boy child is needed in the house of Wong.'

'I do not understand,' I stammered, for the sorrow of the household had lain heavy on my heart.

'It means that the husband forgives his wife and takes the boy as his own, and in conjunction with the city elders he has decided that banishment for life shall be the fate of Lee-wo.'

When dawn came Lee-wo was escorted to the outskirts of the city, supplied with a roll of bedding and a knapsack of food, on the understanding that he was never to touch foot on his native soil again.

It was also in this same village that I first saw a man go about in broad daylight with a lighted lantern.

'Is Sing, the fish-dealer, crazy?' I asked a friend.

'Oh, that is only the custom,' was the reply. 'It means that he has not been able to pay his debts, and must carry a lighted lantern everywhere until he has done so. Chinese New Year began yesterday; but for him the New Year has not dawned — it is still midnight of the old year. He may exchange no New Year greetings until he has settled up his old accounts, and his friends cannot greet him.'

Thus do customs take the place of statute regulations in a land where custom is common law.

BUCOLIC BEATITUDES

III. BLESSED BE THE HORSE

BY RUSTICUS

I LIVE in a hunting-country. Every autumn our stone walls show tiny red banners marking the run, and the talk is much of horse.

I do not hunt, myself: my interest in the sport is purely academic. But of one thing I am sure — from an æsthetic standpoint there is no sport like it.

On occasions the run passes within sight of my abode and sometimes it begins or ends within a stone's throw of my outdoor bedroom. Those are the rare mornings. No need to watch the clock. You lie secure and warm, half sleeping, half awake, when slowly you hear far off that magic sound of beating hoofs — not the sharp rattle of steel on harsh macadam, but the low beat of distant hoofs on good, firm earth. There is no sound like it. You catch a suggestion of it sometimes when you ride alone and horse and rider share the glory of a run across some open meadow before you turn for the long, cool walk homeward with loose rein and lowered head. But to hear it in its perfection, scores of hoofs must beat in unison and it must begin far off and come on toward you with growing intensity.

I hear it and sit up. I pull the blankets close. It is frosty. Stray wisps of mist still lie in the hollows. From chaste retirement I can view the whole panorama. The hounds swing round the corner of the woods, tiny specks of brown and white in full cry, followed close by splashes of scarlet. On they come; they take each intervening wall smoothly and without effort. The field follows, strung out in orderly observance of the rules and courtesies, whatever they may be, of this regal game. And all the time the music of the hoofs swells about me, teases, tempts, and troubles.

The pack stops by the elm tree in Dolly's pasture. A grizzled rider yaps his immemorial call, as old as hunting, as ancient as this noble sport itself. He tosses titbits to the eager pack — their scant reward for miles of breathless coursing, unless the run itself be their reward. The old man has ridden many times like this; he knows the best there is to show. I wonder sometimes how he thinks we do, in this old sport, in this new country, for he has ridden with the best across the seas. I watched the hounds as they swept in and knew he must be pleased, for close-packed they came, as if they would make good his boast that one horse-blanket could cover them, the final and unfailing test. The field is in. The Master, magnificent in scarlet, sitting a fretful horse with smiling composure, greets them all — a friendly word and kindly smile for stragglers coming in a bit abashed. The steaming horses move in easy circles; grooms attend the more exalted riders.

They take the highway and in laughing groups go down the road. A boy appears and plucks the red pennants from the walls, and it is done.

I nestle down. Once more my eyes have seen the glory of the field. I am content, and doze once more, and once again I feel unbounded admiration for the men and women who can so disport themselves before they break their fast.

At an appropriate and fitting hour I repair to my own stable. I do this with some hesitation, for, on these mornings when the hunting world has swung into our orbit, the Incomparable One greets me with a manner somewhat vague and questioning. He is not quite sure of me and not convinced that his own status is just what he would wish it to be. Why I am not afield he does not know; a horrid doubt assails him. On these mornings I tread with circumspection the devious paths of horsy talk.

Even in my little stable there is a strange unrest. Eyes are brighter, ears are up, and nervous hoofs are pawing.

I look them over; first my own, — of course no man may talk of what is his with any truth, — one in a thousand, purchased for a song, as is my wont by stern necessity, rescued from menial labor and now pet and darling of us all; perhaps a bit too much horse for me, but kind and willing, wise and spirited. The other two, black ponies with white stars, as like as sisters save that one has two white feet and one has one. Each owns a little mistress whom she loves, and these two ponies are as like their riders as if all four were sisters; one nervous, one sedate; one eager at the bit and to be handled with a steady hand; the other willing, always in the van, but temperate and steady. Just a word and she is back in hand. One curb, one snaffle, so it goes. But use them both aright and all is well.

There are two pleasures in this horse relation, one afield, and one here in the stable. To-day it is indoors, for the promise of the morning has failed. Already a gentle rain is falling and the woods are wet. I love to potter about a stable. A clean stable is the nicest-smelling place in the world. Why feminine nostrils object to stable smells indoors I never could understand; but that is only one small part of a greater riddle.

The Incomparable One has learned to know my oddities. One of them is an unreasonable passion for soft leather and glittering metal. What lovelier thing can mortal hand touch than leather, smooth and clean, as soft and supple as velvet? The trappings of my steeds are meagre and far from the best. I see that all is safe, no weak spots at buckles and other secret places; but once safe, that is as far as I can go, except that I believe and teach the simple theory that the poorer the tack the greater the care. And the Incomparable One does wonders. The bridles hang against a clean white cloth; the brow-bands in perfect alignment; the curb against the wall; the snaffle, broken, lying on the curb; the chain lies over the snaffle, reins looped high in perfect symmetry. There is a sight to please: the saddles on their racks with irons off, smooth, clean, and soft; no dust, no soap in crevices, betray an artist's hand. The irons hang on cleaning-hooks and wait a final polishing. The feed room next, with its supplies, and now aloft to where the sweet hay lies in dusty half-lights. What a place to dream an hour away, and what a play-place for little people, with minds afire with all the mystery and romance of their first young years!

And now it rains in earnest. I find a small green stool; I take it to the door and sit me down. An open stable-door, a windless rain, a dog beside you, and a bedraggled hen or two to scratch outside. This is the perfect place to be. The moist, damp odors all about you, the sound of restless hoofs, the grind of teeth on hay, the dropping water from the eaves, fill ears and heart and soul.

What a strange thing it is that a certain type of biped called Man should have this chance dominion over all the other creatures! How he has bound them to his service! And of them all no one has suffered as the horse.

He seems more sensitive than the others. No horse has bad habits save man-taught ones. What a score on some far-off Judgment Day has the horse to settle with his master, man! And that is why I like to fuss with horses. I like to try to show them that this relationship can be agreeable to us both. I have no feeling for an outlaw horse, but any horse that has not had unfortunate human relationships too long is worth the experiment.

The horse is a habit-making, habit-controlled creature. The trick seems to be, so far as my very meagre experience has shown, to teach good habits. And of all the creatures I know man is in some ways the least fitted to teach them. He is vain, imperious, and often cowardly, and that is why a perfect horseman is just a bit more rare than a perfect poet. I have long since given over any ambition to write an epic poem, but I do hope, if life be spared, by patience, humility, and the sternest application to the task, to learn to ride a horse. I doubt my ultimate success, but somehow I feel that if I ever do, in the face of almost insuperable obstacles, both physical and mental, it will be a splendid achievement.

The golden autumn days go by and the first suggestion of real winter comes. We have, however, here and there a day dedicated to the horse.

Such a day dawns. It is the day that with us is devoted, in theory, to the memory of a Genoese sailor, and is made by beneficent legislation a holiday, a day free from the thralldom of office and of school! It has been decided that the morning shall be spent in tasks; there shall be an early lunch, and then a ride, timed to bring us back through the woods when the sun is low and streams in level golden shafts between the trees.

I seek the stable. Already preparations are afoot. My garb alone is warrant for the news. I watch the horses cleaned. I never watch a workman without a thrill; if only he be a real craftsman, a man who loves his work. And such a one is he who cleans my horses. I can clean a horse, after a fashion, but here is consummate art: free swing of comb and brush following the graceful lines of the creature's body; the softly spoken word to soothe impatience; the low soft whistling sound that none but the elect can manage; the tap of comb on hoof or floor; the fearless, accustomed handling of a horse. A perfect art, and loved, I know, by horse as well as man. What little skill I have in other things I'd gladly trade if I could clean a horse the way this old man does.

The hours lag, but now we meet for lunch. Plans are discussed, our course laid out. We make the meal a mockery and hurry to the stable. No having horses brought round to the door — not in our simple life are things like that. We seek them out and make the pleasure greater.

They stand in single file upon the floor, saddled and bridled, waiting our command. Each is covered with a bright plaid cooler; ears are erect; and nervous lips jingle the shining bits.

The Incomparable One is as busily important as if each steed were a prospective Derby winner. We pull off the coolers, each our own. We fold them up and hang them on the rail, and then we drop restraining hitching-ropes and go out single file. No mounting on a slippery stable-floor; we want good gravel, smoothly packed beneath our feet. And then I watch to see if lessons have been learned: three things to do before

you mount. I smile at the Incomparable One, and he smiles too, as little hands seek saddle girths. A gentle tug; they are all right, not loose, not tight. Then the throatlatch is looked at; it must rest light and easy. Then the curb, to see if it be smooth. All is reported right, so then we mount. We feel again a moving creature under us; we feel the gentle lift of smooth, straight legs, and we are off.

I take my place with Two Feet on my right. I notice two links are dropped on her curb chain — it is well. One Foot sedately takes her place upon my left; her curb swings loose; no need for a free hand on that side.

We cross the first meadow at a walk. Two Feet capers and frets a bit; she has not learned yet what One Foot knows so well, that we walk this meadow to test the tack, to feel the seat we have, to find the irons, and to learn the mood that horse and rider share to-day. We turn into the next; and now a word, and heads come up and off we trot. A gentle pace, but still enough to bring the breeze to our faces, and now we hear the hoofs, the soft sound of yielding leather, and the click of steel. I look from right to left. Youth still fretful and impatient on my right, so I suggest a little lighter hand, a soothing word; upon the left, Experience trots with even temper and with steady stride.

Before us lies a smooth, ascending swell. I ask if we are ready, irons back, feet forward. Then a gentle pressure of the heel, a rein drawn lightly, and three creatures leap. Youth takes the lead; a word must bring her back. This is no race or steeplechase. So back she comes, but shakes her head and dashes foam upon her shoulder. Experience travels neck and neck with me, a tranquil eye, but nostrils quiver, and I wonder if she is recalling days when this pace was mere play for her. At the brow of the hill we pull up and loosen rein. Three heads go down a bit; we ease our seats, and I can see the glow in cheeks and eyes that must mean joy and health in future years.

And now a long walk to the woods. We talk of hands and knees, of heels, and of our mounts, each feeling that we ride the very best. And so it goes, walk, trot, and canter. Yes, my friend, that's all. I know it all seems tame to you. We hack, I know, but hacking at its best is all we ever hope or want to do. It is enough. It takes us out; it gives us joy to feel that we can do that much, and day by day we hope to do it better.

And now we reach the woods. The sun is right. We go in single file, with Experience ahead to show the way, and Youth comes next, and Age brings up the rear.

I look ahead at those two little figures. They are learning the hard lessons: constant care, constant thought, the hands, the knee, how often do I speak the word! How hard they try, and how fast they learn! I sometimes think it arrogant to teach; they do as well as I, and better too at times. But now no lessons for the woods entrance. Dry leaves are on the path and squirrels scold and scurry. We shout back and forth, 'Oh, look! See this, and that!' And then a new tremendous enterprise portends; a strange, new path leads — none of us knows where. We take it, and we wind and twist. What glorious fun, what adventure! And we shout with glee when it brings us out in well-known pastures far from home.

We turn across the broad acres of a friendly neighbor; a narrow shaded lane invites. A stern sign posted at the gate warns all away, but we are of the elect and enter in. We are under the pine trees now; the needles pave the path. Oh, what a footing! Once more we trot, and almost without sound of hoof we whirl along. Youth is calmer

now; she works with us; she has learned the pace and keeps her stride unbroken. Experience asks for more bridle; she knows where she is, and wants a freer head on the long upgrade that brings us to my neighbor's house.

He sees us and waves his hand. He sits in a great chair upon his lawn. A perfect horseman, he will never ride again, but it is joy to him to see the children come, for to such as they he must pass the torch of gentle sportsmanship. And now the crowning moment comes. We swing into a great field, — again my kindly neighbor's, — and questioning eyes are turned to mine.

All right, we will — but careful now. I know the ground, it's smooth, without a hole, and yonder is a tiny jump, put there by kindly thought for children. I show the way, and as I turn to watch the others, Experience follows; her stride is easy, every nerve at rest. She takes the tiny jump as part of her day's work and canters up and stops. Youth now comes, pulling just a bit and nervous in her stride. She takes it well, but jumps a foot too high and does not want to stop when she is over. She will learn; when she has learned she will know that half the work will do it just as well.

And now the end. We whirl. We let them go. For one short moment we thunder side by side. We hear the hoofs; we feel the plunging bodies between our knees; we see the foam blown in the wind. The earth glides under us; we seem to fly. How sure the feet, how mighty are the muscles that hurl us forward! And how our hearts beat and how our faces tingle!

Now we turn toward home. Cool horses out, cool horses in, is our rule. We walk side by side and talk of our adventures. We tell where we were right and where we blundered; how wonderful the horses were; of the beautiful things we saw; of our friends who let us ride over their good land; how to do this and when to do that; all the wonderful minutiæ of the greatest sport in the world. We turn down our little avenue; we come home formally and in order.

The Incomparable One is waiting. We dismount, and he takes my horse out of deference to age and general incapacity. My comrades take charge of their own. We have learned it all — how saddles come off and what you do with them; how bridles come off and where to put them; what to do with the horses and why. What a world of fun it is! The sugar is brought, and glistening necks arch and gentle lips fondle the sweet offering lying in the flat palms of little hands. And then to the house, to talk it all over again with the world's most attentive listener.

When bedtime comes I see a light in the stable and go down to find the Incomparable One in the tiny saddle-room. Bridles are still on cleaning-hooks; girths wet with pipe clay hung to dry, sponges, soap, and chamois at every hand. He is a busy and a happy man.

Somehow that last gallop has made me feel a bit more his peer. I recalled one or two things I did rather better than usual. So the talk is once more easy, and for an hour it runs, and I listen well to the quaint, rich talk of a real horseman who loves even such horses as these poor steeds of mine. Shrewd, kindly, brave the old man is, and somehow I feel that his body has been kept young and strong, his soul serene and sweet, by his simple, wholehearted love of horse.

THE TAX MAZE

BY GEORGE O. MAY

I

'MAZE — A structure consisting of a network of winding and intercommunicating paths and passages arranged in bewildering complexity, so that without guidance it is difficult to find one's way in it.' — *Oxford Dictionary*

THE erection of the statue of Alexander Hamilton in front of the main Treasury Building in Washington raises the question who is to occupy the corresponding position in relation to the new Treasury Annex, devoted to the uses of the Internal Revenue Bureau. The action of Congress on the Mellon tax-plan last year suggests that the claims of the present Secretary would not — at this time, at least — be favorably considered. It may be that, rather than undertake the invidious task of passing on the relative claims of present-day statesmen, such as Representative Volstead and Secretary McAdoo, it would be safer to resort to classical mythology. A dethroned Bacchus is the first idea that suggests itself, but for a Bureau that includes the Income Tax unit as well as the Prohibition unit is there not at least as strong a claim to be made for Dædalus? And it was the same Congress which by the Volstead Act dethroned Bacchus that in its tax law outbuilt Dædalus. In maintaining its supremacy Congress has been at this disadvantage: that the labyrinth of Dædalus was designed only to entoil new victims, none of whom escaped to return and make a second attempt to solve its intricacies, whereas Congress had to prepare for adventurers who would return year after year. It must be admitted that hitherto Congress has been extraordinarily successful in introducing new complexities with sufficient frequency to preclude any possibility of victims acquiring familiarity with its maze; but is it right to ask or even to permit Congress to continue this effort indefinitely? Should not Congress now attempt to achieve something of the breadth and simplicity of the architecture of Athens, instead of continuing to emulate the complexities of Crete?

Those who are compelled to study the tax maze find in it an extraordinary series of contradictions. One of the most striking is seen in the lengths to which Congress goes on some points to define its purposes and to avoid leaving any discretion to the administrators of the law, and in the enormous range of discretion left to the administration on other points, with utterly inadequate provision made to ensure that such discretion shall be exercised on adequate information and competent advice. Pages of an Act are devoted to explanations on such points as when an organization is a reorganization and when a dividend is not a dividend, and most specific rules are laid down for the guidance of the Commissioner on such matters, yet a brief clause in the Act may be the sole authority of and the sole limitation on the Commissioner in dealing with subjects of vast importance.

That the impossibility of dispensing with discretion in administration is realized by some in Congress, but not by others, is indicated by the following colloquy between members of the Senate Committee investigating the Bureau of Internal Revenue: —

SENATOR COUZENS. — But we want to know what the questions are at issue so we can pass a law to cover such cases, instead of leaving it discretionary.

SENATOR ERNST. — I tell you, Senator, you will not be able to pass a law or laws that will cover all the questions that will arise in these cases, even though you pass laws from now until the end of time.

II

In the 1918 Act, in which the rates of tax ran as high as 82.4 per cent on corporations, deductions were authorized for a reasonable allowance for depreciation, based on the value of property at March 1, 1913. This simple clause implied the making or approving by the Commissioner of valuations of practically all the depreciable business property in the United States that was in existence at March 1, 1913: a problem in valuation far greater and of far more immediate and practical effect than the valuation of the railroads, on which the Interstate Commerce Commission and the railroads have spent upwards of ten years and upwards of $100,000,000 without completing the task. A provision for the amortization of the cost of war facilities entailed the even more difficult task of deciding what these facilities would be worth at some time in the future, and under conditions not easily capable of anticipation.

A clause allowing a deduction for depletion of natural resources implied a similar task of valuation as at March 1, 1913, in relation to the entire natural resources of the country; and in the 1921 Act this task was complicated by the allowance of a further deduction in determining the taxable income from operations of oil and mining properties, in respect of the appreciation in value resulting from the discovery of minerals in hitherto unproven areas. This allowance not only ran counter to the whole general theory of the law and placed the industries concerned in a specially favored position, but it also created an administrative task of the utmost difficulty.

The discretion given to the Commissioner in regard to methods of valuing inventories involved the decision whether millions of dollars should be accounted for as income in years in which they would be subject to a tax of 50 per cent or more, or in years in which they would be subject to little or no tax.

The burden of dealing with these problems was imposed on a Bureau that had been formed only a few years earlier and had been administering a tax so low — 1 or 2 per cent — as to be a matter of comparative indifference to taxpayers. Yet Congress created no new machinery to enable the Bureau to cope with its enormously increased burdens and responsibilities.

Not only do these and similar problems in taxation involve in the aggregate billions of dollars, but there are a large number of individual cases in which millions or tens of millions are involved. In such cases the taxpayer can afford to lavish money and skill on the study of every phase of the case, and on the development of a form of presentation that will bring out the strong and minimize or conceal the weak points. Consider for a moment the way in which these cases are finally decided: on the one side the taxpayer with millions at stake, familiar with every strength and weakness of

his position, advised possibly by an expert whose compensation is contingent on results and who is therefore personally interested in the outcome to the extent of tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars; on the other side, the Government representatives without the skill, the time, or the organization to develop the case adequately, serving for a low salary, with little prospect in the way of promotion, with no interest in the result of the controversy except to avoid prejudicing their position in the Bureau, — unless, perchance, there be hope of appearing some day on the other side of the table for other taxpayers, — and possessing no element of strength except the power of decision. It is inevitable that, in a large number of cases, either the Government's representatives will be overborne by the weight of the taxpayer's case, which they are unable to answer, or that, realizing this inability but feeling that it may be due less to the validity of the taxpayer's contentions than to the inadequacy of the Government's means of refuting them, they will fall back on their power of decision and take an arbitrary position without attempting to justify it. In either case it is unlikely that even approximate justice will have been done.

It would be idle to suggest that the blame rightly attaches to Congress in all the many cases in which the Bureau of Internal Revenue has been subjected to legitimate criticism, just as it would be unfair to ignore the large amount of earnest, intelligent, and often really admirable work that has been performed in that Bureau.

In the circumstances outlined, however, a Senatorial investigation was hardly needed to show that the administration of the law has been far from perfect, or to prove that the administration has resulted in gross inequalities between taxpayers. It was obvious from the first that this must be so, but no more obvious than that the high tax laws were bound to operate with gross inequality, even if they could be perfectly administered. For instance: capital is a factor in producing income in almost every business activity, its influence varying in degrees by infinitely small gradations from practical insignificance to paramount importance. Yet in the Excess Profits Tax Law (1917) Congress attempted to draw an arbitrary line and to divide businesses into two classes, those in which capital is a material income-producing factor, and those in which it is not. Not only so, but it actually enacted the law in such a way that the minimum tax — 8 per cent — fell on income derived from every business falling on one side of the arbitrary line of cleavage, and the highest rate of all — perhaps 60 per cent — fell on those businesses which happened to lie just on the other side of the line. In doing so it enacted a provision which was bound to create the grossest inequalities.

All this, however, while regrettable, was largely inevitable and, viewed in its proper perspective, constitutes only one of the minor injustices of war. Why one taxpayer should retain 40 per cent and another 80 per cent of the profit he made out of the war is a trivial question compared with the question why either should retain any profit when the soldier in the line suffered hardship, injury, and possibly loss of life, for a mere pittance. The only possible answer is, in both cases, that those measures had to be adopted which seemed at the time most likely to expedite the winning of the war and the termination of the whole series of injustices that were its inevitable accompaniment. What is both regrettable and preventable is that six years after the Armistice so many of the

important tax-controversies should be still unsettled, and that, in regard to personal income taxation at least, our law should still operate in the same hit-or-miss fashion, and with inequalities almost as great as any that existed in the height of war taxation.

In liquidating the assets of a business the course most commonly followed is to realize in the ordinary way as much of the assets as can be disposed of within a reasonable time, and then to get rid of the remnants by some unusual and sweeping procedure. This analogy might well have been followed in the settlement of war taxes; and there is little doubt that even now the disposition of the outstanding tax-cases of the war years on broad lines would prove far more beneficial, both to the Government and to the taxpayers, than the continuance of the present weary process, and would be likely to come just as near a theoretically correct solution. Competent and disinterested advisers have repeatedly suggested in the past the constitution of a commission of high quality and large powers to dispose of all pending tax-questions relating to the war years, and the suggestion still holds the field, as presenting the best prospect of a satisfactory solution of this problem which the war has left us.

The settlement of large tax-cases calls, not for fine distinctions and meticulous accuracy, but for breadth and soundness of judgment based on wide experience, and for courage, and it would have been advantageous to taxpayers and the Government alike if the major cases could have been dealt with promptly and finally by a body possessing those qualifications. The number of cases in which taxpayers have paid substantially more in taxes for the war years than they were prepared five years ago to pay is undoubtedly small compared with the number of cases in which they have paid, or will pay, far less than they would then gladly have paid in final settlement. Taxpayers in the aggregate have probably lost as much in expense and in diversion of thought and effort to tax matters as they have saved in taxes, and the country as a whole is the poorer, not only for this wasted effort, but for the demoralizing effects of tax controversies as they are now too often conducted.

III

As regards current taxation: while the problems of valuation which have been referred to still remain, their importance in the case of corporations has become much reduced since the tax on corporations has been stabilized at the relatively low level of 12.5 per cent. In the field of personal income taxation, however, the rates of tax are still high enough to make the inequalities in its incidence a serious matter for those affected.

Here again is contradiction. One observes how wide the net is cast to catch even the smallest of fish, and next one observes how large are the holes through which even the big fish may escape.

The chief executive of a foreign company who passes through the United States on his way around the world is held up at his port of embarkation and, because during his stay in the country he has devoted a few days to calling on agents or customers of his firm and discussing business with them, is told that he must pay income tax on a corresponding proportion of his annual salary, as being income derived from sources within the United States. He might be pardoned for characterizing our system as closely approaching conformity to the first two definitions of Euclid, and consisting of a law having length without breadth, administered

by persons having position but not magnitude.

A nurse, not yet naturalized, who upon going abroad with her employer finds that in case she might not come back she must pay fourteen dollars income tax, which she is assured will be refunded to her if she returns, and who is told on her return that there is no appropriation out of which her payment can be refunded, may not unnaturally feel that the United States is engaged in a rather petty business.

Nor, surely, could any doubts regarding the meticulous care with which the law is administered survive a reading of the recently published decision which, first holding that a cash allowance to an officer for uniforms was income to the recipient and the cost of the uniforms not an allowable deduction, went on to specify that epaulets and campaign bars were business expense, but cap devices and chin-straps were not.

Such cases indicate how wide is the net and how small the mesh. On the other hand, the recent publication of tax returns is in itself a sufficient demonstration of the size of the holes.

No one familiar with American business or social life, who has given even the most casual perusal to the published lists, can entertain any longer the belief that our present income-tax law possesses the basic justification of an income-tax system, that it levies taxation substantially in accordance with ability to pay. Any inferences that might be drawn from the published lists regarding an individual taxpayer might be wholly unfair, because under our system an individual of large regular income may have been liable for only a very small tax, by reason of capital losses or other factors determining his tax liability. But when name after name has set opposite it a tax figure which is ridiculously small in proportion to the obvious income and ability to pay of the taxpayer, even the most ardent advocates of the policy that has inspired our laws must admit that those laws have not up to now been effective in taxing large incomes with anything like the degree of universality and equality that is necessary to justify their existence and continuance.

Though the recent publication of tax returns has led to a clearer and more general realization of the inequalities of personal income taxation, it was not needed to demonstrate their existence.

As Secretary Houston said in his annual report for 1920: —

> Tax returns and statistics are demonstrating what it should require no statistical evidence to prove . . . the fact remains that to retain such rates in the tax law is to cling to a shadow while relinquishing the substance.

While the rates when he spoke were higher than those of to-day, his comment is still largely applicable. But though Secretary Glass and Secretary Mellon have taken the same stand, Congress has refused to heed their advice and has continued to impose high rates of tax which in fact are, broadly speaking, not paid as contemplated by Congress, except by those whose income is earned and those possessors of investment income who are unwilling to adopt ordinary methods of avoidance.

It may be worth while briefly to consider some of these methods.

IV

Apart from the creation of trusts, the three principal methods of avoidance are, perhaps: investments in tax-exempt securities; losses, real or artificial; and the transfer of property to

corporations that pay few or no dividends. The creation of trusts seems to stand on a somewhat different footing from the others, since it does involve the taxpayer's divesting himself of property, or at least of the income from property, though it may be in favor of a near relative.

Of the three remaining methods of avoidance, investment in tax-exempt securities is the surest, in that the protection it affords is based on the Constitution, and therefore the taxpayer resorting to it is not under the necessity of keeping a weather eye constantly lifting for any action of Congress that might affect his status. On the other hand, though the cost is small in proportion to the tax saved in the case of a wealthy man, it is nevertheless substantial.

Hence, while many prefer the freedom from both anxiety and tax which tax-exempt securities afford, and are willing to pay the price, others prefer to risk the hazards of the tax in an effort to secure immunity at low cost. And those who determine thus to venture into the labyrinth readily find daughters of Minos who know something of its secret and are willing to aid them; though, warned perhaps by the fate of Ariadne, they may insist that their reward be ample and well assured before that aid is given.

The success which has attended such efforts in the case of owners of investment income is notorious, and seems to have aroused the envy of some who have paid a higher price for immunity from tax by going into the tax-exempt field. Thus we have the spectacle of occupants of the invulnerable shelter of the tax-exempt stimulating and endeavoring to direct the attack on those who have found other and more precarious shelter.

In the 1924 law Congress largely deprived the second method, that of taking losses, of its efficiency by limiting the saving in tax in respect of losses to 12.5 per cent of the loss; before doing so, however, it limited the tax on capital gains to 12.5 per cent, thus abandoning the attempt to levy high surtaxes on this form of income.

The third method, of transferring property to corporations which pay few or no dividends, continues to flourish, notwithstanding that it has been the special objective of the attack of a large section of Congress. Each new Revenue Act has contained a new provision for taxing undistributed profits, but there is little reason to think that even the latest effort will prove generally effective.

It will be observed that these various methods of avoidance, as well as the limitation of tax on capital gains to 12.5 per cent, ease the burden on the capitalist, but afford no means of escape to those who derive their incomes from their own efforts or the products of their own brains, and not from accumulated capital. Indeed, among the many contradictions found in the law, perhaps the most striking of all is that under legislation admittedly framed, not with an eye single to fiscal requirements, but with the avowed purpose of striking at the rich, the burden of the tax should in actual operation fall most heavily on earners who have little or nothing in the way of accumulated savings; and that special relief should be granted, not to those who are adding to the wealth of the country by their researches, their inventions, and their toil, but to the beneficiaries of unearned increment and to those whose profits are derived from the exhaustion of the natural wealth of the country. True, Congress in the 1924 Act pretended to give relief to earners, as urged by Secretary Mellon, but the relief was so paltry as to be a mockery.

Some optimists may think that patient revision of the tax laws would in the course of time suffice to make the present high rates generally effective and equal in their incidence; they can, however, have little conception of the actual working of this laborious process of trial and error. A hole in the law is detected and a provision is enacted for the purpose of stopping that hole. To the extent that the provision is retroactive the action taken may prove immediately effective, and as our tax laws from 1913 to date have been retroactive to the extent of a minimum period of six months in the case of the 1924 law, and a maximum period of fourteen months in the case of the 1913 law, the extent of this effectiveness may be considerable, though its justice may be open to question.

The first effect of such a provision — aside from possible retroactivity — is a temporary suspension of the class of activities aimed at, while the tax lawyers, who include in their numbers some of the keenest minds in the country, decide on a modified course of procedure that will avoid the letter of the provision. Once such a procedure is developed, it quickly becomes common property among the class affected. The Government, however, remains in ignorance of its adoption, perhaps, until it comes to light two or three years later, in the course of the review of the returns in which the effects of the new provisions of the law were expected to be made manifest. When this happens the dreary round begins again, and it will continue so long as Congress refuses to recognize what successive Secretaries of the Treasury of both parties have pointed out — that it is attempting the impossible.

The various revisions of Section 220 imposing a tax on undistributed profits have caused stockholders much anxiety but little or no taxes, and there are large groups of rich men on whom the high surtax rates have been not a direct but an indirect burden. Undoubtedly the indirect burdens have been substantial. One form of the burden is the loss of income resulting from substituting tax-exempt securities for other forms of investment yielding higher returns, another the cost of advice on methods of avoidance. Another form occurs where the taxpayer transfers his property to a corporation; in such cases the difference between the normal tax on individuals of 6 per cent and the corporation rate of 12.5 per cent, together with the capital-stock tax, which has been estimated to be equivalent to a tax of 1.5 per cent on income, may be regarded as in some measure a commutation of the surtax rates, and the amount, say 8 per cent, is not inconsiderable.

In this case the corresponding benefit does accrue to the Government, and the taxation of corporations at a rate substantially higher than that on individuals is perhaps the most practically effective measure for higher taxation of the rich that Congress has adopted, though not primarily designed for that purpose.

Undoubtedly, also, the reduction of the tax on capital gains to 12.5 per cent has resulted in large sums being taxed at that rate which had avoided, and would have continued to avoid, taxation at the regular surtax rates. Taxpayers controlling sources of income who were unwilling to take steps that would subject them to high surtaxes have consummated transactions that have resulted in their receiving as capital gains substantially what they were unwilling to receive as regular income. The capital gains reported in returns of over $1,000,000 in 1922 were greater than the entire net income reported in such returns in 1921.

Apart from their indirect effects and

regarded solely as surtaxes, however, it is not putting the case too strongly to say that the higher rates have been as capricious and generally ineffective in their incidence as personal property taxes ordinarily are. So far as they have been effective they have fallen — and still fall — most heavily on earned income. Indeed, as advisers such as Dr. T. S. Adams pointed out to the committees in charge of the 1924 bill, the reduction of 25 per cent in respect of earned income, which was urged by Mr. Mellon, would not have put its beneficiaries in a preferred position, but would merely have helped to redress the discrimination against them which in practice resulted from the 1921 law and continues to-day.

V

The question has been and will be asked, why the high surtaxes should not be made more generally effective. It is impossible to deal fully with this question in a short article, but the basic reason is the elusive and Protean character of income. When and in what amounts income arises from a series of transactions are largely questions of opinion and business practice — questions, moreover, which cannot be satisfactorily answered unless the substance rather than the form is allowed to control the decision.

Great Britain attains a certain measure of success by restricting its taxation to recurring income, and laying down only very broad principles, which are administered by a highly trained and relatively well-paid civil service, vested with a very wide discretion. We, in reaching out for more, aiming perhaps at a higher ideal, have only too often, in Secretary Houston's language, 'grasped the shadow and missed the substance.'

Further, the attempts to set forth in legislation what precise transactions of a nonrecurring character give rise to taxable income result mainly in the great bulk of essentially similar transactions taking a slightly different form, not covered by the letter of the law.

If the maximum tax on individuals were reduced to a rate reasonably close to the corporation income-tax rate, wholesale avoidance would cease, simplicity would become possible, and the law would acquire that substantial equality of incidence and that universality which it now so completely lacks. Such a policy, it is believed, would be entirely compatible with the fiscal requirements of the United States and, like the reduction in tax on capital gains to 12.5 per cent, would bring under the surtaxes large amounts of income which up to now have escaped them.

Even, however, if surtaxes be substantially reduced, we should recognize that in some future emergency high taxes on income may become a national necessity, and should endeavor to put our income-tax system on a basis which would enable high tax-rates to be levied more simply, more equitably, and more effectively than has been accomplished under recent and existing laws.

Prohibition of future issues of tax-exempt securities is clearly one of the first and most important requirements to this end. No part of the nation's wealth should be in the position in which tax-exempt securities now are, that of being immune from taxation in any national emergency, however great.

A marked advance would also be made if a clearer conception and a closer agreement could be reached on just what is income and when it emerges. At present commercial and accounting ideas on these questions are at variance with the judicial

decisions, with the economists holding still different views. Much of the inconsistency and vacillation in the income-tax administration may be attributed to differences between the legal and the accounting schools of thought, and to fluctuations in the degree of influence exercised by members of the two schools.

Our general theory of income taxation differs very materially from that of the much older British system, with which comparisons are most commonly made; but there is little reason to suppose that the differences are the result of careful consideration leading to the conviction that our methods are sounder, more practicable, or better adapted to our conditions. If our legislators found their inspiration in England, the home of the income tax, it must have been in the maze of Hampton Court, not at Somerset House.

Great Britain, it must be realized, possesses a number of natural advantages in imposing income taxation, such as the single Parliament, the absence of any constitutional limitations, the compactness and homogeneity of its territory; it also has the advantages of experience and a long-established civil service of high quality and traditions. Further, its income-tax system antedates the modern industrial development, which, therefore, in its growth has adapted itself to an existing income-tax scheme, whereas we are imposing an income-tax law on an already highly developed industrial and commercial organization. Those who have studied the proceedings of the last British Commission to report on income tax will appreciate how important a factor this is considered to be by British income-tax authorities. In these circumstances, the fact that British taxation has been restricted as it has possesses a special significance. It is only fair to point out that our freedom from tradition perhaps makes us more ready to deal with new issues in novel ways; and that our tax law, for instance, seems to be a distinct advance over the British on such matters as relief from double taxation, reciprocal exemption from taxation of international transportation, and taxation of income from international trade in general.

At present our law is being developed by court decisions dealing with single aspects of the question, the taxpayers' views on which are usually presented fully and skillfully with a view to securing the decision and without regard to the effect on the law as a whole. The Government's counsel have neither the time nor the technical advisers to enable them to present such cases in their proper relation to the whole subject of income tax, if indeed they are able to present the particular aspect involved in any given case with a skill or thoroughness approaching that of their opponents.

Court decisions, moreover, are governed largely by earlier decisions, rendered in a comparatively early stage of our commercial development and under conditions wholly unlike those now existing.

If the income-tax law could be taken out of politics and a body created in which the legislature, the administration, the interested professions, — law, engineering, and accounting, — the business world, the economists, and the individual taxpayers could all be represented, a new and sounder understanding of the problem might be attained, which would be of permanent value to the country.

If we cannot revise our income-tax system on its present lines so as to make it reasonably equitable and simple, and so as to rid us of methods of avoidance that are demoralizing to taxpayers and that make a mockery of the law, let us

seek some new approach to the whole question. No better time could be selected for such a search than the present, when the country is prosperous and the Treasury overflowing, and yet the memories of the problems of war taxation are fresh in our minds.

VI

Summing up these reflections, the chief evils of our income-tax situation are, perhaps: the unsettled taxes for the war period, an unsound surtax-system, and a law that attempts to be too specific on some points while leaving far more important decisions on other points to the administration — these last two leading to bewildering complexity, to wholesale and successful avoidance, and hence to gross discrimination.

The suggestions to which they lead are neither novel nor revolutionary; they are, first: that even now a commission to clear up the old war-taxes would be desirable; second: that, unless and until surtaxes at the present rates can be administered with a reasonable degree of equality and generality of application, they should be reduced to a level at which those essentials of a sound tax-system can be attained; and third: that the issue should be taken out of politics and a highly competent, nonpartisan body should be created, — quite distinct from any body created to deal with the war taxes, — in which the various elements of our community interested or able to make valuable contributions would be represented, to study the whole subject and to suggest revisions of our general scheme to make it simpler and more effective, and particularly to fit it for the strains that may require to be imposed on it in some great emergency in the future.

To accomplish this end we must impart breadth to the law instead of making it an ever longer and more intricate maze. If, further, we could revise our civil service, so as to make it appeal to men of greater magnitude than we can possibly hope to attract and hold — except in a small number of cases — under our present system, we should have laid the foundations of a sound income-tax system, which would be the mainstay of the Federal fiscal policy in normal times and would be invaluable in times of emergency. The only losers would be those 'taxperts' who look forward to a long run of the present tragi-comedy, in which they may profitably play the rôle of Ariadne to the Dædalus of Congress.

POPULATION AND THE FUTURE

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

I

To look into the future is not always an idle fancy or a wasteful foolishness. Where facts can guide us it is an occupation extraordinarily interesting and more worth our while than most things, for it is, after all, rapidity of information that wins the general his battle and makes the dealer's fortune on Wall Street. And so with populations: information about them guides the man of business and the politician, and it completes the equipment of the woman of culture; she can hear of the future more surely than from a palmist, and see pictures of it clearer than in a crystal; the practical man or woman can form conclusions which are of the highest political importance, and make them at once a base for thought, for suggestive talk, for action. The parchment of fate unrolls.

It is now nearly a hundred years since great leaders of English thought, like Macaulay and Disraeli, grasped the fact that by this time America would be the greatest country in the world. They realized eighty or ninety years ago that in 1925 she would have a population pretty nearly as big as all Europe's was then; and down the inclined snow-field the ball gathers mass and momentum. The people of destiny are well aware that by the end of the century the United States, which is both a nation and a league of nations, will be far beyond the rivalry of any other people in the world. But what will be happening in Europe? Europe has become more and more interesting to America ever since Columbus taught us that the Atlantic was an invitation to a voyage. He gave freedom to America by opening up a virgin continent; he gave freedom to America by opening up to her the continent in which men had stored more treasures of their minds than Nature was keeping in reserve for them in what they called the New World. The nineteenth century made the exploits of Columbus a new reality; the children of the Pilgrim Fathers enriched their intellectual and spiritual freedom by turning their Mayflowers toward the sunrise. America invited achievement; Europe exhibits it. Radiating from earth's Eternal City, a succession of towns and masterpieces makes the man and woman of to-day the heirs of all the ages. All travel is a sort of pilgrimage.

> Visions of the past
> Sustain the heart in feeling
> Life as she is.

History is not a dead chronicle, but a living extension of the present. And in the story of the past we can even read the future. The future of humanity is too interesting to be mathematical; we must leave to the astronomer the precision of telling us the day and hour when the moon will darken, or the comet throw its trail of light among the stars. Figures in such a connection are only signposts — they are not automobiles. They point the direction —

they do not explore the untraveled region. Let us value them for what they are, and take the populations of Europe in the year America chose as her standard for the immigration laws.

In 1889 the leading countries of Europe were as follows: —

Russia	88,205,353
Germany	46,855,704
Austria-Hungary	40,348,215
France	38,218,903
Great Britain and Ireland	37,453,574
Italy	30,260,865
Spain	17,358,404

Of the other countries none had much more than five millions.

Belgium	5,974,743
Rumania	5,500,000
Portugal	4,708,178
Greece	1,979,453

Now to what extent does that order determine the relative position of European nations? And if that order is not the important order, why not?

The first point is that Great Britain was simply the centre of a league of nations, and that her wealth, her power, and the trade following her flag were beyond all proportion to her actual population. Instead of being fifth on the list she was in reality the first. Her organization, her invested capital, her security and stability gave her people a power greater than their numbers; and in doing so they enabled those numbers to increase till they are now about 25 per cent more. Of her dependencies one is as big as the United States, and has a population seven times her own. England reaped the advantage of their development. British capital, British enterprise, and British patriotism were reaping a harvest from a ground on which, as we often used to hear, the sun never sets. With that power, and increase of power, neither France nor Austria-Hungary could compete.

Germany did compete. If England's population increased by about a quarter, Germany's increase was more than three quarters. Genius at first awoke her national spirit, and her national spirit realized itself in industrial organization. No country except Austria-Hungary was ever so well governed as Germany.

While England owed her accretion of power to her Empire, Germany owed hers to having not much by way of possessions overseas. She came into the field too late to take up colonies. She could concentrate on her own *Reich*. The wonderful organization of the German Reich made the war possible, for it made Germany independent of the millions of Russia. Those millions had been increasing in the same proportion to Germany's increase as Germany's to Great Britain's. While in 1914 Germany's population was 85,000,000, Russia's had grown to 150,000,000; but though Russia had a bureaucracy she lacked an organism. A few years of war, and Russia was chaos. Like a malignant excretion, she had been ejected from the constitution of Europe. She no longer counts in the comity of nations. Breed as they will, the millions of Russia remain, like the millions of India or of China, totally inadequate to exert a power in proportion to their hordes. It is the 77,000,000 of Japan, not the 450,000,000 of China, which interest America in the Far East. Russia is an analogy to India, on the new boundary of Europe. In her present state she does not really count, and it would be guesswork to say when she will. Back in 1890 her vast numbers meant next to nothing so far as the Europe of to-day is concerned; and in a country where the freedom of organized society counts for so little, prudent calculations are impossible. No other country is in that position.

Even if we take what was the Empire of Austria-Hungary and consider how

it is dismembered to-day, it does not elude all means of calculation, for long ago everyone knew that it was a collection of nations with seventeen languages and thirty-three religions; and those who care for facts know to-day that its dismemberment cannot destroy the economic unity of its new constituents. It never was a unity — yet in some sense it always will be one. When the war began, the population was roughly 51,000,000, and, being excellently governed, it made with Germany a mass so strong that Russia's 150,000,000 and France's 39,000,000, even with the aid of Belgium, could not hold up against them. First the British Empire, then Italy, then America was needed to turn the scale; and we can leave Italy out, for her 34,000,000 balanced roughly with the 26,000,000 of Turkey and the 7,000,000 of Bulgaria.

II

The rise of Germany shadows with terrible distinctness the outstanding fact in the populations of Europe — the dynamic fact that the figure for France is stationary. The extraordinary gravity of that paralyzed figure is one to startle any practical imagination which concerns itself with the future history of Europe.

In 1870 France lost in Alsace-Lorraine about two millions of her inhabitants. She could do practically nothing to repair the damage. As the time of war approached, her population almost continuously tended to decline. The war was a terrible strain on her men. In June 1918 one saw hardly an able man in any of her streets; the number of the killed was over a million and a half. Between 1913 and 1921 the population of France declined by about two millions, a situation which she was able to remedy by regaining her lost provinces, with their comfortable margin of birth-rates over death-rates. But the stagnation continues. The sinister tendency becomes even more marked. *In the second quarter of 1924 the surplus of births over deaths was 10,000 less than in the corresponding quarter of 1923.* In the first half of 1924 the whole surplus was only 3655; it was less than one in a thousand. It means that the year 1924 will be several thousand short of the number necessary to make up the death-loss between 1913 and 1921; for to recover those two millions, even in twenty years, the surplus of births over deaths would have to be ten thousand a year. And even if it were that, France would still be in only a stationary position, while every one of her neighbors is growing steadily to a gigantic size. Germany, her Teutonic rival, and Italy, her Latin one, are each increasing or promising to increase by half a million a year. Italy already equals her; in another twenty-five years Germany will be double. That is the startling fact that stands out from calculations of the numbers of men in Europe.

It is more startling because in France trade is still booming, and there is hardly a man unemployed. In fact, she must bring in foreigners to get her work done; two millions of them are now living on her soil. But she cannot get them to atone for the children her people fail to have. Very few of those immigrants take up French citizenship; most of them are Italians, Spaniards, or Poles, and they have loyalties of their own. Some of them are even Germans. Besides that, they will take any step they possibly can to avoid the obligations of military service to France, both for themselves and for their children. Those long, unpleasant, often brutalizing years are a horrible slice taken out of the time a young man might give to establishing himself. But even if the immigrants were ready

to incorporate their lives and those of their families into the life of the French nation, France would no longer be quite the France she is. They would modify the distinct quality which that great country has built up in the long centuries of her unity; they would weaken the stamp she gives them. France would cease to be France if foreigners solved the problem of giving her people to her.

There are two factors of almost equal importance in the resulting paralysis of population: the birth-rate is as low as the death-rate is high. In England the birth-rate is 23.1 per thousand and the death-rate is 13.7; that leaves a surplus of 9.4. In France the surplus is only 0.3, because the death-rate is 18.4 and the birth-rate is 18.7.

Why such a death-rate and why such a birth-rate? It is now a hundred and twenty years since an Episcopal clergyman, Malthus, wrote the famous book that no one reads; if people read it they would know that he did not advocate artificial restraint of population. What he did say was that the means of deliberate decrease of population were celibacy, wars, infanticide, and vicious practices; and he noted as indirect checks such things as unwholesome occupations, severe labor, and exposure to the seasons, extreme poverty, bad nursing of children, large towns, excesses of all kinds, the whole train of common diseases and epidemics, plagues, and famine, as well as the indirect effects of war. How France has suffered from the war we have seen; but the war is over and the difficulty is not solved. Celibacy affects some fifty thousand of her adults — priests and nuns. Neither as regards public health and sanitation, climate, want, nor large towns, is France at a disadvantage with her neighbors. Infanticide is unknown. The high death-rate must be due either to a certain weakness in the constitution of the people — which it is not — or to a lack of sufficient care of children. It is in fact intimately connected with the cause of the low birth-rate.

The reason why France cannot cope with Germany and Italy is because the French people do not care enough for children. They have managed to divorce the natural attraction of men and women from the instinct for family life, and since the days of Malthus medical knowledge has provided them with the means of evading the natural — but to their unnatural taste the unwelcome — consequences of natural passion, by which in happier beings the supreme principles of love and life are consummated in unity. That is the peril for France, from which conscription could not save her in the past, and from which neither airplanes and submarines nor plagues and poisons are likely to be able to defend her in the future. Her militarists look into the future; but a genius for war cannot compensate a race for a lack of surviving children.

Soldiers and politicians have alike realized it. And that, as much as the patriotism of priests, is the reason why, after the war, the Catholic Church regained the position that she had had in the country a few years before the war. The Catholic Church, as is well known, is absolutely uncompromising in condemning contraceptives. Her laws on that subject express the instincts, and the prudence, of a society which loves life. To the question, Will you commit suicide? the Catholic Church answers, 'No. I do not wish my people to fight; I wish to preserve them not only in the unseen world but in this present world, so that they can enjoy even material well-being; and I wish to preserve them and increase them from generation to generation.' But the Catholic principle is more than an instinct of self-preser-

vation. As to tell the truth is the object of speech, so generation is in the order of nature the result of a consummated and sanctified natural attraction; and to interfere with this august scheme is, according to her, a grievous sin, at all times and in all circumstances.

But the Catholic Church is not strong enough in France to save the people as a whole, and it is interesting to consider what may save them. It is true that population is not the real measure of national greatness.

> Circles are praised, not that abound
> In largeness, but the exactly round.

And the spirit of France is still great. One of her generals won the war. She found in it a literary inspiration which gives enduring value to the writings of such men as Psichari and Paul Bourget. Her politicians dominated Europe after the war. In Anatole France she gave the world a master of the arts of comedy and style. Bergson is, but for Santayana, the most literary of philosophers. Her people are industrious, thrifty, and courageous. A magnificent tradition of cultured life and order inspires her educated classes. Her airplanes and submarines make her feared by all her neighbors. Her capital is the favorite resort of Americans in Europe. Her industries are extraordinarily prosperous, and a spirit of enterprise has given new resources to the French merchants.

France is still great. In wealth, in power, in spiritual fervor, in intellectual activity, in patriotic enthusiasm, she is now a greater country than Germany. She is in much the same position as Germany was eighty or a hundred years ago. A literary and scientific life prepared for Germany's political, commercial, and industrial expansion during the nineteenth century. The names of Kant, Goethe, Schiller, Humboldt, Fichte, Hegel, Niebuhr, Ranke, and Heine are reminders enough of the promise of life in Germany. And it is possible that France may keep her place among the advancing competitors. But as we look back at Germany's rise, we see that it could not have been accomplished without an adequate birth-rate: and it is significant that the French as a nation have not such confidence in their stock that they can increase it like their neighbors.

III

What a contrast in Italy! Some used to think that the Latins were worn out; but Italy arises exulting in all the exuberance of youth. An Italian connected America with Europe; an Italian gave America a European name. Italy is the America of European nations to-day. America shakes her invincible locks and bounds forward in the young confidence of untrammeled action. Italy is younger still, and hardly less eager, for her new unity is the inheritor of ancient achievement; she is young with the youth of eternity. A magnificent stock grows up on the sides of her mountains, and pullulates on her northern plains, and crowds the thoroughfares among her famous monuments. She maintains the traditions of her genius: Garibaldi, Gioberti, Mazzini, Cavour, Manzoni, Leopardi, Verdi, Villari — these are dead; but Mussolini, Perosi, Marconi, and, not least, Pope Pius XI, are alive and creative. Italy is now one of the most prosperous of European countries. She has neither steel for wars nor coal and iron for industry, but she has a healthy, happy, and prolific people. Her population, increased at the Armistice by two millions from Austria-Hungary, is now equal to that of France. The birth-rate is 31.3; the death-rate is 19.2. Italy is increasing, therefore, at the rate of over four hun-

dred thousand a year. France's figures are 'a fen of stagnant waters'; Italy's are the rushing of a river in rocky mountains. If France's future in figures fills her admirers with apprehension, it is apprehension that Italy's prospects inspire in her rivals.

For, though unemployment is unknown in Italy, Italy can no longer occupy the increasing number of her people. For years they have spread their tradition of cheerful and thrifty industry all over the Western world. Their colonies, whether in Libya or on the Red Sea, do not count — they provide for less than a hundred thousand. The Italian immigrant invades other countries. In them he disturbs the labor market, cuts down wages, sends money out of the country, and prefers to keep his nationality. That does not make him a welcome immigrant, least of all in a country where another race and religion have been dominant, and where another tradition has been developed. America knows it. Italians began to inundate the United States twenty years ago. In 1903 the number was 197,855; in 1905 it was 316,797; and afterward it settled down to about 250,000. Nor did Italians go only to the States. In 1876 the total of emigrants was about 100,000; in 1886 it was more than 200,000; in 1896 it was more than 300,000; in 1906 it was nearly 800,000. The Americas have always been the happiest hunting-grounds of this prolific people, and the new immigration laws are a terrible blow to them. Those laws are especially felt in the provinces that were Austrian, which sent out a type more welcome to Anglo-Saxon America and more at home there. This applies to a population roughly equal to that of Greece.

But the Italian emigrates not only to the New World. There are, as we have seen, more than half a million in France itself; there are hundreds of thousands in Egypt; and in France's African colonies they outnumber the French colonists themselves. They refuse either to go or to sacrifice their nationality. We can see how soon the surplus of populations becomes a political question.

Indeed, the rise of the Italian population offers an extraordinarily interesting and suggestive prospect. It means not only that Italy will become the dominant power on the Mediterranean and so can practically command the Suez Canal; it means not only that she can throttle the Adriatic, and so enclose Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia, but also Austria and Hungary. It hints that she can sway Northern Africa, and promises that in the development of the Americas she will play the great part that the names of Amerigo Vespucci and Columbus begin to suggest to her. Birth will out. The English-speaking peoples will not have everything their own way, any more than the Gauls. And in this connection a great political movement of the two especially Latin nations is already developing. Italy begins to cultivate Spain. Their languages are almost intelligible to one another. Their interests do not clash. Between them the two countries could enclose the southern expansion of France from the Gulf of Lyon. The clouds of national storm which burst upon the Carpathian and the Rhine will gather next over the Mediterranean. Between them, Italy and Spain can develop the immense wealth of the Spanish republics, and make with themselves a league of nations from Chihuahua to Cape Horn, the United States of Central and South America. Brazil, the greatest of those States, a country with subjects more than half as many again as Spain herself, and a territory many times as great, is, it is true, neither Spanish nor Italian. She will be in the

New World the one reminder of the greatness of Portugal in the age of Vasco da Gama and Camoens. But she will not interfere with the unity of the Latin world. Little decrepit Portugal may even find a new life in the reviving grandeur of Spain and the new growth of United Italy.

Already the populations of Spain and Italy are practically equal to that of Germany; they are more than half as much again as that of France or of England; they are developing a national consciousness equal to their populations. Spain, too, has her great men. Alfonso, Rivera, Ibañez, are names known to every crowd in the world. And they are the centre of some very interesting groups, and some fascinating developments of ideas.

If the Spaniards can maintain a temper of character and spirit equal to the growth of their numbers, they will be great indeed. Going on at the rate they are going now, Spain and Italy will in twenty-five years' time be one of the most important combinations in Europe, and they will complement one another. The interior population of Spain will increase over her wide area; that of Italy will spread in other countries; and meanwhile South America will be showing enormous advances of their influence. In the United States the birth-rate is 22.3; in the Argentine, 42.6; in Chile and Paraguay, 37.0.

This glorious prospect of growth in the Latin people fills them with a tranquil exhilaration: a triumphant celebration of the meaning of love and life in the unrolling generations, a deep sense of the promise of ages. 'Leaguing with old Rome, young,' — in the phrase of Herbert Trench, — they look with pride from eternity to eternity; and it is significant that the last English poet to live in Italy should sing a new philosophy of the unity of developing generations. Man cannot die. The mother is heavened in the souls of her children.

> It is the race creates our soul
> By touches many-fingered.
> . . . . . .
> Forms of the half-seen sacred families
> Bearing, and yet unborn;
> Seeking and ever seeking the perfect flower.

Such is the philosophy of Trench's poems. And in another he writes, apostrophizing the race of the world: —

> The thing unborn bursts from its husk,
> The flash of the Sublime unsheathes.
> They strove, the Many and the One,
> And all their strivings intervolved
> Enlarged thy Self-Dominion.

That romance and mystery of unfolding life Trench learned from Italy. It is not an idle phrase that Italy represents to-day the American spirit in Europe.

IV

In England that great enthusiasm which thrilled to the word of Empire before the death of Victoria is stifled. There was indeed in the great commercial development of Victorian England something grossly and wickedly wrong: it was that irresponsibility about the increasing population which makes it doubtful to-day if England's surplus is entirely an advantage, or whether the peril threatening France is not before her in another guise. Rome declined and fell before hordes of barbarian strangers. Every year several hundreds of thousands of strangers arrive in Great Britain, landing in the cradles. Can she or can she not make them a part of her life? If not, the population-returns will mean a greater danger to her than Goth or Hun invasions. The problem of sex will be more sinister than ever before.

It was for long supposed that England had dealt with this difficulty, and the Victorians persuaded themselves and others that it no longer existed.

'Their object — and it was wholly laudable — was,' says Mr. Harold Nicholson, 'to discover some middle course between the unbridled licentiousness of previous ages and the complete negation of the functions and purposes of nature. For although they repudiated the voluptuousness of their fathers, although their first editions of Byron were kept, with the French engravings, in a locked drawer, yet no average Victorian — and it is curious how many of them rallied to the average — was so narrow-minded as to preach the complete, the absolute mortification of the flesh. The doctrine of original sin savored of the dissenters, or at least of the evangelicals. Asceticism would be not only difficult, but even dangerous. It was essential, it was *right*, that the British race should be propagated. With a sigh of hope and of relief they decided that this biological necessity could be elevated into a moral, nay, even a civic virtue. And in this way they evolved the ideal of the English home.'

Americans and all foreigners have thought that ideal was established forever in England. But is the English home a reality? In the upper classes it hardly is, for the parents see so little of their children; the boys hardly know their fathers. But the upper classes hardly ever have large families. England is increasing from her lower classes, and to them, as a whole, the English home has never been more than a dream. Two or three generations of bad housing, of evil surroundings, of daily confinement in stuffy and clamorous offices and workshops, do not produce the happy children of a home. And there are always between one million and two million for whom England cannot find employment.

In England and Germany that question of unemployment is tragically acute; and it is the foundation of the population question. If England cannot maintain the people she produces, she must export them. But the old passion for emigration, which made the British Empire, hardly exists to-day. England's population inhabits the long lines of unventilated sordidness, and learns no enterprise from the dead monotony of its surroundings and the mechanical round of its work. And, besides that, it tends to shirk the constricted responsibilities of its class. In the opinion of Mr. Lloyd George, the dole has reached a rate where a man prefers idleness to labor. In Great Britain there are 400,000 youths between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight who are not in the real sense 'unemployed,' for they never have been employed; they have never learned to work. The war disorganized England's economic system; it demoralized her masses; and so her increase of population means not an increase but a decrease of her power. Every man who produces more than he consumes is an asset to a country; every man who consumes more than he produces burdens her. England and Germany at present have well over a million people producing nothing at all. Germany is better off because her people, employed or unemployed, live on considerably less. Britain's problem is eased by her enormous reserves of wealth. But though she has an annual surplus equal to that of Italy, the spirit of her masses does not at present enable her to take advantage of it. The masses of her women are almost criminally wasteful; nowhere is digestible food or household thrift more rarely seen. The women of England, in their unwillingness to work, to save, to guide, are their country's greatest peril.

The future of Britain, which involves so much of the world, depends on her power to find an effective meaning in one of two words, aristocracy or

democracy. She must find a brain which can meet the needs of her people, and persuade them to vote for it. In Mr. Lloyd George she has a genius; but she threw him over. He and Mr. Winston Churchill have the two most American minds in Europe. They can generate ideas and make them vivid with color, afterward correlating them with facts. But it seems that the party they stood for is disappearing from English politics.

V

In Germany the response to leadership is more solid. But the resources are far more impoverished; the demoralization, taking another form, has gone to even worse extremes. At present the German trader is neither so honest nor so obliging as the English; and courtesy is enterprise. Germany too, then, must export her people unless she proves that in thrift and work they can outdo their neighbors in the common market. If they do, nothing will keep them under. Thrift is irresistible as the driving power of an organized nation. Given thrifty and busy millions, a developed country is as certain to attain to greatness as it is certain to decline without an adequate birth-rate. France has thrift, but not a due surplus of babies. Germany has both. The Germans, after ten years' internment in their country, are sallying forth from it once more. Once again, birth will out. If they are not organized internally to capture markets, and immigration laws are not sufficiently favorable to them in the English-speaking world, they will compete with the Latins in Spanish America. It is all that is left for them, and nowhere would their virtues reap a richer harvest. At present, however, there is no opening for them even there: the immigrant required is the laborer, and the Italian is a cheaper laborer in that climate. It is possible that Germany will colonize the new unknown — Russia.

We saw that thirty-five years ago the order of populations in Europe was: Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, England, Italy, Spain. It is now: Germany, Great Britain (without Ireland), France, Italy, Poland, Spain; and of these Great Britain, France, and Italy are practically equal. The populations are as follows: —

Germany	65,500,000
Great Britain	40,560,588
France	40,000,000
Italy	38,500,000
Poland	30,000,000
Spain	21,300,000

Next to these comes Rumania, swelled now to comprehend 17,000,000, and with the highest birth-rate in the world, 46.0, so that she is increasing almost as rapidly as Italy.

That order corresponds very closely to their relative power; in fact, it would correspond almost exactly to their power, but for the fact that Europe was disturbed a few years ago by an outside influence, the influence of America. In 1917 America decided that she would handicap Germany; the result was that Russia collapsed, Austria-Hungary was shattered, Germany reeled. And in the future development of Europe it must be remembered that America by loans of money can help, as in the last resort of war she can disorganize, the developments of European nations. In estimating the growth of European countries and populations, Germany did not estimate an influence from over the Atlantic. And in future years a projection of that power could again silence prophecy.

But the prophet's tale is not yet finished; knowledge is not yet silent on the quivering tongue. In spite of America's reserve of decision, in spite of all the complexities of human life which

will ever mock at mathematics, tendencies have been observed, and they are real. Europe, it is true, is getting full; but even Europe is not yet crowded out. France invites a new constructive invader over her borders. Italy nourishes her millions. Spain has open plains. Poland and Rumania are making a rapid increase of their many millions.

But the question is — England and Germany. When we look at the figures, when we consider in the one case the wealth and organization and in the other the thrift and efficiency, we realize that the promise of power in Europe is still very largely unaffected by the disturbing accident of the war. But at the same time sinister influences are at work in those two countries. The burden of unproductiveness is a heavy one, and in any case the migration must be large. Can the United States absorb it? Apparently not. Very well — it will go elsewhere. The British Empire will develop; but it will develop more slowly, because of its strong inclination for Britishers and Britishers only of a certain type which is less and less easy to find. Germans probably and Latins certainly will crowd to Latin America.

The figures of European populations become prophetic of the increasing greatness of the Latin world, attracting and absorbing also immigrants from other races. They open up a prospect in which the English-speaking peoples, far-flung and firmly established, will develop, even within the British Empire, the American tradition, and maintain a long supremacy. But beside them another civilization will grow even faster, speaking the languages on the lips of Columbus, and closely bound to the living traditions of Old Rome, which live in a perennial freshness and call forth a new and abounding life.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON

BY HENRY W. BUNN

I

If the quidnuncs are to be trusted, upon a retrospect of developments since 1914 the only rational proceeding is to seat yourself by the nearest Babylonish waters — as the Hudson, the Thames, the Spree, or the Seine — and howl. But the quidnuncs — that is, the editors, the publicists, the orators, the politicians, the efficiency experts, and the like, those poor relations of the Philistine, that 'surd and earless generation' — trust them not!

As a matter of fact, there is a deal more reason for satisfaction than for repining in the history of the last decade. The world has been turned upside down; but 't was high time. Suppose the hardening process after the formulas of the Victorian Age to have continued; anything, even another Genghis Khan, rather than that. Indeed, the philosopher's one regret is that the *bouleversement* was not thorough enough.

Prussianism, regimentation on the apiary model, was not discredited as it would have been had Foch proved less humane and the war been fought *à outrance*. The dismemberment of Prussia, with restoration of their ancient autonomy to the component parts, was clearly 'indicated'; but in the interest of sizable Reparations the opportunity was let slip. Another war will have to be fought to achieve that most desiderable of desiderata for the Reich and for the world.

On the other hand, that divine damsel, Self-Determination, was unchained and given 'ample room and verge enough,' with results on the whole satisfactory, though not without a tincture, to put it sweetly, of *niaiserie*. Art — including an art of gracious living — thrives and bourgeons only under conditions of national liberty and pride. The prospect for European art is considerably enlarged and brightened through the emancipation of the Poles, the Czechs, the Letts (who have a genius for music), and other subject and talented races.

The pedants still assert that the Austro-Hungarian Empire was 'necessary,' and they now insist that its restoration, or an allotrope thereof, is a necessity. To the contrary, Austria is to be felicitated on the new state of things. Large parts of Austria's energies had been expended on a work of anticivilization, the holding in subjection of alien races quite capable of self-government and panting for liberty. Now those energies are released for the service of the arts and sciences, for which the Austrians have quite peculiar aptitudes. A greater glory should attend a lesser Austria. Vienna, you say, is too populous for the new conditions? Very like; but that can be remedied. Not to mention Malthusian Nature, there is the Argentine and — to avoid too plain speaking — there is the example of France. The international bankers and the big-business gentry will tear their hair at such heresies; let 'em tear. De-industrialize, de-commercialize, de-populate Vienna — observing due measure — and its atmosphere will not be the less suitable for the nouriture of your future Mozarts and Schuberts; an aspect alone deserving the consideration of the philosopher.

I opined that the world was fortunate in the bouleversement, and that the philosopher's only grievance was that the good old tune, 'The World Turned Upside Down,' was not played out to the last note. But in Russia and in Turkey it was, or very nearly so; and with results the happiest conceivable for mankind in general, if not precisely jolly for considerable numbers of Russians, Turks, and others.

Tsarism was done away — with circumstances and additaments sufficiently cruel, to be sure, but to be expected and perhaps of deterrent value against projects to revive the noisome thing. Thus the ground was cleared for the most astonishing and valuable experiment the world has known. It is a truism that human genius is seldom lacking to opportunity. Its existence thitherto unsuspected, tempestively it is discovered to be there. Some do say, however, that genius creates the opportunity. 'T is all one. They are pat to each other. Like Prince and Beauty, lobster and champagne, oil and graft, one presupposes t' other. But this of Lenin — or, rather, Lenin and his chief satellites, Trotsky, Dzerzhinsky, Stalin, and Chicherin, for supreme genius is, like the sun, the centre of a system — and the Bolshevist experiment is the 'singularest and superlative' piece in its kind since the creation. Say what you please of that strange crew — as that their hands drip with gore like a Tamerlane's, that

they are liars beyond the cast of Catholic Ferdinand or Elizabeth or Tsz'e Hsi, that they are atheists, what not — the fact remains that with unexampled courage, singleness of purpose, disinterestedness, they set on foot and throughly prosecuted the experiment of all experiments that most behooved to be tried out. The experiment has failed; the episode should be ended incontinent. But Western Europe has thereby been saved the dreadful necessity of making that experiment. Better that Russia than that Britain or France or Italy or Germany should be the *corpus vile*. It should be added that the suffering and confusion in Russia incident to the experiment have probably not been greater than the Russians were in for anyway.

The idea is not too fantastic, that the primitive Russian folk subconsciously recognized their status as a corpus vile and acquiesced. From the earliest times of record the altruist has been in evidence, but singly, at most in petty groups; in this our country we have long had, as a Torquemada might say, altruists to burn, but scattered thinly over the terrain. Now for the first time a whole nation is discovered to be altruistic. The discovery might never have been made but for the Bolshevist experiment, and that experiment was a by-product of the war. Who then shall say that the world is not happy in the bouleversement? I cannot, however, repress the discomfortable feeling that Russian altruism would evaporate on reason supervening. The Red chiefs have shown a true instinct in forbidding free activity of the Russian so-called mind by feeding it with propaganda.

II

Next to the developments of the past decade in Russia, those in the territory formerly known as the Ottoman Empire have been the most satisfactory. Everything has turned out precisely contrary to the expectations of the Christian Powers and favorably to Turkey. The Mudros Agreement, of November 1918, seemed definitely to mark the end of Turkey as an important Power; it marked, instead, the birth of the infinitely more important New Turkey. The vast Arabian provinces — the Arabian peninsula, Mesopotamia, Syria — were lopped away, but quite as much to the advantage of Turkey as to that of Araby. The Mudros Agreement and its legitimate (but frail and therefore happily named) child, the Sèvres Treaty, contemplated further loppings: Cilicia to France; Adana to Italy; Smyrna, with a great hinterland, and Eastern Thrace to Greece; and an Armenia to include the best part of Eastern Anatolia with corridors to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, the remnant of Anatolia to be divided into commercial spheres of influence for Britain, France, and Italy.

How it turned out is sufficiently familiar. The French scuttled out of Cilicia with a flea in their ear, the Italians out of Adana ditto; and finally the great Greek army turned tail before inferior forces and flew, pell-mell, helter-skelter, devil-take-the-hindmost, back to the wine-dark Ægean. Smyrna furnished the pyre of Greek imperialistic hopes. Pan may still pipe on Tmolus Hill and the valley of the Cayster resound as immemorially to the cries of waterfowl, but there will be no modern Homer to listen.

The Turks took over the principle of nationalism from the West and applied it with a wanion. Turkey is now completely Turkeyfied: a satisfactory consummation. (Chorus of howls from the waterside.) Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I note your protest. It is true that the business involved elimination

of the Armenians; but that was found necessary. Say what you please, the Turks are not inhumane — only thorough. They did the best they could by the Armenians, providing them, as some Frenchman has put it, with a spiritual home. There are no longer any vexing minority questions in Turkey — a condition justifying the sacrifice of any number of Armenians; Europe, in this connection, might do well to take a leaf out of Mustapha Kemal's book. A certain sort of people complain that the Caucasian race and the Christian religion were dishonored by the Turkish success. As to religion, quite so, if one prefers Byzantine Christianity to Islam. As to the racial question, the so-called Turks are in fact Caucasians. In accordance with Mendelian law, the superior Mongoloid strain has been bred out, leaving, however, — so to speak, — its memory and perfume in certain traits of character. The Anatolian mixture is a happy one, like the British; there is in fact a close resemblance. When Sir Charles Harington and Ghazi Mustapha Kemal faced each other across the Bosporus, like the heroes in the *Iliad* they recognized their kinship, exchanged arms, and went each his way.

Yes, the Turks in the four years 1919–22 furnished out one of the most glorious episodes in human annals, and this opportunely when the Western nations, weary, disillusionized, faint in spirit, much required so inspiring an example.

III

Since the destruction of Bagdad and the Abbasside Empire by the Mongols in 1258, the conception of Arabistan — that is, a free Araby of all the Arabs — must have titillated the *pia mater* of many an Arab, whether of the desert or the sown. The victories of Maude and Allenby made possible realization of that conception. The French and British Governments, by general declarations and by specific promises to King Hussein of Hejaz and his son Prince Feisal, were pledged to its realization. But these direct descendants of the Prophet were behind the times. They implicitly confided in the British word, which for so long had rightly passed current in the East, unaware that it was now subject to equivoque. They trusted the French as bosom allies of the British. The British mandates for Mesopotamia and Palestine, the French for Syria, undeceived them. Nevertheless, the dream of Arabistan is by way of realization. One would like to believe that the British had the grace quickly to recognize that mendacity is not the ticket; the true explanation, however, probably is that they found the Mesopotamian mandate too large an order. Whatever the explanation, they chucked that mandate and assisted Prince Feisal to set himself up as King of Irak. In return, they have a privileged position in that kingdom. But it is purely a business proposition; the Arab has taken the moral measure of the Frank.

The Syrian and Palestinian mandates have to be considered together. Both Briton and Frenchman have a stomachful, but neither, of course, will leave without the other. Ah! that conception of a terrestrial Zion! How fantastical beyond Momus, how mad beyond the inverted mentality of a Hatter or a March Hare! That the British should yield to the pressure of a vociferous minority of Jewry against common-sense, humor, honor, and the larger considerations of Oriental policy, sufficiently reveals the neurasthenic condition of the British Foreign Office. The British will do well to follow the advice of the Aga Khan and contrive the means to extricate themselves from so preposterous a situation.

Arabistan? Politically, no doubt, the realization of the dream will be vague and dreamlike; for generations, perhaps forever, only the loosest sort of federation of states and tribal groups is to be expected, serving at most to emphasize the sense of common race and common traditions of glory. But there will be freedom; and freedom and the Arab were, one may say, made for each other. It follows from this intense passion for freedom that politically the centrifugal tendency is stronger in Araby than elsewhere on earth; nevertheless, the Arabs have shown themselves capable of great political combinations. Belike we shall see in the course of the rolling centuries a new phase of Arab civilization, not inferior to that of the golden Abbasside days. With restoration of the ancient irrigation-system Irak will support a numerous population. Again, perhaps, there will be poetry and learning and fun and a delightful art of living at Bagdad. Meantime our Fundamentalists will be well advised to study the methods of Ibn Saud and his Wahhabites of desert Nejd.

IV

Viewing matters as I do from a plane so far above that of the quidnuncs, the calamity-howlers, I speak in a large and sæcular way. It has to be admitted that, viewed close, the human scene furnishes argument for howls; my object in this essay is to share with the world the benefit of my aerial speculation and to convert howls into pæans. I return to Russia; for in connection with Russia the happy results of the bouleversement are most obvious and vivid.

Russian industry has mostly been expunged, and in the process some hundreds of thousands of workmen have starved to death. That is not nice to contemplate, for in death by starvation there are no compensations as in death by hanging or drowning, either of which modes is said to be delicious. Moreover, cannibalism and murder have attended the process; and I have to confess that murder, except as a fine art, mislikes me and that, though Dean Swift's arguments for cannibalism are unanswerable, I cannot overcome a squeamish prejudice against it. But squeamishness is unmanly and against nature. Proclaim it on the housetops, shout it in the market, Nature is not squeamish! Cannibalism is the most practicable and perhaps the most pleasant of Nature's remedies for supersaturation of population. You both eat your cake and have it, so to speak. Birth control is impracticable, because the Churches are against it; but there are, I believe, religious sanctions for cannibalism.

That, however, is an aside. Elimination of that exotic and unwholesome growth, Russian industrialism, involved elimination of a million or so 'workers,' and the latter involved cruelty. But cruelty is Nature's method. Read that masterpiece, Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee*. For fantastic cruelty a pre-Shakespearian English tragedy, a history of Byzantine court-life, the orders of an invading German commander, are nothing to it. Imagine a 'Life of Homo Sapiens' by an angelic Maeterlinck — how gentle would seem the apiary in comparison with the human dispensation!

Yet note, reader, this divine point of philosophy: there is always an even balance in Nature's ledger. Peter is robbed, but Paul has money in 's poke. Sylvia's toilette offsets a fortnight's sweaty toil of a thousand proletarians and the death of the last pink-headed duck. One hero is vicarious compensation for a million 'blind mouths' converted to cannon fodder, for provinces turned from tilth into ossuaries.

'Nature,' correctly observes Emerson, 'seems to exist for the excellent.' He might have said more correctly, 'Nature exists for the excellent,' that is, for those who excel — heroes. I feel myself 'gathering plumes of speculation.'

Man, however propense to pity, — including self-pity, — however sensitive to suffering, physical or mental, may rise superior to all such feelings or considerations, may rise, so to speak, to Nature's plane, whence the ultimate good is visible, and human miseries cease to be regardable except as necessary microbes in the fermentation of progress. The capacity of such levitation is what alone marks your truly great man; it is your only basis of authentic glory. This is the differentia by which you are to distinguish your great man from lesser fry: that he should be superior to pity, scruple, and the petty human codes of morality or honor, having an eye only to the ultimate good. Men are more or less great according as they approximate to this standard, whereof the supreme representatives in our day have been Wilhelm, Lenin, and Mustapha Kemal.

I said 'ultimate good.' Of course I meant what should seem to the hero in each instance the ultimate good. Alas (but let us have no 'alases'), the vision of even the supremest of heroes — a Lenin, say — is limited. It reaches no further than to a penultimate good or belike one still less ulterior, which he mistakes for the ultimate good. Nature endows him only partially with her attributes. She only sees the ultimate good and employs him for merely one stage of the process thereto. She treats him as cavalierly as the common run of men and sometimes more so. She may use him only as the hammer to strike the spark. So she seems to have used d'Annunzio: whence Fascismo and the bright particular star of Mussolini. Or as an agent to produce reaction, the reaction being the thing. That was the function of poor Wilhelm: he thought to advance Kultur; whereas Nature's object was to destroy it. She employed Lenin as her instrument to conduct the Bolshevist experiment, her object therein being precisely the opposite of that which Lenin proposed to himself.

Lenin had in mind the exaltation of the Russian proletariat. Nature had in view the exaltation of the peasant, the complete reversion of Russia to an agricultural status, Russia as a country of peasant proprietors, the world's chief stronghold of conservatism. Herein is Nature's humorous commonsense most evident. The Russian must be kept unremittingly at primitive toil, else he will think; and if he thinks, his thoughts will be devoted exclusively to the condition of his miserable little soul, to his infinite discomfort. Being on the head of Nature the Humorist, observe the trick she played on Lenin in causing him to enact the ecclesiastical rôle of a Russian Henry VIII. She has played a similar but more malicious trick on Ghazi Mustapha Kemal. Infinite indeed are the whimsies of Nature in dealing with her minions.

But to retrace our steps a little. The ultimate aims of Nature are beneficent, but it is seen that her methods are entirely unsentimental and disregardful of human suffering and the bills of mortality; and that the methods of her minions are of like sort. There's no use railing upon those methods or howling beside Babylonish waters. Your only recourse is Philosophy, whence you may acquire a limited art of levitation sufficient to enable you to contemplate with a certain equanimity and even amusement those human miseries which are incident to evolution.

V

Did space allow, I could by a method no less elegant or subtle than that displayed above prove that every nation of Western Europe has immensely benefited by the bouleversement. Of Western Europe? Nay, of all Christendom, and no less of heathendom. Take China, for example; in some respects the most important country of the world. Prior to the Great War, the Chinese were too prone to uncritical acceptance of Western modes and standards. The war had a wholesome disillusionizing effect. Now, if we are to believe Bertrand Russell,—and whom else should we believe?—Young China is distinguished by a beautiful intellectual disinterestedness, by a free spirit of skeptical inquiry, a spirit which reminds Mr. Russell of fifteenth-century Italy.

In Britain the bouleversement has given an immense impetus to the process, already well begun, of decay of the order of things initiated a century and a half ago by the industrial revolution; the end of which process — which that optimist Dean Inge places within two hundred years — will see capitalism and industrialism extinct and the country reverted to an agricultural and pastoral status. Britain will lose her Empire, but recover her own soul and her capacity of producing heroes. It is significant that Britain has produced no hero of the first order these many decades. Certain interesting types, to be sure, she has developed to their elastic limits of beauty, but in the lower categories; such as Lloyd George, the supreme example of a political prestidigitator and funambulist, and Lord Curzon with his marmoreal peevishness, the *reductio ad absurdum* of an aristocrat. From Chatham to Lloyd George, from Sidney to Curzon. It was time for a bouleversement.

For France, the most precious of countries in that she alone, in the eclipse of China, practises a satisfactory art of living — France has recovered her self-confidence and is truly herself again. Alas! not quite, as evidenced by the fact that no French hero of the first water emerged: not even Foch or Poincaré fills the bill, for each is handicapped by the qualities of scrupulous integrity and compassionateness. Your true hero is unmoral and has no bowels — not a bowel. The war, however, was, in restoring self-confidence, worth its cost to France of a million and a half lives and thirty-five billion dollars. Wilhelm is to be thanked, not execrated; no doubt he will in due time have his monument at Paris.

There be many who regret that the Allies did not march on to Berlin; that at the critical moment Nature rounded Foch in the ear with compassionate counsel and snuffed out his glory. But here you have, as Lloyd George would say, a peculiarly striking specimen of Nature's sæcular and humorous methods. The German industrial plant went unscathed; and doubtless it was by Nature's suggestion that the astounding policy of repudiation and mendacity was adopted, from which it has resulted that German industry and commerce (with an industrial plant immensely enlarged and improved, with a new merchant fleet of superefficient types) are in better plight than they were before the war to bid for industrial and commercial supremacy. Germany, you see, is on the up curve, Britain on the down.

It is reserved to Germany to illustrate the utmost hideous possibilities of Industrialism. For the conduct of so sublime an experiment a hero of the right kidney is indicated, one in whom, as Emerson would say, the quality is ripe which is now in request. Presto! there he is: Herr Stinnes, the Hero as

Profiteer. To him garlands let us bring; — no, shekels; garlands may be dispensed with. Alas and welaway! Whither am I carried? Not 'is,' but 'was,' for Charon has taken Stinnes's obol. Yes: *is*. The historical present, if you please; for Stinnes's soul, like John Brown's, goes marching on. To whom he transmitted the torch in the modern industrial Lampadephoria, does not appear. But something assures my dear heart that he passed it on alight. Herr Stinnes possessed in almost as lush degree as even Lenin the supreme quality of the hero — ruthlessness. To clear the way for his programme, the German middle class, to which the world has thought itself much beholden, was 'liquidated' and, as a trifling by-issue thereof, German children died like flies. Another war — to check the revived *Drang nach Osten, Westen, Norden, Süden* — seems inevitable, but another war is on the cards anyway, to satisfy the intense human curiosity as to the possibilities of the new engines of warfare.

If you ask Italy what the bouleversement has done for her, she will bridle prettily and say: 'I am a first-class Power.' Then, with a charming gesture, she will, like Cornelia, point to her two sons, d'Annunzio and Mussolini, treasures indeed. She will discourse to you with enthusiasm of that marvelous instrument, Fascismo, which the younger son has devised for ridding political vermin, for purging the body politic of peccant humors. Suddenly a steely glint shoots from those lovely eyes. She fingers the hilt of a Forlì dagger at her girdle and exclaims: 'Look! The Mediterranean! It shall again be an Italian lake. To that I dedicate myself!'

Let us not, remembering how extra-legal methods are apt to corrupt the practisers, inquire too curiously in the case of Fascismo whether the cure may not turn out worse than the disease, nor allow the lady's vow to disturb overmuch our millennial dreams.

Of the older son, anon. The younger son intrigues me much. Is he a hero or only a brabbler; will he make good his boasts, or doth he merely talk in Ercles' vein? Is he capable of levitation? His manner of dealing with Parliament, an ill-assorted rout of lily-livered professional politicians, is nothing to our purpose, except that there was a gratuitous brutality in his treatment of those cravens which was quite unlike Julius Cæsar, the perfect Dictator. His behavior in the Epirus affair is of more significance. It began with the right ruthlessness, but it ended tamely. That your hero should give ground, should compromise on occasion, is nothing against him; as witness Lenin. But to do it as frequently as Mussolini has done in his foreign relations must create misgivings. At Lausanne Mussolini approached Curzon with a roar, but was soon eating out of the hand of that benign one. And in connection with the Dalmatian question and the Tangier question, the voice of entrance was that of the King of Beasts, the voice of exit was that of the Sucking Dove. I am afraid that the younger son is not such a 'son of a gun' as mamma could wish. It is such a pity. The condition of supersaturation of population in Italy is intolerable. All that splendid cannon-fodder rotting away unused, so to speak.

Barcelona, already a *colluvies gentium*, became during the war the residence of the leading anarchists, nihilists, communists, and suchlike *ists* of Europe, and Nature seized the opportunity to revive there the Art of Murder, which had suffered such a 'corruptive elongation' from its vigor and flourish in the Middle Ages. The experiment was proceeding with elegant and beautiful results when that Philis-

tine, Primo de Rivera, trod it out with his elephantine feet. But not, thank Heaven, before the impulse had communicated itself to Germany, to the United States, and to far Japan.

Doubtless the reader is agog to know how the United States has benefited by the bouleversement. We have, of course, benefited incalculably, and perhaps the indirect benefits are not less important than the direct. Prohibition, a Midas superfluity of gold, an immeasurable enhancement of our self-esteem — who shall say that these direct benefits surpass in value the impulse given by the example of Fascismo to the Klan movement or the homicidal inspiration communicated by Spain? The Art of Murder is now solidly established as our characteristic art, as ceramics was the characteristic art of China, sculpture of ancient Hellas, painting of Renaissance Italy. Never again shall it be thrown in our teeth that our only arts are those of plumbing and sanctimoniousness.

I flatter myself that at the least I have given the reader a sound method by which he may infer the happiness of the whole world in the bouleversement, however blind to that happiness may be the ruck of mankind: those 'enormous populations, disgusting, like moving cheese, like hills of ants or of fleas,' as the good Emerson appreciatively describes them.

VI

I started to write an essay on Dictators; and the above is the strange result. I could not get up any interest in dictators as such, only in heroes; and, to my mortification, I discovered heroes to be, for the most part, colorless instruments of the designs and whimsies of inscrutable and humorous Nature. Wilhelm, for example — a pompous ninny. And to think that Nature should be at pains to plant the Golden Horde on the Volga for the sole purpose of producing in the fullness of time, as her supreme hero, a Lenin: a hideous little squint-eyed Tatar entirely devoid of the graces! Dictatorship is an almost invariable incident of heroship (for Carlyle's categories of heroes are absurd, your only hero being a man of action); but your dictator need not smack of the hero at all. Primo de Rivera, for example, is only a high-minded, patriotic, simple gentleman, who in his old age has conceived the quixotic idea of delivering Spain from the joint tyranny of political bosses and profiteers. He has, to be sure, the army behind him; but 't is a precarious support for such a man. His labor's lost. Spain needs a Narvaez *cum* Prim *cum* McDonnell. Ruthless is the word. Then there is little Colonel Plastiras of Greece, who rose above himself to a moment of heroship when he caused the judicial murders, but after fell to his prayers and has now ceased to play dictator. And there 's von Kahr of Bavaria, who lived of a tremble and slept in his boots. Your dictator scarce deserves the name unless he have thereto something of the hero; but if he proceed out-and-out hero, his dictatorship is forgotten in his heroship. Horthy of Hungary is the best living specimen of your dictator proper. He certainly smacks of heroship. He has shown himself ruthless and unscrupulous, but, alas, scarce sufficiently so. There is the crown of Saint Stephen, your Excellency! Seize it and justify our hopes. Of the indubitable heroes *cum* dictator I have sufficiently discoursed: Lenin, Mustapha Kemal, Wilhelm, Stinnes.

It is to be remarked that an age such as ours brings to light a great deal of petty talent in the dictatorial line, as certain ages produce along with two or three great poets a host of poetasters.

Oblivion hath already engulphed many such names: as von der Goltz, Bermondt, Kapp, Zeligovski, Korfanty. Where are now these gentlemen? Where are the snows of yesteryear?

VII

I shall conclude with a few remarks on a special type of hero; the hero *manqué*, the foiled hero, of which type the noblest representatives, not only of our own but of all time, are Semenov and d'Annunzio. It is a type which peculiarly engages our interest; for is not every one of us, in a manner of speaking, if not a hero, a hero manqué?

In Semenov, I take it, are joined two conquering strains: that of the Varangians and that of the Mongolians of Mongolia, the blood of Rurik and the blood of Genghis Khan; but the call of the nobler Mongolian blood is the louder. It is a sufficient indication of his genius that at the age of twenty-nine he was Lieutenant-General in the Russian White Army, Ataman of Transbaikal Cossacks, Military and Civil Chief of East Siberia, and Inke or Grand Duke of Mongolia. This astonishing youth conceived the most astounding, the most benevolent, idea that ever agitated a human cerebellum: the idea of a League of Unspoiled Nations, with himself as Supreme Ruler, to include Mongolia, Chinese Turkestan, Tibet, Russian Turkestan, Bokhara, Khiva, Afghanistan, Persia, Transcaspia, and Arabia.

No doubt the conception, if realized, would have been broadened to include 'despoiled' nations, so that the greater part of the orb might have been drawn into the league. Those of us who got wind of the project through the treachery of one of Semenov's followers were aghast, expecting momently to hear of his conquering ensigns on the Oxus, the Volga, the Vistula, the Danube — Genghis Khan Redivivus! But he must have offended Nature; perhaps, like Napoleon, by overweening. Nature dealt with him as she dealt with Samson and Antony and many another: she brought in Aphrodite in the person of a little baggage from Astrakhan, who, as it were, clipped the locks of his ambition. Exit Semenov!

I scarce trust myself to speak of d'Annunzio, in whom were combined more talents than in Leonardo himself: poet, warrior, lover, statesman, orator, saint (*in posse*, at least, for he once threatened to take the cowl), 'the world's fresh ornament and only herald to the gaudy spring.' Exhaust the vocabulary of praise and you have not begun to denote him. I cannot but believe that in this instance Nature was jealous of her own darling. Once more she brought in Aphrodite; and now behold 'the expectancy and rose' of the fair world turned Love's martyr — 'quite, quite down.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON BECOMING HISTORIC

I DON'T mind growing old — or not very much. I have had, to be sure, to give up hockey and squash, and I have to climb slower than I used to above 8000 feet. On the other hand, I don't have to be optimistic any more about reforming the world, and I no longer feel obliged to keep up with current literature. But what I do mind is being historic. That is a painful experience which has recently come to me. I resent it. It has come to me in several ways. I resent them all. There is no compensation, either.

You become historic when the new generation suddenly begins to take an antiquarian interest in the decade when you were young. That time comes, apparently, after a lapse of about twenty-five years, which may explain why, at college reunions, the class holding its twenty-fifth always seems to the undergraduates so remote and fantastic. I was young in the 1890's, the glorious 1890's, and just within the year, it seems, the new generation has suddenly begun to subject the 1890's to historical scrutiny. Young men are writing whole books about the 1890's. A play has just been revived in New York with the costumes of the 1890's — and they were stranger to the new generation than the costumes of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. In other words I, who remember the 1890's as a part of my life, as perhaps the most vivid part of my life, who know all about them because I was of them, am therefore become a part of history; a part of me may be doubtfully contemporary, but a part of me is certainly historical. I am a sort of record or archive. I feel as if I ought to wear covers.

Even this would n't be so bad if the new generation would consult me; but it does n't. It goes right ahead creating its own myth about the 1890's from the books of Richard Harding Davis and Stephen Crane, just as if they were the 1690's and history had to be constructed from the Restoration dramas. I learn from an article on Stephen Crane, for example, that Harvard College frowned on him, the evidence being a derogatory remark attributed to Barrett Wendell. Now, of course, any of us who were in Harvard in the 1890's could have told this historian that Barrett Wendell's remarks were not always to be taken at their face value, even when correctly quoted, and we could have further told him that in the late 1890's every second writer in Harvard who was n't imitating Pater was imitating Crane. We could have told him of a satiric sonnet that put in the mouth of Charles Eliot Norton the melancholy admonition, 'Back, back to Ruskin and Rossetti!' while the new generation pressed unheeding forward after new gods. We too were in revolt against the past, against propriety, against romanticism. We hailed Shaw, we copied Crane, we discussed what a Harvard professor described as 'the admirably subtle psychology of Mr. d'Annunzio'; in short, we were very much like the youth of to-day.

But the youth of to-day, discovering the 1890's as an interesting historical period, will not have it so. They are busily creating a myth about it — in other words, dear reader of forty-five

or over, about you and me! We, it seems, were a generation exclusively attempting to be as like Dick Davis's Van Bibber as we could, we spewed Stephen Crane from our midsts, we all read Richard Watson Gilder's *Century Magazine*, we swooned with Eddie Sothern over moonlit sundials, we considered *The Dolly Dialogues* deliciously wicked, and compelled Mark Twain to be a failure in life by our social inhibitions. We did n't know that the Spanish-American War was a tuppenny affair that started us on a jingo career, we considered John D. Rockefeller a great man because he was rich, and we wore very humorous clothes.

It does n't matter a bit what historic relics like you and me say in protest; that is the myth the present is creating about our past. That is history in the process of becoming, if it has not already become. Nothing we can ever say or do now will alter it. History, I have sadly discovered, is what the succeeding generation wants it to be.

You and I, to be sure, did delight to watch Eddie Sothern yearning over a sundial one night — and the next night we hailed Mansfield in *The Chocolate Soldier*. But I notice that to-day our youthful contemporaries alternate O'Neill (or still our Mr. Shaw, for that matter) with Eva Le Gallienne as she kisses her handsome leading-man romantically on the mouth. It is true that many of us looked upon Mr. Rockefeller's fortune with respectful awe; but I am not persuaded by my journeyings about that all of us to-day fail of a similar attitude toward, let us say, Mr. Ford — or even Mr. Wrigley. It is true that a lot of us hurrahed for Dewey at Manila Bay; but it is also true that William Vaughn Moody wrote a certain poem and several gentlemen uttered warning words — and without being jailed for it, either, as would have happened to them some two decades later! It is true that sentimental novels were best sellers in the 90's; but, of course, none is to-day! It is true that Stephen Crane could n't sell to Mr. Gilder's *Century* a story about a harlot; but just how many of Sherwood Anderson's stories have been published in the *Saturday Evening Post?* It is true that our clothes were absurd; do you recall the pointed-toed boots and colored shirts we youths affected? They were as absurd as the colored shirts and plus-fours the boys wear now — really, they were.

However, when it comes to clothes my resentment at being historic grows painfully acute. You too, no doubt, dear reader of my age, have come in recent years upon photographs in an ancient drawer that brought to your face a wistful grin. There she is, in a long skirt that trails the ground, with a wasplike waist, a tight jacket, and sleeves like sausage skins (or else sleeves vastly inflated toward the shoulder like balloons), and poised upon her head, as if about to take flight, a vast bird of a hat! Her hair is done indecently, to show her ears. Her hat is perched so high that she can look at you without appearing to be gazing from the sidewalk at the top of the Woolworth Tower. Her eyebrows are as God made them, even if her waist is not. She has no ankles, nor even feet, until (as you recall) she had to cross the street, when she would reach around behind, grasp a portion of her skirt, and disclose the fact that she wore silk stockings — the hussy! She was also very proud of a silk petticoat which rustled.

Yes, she looks absurd, does n't she? You smile now — but only with one corner of your mouth. For you remember how pretty she was, how alluring

she was, how your heart jumped at the silken froufrou of that petticoat. She was youth and sex and love! You can smile at her picture after these years, to be sure — and so can she, if she is looking over your shoulder. But damn anybody else who does! (Of course, in the 1890's the editor would n't have permitted that 'damn.') When, for the first time, the actors in a play put on the costumes of the 1890's and paraded them as an historical exhibit, and the audience saw them as something vastly strange and new and laughed hilariously, they were not laughing at the costumes of the 1890's — they were laughing at me; they were making game of my best girl; they were denying that I, in *my* golden youth-time, knew the bliss of love and languishment.

As I said before, I don't mind growing old — or not much — and savoring love and languishment only as a memory. But I *do* resent having that memory scoffed. I do resent being told, in effect, that because the girls of the 90's wore long skirts ginger was not hot i' the mouth. I do resent being an historical record that is opened only to be laughed at. My one hope is to live long enough to read what the coming generation writes about the 1920's, in company with a certain person of twenty-eight who is now myth-making about my youth. How my ancient cackle will resound!

ON NOT SLEEPING A WINK

We have it on the authority of Sir Thomas Browne that what song the Sirens sang and what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among the women are not beyond conjecture. And indeed one might surmise that the Sirens sang that missing song of the 'gentil Pardoner,' 'Com hider love to me,' and that the fleet of foot concealed himself behind the alias of Atalanta. But had Sir Thomas known our Lottie he would have had a mystery beside which these trifling puzzles are the plainest English. For Lottie is a concrete manifestation, as philosophers would say, of absolute contradiction, *an sich, für sich*, and *anundfür sich*.

For Lottie the laws of thought do not exist. That consistency is either desirable or obligatory never enters her mind. She is contemptuous of all evidence, either testimonial or circumstantial. It is as if she were the daughter of some imperious earth-deity, older and wiser than the rational Olympians, and creators of truth.

Lottie, like a thoroughgoing pragmatist, fashions the universe to suit her own ends. For instance, you are sitting in the living-room at 9 P. M., trying to read Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*, or a good cookbook, or Hakluyt's *Voyages*. Your attention, usually captivated by the fascinating text, is distracted by a series of blood-curdling snores which fall through two ceilings like a load of coal down a cellar window. 'Lottie,' you say with resignation, and wait with closed eyes and clenched teeth for the storm to pass.

But if you are naïve enough to ask her at breakfast as she brings the coffee, 'Lottie, did you have a good night?' her jaunty step collapses into a limp, her shiny mahogany face turns green, her glistening eye dulls, and she murmurs stoically, 'I jus' lay there thinkin' an' thinkin' an' waitin' for release. No use askin' me how I slep'. As good as can be 'spected.'

If you intimate that you thought you heard her — sleeping — she replies without confusion, 'Yessir, I heard it too an' I wondered what that noise could be. I think it mus' have been that that kep' me awake.'

If you are still foolish enough to insist, she says, 'I ain't like some people.

I can snore when I'm wide awake. When the misery takes me, I jus' snore an' snore. I swear an' declare that it seems to help me.'

If you coldly remark that your wife went upstairs to see what on earth could be done to stop the noise and called her name and received no answer, Lottie says with no embarrassment, 'I know. I heard her. But you know I was jus' too weary to answer.'

By then you give in and turn to the morning paper.

This particular eccentricity of Lottie's is shared by most human beings. What puzzles me is that Lottie is wise enough not to deny her snoring, yet so prejudiced as to deny her sleeping. What special taint is supposed to affect people who are presumed to have slept while abed? They will admit the most peculiar behavior, superstitions, petty misdemeanors, bizarre tastes, occasional meanness of disposition, the violation of any of the Ten Commandments, with a pathetic frankness, but in general they agree with Lottie in their reluctance to admit having slept. One would think that it were the unforgivable sin.

The trait is manifested even by infants. When they awake they open their eyes to full width; they stare about with that intensely self-righteous air of guilty persons who think the world believes them innocent. They may have appearances against them, like a soldier who is out of step, but in reality they are free of error. They have been awake all the time. So too, when the time comes for them to go to sleep, they resist the hunger that besets them and go to the length of shrieking to preserve their consciousness. Here is the one thing which they most need; their whole being craves it; they turn from it in terror and must be coaxed, wheedled, and almost hypnotized into accepting it. One would think that they would turn to their pillows with relief after a day's romping. But no, they must whimper for a stay of half an hour, fifteen minutes, ten, any grace that will postpone the absorption of the 'chief nourisher in life's feast.'

I have no solution to offer for this riddle. Several have been offered me. One man, of biological interests, says that in the struggle for life the animal who is always awake can conquer the animal who sleeps and that thus going without sleep has a definite 'survival value.' Another, of a theological turn of mind, lays it to the sin of Pride, which has always led humankind to pretend to be what they are not, which would lead them to insist that they never slept if it were more common to stay awake. A third, a devout Hobbesian, maintains that it is a vestige of human manners in the days of perpetual war, when a premium was put upon watchfulness. A fourth, a Freudian, says that we do such shameful things in sleep that the Censor puts a ban even on mentioning the habit, whence polite people 'retire' and never 'go to bed.' A fifth, a Cynic, says that people always lie anyway, and a sixth, a Skeptic, that their actions are all fundamentally unintelligible. A seventh, — and here I end this enumeration, — who is a very clever person, both the son of a New England clergyman and a leading radical, attributes it to American puritanism, although Lottie herself is the descendant of African and Seminole chieftains. Sleep is a great delight, he maintains, and hence is repudiated by our slave-morality.

It is certain that Orientals have not this scorn of sleep. Their leading philosophy assigns an eternal sleep as the goal of life, and their customs and manners make for repose and calm. Do they not even take drugs to sleep more than nature intended them to, as we Occidentals take stimulants to keep us

awake? I know nothing of China and of India, but I should like to know whether in those more contemplative civilizations sleep may not be referred to as an accomplishment worthy of congratulation. Perhaps there the polite breakfast-lie takes the form of asserting that one has slept more than facts will prove, and of claiming to have snored like a lawn-mower when in reality one has been as quiet as the moon.

A VENTURE IN ANTIQUES

I SUPPOSE the alluring Berkshires might safely defy any sensitive spirit who rides through and over and up and down them (if spirits ride) to resist being smitten by the collecting-fever that rages unabated in their bracing air. A cradle, a copper cauldron, a spinning wheel, strewn over somebody's grass-plot — and you are undone. A lustre tea-set, an astral lamp in the window of Dame Prudence's Chimney Corner: and only the callous or immune can afterward flaunt an unembarrassed pocketbook. Ring (*ting-a-ling*) the warning entrance-bell of but one such trap, baited so curiously with the past, and you have surrendered your independence to the powerful old acquisitive instinct of the human race, henceforth to be at the mercy of every secondhand dealer from Atlanta to the sea.

In the numbers of the tribe is its strength. A solitary antiquarian would enjoy a precarious livelihood among his cobwebs. Multiplied, he wields a crescent influence; he incites to cumulative madness; he becomes a cult. To justify him, all must crave old-fangled wares. Where is *your* hundred percentage? Why do *you* revolt?

Now, on our own account, Doris and I are immune. We are not callous; we are merely impoverished by the particular form of our own hobby. We collect lead pencils and postage stamps, not old ones but new ones; and while at first glance our enterprise has about it a picayune look, the magnificent greed with which we pursue it must restore the balance. We cannot fancy enough lead pencils; we cannot fancy enough stamps. We have no penny over for samplers and Sandwich glass — that is, we have none until we encounter the Berkshires.

But in the Berkshires we penetrate the heart of the mystery. We confront its votaries. We admire the competing miscellanies of Cousin Priscilla and her Rival Crony. If Cousin Priscilla brings home a cup plate, the Rival Crony must match it with a preserve dish bought three cents cheaper. If the Rival Crony unearths an opalescent doorknob (with such bits smashed off that to our uninitiated eyes its days of usefulness seem fairly over), then Cousin Priscilla must speed away into the hills to fetch a salt dish at the least. We are on the side of Cousin Priscilla, Doris and I. Shall we not, when we leave the battlefield, send back to her a trophy from far lands?

Vigorously we shake our purses for odd coins lurking in the corners. Does not Cousin Priscilla tell old-world tales of cup plates picked up for thirty-five cents? Let us send her a gross or two!

But Cousin Priscilla, we learn promptly, does not buy her Sandwich glass on Madison Avenue, where our innocence leads us into a kind of commercial pantry shelved with it, modestly ranging from twenty dollars upward. Very fine Sandwich glass, we presume, but uninteresting. Neither would Cousin Priscilla recommend Charles Street in Baltimore and the twenty-dollar sheaves of wheat upon a pair of plates in a neat show-window. To open one's pocketbook so wide is not in the best traditions of the game

as we have studied it. We turn to a lesser street where junk shops are junkier. *Ting-a-ling* clatter the little bells as we enter with our pennies and our maxims and our doubts. Our maxims are but two: glass must ring, and prices glibly flung at us must never be paid. Our doubts are many, inspired possibly by the knowledge that the Rival Crony is, in an amateurish way, a producer of rarities. We feel ourselves craftily wary and about to be craftily immolated.

Through the little shop we browse. Do you remember, Doris, the set that mother has at home like this one? A sugar bowl, a spoon-holder, a cream pitcher, a covered butter-dish. Did not Cousin Priscilla call this hobnail glass? Mother was ten years old when she bought her set for grandmother's crystal wedding-anniversary. Daily grandmother's small daughter passed the store window where the shining glassware stood; daily she coveted it; daily she was repelled by the prohibitive figure upon it. And by degrees, by an accumulation of nickels (pennies were not then available for Middle-Western parents), mother won possession of her costly crystal. Presumably its novelty in time wore off, or she could not have used the shallow butter-plate as a receptacle for her lone goldfish. She placed her tiny aquarium on the square Sohmer piano, where she could delight in a minimum ocean while she practised her scales. And one day when she rose the goldfish was gone. He was not floundering about upon the vast dry carpet where he should have been. He was invisible. He had vanished into thin air. Only weeks later the piano-tuner removed him from the interior of mother's instrument. Mother paid a dollar for her proud gift. But our dusty little shop wants twelve. Again our doubts surge over us. Yet we continue browsing.

When we finally decide upon a quaint opalescent bowl for Cousin Priscilla, we remember that we must not pay the price its owner aspires to. We observe the correct tactics of the game.

We stalk out of the shop. We return. We ask the price, this time of a second owner, and are quoted a second and more favorable sum. By certain evidence under our sharpened sight the two owners, without conferring in our presence, have agreed. 'He's never offered it so low before,' says the first half-owner, *sotto voce*, joining us from the rear depths of the place.

But she cannot have heard him offer. There's a dubious freemasonry in their accord that again arouses our suspicions. We state our own terms and are briefly pinned to them.

When we reach home after getting the best of an antique dealer, we recall that glass must ring. Hopefully Doris strikes the bowl. A dull thud answers the silver knife. We strike again and again, with identical reactions at every stroke. It is distantly possible that fine glass does not always chime like a beautiful bell, like a tinkling bell at the door of Dame Prudence's Chimney Corner; but this bare hope of an exceptional bowl does not linger fatuously with us. We have, alas, grown very wise.

An illuminating moment flashes back upon us from our conference with the first and concluding half of our antique dealer. 'Don't you,' I inquired of her, 'have difficulty in buying for yourselves, in knowing what is really good?'

A customer, entering, sidled past us at that instant. Our dealer thrust our brown-paper purchase into my arms. She lowered her voice. She dismissed us with a confidential enigma. 'We get bit sometimes *too*,' she whispered.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WHAT *Atlantic* reader of ten years' standing has forgotten the Little House on the Marne? The spirited heroine of that story has suffered with the years, and it is now proposed by her friends that the Little House be purchased for the modest sum of $10,000 and that moneys be raised to permit Miss Mildred Aldrich to live during her latter years on the hilltop from which she looked so bravely upon a great event. Readers who feel a debt of gratitude to Miss Aldrich may requite it by forwarding contributions to

Miss Gertrude Stein
27, Rue de Fleurus
Paris, France.

WE should not know where else to turn for testimony like **Alice Thornton's.** Here is a sensitive and educated woman in a place made brutal for brutal truants. Without sentiment or prejudice, her clear restrained report stands as a solemn indictment of intolerable conditions. Following Miss Thornton's design, this paper is to be read without sentiment or prejudice; it cannot be read without interest. **James Norman Hall,** aviator, author, and voyager to far places, relates a delightful account of a personal adventure. We assume that Mr. Hall's story, 'The Forgotten One,' which appeared foremost in the March *Atlantic,* will not soon be forgotten by our readers. ¶In the Contributors' Column for December, **Caroline Atwater Mason** uttered a stirring call for a spokesman to defend the Old Faith. Herself a contributor to the *Atlantic* in the days of Walter Hines Page's editorship, Mrs. Mason has led its defense with a spirited and spiritual paper. ¶A dissatisfied wage-earner bought a small milk-route, and became a milkman and a **Little Profiteer** in the bargain. With admirable honesty he confesses the effect of 'trust methods' upon his pocketbook and incidentally upon his morals. **D. E. Adams,** the minister of the East Congregational Church at Ware, Massachusetts, convinces us that there are times when 'seeing is believing.'

* * *

Laurence Binyon, keeper of prints in the British Museum, is an English poet of a quality long since abundantly recognized. **Nell Shipman,** an actress who 'once had two cars and two homes and a fat salary and about eleven wardrobe-trunks full of duds,' continues her brave account of the tragedy which befell her husband and herself while producing their moving pictures. The first chapter of this narrative appeared in the March *Atlantic.* ¶Labor and business to-day are busy saving time; but how many people make time worth saving? **George W. Alger** has devoted his own leisure to the contemplation of this serious question. ¶The diary of the resolute and intrepid pioneer, **J. F. Triplett,** was copied, photographed, and sent to us by Etta Jean Craig. Miss Craig, a school-teacher in the Elko County High School, Nevada, has organized her classes into an historical society devoted to the preservation of Nevada records and relics — an idea worth noting. **D. W. Fisher** received his Ph.D. at Harvard in 1913 and has subsequently been an instructor in philosophy at Princeton and Dartmouth.

* * *

It was autumn when **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** sent us her poem. From the accompanying letter we take this sentence: 'Outside the door that is open there is a fall of leaves from the hickory tree, and I do assure you there are neither on the ground nor on the tree any leaves as lovely as those travelers that loiter in the air.' Houghton Mifflin Company are publishing a volume of Miss Mackenzie's verse this spring. **Harry B. Smith** is a collector of rare books and autographs, a literary investigator of prominence, and a writer of

musical comedy. ¶'With all the studying of American women that I have done,' writes **Gamaliel Bradford,** 'I have found none, except perhaps Emily Dickinson, who has left such letters as Sarah Butler.' This portrait of General Butler's wife is good for wives and husbands generally to look at. We have n't all been taught to approve of General Butler. It is interesting then to see him the adored of a highly intelligent adorer. ¶From Canton, China, comes **Nora Waln's** pretty and characteristic paper. ¶In this and preceding essays, **Rusticus** has shown that the love of a man for a horse is equaled only by the love of a dog for a man. This and the two previous papers in the *Atlantic* form chapters of a volume just published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

* * *

George O. May, one of the leading tax-experts in the country, is the head of Price, Waterhouse and Company of New York. ¶It was the first editor of the *Atlantic* who said in the *Biglow Papers,* 'Don't never prophesy — onless ye know.' **Robert Sencourt's** arresting knowledge of racial Europe has been substantiated by other authorities. **Henry W. Bunn,** following his retirement from twenty years' active service in the army, has been a journalist, writing on European politics with verve and perception.

* * *

To have a problem is apparently a relief to the patient as well as to the advisers of our family affairs.

New York City

My dear Atlantic, —

I want to be a contributor, for I have a problem. It is a relief to have one. I felt out of it before. None of the troubles about what you see when you think you are dead, or meet your mother-in-law, how to behave though married or not quite so, have heretofore been in any day's work of mine. I have not felt worthy to associate with your friendly family in appreciating interesting situations or discovering academic impasses.

My trouble is this: In order to get married a decade or so ago, I had to put my best foot foremost. On account of the high moral standards of the girl I finally succeeded in marrying, I emphasized or allowed to be drawn out my highest idealism and moral standards. I specialized a little in the highest aspirations my nature was capable of. I was for humanity and for the greatest good to the greatest number. It was on that platform that I got the girl's consent, and I just barely got it. Then to get the parents' endorsement, I had to make clear my ability to accomplish things, including the supporting of their daughter in the manner to which she was accustomed. This was done by an even closer margin. Frankly, I had to present the facts in the best possible light. I am now a married man on a platform involving obligations from these two planks.

Now conditions in the world are not entirely satisfactory to my wife. She does not like this 'Jazz Age,' disrespect for laws and uncertain moral standards. She wants downward tendencies stopped; wants things changed for the better; wants me to direct my high moral principles in my able way to accomplish this, and wants it done soon.

Meanwhile, I plod along just getting away with the obvious demands of my position, from day to day; understand little where we are drifting or why, and probably could not do much about it if I did. I am losing my standing at home — either I am not good enough or not able enough, or both.

Should I do anything about it or just drift?

T. S. O.

* * *

What Doctor of Divinity or Psychology can suggest a more necessary complement to his teaching than faith? We publish below one of the scores of letters called forth by Jane Steger's journal.

January 15, 1925

Dear Atlantic, —

I feel like congratulating the author of 'Leaves from a Secret Journal,' in the January issue, upon her very wonderful faith in God. It is incredibly beautiful to one who has become emotionally atrophied, so far as religion is concerned.

I was brought up in an atmosphere of deep religious faith, and my introduction to philosophy and the sciences at college came in the nature of a tremendous, though inevitable, shock. Even then I clung to my faith in the fundamentals, such as a personal God and immortality; but two years of behavioristic psychology effected my reluctant conversion to materialism. The heart refused to follow where the mind did not lead, and reason told me that an impersonal Life Force was the most logical of the deistic conceptions. It did n't matter so much in college, where life was filled with examinations, and philosophical discussions,

and different 'courses'; but I was graduated in '22 (from an Eastern women's college), and since then there has been a void which no substitute can fill.

T. (my husband), one of the 'intellectual sentimentalists' to whom Jane Steger refers, asks tolerantly, 'But why is n't merging with the Infinite at death just as beautiful and desirable as preserving one's identity through countless ages? Is there any particular reason why your identity should be so carefully preserved? Why not enjoy the here and the now, and, since there is no proof either way, let the future take care of itself?'

He does n't understand that if he should die I could n't go on living without some hope, however faint, of being with him again. This, I realize, is a weakness; an unwillingness to face probable facts; and a deluding myself with sentimentalities.

For three years I have been trying to construct my own creed — a creed to which I can subscribe not only emotionally but intellectually. (Why is religion such an affair of the emotions!) Perhaps God is Mind, I say, since reason seems to be the summum bonum of evolution. Our own rationality might be the faintest, farthest emanations of the divine Mind. 'What, mind apart from brain,' exclaims my behavioristic training, rising up in holy horror, 'or thought apart from implicit bodily processes! What heresy!' Psychology, with devilish ingenuity, has a naturalistic explanation for my every postulate. Being of a religious nature, I must worship something; and this wealth of spiritual energy seems gradually to be focusing on T. as its only available outlet. If he should die —!

Churches have become impossible, if only from the personal conflict they engender. The music and the atmosphere give rise to the old familiar emotions, and yet all through the sermon something within me is coldly, impersonally, cynically analyzing and pronouncing judgment. 'Illustrating the projection of the ego . . . an appeal to the emotions. . . . Does n't he know that 's a scientific untruth? . . . . Good drama; wish Professor B. could hear that! . . . reassuring to man's helplessness before cosmic forces . . .' The prayer becomes a farce; the whole service merely an absurd attempt to propitiate a Life Force by songs and prayers and the incense of flowers. I can't, like T., 'enjoy the atmosphere and feel like being a better citizen when I come out.' My intelligence is insulted; I feel tricked, duped, to think that this was allowed to mean so much to me in my childhood and adolescence.

I reject it, but I have no substitute. *Is* there none, *Atlantic?*

'22

It is highly commendable that from the South should come these pertinent literary and historical observations on Mr. Lincoln's poem.

SUMMERVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In 'The Bear Hunt' Mr. Lincoln — consciously or unconsciously, it matters not — adopted the swing and rhythm of Cowper's famous 'John Gilpin's Ride,' than which, perhaps, there is no more descriptive or graphic poem in the language, showing that Mr. Lincoln did well in choosing his metre for 'The Bear Hunt.' I have read it to one who has been 'in at the death' on just such an occasion as that described in 'The Bear Hunt.' He said no one who had not could have given such a picture of the event.

My Southern friends also know all about the word 'fice' meaning a small nondescript dog, and I find it is in common use hereabouts. But I have yet to find anyone born north of the M. and D. line who had ever heard the word before I called attention to it in Mr. Lincoln's poem.

Sincerely yours,

SAMUEL E. HALE

* * *

Throwing a shoe would have accomplished the same result, though not half so humorously.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am no good at crossword puzzles, Edison would run me off the rancho, and the Atlantic Test Questions find me 99 per cent 'dumb,' but —

I spent last evening trying to imagine myself on an ideally smooth plane. I got on. The stated problem calls for presentation of a method of getting off, but that is not my problem. Ever since I succeeded in getting on to the plane my concern has been to stay on it, to find some way to cling to it, to defy inertia, to defeat infinity. Follow my failing efforts and then please, please, tell me the answer or I am lost.

I am sitting on the plane, arms folded, legs straight out before me, my whole body ideally motionless. My mind is in action. It is stirred, let us assume, by A. S. Eve and his Dizzy Arithmetic. I do not dare attempt to fathom the inexplicable (to me) manner in which I have been permitted to sit ideally motionless on an ideally smooth plane. I once essayed ice-skating. Ice, at its best, is not ideally smooth, but it is nearly smooth as well as nearly hard, and although I was seated on it many, many times, the seating was never motionless and sitting at all became almost impossible, then and for some time after-

ward. Nevertheless, here I am, ideally seated, ideally motionless, on an ideally smooth plane. My mind, however, ideally functioning, tells me this condition will not long obtain. Something will happen.

It does! I am about to sneeze! My nose tingles, ideally. My head goes back, my lungs expand, contract, and the sneeze is history. A single sneeze, but enough. An ideally perfect sneeze, but disastrous to my attempted permanency on this ideally smooth plane. My body has been thrown violently forward from the hips and the convulsion has propelled me backward from my position. I am sliding! The rate is very moderate, but is constant. Unless I can overcome inertia by some other agent than friction I shall slide serenely through all the powers at Eve's command, and eventually, when infinite time and the infinite reaches of the plane have been coincidently passed, will drop swiftly into — But there, no man has dared venture what lies beyond infinity.

I cannot resign myself to this fate! You want me off, but I want me on! My brain by now has ceased to function ideally, but it bids me try to equalize my forward motion by a backward jerk of my trunk. I follow instructions and now I am through, resigned to inexorable fact. I overdid the jerk. Consciousness is here, but Hope is fled. I am on my back. A large lump, radiating astral forms, is developing between my skull and the ideally smooth plane, which I now perceive is not ideally soft. I am sliding head first, as I shall continue to slide until the end comes and you have your answer. I shall die first, but my body matter will slide on and on until it finally slides off into whatever lies beyond infinity. I could win yet if my physical self were ideally responsive to my find, but alas, it is not. I am resigned if only you will find some way to keep me supplied with the *Atlantic* as it issues from the press until I am beyond the boundaries of life.

ALLARD A. CALKINS

* * *

'. . . And much study is a weariness of the flesh.'

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'Old P——'s' reflections on teaching, to which he gives voice in your February number, interest me very much. I am glad that he confined his observations to himself and laid down no general laws regarding the age limit for teaching. It may be that he needs a sabbatical year to rest him and to make him eager to take up his teaching once more. However that may be, it is plain that he should not be teaching now, though I am inclined to think his age has nothing to do with his present attitude.

One of the staff at a prominent Teachers College believes, and thinks she has some evidence to back up her belief, that men past forty are not being sent out by the College to responsible positions. This is hardly credible, since it is largely the gray heads and the bald who are the outstanding men of the institution.

A member of my family has recently been administering a teachers college in one of our younger states. When he went there, it was a little struggling institution, with only a few preparatory students and fewer still so-called college-students taking two years of Normal work. When he left, four years later, the secondary work had been eliminated, there were eight hundred real college-students, working toward a degree, and a thousand students in the summer school. All this did not come easily. There was some hard campaigning, for the opposition to progress presented a united front. This man believed that the boys and girls of that state had as good a right to be well educated as those of any other state, so he fought on till he saw the college well on its way, and then resigned to study toward his doctor's degree. He accomplished this task in his late thirties and early forties. I believe his best years of usefulness are before him, for the love of teaching and his interest in youth are inherent in him.

He is only one of many such in our land. One of the most inspiring teachers I ever knew was seventy, and still teaching when he passed on to the Great Teacher. Surely we need all kinds of grist for our teaching mills; the young men and women with their enthusiasm and energy and the older ones with the ripeness, the wisdom, and the tolerance that the years should bring.

It seems to me that the proper title for 'Old P——'s' article should be, 'Am I in the Mood to Teach?'

Yours for good teaching,

M. W. H.

* * *

A candidate for honors! How many individual subscribers to the first year are still in our company?

GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO

DEAR EDITOR, —

I have read every number of the *Atlantic Monthly* and nearly all of every number since January 1866, when, being then twenty-one years old, I subscribed for the *Atlantic* and the *New York Weekly Tribune*. The latter I took and read until it was discontinued. And I am now reading the *Atlantic* for January 1925.

Faithfully yours,

STEPHEN PEEBLES

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God's Stepchildren—King Edward VII—When We Were Very Young—Annette and Sylvie (The Soul Enchanted)—Sainte-Beuve—An Autobiography: Seventy Years of Life and Labor

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn.

God's Stepchildren, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1924. 12mo. viii+310 pp. $2.00.

In 1821 the Reverend Andrew Flood, bony, ineffectual, burning to express an inarticulate soul in some splendid gesture of self-immolation, came to Cape Colony as an apostle to the Hottentots. But God had denied him intelligence and dominating strength; his zeal flamed in vain against the sodden bestiality of his black brothers. In sick desperation beating at the barriers that seemed to separate him from his flock, he resolved to marry a native girl. Whence sprang unnumbered woes for him and his children and his children's children to the end of the story, when, generation after generation having borne its share of the ache and wretchedness of the half-caste, his descendant, the Reverend Barry Lindsell, bringing the cycle of expiation to uncertain completion by another splendid gesture, vows himself to labor in the same tangled weedy vineyard in which the earlier missionary had toiled with such blighting futility.

Such is the framework of Mrs. Millin's novel. Concerned as it is with problems of ethnological and sociological import, it is nevertheless not a tract or a social document. It is even free from the jargon currently employed in the discussion of racial and economic antagonisms. This is because the author has refined her materials from the dross of contemporaneousness. She is not a journalist, but an artist. She sees the central problem, not in terms of the unearned increment and the cephalic index, but in terms of human agony. In the blundering encounters of race with race she has fixed upon a situation that is genuinely tragic because it reveals the overwhelming consequences of a noble purpose defeated by flawed personality. If the effect falls short of the pity and terror evoked by ancient tragedy, it is perhaps because the process of refinement is carried so far that the human factors become attenuated, lose something of the variety and complexity of actual men and women. Yet the attempt at universality, in an age given to contemplation of its own passing pettinesses, kindles every page.

All of this has been accomplished with an art that is almost Greek in its austerity. In phrase and incident the story is told with a skilled frugality as far removed from meagreness as from distracting opulence. Fortuitous advantages are discarded. The Africa of the romantics and the African of the sensualists are not exploited. Here is no reliance upon the meretricious appeal of gleaming ivories and pulsing barbaric drums, unnamed rivers foaming through shadows of exotic forests. Here is no brooding upon the mystery of the blacks, no effort to see in them repositories of unattainable, purely sensual knowledge, richer than all our wisdom. Indeed, the accessories of time and place are subordinated so completely to the theme that through the very method of telling the tale it seems lifted above the sway of the temporal and the accidental. Thus to a notable degree thought and form are fused in a novel of power and distinction that misses greatness because, paradoxically, in its concentration upon the universal elements in human life it eliminates too successfully the irrelevancies that give body to our existence.

George B. Dutton

King Edward VII. A Biography, by Sir Sidney Lee. Vol. I. From Birth to Accession. New York: the Macmillan Company. 1925. Large 8vo. xiv+803 pp. Illustrated. $8.00.

To the old dignities of Poet Laureate and Royal Historiographer the House of Hanover seems to have added, in the person of Sir Sidney Lee, the new, if unofficial, post of Royal Biographer. It is not by chance that the accomplished editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography* has written the lives of Queen Victoria and her son. It was an excellent choice, and it seems probable that the present biography may come to be regarded as his most excellent work. He had a good subject. Few rulers or none of the Hanoverian line have so lent themselves to picturesque, entertaining, and informing biography as the sovereign who was known irreverently in his earlier years as 'Edward the Pacemaker,' and in his later years, reverently, as 'Edward the Peacemaker.'

It is true that this later appellation would not have been endorsed by his nephew, the late Kaiser William II; and it is equally true that no one in those vivid years of his early manhood when he was nicknamed after an old exemplar, 'Prince Hal,' could have imagined how apt that comparison was. For the contrast between Shakespeare's Prince Hal and King Henry was not more striking in drama than the earlier and later years of Edward VII were in real life. Of the years before he came to the throne his present biographer has written a fascinating story, a story whose fascination is increased by the fact that it reveals in much detail, not merely the life of a Prince of Wales, but the transformation of English society in his time and in no small

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CHRONICLES OF THE GARDEN — By Mrs. Francis King *Illustrated.* $3.00

Other Scribner books announced on page 27

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE at 48th STREET, NEW YORK

measure at his hands, the coming-up of new men and new classes into 'Society' and the aristocracy, the loosening of the old 'Victorian' bonds, the entry of new elements into English society as well as English affairs — it is the story of the end of one era and the beginning of another, told, in a sense, for the first time in such clear and striking form.

Nothing in the whole book is more extraordinary than the revelation of Edward VII's insatiable curiosity about life and people, the world and its inhabitants, above and below stairs, in and out of society, English, continental, European and non-European; unless it be — and this is a part of it — his amazing passion for experiencing every phase of human existence, save perhaps literary and spiritual adventures. For he was essentially an adventurous soul. His travels endure comparison even with those of the present Prince; his acquaintance was probably even wider; and if his adventures were less decorous to the eyes of his generation, if, as others beside his mother feared, they even did something to lessen the hold of monarchy on his people, they did not weaken his influence once he achieved the kingship.

Yet there is another aspect of this biography which will interest men of affairs still more. It is the influence he had on international relationships. For it was in his time and largely at his hands that the Crown turned from Germany to France. The Hanoverian fear and hatred of Bismarck which Victoria shared was increased by Edward's dislike for his nephew, the late Kaiser, and it is to be presumed that the frequent and highly disparaging references to that individual which occur in these pages represent in some form the opinions of the subject of this biography. If that is true, that feeling must have been even deeper than the world thought at the time, and it undoubtedly played its part in the entente which was to bring Hohenzollern ambitions to their downfall.

All in all this is a great subject greatly handled; in many respects one of the most valuable and illuminating of the many admirable biographies which since Morley's 'Gladstone' have enriched English literature and contributed to the knowledge of English history.

WILBUR C. ABBOTT

When We Were Very Young, by A. A. Milne. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1924. 12mo. xiv+100 pp. $2.00.

THIS collection of lyrical ballads, like the celebrated prototype, has its preface. But Mr. Milne, unlike Mr. Wordsworth, is confronted in his verses with a condition, not a theory. 'Moo rhymes with Pooh! Surely there is a bit of poetry to be got out of that?' says Mr. Milne, and then goes on to acknowledge that nevertheless the poem came out quite differently from what he had intended. We cannot imagine Mr. Wordsworth's poems running away with him in that fashion; but it is only fair to add that, though Mr. Milne's preface neither instructs nor theorizes, it does edify.

When We Were Very Young is one of those international ties that will bind when protocols rend asunder and Leagues of Nations are undone, for although Christopher Robin and James James Morrison Morrison Weatherby George Dupree and Mary Jane and Emmeline and the others are English children and free of Buckingham Palace and acquainted with dormice and kings, their outlook on life, their relation to their own little minds and souls and to the spirit of their universe, is at one with the outlook and the inlook of Everychild.

The American child, he who looks four on Monday and is 'really twenty-eight on Saturday,' greets this little book with acclaim, chants its contagious refrains and capers to its lilts, feeling the very rhythm of childhood singing in his blood. Here are the pets that warm the child's heart. Read 'Puppy and I'; read about the little boy who wanted to buy 'a little baby rabbit,' and was offered saucepans and fresh mackerel instead. Read about the three little foxes who kept their handkerchiefs in cardboard boxes, and the temperamental cow who almost spoiled the King's breakfast. Read that disturbing line: 'Has anybody seen my mouse?' Consider, too, the dormouse, that Wonderland beastie, here revealed as a flesh-and-blood creature sleeping in chrysanthemum beds and furnished forth with a tail that is 'e-nor-mouse.' Consider the bears, especially the tubby one who slept in the ottoman. Of bears, we find, Christopher Robin still has something to learn. For the sake of scientific accuracy we hope that some American child has written Mr. Milne that the Teddy Bear, *genus Americanus*, derives from Theodore, not from Edward.

The perfection of all this lyrical nonsense is found perhaps in the delightful controversy between the King and the cow, in 'The King's Breakfast'; but when one begins to choose, how many claim first place! — 'Halfway Down the Stairs,' 'James James,' 'Market Square.' And always with the little poem is the little pen-picture dancing to the little individual tune. One cannot think of the poems without the pictures, so companionably has Ernest L. Shepard interpreted the poet's moods and whimsies. Among children's classics, *When We Were Very Young* will surely and swiftly take high place. Stevenson's cow and the King's are sisters of one herd. Blake's little lamb will lie down with the lion whose name was Leonard.

FLORENCE CONVERSE

Annette and Sylvie (The Soul Enchanted), by Romain Rolland. Translated by Ben Ray Redman. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1925. 12mo. viii+329 pp. $2.50.

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his work, like that of the Prelude to *Das Rheingold*, is announced on the opening page of this the first volume of his feminist epic, *The Soul Enchanted*. It is a rhythm of red and gold, the red of passion and the gold of intellect. Not by accident do the lines from the Rig-Veda graven on the title-page of *Annette and Sylvie* read: —

> Love, the first born of creatures,
> Love, who shall later engender thought . . .

Annette Rivere, a passionate Diana, high-hearted and high-minded, left an orphan, discovers a half-sister sprung from an alliance of her Don Juanesque father. Sylvie is her opposite: shrewd, humorous, of the earth earthy, a lovable worldling. The narrative throbs with life. Two experiences universal to youth fill this opening volume: friendship and love; friendship with Sylvie and love for Roger Brissot.

The Brissots are a triumph of the Comic Muse. When has the middle class been chaffed as genially and as mercilessly as this? Here the artist in M. Rolland has attained an Olympian altitude from which he can drench the Evil Genius of our time with immortal hilarity. . . . Roger is a good fellow. But he will not do. And his fatal lack is that of his class and the age it dominates — a lack of imagination. He is no mate for a free woman: he is no helmsman for a voyage of liberation. He is, in short, the average upper-middle-class college-educated youth of America to-day who is succeeding in athletics and business and failing in statecraft, in culture, and in the ennoblement of human relationships.

As in music, the major theme of the book is frequently restated: —

'The need of change and the need of permanence, those two passionate instincts of all vigorous lives . .' 'It is almost always those who are capable of a great love who are also the most enamored of independence. For in them, all is strong. . . .'

And the answering theme is sounded in counterpoint: —

'The union of two beings ought not to become a mutual enchainment. It should be a twofold blooming. I should like each, instead of being jealous of each other's free development, to be happy in assisting it.'

The craftsmanship is superb. Here is portrait-painting in which you feel the very aura of the personality: the thought-swirl of its unconscious mind. The landscapes are touched in hauntingly as one's own memories of spring in youth. Women, young and old, have told me that they are disconcerted that any man should so guess their inmost thoughts. Guess? No. Inmost thoughts are irrespective of sex. Let him who would read them in any woman or man do as M. Rolland has done — listen at the door of his own heart.

Is not the goal of this new pilgrimage already in view? Is it not to be the harmonization of the as yet imperfectly reconciled extremes of our natures — passion and thought? 'The sole true morality,' he says in one place, 'would be a morality of harmony. But, so far, human society has known only a morality of repression and renunciation — tempered by lies.'

Has ever an age so needed this evangel as ours? And Romain Rolland is the musician of musicians to resolve these our discords into harmony. For he is the Beethoven of the novel. He is a composer whose scores happen to be written in prose. His every work is symphonic. *Annette and Sylvie* is the first movement of another symphony.

LUCIEN PRICE

Sainte-Beuve, by Lewis Freeman Mott. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1925. Large 12mo. xiv+514 pp. With frontispiece. $5.00.

THIS is an adequate and scholarly book, and when one knows something of the vastness of the subject one appreciates the patience and thoroughness with which Mr. Mott has carried out his task. One may not always agree with his conclusions. The question of Sainte-Beuve's relations with the Hugos is too obscure to be finally settled, and one may at times feel that Mr. Mott inclines too much to lenience in judging Sainte-Beuve's attitude toward contemporaries. Also, though Sainte-Beuve's supreme importance as a biographer and student of human life rather than as a purely literary critic is indicated, I should have been glad to see this most essential and too often neglected point more fully developed. There are some regrettable misprints and minor errors, like the constant use of Schérer instead of Scherer, and in a book so largely and solidly based upon original documents one misses the footnotes of reference to them. Nevertheless Mr. Mott has achieved a competent study of a most important subject.

What the book lacks is charm, grace, color, that fluent lightness of touch which one especially appreciates when a literary topic is dealt with. The manner of treatment is heavy, dull, unillumined — so far, far different from what Sainte-Beuve himself would have employed. And this is a pity, for it is much to be desired that American readers should know the great French critic better. As time passes, his work is coming to stand out more and more in the estimation of those who think; and, even more than his work, his spirit — that breadth of understanding, that infinite flexibility, that tolerance which entered into all phases and aspects of human life and character. As Goethe was the spiritual representative of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, so Sainte-Beuve sums up its middle years, and with Darwin he best embodies the endless scientific desire to understand.

No doubt at the back of all this varied play of intelligence there was, in Sainte-Beuve's case, an immense and pitiful disillusion, and it is a curious and teasing question for the psychological

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student whether the disillusion was the cause of the man's greatness or whether his peculiar type of greatness carried disillusion with it. But the point is that, while the disillusion may be deduced by the curious from scattered hints, it rarely enters into the treatment of individual subjects. Because he had no fixed belief, no obtruding philosophy of his own, the critic seems to have been all the better able to enter into the lives of others, of all others. He becomes a saint with the saint, an artist with the artist, a hero with the hero; if you like, a sinner with the sinner. But everywhere in his vast work the human soul is portrayed with marvelous delicacy, sympathy, subtlety, understanding. There can be no better spiritual education than to have the *Lundis* on your shelves and read a portrait every few weeks. The habit enlarges life.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

An Autobiography: Seventy Years of Life and Labor, by Samuel Gompers. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1925. 2 vols. Large 8vo. xxxv+556, xxix+557 pp. Illustrated. $10.00.

SAMUEL GOMPERS was born in London in 1850, and died in San Antonio, Texas, in 1924. His family, of Dutch-English Hebrew stock, emigrated to America when he was thirteen. His autobiography is therefore essentially a document of American life through the momentous period in which he lived.

In the great majority of important biographical works relating to this period certain familiar names appear and reappear with such frequency that each new book adds something to the reader's knowledge of one or another group of persons already known to him in connection with this or that department of American existence — political, intellectual, social, economic. Of course there are many books dealing with the American Labor movement of the past half-century, but few of them are biographical, and none is so conspicuous as this autobiography for bringing into the light of direct illumination an array of persons and conditions hardly to be encountered elsewhere on any such terms of intimacy.

This is most true of the portions of the work which naturally fall into the first volume. The picture of Sam Gompers learning the cigar-maker's trade in one New York shop after another, and learning besides innumerable things about human nature and social theories from his singing, arguing companions, from his reading of the New York *Sun* and other journals, from the employment of his active mind in serious study, is a picture of memorable outline. In the background stood a few figures, like Lincoln's, for admiration, and, like that of Karl Marx, for antagonism, the theories of Socialism being repugnant to Gompers from first to last. 'Socialists the world over,' his encounter with one of them in Edinburgh during the war led him to write, 'are of the same mental calibre. There is only one way to deal with them — don't argue, just tell them.' In the foreground of these early years stood a large group of pioneers in the Labor movement whose names — to whatever extent their collective deeds may have affected the course of industrial relations — are almost wholly without meaning to the reader of to-day.

In contrast with all these elements of the unfamiliar, something more than half of the autobiography brings the reader into contact with events and persons that figure in multitudes of other books. Their significance as determining figures in world affairs culminates in the years beginning with the war, when Gompers, once the obscurest of little cigar-makers, was hobnobbing with presidents, premiers, admirals, and kings, and bringing a vital contribution to the conduct and settlement of the war through his influence on the forces of Labor both in America and in Europe. The possibility of ascent from impotence to power has rarely been more dramatically illustrated than in this narrative.

It needs no searching eye of the moralist to discover the secret of the power exercised in steadily increasing degree and scope by Samuel Gompers. The intensity of his loyalties — to family, friends, and cause — accounts for much. A burning passion for justice to the under dog explains much more. On top of that came an unquenchable energy. 'Frequently,' he writes, 'there comes over me a feeling like liquid fire — it just courses through my veins — a yearning to work.'

The application of these qualities to the cause of Labor and trades-unionism was bound to produce results. The very fact that some of them were distasteful to the more conservative representatives of Capital, and others equally obnoxious to the more radical representatives of Labor, is a fair indication that their general value was substantial. The record of them is accordingly to be prized.

But why will not autobiographers — and biographers — learn that, unless their art be superhuman, an unbroken narrative of nearly 1200 large pages is more likely to obscure than to clarify a single life? The reader placed between a book that is too long and a review too short to do it justice may indeed be said to resemble the fabled donkey standing between two bales of excelsior.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1925

FISHING WITH A FLY

BY BLISS PERRY

I

I CONFESS that I am a fisherman of little or no reputation. Whatever good repute I might conceivably have won I forfeited, more than a score of years ago, by writing — and accepting — for the *Atlantic* an essay on 'Fishing with a Worm.' I shall never live down that essay. No matter what fish I have brought proudly home since then, — brook trout or rainbows, brown trout or gray, sea trout or salmon, — there is always some cynical friend to insinuate that I probably caught them with a worm! I shall never rehabilitate myself, not even if the present editor of the *Atlantic* takes pity on me and prints these meditations upon the art and mystery of fishing with a fly.

That old essay had at least the merit of honesty — a virtue not always attributed to fishermen. It admitted that fly-fishing is the finer art, wherever fly-fishing is to be had. It claimed merely that on waters where such fishing is impracticable there is much to be said for making the best of the situation and using the despised and wriggling worm. I hope that this paper will be equally honest, and I shall therefore unburden myself with a second confession, namely, that I am only a mediocre practitioner of the art which I am now attempting to praise. This is no Halford or Hewitt! The critic in me reports of the angler in me: —

'I have watched that fellow fishing, on and off, for fifty years. He has never learned to make his own flies. He ties a clumsy knot. He uses too heavy leaders. He sticks to that old warped Leonard rod because it once belonged to Dr. James O. Murray, though he has far better ones in his rod case. He gets fair distance in casting, especially with a two-handed salmon-rod, but his wrist is not quite supple enough. I consider him poor with the dry fly. He seems really happier when fishing with a wet fly downstream, like the Early Victorians. But I have actually seen him kill good trout, fishing across-stream, with a dry fly on the dropper and a wet one for the tail fly: a method entirely illogical. He is superstitious about his choice of flies. He pays too much attention to his "hunches" and too little to the natural flies to which the trout happen to be rising. I call him obstinate. He plays a small fish well enough, but he gets flurried with the big ones. He nets other men's fish much better than his own. He takes foolish chances in shooting rapids and

climbing slippery rocks and wading salmon rivers in flood. I would n't grade him A or even B. About a C+.'

Critics are always right, even when they miss the point. The point is that the fun and glory of fishing consist in fishing, and not in being 'high rod.' The men with whom I have had the happiest days on various rivers — L. the painter and A. the oculist, and C.E.B.C., the 'D.D.S.' — are far more delicate fly-fishermen than I shall ever be. For that matter, L. B., a village blacksmith in Cape Breton, whom I left sorrowfully shoeing a horse one Saturday afternoon last July when he had promised to fish the Forks pool with me, has a more delicate hand than any of them when it comes to fishing 'far and fine.' But the whole spirit of competition is alien to the true angler's mood. What difference does it make whose basket is heaviest? Everyone likes his share of luck, of course, — his to-day and another man's to-morrow, — but when you go fishing you are dealing with what Royce used to call the Absolute. All relativities are irrelevant.

It is for this reason that even the clumsiest angler may record his guesses at the secret of the peculiar satisfaction which fly-fishing affords. Guesses they must remain, for no one can give an adequate explanation. 'Exactly what is the nature of this pleasure which you find in smoking?' President Eliot once asked me with benignant skepticism. I did not pass that examination very well. I doubt if any smoker can. But your fly-fisherman, at least, is voluble enough in his own defense. (Give him a moment first, to light his pipe!)

For one thing, — and this is a consideration which might appeal to President Eliot, a veteran champion of training of the eye and hand, — fly-fishing calls for the most precise and fastidious manipulation of exquisitely fashioned tools. A three- or four-ounce split-bamboo rod, with a well-balanced reel, a tapered casting-line, a leader of the proper fineness, and a well-tied fly or flies, is one of the most perfectly designed and executed triumphs of human artisanship. A violin is but little better. At its pitch of dainty perfection it delights both the eye and the tactile sense, for not every rod which is beautifully made has the crowning virtue of the right 'feel.' And that it should look right and 'feel' right as it comes to you from the skilled workman is only a part of the visual and manual pleasure which it yields. For you, with your quite individual bodily and mental habits, your slowly acquired art as a fisherman, must now use this fragile combination of wood and steel and silk and gut and feathers under the most subtly variable conditions of light, wind, and water. You must be able to cast with either hand, in every imaginable posture, and under all mental conditions of exaltation or fatigue. Most trout that are hooked are struck within twenty-five or thirty feet of the fisherman, but on occasion you will wish to cast twice that distance or even more. And there is no moment of a long day on brook, river, or lake, whether your creel is filling or empty, when you are not conscious of the rich pleasure of using an instrument which is beautiful and exquisite in itself.

The very artificiality of the means employed heightens the enjoyment of fly-fishing. You choose deliberately the lightest tackle that will hold the fish. Perhaps you use a barbless hook, to increase the odds against you. At any rate, you give the fish a sporting chance. You neither net nor spear nor dynamite him. You challenge him to a trial of wits, his against yours. It does not become me to speak disrespectfully of the man who drops a fat worm, anchored to a steel rod, under the nose of

some trout lurking in a bushy tangle of the brook, and 'derricks' him on to the bank. I have done it too often! And there are exciting minutes in striking a big 'laker' seventy feet below the surface, or in trolling with a minnow or spinner for pike or landlocked salmon. Nevertheless, if a fish has been well hooked under such conditions, with powerful tackle, it is all up with him. He has little or no chance. But when a rainbow or brook or sea trout — and above all a fresh-run salmon — takes the fly the struggle is only begun. The lighter the tackle the greater the margin of uncertainty, and of glory if you win. Every angler who has had a sea trout weighing a pound or two rise accidentally to his salmon fly when he was fishing with a fifteen-foot, two-handed rod, knows the disappointing, unsportsmanlike sensation of reeling in the unlucky fish. Yet that very same sea trout on a three-ounce rod would have given noble and uncertain battle. Mr. Cleveland used to argue with me that a black bass, pound for pound, was a better fighter than a trout. He was a sturdier debater than I, and a far more experienced bass-fisherman; but if I can have a four-pound grilse on a four-ounce rod in fast water, anybody may have the bass.

Surely nothing can be more artificial, and few things more beautiful, than a man-made fly. I shall not enter upon the interminable question of the relative advantages of the fly made in exact imitation of the natural insect, versus the fly which imitates, like the Jock Scott or the Durham Ranger, no creature that ever existed. Trout and salmon rise to both of these kinds of flies — and sometimes to neither! The best debate I ever heard on this fascinating subject took place one July night in an inn on Bakers River, between a Concord parson who fished with nothing but a wet fly tied most cunningly by himself, and a Boston architect who fished with nothing but a dry fly — that is, a precise copy of a real fly, made to float upright within the field of vision of a special trout who on that day or hour is feeding upon the real fly in question. The umpire of the debate was an itinerant piano-tuner, whom I suspected of being a worm-fisherman at heart. When we finally agreed to smoke a last pipe and turn in — the only thing on which we could agree at all — I ventured to ask the parson how his wet flies had worked that day. It had been bright and hot, with low water.

'I did n't get anything,' confessed the parson.

'How about you?' I asked the architect.

'Nor I either,' replied the dry-fly expert.

Now I had been fishing, first with a wet fly, and then with a dry fly, and my luck was exactly the same as theirs!

'Well,' said the piano-tuner, by way of closing the discussion, 'can any of you fellows sing? I kind o' like a little music before I go to bed. Do you know that hotel at Woodsville?'

I remarked that it was the one celebrated by Robert Frost in the poem entitled 'A Hundred Collars.'

'Very likely,' assented the piano-tuner, vaguely. 'Well, I was sitting there one night and there was a troupe of singers that had come down from Montreal, waiting for the Boston sleeper. One of those fellows was trying to transpose something on the piano. I says, "Here, I'll transpose that for you, and you see if you can sing it." So I sat down to the piano and he began to sing. Say, now, *my gorry!* He *could* sing! I've got his card yet. He spelled his name B-i-s-p-h-a-m. And before he got through a woman came down from upstairs and said she guessed *she* would sing too. Say! By

midnight we had two hundred people trying to crowd into that hotel to hear her! Her name was Eames.'

And so, each with his own memories of those golden vanished voices, we fishermen crept quietly upstairs to bed — and the debate was never settled.

II

But surely a clear majority of anglers are ready to admit that fly-fishing, in addition to the singular charm which arises from the nature of its artistry, affords also an unrivaled satisfaction in its opportunities for studying the habits and behavior of noble species of fish. For there is an embryo scientist, as well as an humble artist, in every outdoors man. The fly-fisherman, through long practice in alert observation, develops not only the sea gull's or fish hawk's vision for what is below the surface of the water, but also a kind of sixth sense for what the fish themselves are seeing and thinking. He learns that what really matters is not the color and shape of the fly as the fisherman looks down at it in his fly book or upon the surface of the stream, but the color and shape and reflection of light as these appear to the eyes of a fish looking at the fly from underneath in moving water. Many recent books on the dry fly have printed curiously interesting photographs, made underneath specially constructed glass-bottomed fish-tanks, with the camera pointed upward, so that every motion of the rising trout, as the fly floats within his sharply limited angle of vision, is easily registered. It is demonstrable that familiar patterns of flies, photographed from below through several feet of running water, and thus giving the object as it appears to the fish rather than to the fisherman, present this whole subject of trout psychology in a new light.

The problem, obviously, is to offer to the trout something pleasing to him, and not at all something which happens to tickle your own human fancy in patterns and colors. It is as if a necktie which suits you may not appeal to your wife's taste in the least! A year ago I fished a tiny lake in Northern Quebec. 'You 'll find,' said a friendly lumberman, 'that they 'll take just one fly: a Parmachenee Belle, No. 6'; and as I had nothing of that size in that pattern, he gave me a couple. I tried half a dozen other flies first, and had a few rises to a Dark Montreal, but the real fishing did not begin until I put on those big gaudy red-and-white No. 6's. Now precisely why should those trout, very rarely fished over, demand that special stimulus to sense perception?

Take another instance. Last July A. and I were fishing a stream in Nova Scotia, where I had never failed to take plenty of small trout. We were planning, in fact, to lunch on trout, with some incidental coffee and bacon and toast. It was long after noon when we reached the chosen spot, and I was sure that a quarter of an hour's fishing would provide the luncheon. To my dismay we could not take a single trout. A whole baffling hungry hour went by. Then A., who had been changing flies every few minutes, put on a tiny brown hackle. In ten minutes he took more trout than we could eat. Now why?

Or why, after lunch that day, did the trout change their mind again? It was three o'clock, sunny, windless, and very hot, when I reached a strip of dead-water, about three feet deep, thirty yards wide, and perhaps a hundred yards long, lined with thick alders. Near the foot of this dead-water, as I peered through the alders, I saw, in full glaring sunlight, not a dozen feet away, a school of good-sized trout. Instinctively I dropped to my

knees, in the wet sedge-grass. I had just broken the tip of a new and very light rod, in striking a three-quarter pounder, and though he was flapping in the basket the hastily spliced tip would not bear the slightest strain. The alders were so close behind me that a decent back-cast was impossible. In fact everything was wrong, except that I had not yet frightened the trout. I put on a No. 12 Silver Doctor and, prayerfully favoring the broken tip, managed to flick a nondescript back-handed underhand cast so as to reach the fish, who were still not fifteen feet upstream. *Thump!* The tip held, and the net was under him; and so it went — *thump! thump!* — for a quarter of an hour, my aching knees sinking lower and lower into the mud, and the little Silver Doctor working magically, until ten of the prize scholars in that school had been promoted to the basket; more fish and bigger fish than I have often taken in a whole day's sport under the most favorable conditions. And it is only fair to add that A., fifty yards upstream, balanced on a little flat rock just below a cold brook that ran into the dead-water, and fishing with a tiny brown dry fly which neither of us could identify, took even more trout that afternoon than I did — most of them actually in his own shadow, as the dry fly floated back downstream toward him.

No, there is simply no understanding the mysteries of a trout's eye and mind. Their habits seem so fixed that learned scientists can write books about them; and then all at once they go plunging off their orbit in some subaqueous brainstorm. The best fly-fishing I ever expect to have was during a September snow-squall, well up toward Hudson's Bay. The rise lasted about half an hour, and W. and I, shivering in the bottom of the rocking canoes, in a gale of wind, took seventeen brook trout, mostly males in superb color and condition, weighing altogether just under twenty pounds. Was it hunger, or the excitement of the snowstorm agitating the shallow water, or some occult mob-psychology that defies analysis, that made them rise so feverishly?

Equally fascinating is the behavior of individual fish under more normal circumstances. Are trout more shy, or less shy, in water that is constantly fished? Anglers differ widely in answering this apparently simple question. The upper ten miles of the Lamoille, for instance, are fished certainly once a day by someone during the whole season. I have fished that delightful river for twenty-five years, though never with much luck. The trout are getting scarcer each year, — thanks to the motor-cars, — but I cannot see that the fish are more shy or less shy than they are in some inaccessible streams that are fished only once or twice a summer. But there are always individual trout who contradict every usual law of their habitat. These mavericks who will not run with the herd, who are cautious when others are bold and bold when others are cautious, who are full of whims and humors, incite the fly-fisherman to his most cunning devices. They are hard to raise, hard to hook, and hard to bring to the net. If you can capture a couple of these experienced old cynics in an afternoon, you have a right to be proud.

I met on the Margaree last summer a Scotchman from Inverness who holds that no two salmon are alike in their feelings or behavior. In his selection of flies, it is true, he has gone to the extreme of simplification. He fishes with nothing but a Black Dose in the morning hours, and a Jock Scott or Silver Doctor toward evening, and, like a true Scot, he prefers a single-pointed hook. During the season of

1923, he hooked nineteen salmon in the overfished open water of the Margaree, and brought seventeen of them to the gaff — a very high average of performance, for ordinarily, if you land one salmon to every two that you hook and three that you raise, you are doing well enough. He claimed that no two of his seventeen salmon behaved in anything like the same fashion. He had to alter his strategy and tactics for each individual case, obeying the infinite variety of conditioning circumstances in each pool, as well as the varying moods, resources, and fighting-quality of each fish. But I have fished that same river with an Italian bootlegger, a notoriously lucky angler, whose sole theory seems to be, after hooking a salmon, to 'treat him rough'; that is, to give him the full pressure of a heavy rod, and reel him in without ceremony. The Scotchman seems to me, however, a finer metaphysician than the Dago, and a happier fisherman, though he may not kill any more fish.

III

An American treatise on æsthetics, in distinguishing between higher and lower pleasures, makes much of the point that the higher æsthetic impressions are permanently pleasurable in revival. Many fly-fishermen will agree with me in thinking that some of their most unalloyed happiness is in their memory of the circumstances attending the capture — or even the loss! — of some one fish. No one ever forgot his first trout! I can see myself yet, backing off a couple of rods from the brook in the Heart of Greylock, — then in spring flood, — squeezing in two boyish fists that black and slippery miracle, and not daring to take him off the hook for fear he might escape! But that first trout, like Izaak Walton's last one, was caught with a worm. In June of that year, however, I saw for the first time a trout taken on a fly. A schoolmate, with such a dainty rod as I had never dreamed of, was fishing a deep, willow-shadowed pool just below the junction of the Ashford and Hancock brooks in South Williamstown. It was after sunset, and he was casting deftly under the willows with a white fly, when suddenly a trout leaped for it, and after a few desperate plunges was drawn coolly up on the gravel bank. It weighed exactly a pound. The captor affected to make little of his triumph; but I noticed that he presented the trout, with his compliments, to 'Miss Blanche.'

Forty-nine years ago, and the boy's name and face are long since forgotten, but the June dusk and the dark rippling water and the white fly and the gleaming rush of that big trout excite me still! What moments one recalls! That dawn on the Miramichi, and the gorgeously colored two-pound trout that raced a grilse for my tiny double-pointed Jock Scott, and beat the grilse by an inch! That other two-pounder at the foot of one of the Marteau lakes, at midday in full September sunshine, curving up grandly to a Montreal on a very long cast and fighting up and down the fifty-foot pool like a salmon! The leaping rainbow in the granite basin on Bakers River! The grilse hooked by Donald as we were standing on the top of the old dam on the Clearwater, when Donald — 'showing off' a little, as guides sometimes will — cast eighty feet downstream into a little amber-colored pool where the grilse took the fly, and I played him from the top of the dam while Donald climbed down and gaffed him! So clear was that marvelous air and still more marvelous water that I could almost count the spots upon the grilse's flashing sides.

And here comes one of the paradoxes of fishing. By some strange trick of the

memory the fish which you take or lose seem in retrospect only a bit of high light in the general picture. The exaltation of an instant of perfect skill, the heartbreaking sense of clumsiness or stupidity when you lose a salmon, lessen their poignancy in the presence of the beauty which is always waiting upon the angler. The cardinal flowers blooming twenty years ago on a mossy log upon the shadowed shore of Big Greenough pond are lovely yet, though not a trout rose that morning from under the log. The big red fox still squats on his haunches upon the far side of Norbert's pool, wisely criticizing my unsuccessful casting. The ravens bark hoarsely in the black spruces above the Sheerdam. That pair of great horned owls still follow me down the Olmsted brook. The buck that snorted and jumped just behind me as I was making a very careful cast on the Big Magalloway still makes my heart pump — so silent was that lonely afternoon. The moose tracks are still there on the muddy shore of the St. Maurice. The cries of strange birds in the twilight haunt the willow copses along the Margaree. The endless hot afternoons on the Miramichi, while we were waiting for falling water, are no longer tedious, for now they are crowded with pictures of friendly purple finches, and mother partridges with their broods, and 'mourning-cloak' butterflies clustering by thousands upon the worn rocks by the river. No, you may forget the fish that you catch or lose, but you can never forget the fishing!

I have no quarrel with the persons who go into the woods to peep and botanize and name all the birds without a gun. There is fun enough in this world, if properly distributed, to give everybody something. But I am stating a truism when I claim that the man with a rod or gun sees more and feels more in the woods than if he were to go empty-handed. In moments of tense excitement in watching for fish or game one's field of vision is wider and both sight and hearing more sensitive than in any moods of mere passive receptivity to 'Nature's teaching.' Never is the dawn more miraculous than when the fog first lifts along the reaches of the river and you tie on a favorite fly with chilled, fumbling fingers, light your first pipe of the day, and wade, shivering, into the chuckling water. Never is the divine and terrifying mystery of the dark so close to you as when you are stumbling campward in the twilight along an unknown trail. The woodsman who cannot understand how a man can be panic-stricken by the dark is no woodsman. He lacks a sense of the situation: of the very narrow line that separates fire, food, and shelter from the desperate horror of 'a man lost.' I helped find one of these men once. He rose up gaunt in the October dusk from a bog back of Spencer Mountain, and waved his arms wildly just as I was holding the rifle on him, taking him for a moose; and I shall never forget how we filled him up with coffee, trout, and venison that night, and put him safely on the 'tote road' in the morning.

And between dawn and dark what infinite variations of air and light and color and wind play upon the mind of the fisherman as if it were an opal! The wind caresses him one moment, and torments him in the next, tossing his fly into treetops or breaking the brittle hook against a rock. But the water is the true opal. In the upper reaches of many of our New England streams the water flowing from a peat bog or cedar swamp has the tone of a very dark sherry; in full sunlight, flecked by shadows, it becomes one of Emerson's leopard-colored rills; as it pours over granite ledges it changes to something

strangely austere and pure. No two successive hours are alike to the angler, for the brook or river is changing its form and hue in every instant, and his mind and mood and artistry are affected by every yard of the gliding, Protean stream. He is watching it, not with the sentimentalist's preoccupation with pure beauty, but rather with the fisherman's trained perception of the effect of wind and light, of deeper or darker-colored water, of eddy or shallow, upon the next cast of his fly. The paradox is that this very preoccupation with angling seems to make him more sensitive to the enfolding beauty of the landscape.

He must, of course, to perceive it fully, have a certain capacity for philosophical detachment, a kind of Oriental superiority to failure or success. Perhaps that is what being a 'born fisherman' means. A. and I, a few months ago, started out to fish a famous salmon-pool. Three or four salmon could be seen lying there, dark wavering shapes in ten or fifteen feet of water. On the gravel bank above them, precisely where we had expected to take turns casting, stood an elderly gentleman who had already been fishing for three hours on that same spot. I hope it was not mere envy of his prior occupation of the coveted 'stand' which made us rate him as the worst fisherman in the world. He slapped the water petulantly with a line that reached not halfway to the sulking fish; he jerked the fly out before it had a chance to float down with the current, and nervously slapped it back again. We watched him for a whole hour, and then went around him down the river. It was an enchanting afternoon, in the loveliest of valleys. We fished our prettiest, using every device known to us, but raised nothing, and by sunset we had worked back to the pool and learned what had happened. After nearly seven hours of persistent thrashing and jerking and thrashing on that one spot, a salmon — either irritated at last beyond endurance or driven by some obscure suicidal mania — had actually risen to that duffer's fly, and been hooked, played, and gaffed! Weight, twenty-two pounds.

I must have looked what I felt. 'Never mind,' said A. 'Let him have his fish. You and I have had a richer day than he.' Was it a born fisherman's infinite capacity for self-deception, or was it a real insight into the nature of happiness, that made us tramp upstream again, proud as two Spanish grandees, without tangible possessions, but rich in memory and in hope? As for the elderly gentleman, he did not need any philosophy. He had his salmon.

But this sense of personal prowess in killing fish or game is certainly a curious trait in civilized elderly gentlemen. Is it, as some persons believe, a survival of savagery, a reversion to primitivism? Is the distinction between killing fish and killing game a real one? Many men make it. They can no longer shoot a gray squirrel or a rabbit or partridge or even a deer; they now prefer to watch them. But they will still catch fish and shoot ducks; 'ducks being different,' as C. E. B. C. says. Note that they do not really need either fish or ducks for food. In fact, any fisherman who has been caught in the woods with supplies running low and has been obliged to kill fish or go hungry will tell you that angling under such circumstances loses most of its fascination. There is too much primitivism in it, and not enough illusion. But mark how narrow is the margin of pleasurable sport! If you need the fish for food, your pure pleasure in taking them diminishes. And on the other hand, when there is no question at all of actual necessity and you have

simply felt like going fishing, you become conscious at some late hour upon a lucky day that you have taken 'your share' of fish. After that moment your pleasure swiftly evaporates; you feel unsportsmanlike in killing any more. Is not the mentality of fishermen unaccountable?

IV

There is one aspect of this reversion to primitivism, however, which is very real, and of inestimable value to sedentary gentlemen. A fishing-trip somehow taps in them unsuspected reservoirs of physical and moral energy. They may habitually put on rubbers when they walk to the post office in damp weather; they consult throat specialists; they seriously consider being examined by a life-extension institute. And here they are suddenly swinging off the Winnipeg Pullman at midnight at a flag station, with duffle bag, rod case, and rifle, to be greeted taciturnly by guides whom they have never seen but who will know them in a week better than they know themselves. They will forget all about their rubbers and their throats and the admonitions of their wives. They will wade waist-deep in icy water and crouch for hours under dripping hemlocks. At home they expect a 'red-cap' to carry their suitcase and a chauffeur to open the door of their car; but here they cheerfully tote a bushel of potatoes over a hard portage if the guide has all he can do with the canoe. They can eat anything, drink anything, smoke anything, — except the native Canadian tobacco! — and crawl at night into a dirty sleeping-bag as if it were the couch of an emperor. A life-extension institute? Did not Izaak Walton live to be ninety, and did not Henry M.'s uncle, when the ice went out of the Miramichi below Boisetown in the spring of 1922, celebrate his hundredth birthday by casting the whole day for black salmon? Nonsense! If the rod and reel are working well, and the fly book is wisely filled and the sky a bit overcast and there is just enough ripple on the water, your life-extension institute is already functioning!

The mystery of fly-fishing, after all, is what is called by the younger generation a 'complex.' One of its strands — not the subtlest — is mere joy in manual dexterity. Another is the exquisite artificiality with which the means are adapted to the end. There is the pleasure of accurate observation of bewildering living creatures. There is moving water, and all the changes of the sky, shadow and sunlight and raindrops upon trees and flowers, and the old inexhaustible, indescribable beauty of the world. There are a few fish. There is at times the zest of companionship and at other times the satisfaction of solitude. There are gentle memories of some 'excellent angler, now with God.' And always there is that deep secret of expectation, the vital energy, ever strangely renewed, which looks for some fulfillment of its dreams beyond the next height of land, below the next turn of the stream. There are no scales for weighing such imponderable things as these, but surely next to the happiness of one's own home and work is the happiness of sitting in the bow of a canoe, rod in hand, as the guide paddles you noiselessly around the bend of an unknown river. Life offers few moments more thrilling than that, and one may be permitted to think that Death will not offer anything very different.

THE HIGH COST OF BABIES

BY IDA L. ALBRIGHT

I

A PICTURESQUE fact connected with my arrival in the world is that it cost my parents, in doctor's fees, exactly ten dollars. Nor did the bill ever vary for one of my mother's six children born after me. No trained nurse assisted our doctor on these occasions, for there was none within a radius of seventy miles. But there was Aunt Lindsay, that intrepid woman with the huge spectacles and the shiny black bag, who always 'stepped over' from her plantation nine miles away to render my mother a bit of neighborly assistance in her hour of need.

So precisely did visits from Aunt Lindsay coincide with the arrival of a new baby at our house that we older children were thrown into a state of violent excitement whenever we saw her roan mare and ramshackle buggy appear over the top of the hill. During her stay she performed the duties which would have fallen to a trained nurse, mended up the stockings, planned the meals, made catnip tea for the baby, and took charge of the next youngest child. If we needed disciplining, she found time to do it, and before we started to school in the mornings she gave our necks and ears a critical inspection. No task was too trivial to enlist her interest, none was too big for her to tackle. My father always gave her five silver dollars for her services, and a basket of the choicest fruit and melons growing on the plantation. Once, when it seemed certain that a particular baby had started life handicapped by insomnia, and Aunt Lindsay's biennial visit had been more than usually strenuous, he supplemented five dollars and a sack of apples with a fine young Jersey calf.

I do not say that things are not better to-day, but they are different. Statistics on infant mortality might be quoted indefinitely to show that the modern obstetrical nurse at forty-five or fifty dollars a week is a better investment than was the old-fashioned kind. But she is not nearly so comfortable to have around; for being, like nearly everyone else connected with the medical profession, a specialist, she does not concern herself with the other children of the household, or with those manifold small crises that spring up like mushrooms when the woman of a house temporarily relinquishes her authority.

The same doctor who presided at the birth of my mother's seven children also saw us safely through the various children's diseases. We teethed, whooped, and had chicken pox, measles, and pink eye under his benevolent supervision. Until our own children were born, we believed that our tonsils were an orthodox part of our anatomy, like our liver or our lungs, since he had never hinted the contrary. In point of time, this venerable family doctor is but one generation removed from the several men of the medical profession whose combined

services have been required to keep our children, and my husband and myself, in a reasonable state of health. Spiritually, not to say financially, he is a type incalculably distant from the doctors we have known.

There is, for instance, the preoccupied and increasingly important obstetrician, who attended me at the birth of my first two children. He is successful now, and his fee is five hundred dollars for the delivery of a single child. There is the baby specialist, by whom, at the request of the obstetrician, my children were 'gone over' as soon as they arrived in the world, and whose word was as the law of the Medes and Persians to me until I came to wear the crown of my motherhood with something of the ease that arises from experience. There is, too, the at one time rising, but now risen, young throat-and-ear specialist who removed our superfluous tonsils and adenoids. In this list I do not include our excellent and modern dentist, one of whose office nurses calls me by telephone every three months to remind me that it is time for the oral hygienist of the staff to clean the children's teeth, after which the dentist will fill them if they need it. That is another story. But I should like to mention the fact that my husband, poor wretch, occasionally sneaks off to a doctor of his own. Once, when I hinted that maybe it was a little extravagant of him to have a physician all to himself, he retorted that neither an obstetrician nor a baby specialist could do him any particular good. The subject has since been a closed one between us.

These physicians, and others called in by them, have seen us safely through the illnesses and minor operations which in this day no large family seems able to escape. As physicians, they have been skillful and tender. But their scale of prices has continued to soar, and our household accounts show that for every ninety-eight cents we have scraped together these past twelve years for what the family budget fancifully lists as 'Education and the Higher Life,' we have spent at least one hundred dollars for doctors' fees. This in spite of the fact that we call ourselves a healthy family.

Now we believe in the specialist. No one man can encompass the boundaries of modern medicine in a lifetime. But we have learned too what heavy burdens specialization can inflict on a family of average income. It is not what we pay one doctor — it is the sum total of what we pay two doctors, or three, and what we pay for X-rays, nursing-charges, and hospital accommodations that makes it possible for the savings of years to be wiped out by a single illness.

II

When our first child was born, twelve years ago, my husband was receiving the infinitesimal salary of a newspaper man, and earned extra money when he could by writing Sunday stories. We had not a penny beyond what he made, but we were blithe young people. We had married for love, hoping to have children, and expecting to be able to take care of them. As soon as we knew that we should need a physician, we looked about with great care, and found exactly what we wanted — a man young, ambitious, and making his own way like ourselves. He was specializing in obstetrics, and we believed in specialization with all the enthusiasm of our inexperience. Moreover, this young doctor had the one requisite that was necessary so far as we were concerned. He was establishing a practice, as we were establishing a

family, and we were given to understand that, although his goal was the vast sum of one hundred dollars for attendance at childbirth, he now charged a beginner's fees.

When our baby arrived, and his bill was presented, it put us at an unexpected disadvantage. We had thought that he would charge around forty dollars, perhaps as much as fifty. But he sent us a receipted bill for one hundred dollars, with a friendly note telling us that this was his fee, and that he would be pleased to accept what we felt we could pay. We disliked to accept his services at a price less than that at which he valued them, but we could not make our slender budget cover the full amount of the bill. My hospital expenses for two weeks were sixty dollars. I had no special nurse, but was looked after, as are many mothers, by the ward nurse. One other item I must not forget; it has become an almost inevitable part of a young mother's expenses. When our baby was a few hours old, the baby specialist appeared upon the scene. He had been summoned with my consent by our doctor, who said: 'I don't know anything about babies. I advise you to let Doctor Blank look the youngster over.'

The child was brought from the nursery, undressed, examined, and pronounced healthy by the specialist, to the accompaniment of its lusty yells. From that moment Doctor Blank dominated my life for a number of years. My children were weighed, weaned, fed, and exercised under his direction, and I would sooner have broken the Ten Commandments than one of his rules. The other specialists who flitted in and out of our home during the early part of our married life were called in by him, and under his régime I unquestioningly accepted all the latest wrinkles in the upbringing of the very young. I faithfully gave the baby tomato juice to drink, and I kept her on the sleeping-porch at temperatures that would have caused the women of my mother's day to have me up for lunacy.

My parents' first child had cost them, for doctor and nurse, fifteen dollars. This was twenty-five years before I had children of my own, and these were country prices. My husband and I lived in a city, and the birth of our first child cost us, including the baby specialist's visit, one hundred and thirty-five dollars.

III

Things were different when the second baby came. My husband's salary had increased considerably. So had our expenses. He had been sent to Mexico by his paper to write special articles for six months. I managed thriftily while he was away, and when he returned we gave up our tiny city apartment and made our first payment on a little house in the suburbs. This time our young doctor sent us his bill for one hundred dollars, without qualification. We managed to pay it, and gladly.

My room at the hospital was larger than the one I had taken the first time, and it had, as the doctor recommended, a sunny exposure. Of course we paid for the sunshine, but it was worth it. Another luxury which the doctor advised for me was a special nurse for two or three days, longer if we could afford it.

At the birth of our second child, our bills went up to little more than two hundred dollars. When our third was born, war prices had set in. My own doctor being overseas, I placed myself under the care of an elderly physician who, while he did not cater

to rich and fashionable patients, was a man of established reputation. His fee was one hundred and fifty dollars. The price of hospital accommodations and nursing-service had increased enormously, so that, though my husband was earning four thousand dollars a year, the bills inflicted genuine hardship upon us; especially as they were coincident with two of considerable size from the child specialist and the ear specialist whom he had called in when one of the older children was sick with an attack of grippe and inflamed ears. These men insisted that the child's tonsils and adenoids be removed, and as soon as spring came we had it done. We paid fifty dollars for the operation, and more than half as much again for the hospital charges.

This was the first and last time we ever had the privilege of paying fifty dollars for this particular operation. In the city to which we moved later, it had gone up to seventy-five. The favorite specialist of most of my neighbors now charges for it the round sum of one hundred dollars.

When we had been married seven years, we had three perfect children. Though we had never had a case of prolonged or serious illness in the house, our savings still fell far below what we had expended for doctors' fees. Yet we reasoned that an ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure; and we counted on getting ahead when the children were older. Our fortunes increased sooner than we expected. My husband received a business offer from a distant city at a salary almost twice as large as any he had received before. To us it seemed very big indeed, for we unconsciously measured it in pre-war terms. We sold our little house at a fair profit, had a good savings-account for the first time, and felt happy and secure in the move we were making.

But during our first year in our new home we learned what hardships extreme illness may inflict upon the average middle-class family of to-day, if it avails itself of the best that modern medical skill can offer. Our two eldest children had no sooner recovered from a neighborhood epidemic of measles than they were seized by a malignant illness; our attending child-specialist was not absolutely certain of its nature. He called in consultation another specialist, and they gave the disease a Latin name that sounded as if it might have come out of a seed catalogue. They informed us that it was one which in the history of medicine has been known to follow measles only about once in five hundred cases, and that our children were critically ill. We secured a night nurse at forty dollars a week, and I took charge by day. The child specialist was often at the house twice a day. An eye, ear, and throat specialist came three times, bringing his assistant once. The children recovered after several weeks, and we asked nothing more. I was happy when the doctors assured me that their illness could in no wise be attributed to lack of good care on my part, or on the part of the child specialist at home under whose supervision they had been since their birth. It was merely that lightning must strike somewhere. No family, however high its health standards, could be sure of immunity from disaster. The bills of the three men were considerate in the extreme. Added to the nurse's salary, however, they made what was for us a staggering total. Yet we felt only gratitude for the skill of those who had served us to such good purpose, and we cheerfully drew upon our now diminishing savings.

IV

Our fourth child was born soon after this. My husband had accepted the advice of several acquaintances, all of

whom named the same man, and had placed me under the care of Dr. X.

'He may be a trifle more expensive,' we were told, 'but you want the best.' Yes, after the dreadful fright of our children's first serious illness, we wanted the best as never before. Of course Dr. X specialized in obstetrics. His fee was two hundred dollars, and he had me go to a private hospital, explaining that all his patients went there and that I would not find it more expensive than any other. In this he was mistaken. My room for two weeks cost eighty dollars, and the other hospital charges were proportionately more expensive than any we had paid before.

It was at this time that we decided to change our policy very definitely.

'No more specialists for us,' we said, and meant it. 'We have taken an eight-year course under them in the care and feeding of infants. Now we shall apply the knowledge we have gained from the specialist, but we shall apply it under the tutelage of a good, old-fashioned, all-round family doctor. We shall find such a man, and under his precepts live and die.'

It was a decision that nearly cost us the life of our fourth child, and incidentally a great deal of money. Because the country is a healthy place for children, we looked about until we found a house we could afford within commuting-distance of my husband's office. Within stone's throw was the home of the family doctor, a man of long experience and excellent reputation.

No family ever had a better friend than we during the four years that we lived near him. He was a good doctor, too. But I have always felt that he did not have the highly specialized knowledge of which we stood in need when our youngest child developed serious digestive disturbances that went from bad to worse. We had determined to try out the family-doctor idea, and we clung doggedly to our resolve until it was almost too late. When the child specialist we had had in the city was finally called in consultation, he gave us to understand there was no time to lose. Within two hours after he entered our house the baby was in a tiny quiet room in the hospital in town, with a trained baby-nurse in charge.

For that first week our hospital, nursing, and X-ray expenses totaled eighty dollars, exclusive of the attendance of the family doctor and the specialist. And this was only the beginning. A wet nurse must be had. Here again the specialist's methods meant securing the best, securing it immediately, and at whatever price one had to pay. We brought the baby home, and from an agency which sends out only those nurses who have undergone certain tests to determine that they have no diseases that may be transmitted to a nursing infant there came to us Alice, with her nameless baby. Dear Alice! I know that the Recording Angel wrote her name among the saints when she sat silently weeping because my child was too weak to draw from those life-giving breasts of hers, and when she shared with me the watches of the night, and yet again when she so willingly and joyfully nourished my baby before her own, whom she loved as only mothers love.

Our child's illness lasted five months. The services of the specialist were not needed continuously throughout this period; our family doctor conducted the case under his direction. All the visits that the specialist did make to our house were at a fee of ten dollars each. Nor was this exorbitant. We lived in the country, the winter was at its worst, and the physician's services were greatly in demand. The family doctor charged the usual three dollars for a day call, and five dollars for a night summons, but I never felt that he made

a superfluous visit. Alice and her baby stayed five months, and at the end of each week during that time I mailed a check to the nurses' agency.

Except for the first week at the hospital we did not have a trained nurse, though there were times when I felt a bitter need of one. As it was, our savings had been wiped out entirely by the illnesses of a twelvemonth, and we were in debt for the first time. That our recent tribulations were outside the range of our ordinary experience was small comfort. They had happened once, and they might happen again. On the other hand, our child was saved. After all, nothing else mattered.

Like many a young mother, I probably went to extremes in my dependence upon the specialist when my children were in their babyhood. They are older now, and I have gained the confidence that comes with having learned their symptoms by heart. Also, experience has taught me the efficacy of castor oil and common-sense. I no longer cling to the coat-tails of the specialist, but I believe in him heartily. Even so, I want to put a certain question to him. In my daydreams I hear myself saying boldly: 'Where, please, is this business of specialization going to end? Is n't it already a little overdeveloped?'

V

Recently, when the subject of medical fees was discussed by a group of my friends, we agreed vaguely that one of the causes contributing to the size of present-day doctors' bills is the overhead expense. I sometimes wonder if the doctor does n't overdo this matter of overhead. A year ago my husband and our family doctor induced me to go to a certain diagnostician for examination. I appeared at his office at the appointed time. Did I say office? It was a suite which only the threadbare adjective 'palatial' can describe. There was no need for me to ring; at the door stood a smiling attendant to anticipate my coming.

I found myself in a happy glow of appreciation — until I cast an appraising eye at the appointments of the room. Then an uneasy feeling seized me. These Oriental rugs — they looked frightfully expensive. Those fine prints on the walls — they represented for me the patient economies of years. The two vases on the mantel — had the diagnostician paid for them, or would he put them on my bill? The thought terrified me. I should have tried to make my escape, no doubt, if at that moment my name had not been called by the most correct of graduate nurses. She conducted me to what, in all its appointments, might have been the dressing-room of a woman of fashion, and there she hovered over me while I changed my clothing for the coarse garment of unbleached 'domestic.'

Then she led me tenderly into the adjoining apartment, which had the antiseptic smell, and much of the equipment, of a big operating-room. There we found a second young woman awaiting us, the diagnostician's stenographer. When the trained nurse requested me to give in full my name, age, and place of birth, out came the other's pad and pencil. It was all very professionally and efficiently done, but it gave me the depressed feeling I have frequently experienced just before going under an anæsthetic.

Enter now the great man, the diagnostician himself. Where his assistants had been all solicitude for my comfort and well-being, his own manner was as impersonal as if I had been a dummy stuffed with straw. He placed a hand on each of my temples, tilted my head back, squinted his eyes, and began to dictate rapidly. When he thumped me, shook me, raised my eyelids with his

thumbs, turned and twisted me unmercifully, I was as putty in his hands; there was something hypnotic in that muttered stream of strange terms which his stenographer continued to transmit to paper. During these proceedings the graduate nurse anticipated, with exquisite deftness, the physician's every move. It was teamwork developed to the *n*th degree. Did he have need of an instrument, it was in his hands. Did he require stronger light, the room glowed. If he wanted more heat, it burned within arm's length — all without spoken word from him.

And when, finally, he had done with me, was this all? It was not. It was just about half.

'One of my assistants will make an appointment for you with my partner, Dr. A. He will give you the pelvic examination. You know he specializes along that line.'

Ten days later I received by mail a document which I at first mistook for somebody's last will and testament, mailed to me by mistake. It turned out to be my medical history as compiled in the offices of these two physicians. I should frame it if it were not twelve pages long, and if I could understand so much as a paragraph without referring to my Latin dictionary. As it is, I have laid it away to hand down to the children with other distinguished family records.

The result of these sessions with the diagnostician and his partner was that they pronounced me a sound woman, suffering only from overwork. I have often wondered, however, just what proportion of the bill that I received from them could be charged to overhead expense in the running of their offices.

VI

Not long ago I had an opportunity to ask a well-known member of the New York Health Department, himself a practising physician in that city for many years, what, in his opinion, was the remedy for the financial burden which specialization in medicine imposes upon the average family, and I told him some of the personal experiences recounted above. He regarded me with the tolerant look which a wise man sometimes bestows on a foolish woman, and said: —

'There are thousands of women like yourself bringing up families of children on average incomes, and who, like you, feel that they have a right to those highly specialized services which doctors can give only at prices that none but the rich can afford. You do not realize that you are reaching for something beyond your grasp. It is just as if you were riding down Fifth Avenue in a Ford, and suddenly decided that you were entitled to a Rolls-Royce. Or as if you became dissatisfied with your string of beads when you saw a woman in a box at the opera wearing pearls. It is the middle-class woman reaching out for what only the rich woman can have. What all of you need is to utilize more of the knowledge of hygiene and preventive methods which the public-health services, and other educational agencies, place at your disposal. Then, with the aid of a good general practitioner, or family doctor, keep your families up to such high health-standards that the services of the specialist will not be needed to any great extent.'

This was common-sense, of course, but it left me unconvinced. I talked back to him, eminent man that he is. The best medical attention when they need it, for the people whom I love, is a vital thing to me, like good schools, or pure water, or clean milk. My child, no less than the child of the woman with the limousine or the string of pearls, is heir to and flower of the ages. I demand the best for him as passionately as she

demands the best for her own. Why should the splendid and thrilling results of specialization in modern medicine be employed for the benefit of two minority groups — those who are rich enough to pay enormous prices, and those who are poor enough to go to the clinic? What about the great middle class to which I belong?

To-day we still live in the country. Less than a mile from our house is the office of an excellent physician whom we fondly but fictitiously call our family doctor. But he is not a family doctor in the sense in which my parents knew the term. He does not attempt to cover the whole field of medicine. He too believes in the specialist, for he has us consult one whenever a situation arises that calls for a highly differentiated medical knowledge.

I believe that this family doctor of ours, in common with other general practitioners, is partly responsible for overspecialization in medicine. Because of the squeamish ethics for which the medical profession is noted, or because he feels that his patient has confidence in and desires specialized attention, the family doctor is too prone to recommend that a nervous woman or a fearful man go to the specialist for all sorts of simple operations, like throat-spraying, for instance, which could perfectly well be attended to by himself. The specialist, without fanfare of trumpets, or blare of advertising, has sold himself with complete success to the public. He is rapidly obscuring, as well as subjecting to unbearable economic pressure, the general practitioner, whose lieutenant he should be, and with whose services we of the middle class cannot afford to dispense.

What is the remedy for such a state of affairs? Does it lie in limiting the number of specialists? Will it be found, as some medical journals and several recent books ask uneasily, in the supplanting of the present system of individual medical practice by a system of state medicine, in which an efficiently administered public-health service shall be the physician of the people? Is the solution in group practice? Or in educating the public away from the specialist and back to the general practitioner? Or in a scale of medical fees based upon incomes?

The most gifted and successful young specialist whom I know has an interesting plan, not yet worked out as to detail, for relieving the pressure which the high medical costs impose upon certain classes. He would establish clinics, at which the man of small income would pay according to his ability to pay. Such clinics, my friend believes, would solve the problem for those of quite limited income as free clinics have solved it for the very poor. This young specialist honestly means to work out this plan of salvation. But when I consider the enormous overhead expense which he incurs in the practice of his specialty, and the increasing number of wealthy and important patients who wait in his reception rooms, I wonder if he will not, as years go by, be too busy and too prominent to think about it at all.

VII

This question of specialism in medicine, and the resulting high costs of medical service, are problematic to doctors no less than to a restive public. The forward-looking physician sees in the numerous subdivisions of medical practice that exist to-day an economic menace to the whole of his profession. Obviously the system must topple if it becomes more complicated. He realizes that the practice of medicine must be reorganized, but so far as I am aware he has not as yet come forward with a programme looking toward a solution.

If any doctor or layman thinks it impertinent of a plain, everyday woman to make the suggestions that follow, let him come forward with better.

First, there should be fewer and better specialists. In saying this I do not mean to detract from the contributions made by the specialist to surgery, bacteriology, and other branches of modern medicine. But it is a fact acknowledged by members of the medical profession that many specialists embark upon their careers with inadequate preparation. Let the national and state medical organizations require of a man three years at least of general practice before he becomes a specialist. Five years would be better.

Second, we need not fewer, but more and better general practitioners, with better equipment at their command. These practitioners must deserve and must have our confidence.

Third, there should be some method whereby specialists' fees may be fixed, not according to the supposed, but according to the actual income of the patient. The doctor has every right to ask and to learn the patient's income. I would go further. There are circumstances under which I believe the patient has the right to inquire as to the doctor's, and to receive a truthful answer.

Fourth, all doctors must find some way in which to cut down on the present senseless and unnecessary overhead expense, if the cost of medical attention is to be lowered. This might be done by a common use of reception rooms, a practice which I understand is gaining in certain Western cities; by the substitution of a common laboratory for expensive individual equipment, and by combining on the services of bookkeepers, attendants, and office nurses.

The responsibility by no means rests wholly with the doctor. The layman can do much to help the situation. He should demand the best general practitioners, and he should depend more upon them and less upon the specialist. Also he should realize that the health of the community is the health of the individual. He should insist that our boards of public health be in the hands of professionally competent physicians.

Finally, one important point rests with us women. We are both unwilling and unable to nurse the children that we bear; we are bringing up a bottle-fed generation. Despite our enlightened knowledge of hygiene and sanitation, such a generation is but too likely to stand in need of all the doctors and dentists that the times can supply.

The cost of hospital accommodations is another menace to the pocketbooks of the middle class. Recently a neighbor of mine hurried her boy to the Children's Hospital in the city near us, where a gland in his neck was opened by the ear specialist whom her doctor had called in. She arrived at the hospital at eight o'clock in the evening, the operation was performed at ten that night, and she carried the boy home at eight next morning. She had no special nurse, but took care of him through the night herself, with the aid of the ward nurse. The hospital bill for the night was thirty-one dollars, itemized as follows: 'Room, eight dollars; use of operating-room, ten dollars; anæsthetist's fee, ten dollars; laboratory examination, three dollars.'

These suggestions are made in the humble spirit of a layman who acknowledges a large debt of affection and thankfulness to many men of the medical profession.

THE SECOND FORGOTTEN MAN

BY F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

I

I SHOULD say at the outset, perhaps, that my title bears no relation to Mr. Norman Hall's striking story in the March *Atlantic*. My mind reverts to the year 1883, when Professor William Graham Sumner, for many years Professor of Sociology at Yale University, delivered a lecture entitled 'The Forgotten Man.' Most schemes of social reform, Professor Sumner said, proceed along the following lines: 'As soon as A observes something which seems to him to be wrong, from which X is suffering, A talks it over with B, and A and B then propose to get a law passed to remedy the evil and help X. This law always proposes to determine what C shall do for X, or, in the better case, what A, B, and C shall do for X. As for A and B, who get a law to make themselves do for X what they are willing to do for him, we have nothing to say except that they might better have done it without any law, but what I want to do is to look up C. I want to show you what manner of man he is. I call him the Forgotten Man.'

This is all very well so far as it goes, but it appears to me that there are two forgotten men instead of one in the cast of Professor Sumner's little drama. There is C, whom A and B seek to compel to help X, but there is also X, whom A and B seek to help. Usually X has not asked help from anyone and is not consulted about whether he needs help or not. I call him the Second Forgotten Man, and what I want to do is to discuss his connection with some of the problems of popular lawmaking.

The concept of law is, I suppose, one of the very oldest in the history of civilization. In every moderately advanced state of society, except that of early England, the word 'law' has had only one significance — namely, a rule prescribed by a superior. A given situation has arisen and people have said, 'What was the decree of the chief in cases like this?' or 'What is the decree of the chief in this case?' or 'Let the tribe vote to decide what shall be done,' or 'What do the wise men say?' or, what is in practice the same as the last, 'What is the will of the god?' Now our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, at least in England, never asked questions or made statements at all like these. Instead they asked a paradoxical question. Whether the paradox implied in the question is true or false or partly true and partly false will appear hereafter. But the question was: 'What is the law?' This means that our ancestors regarded the law, not as a rule laid down by anybody to meet the exigencies of a particular case or set of cases, but as an existing thing and a thing which had existed from 'time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.' To borrow a theological expression, they habitually thought of law as something begotten, not made.

One of the necessary results of this conception is interest in and regard for ancient customs. If the law is indeed

immemorially old, there is no better evidence of what the law is than time-honored practices, and the older a practice is the better evidence it becomes. You remember what Sir Richard, the Norman, says about his Saxon friend in *Puck of Pook's Hill:* 'His Saxons would laugh and jest with Hugh, and Hugh with them, and — this was marvelous to me — if even the meanest of them said that such and such a thing was the Custom of the Manor, then straightway would Hugh and such old men of the Manor as might be near forsake everything else to debate the matter — I have seen them stop the mill with the corn half ground — and if the custom or usage were proven to be as it was said, why, that was the end of it, even though it were flat against Hugh, his wish and command. Wonderful!'

So it came about in England that all men knew the exact rights of a widow in her deceased husband's estate and the precise penalty for cutting off a man's hand, not only centuries before there was a written law governing these subjects, but centuries before there was any formal declaration, whether written or oral, that a widow had any rights in her deceased husband's estate, or any formal prohibition against doing hurt to one's neighbor. And in theory, as I have said, a man did one thing and avoided another, not out of deference to custom, but out of deference to law. The law already existed and the custom was evidence of it — that was all.

All this is interesting enough as a mere matter of legal history, but the really important question is how much truth there is in the proposition that the law exists antecedently to any written or oral statement of it and that the office of courts and legislative bodies is only to declare the law. In one sense — though a sense which is, I think, both narrow and superficial — the proposition is certainly not true. I mean that when a new condition arises in the world — as, for instance, by the invention of the aeroplane — it is absurd to suppose that there is, *eo instante*, a law to meet the precise condition thus created. All that the common law has to say about aeroplanes is that the owner of land owns the air above the land as high as to the sky — a pronouncement which was born in an age when a man could not make use of air to a greater height than he could build, and which, consequently, will not square with the facts of the present day.

But, in a much wider and deeper sense, I think that the proposition of the common law is true. I will go a step further. The truth which lies at the centre of it is the same truth which lies at the centre of democracy, and upon a realization of that truth the health and safety of our American body politic and the integrity of our contribution to the political heritage of the future very largely depend. In order to justify these convictions, something must be said, if only by way of definition, about the nature of democracy.

II

The word 'democracy' is commonly used to mean, first, a political party — in the United States — as opposed to Republicanism; secondly, a form of government — sometimes called a pure democracy — as opposed to a republic; and, thirdly, a form of state, as opposed to a monarchy or an aristocracy. In what follows I am using the word only in the third sense.

Now democracy in this sense is indeed partly conceptual and approximate — becoming rather than being, evolving rather than evolved. The ideal democracy, like the kingdom of God, does not exist, and perhaps will

never exist, on earth; but a faith in democracy presupposes, and the practice of democracy requires, the existence of a popular will which may be determined at least with a working degree of accuracy from day to day. Let me illustrate what I mean by referring to the common experience known as 'making up one's mind' — a phrase which, rightly considered, is itself enlightening.

I suppose a man approaches most of the important questions of his life with conflicting preferences. Ambition urges him, let us say, to run for public office. Prudence suggests that in doing so he will be likely to neglect his business. Perhaps what he conceives to be his duty to his family impels him in one direction and what he conceives to be his duty to his state or nation in another. A dozen other considerations pull him this way and that. Some of these considerations may be selfish and some unselfish, or they may be all selfish or all unselfish. At any rate, after a longer or shorter period of indecision, the man is said to 'make up his mind,' and thereafter the whole man is determined to run for office or not to run, as the case may be. Democracy has staked everything upon the proposition that the mind of a people may be made up in like manner from the discordant inclinations of all the individuals concerned.

I am aware that the proposition just stated has been regarded as fanciful by Dean Inge and others, who contend that democracy means the rule of the majority and nothing more. I do not wonder that the Dean, having accepted this definition, has little zeal for democratic institutions. If the United States were governed by a single despot who ordered my head to be cut off next Monday morning I should feel, to put it mildly, exceedingly ill used. But if the United States were governed by an oligarchy of one hundred and this oligarchy ordered my head to be cut off next Monday morning I should feel equally ill used. Finally, if the Constitution of the United States were amended in a perfectly lawful way — as it might be — so as to permit the President to designate those whose heads were to be cut off next Monday morning, and the President, in the exercise of the discretion vested in him, ordered my head to be cut off, I should not be comforted in the smallest degree by the assurance that a substantial majority of my fellow citizens were in favor of the whole proceeding. If this be democracy, there is indeed only one reason for being a democrat, and that a very selfish one — namely, that, whereas I should have only one chance in a hundred million of being the absolute monarch of the United States and only one chance in a million of belonging to an oligarchy of a hundred, I have, as between myself and the whole number of voting electors, a little more than one chance in two of being on the winning side at every election. In brief, such a theory leaves the forgotten man, if he happens to be in the minority, as completely forgotten in a democracy as anywhere else.

But democracy, as I see it, is not fundamentally concerned with majorities or minorities at all. What democracy assumes is unanimity — that is to say, a common mind. This assumption is, in practice, never entirely true, and yet, as Professor Santayana has pointed out, we vote only about minor matters. The really significant fact about a presidential election in the United States is not how many voters are Republicans and how many Democrats, but rather that all of the voters presumably regard either a Republican or a Democratic administration as desirable from one point of view and at least tolerable from any other. 'Were this

not the case, a decision by vote would be as alien a fatality to any minority as the decree of a foreign tyrant, and at every election the right of rebellion would come into play. . . . To leave a decision to the majority is like leaving it to chance — a fatal procedure unless one is willing to have it either way. . . . It is therefore actually required that juries, whose decisions may really be of moment, should be unanimous; and parliaments and elections are never more satisfactory than when a wave of national feeling runs through them and there is no longer any minority nor any need of voting.'

Democracy, says Professor Santayana, in substance, presupposes fundamental unanimity, and in a hearty and sound democracy the office of a representative assembly is only to announce the decision which has already been arrived at. The common law presupposes that laws are first born and afterward declared by judges and legislators. It is clear that these two suppositions are, in effect, one and the same, or, to put the matter in another way, that the Anglo-Saxon conception of law is essentially democratic in character. And so we return from politics to law and to the Second Forgotten Man. His connection with the problems of popular lawmaking arises chiefly in determining the limits of what are loosely called police powers.

III

I desire to be as concrete as possible, because it is always in the concrete that disagreements about the police power occur, and, accordingly, let us suppose in the first place that X is a man who keeps his pigs in the parlor. I am aware that I have a natural predisposition toward liberalism, and yet that man, at least if he lives in a city, will get no help from me. It will avail him nothing to say that he is the lawful owner of both the pigs and the parlor, or that his ancestors have kept pigs in the parlor time out of mind. I am satisfied that the practice is a menace not only to the health of the owner of the pigs but to that of others as well, and I will willingly support any law or ordinance intended to put a stop to it. I am sure that every reader of this paper will agree with me.

Let us look now at the other side of the shield and let us suppose, in the second place, that X is a man who desires to eat five meals a day. I know a number of such men. Suppose it to be proved, as indeed I think it might be, that dyspepsia causes some of the most poignant and terrible ills of life. Suppose that if all the dyspeptics in the United States were marched two abreast down Pennsylvania Avenue it would require forty-seven months for the ghastly procession to pass the national Capitol. Suppose that the amount paid annually to doctors and druggists as the direct result of indigestion would, if expended annually in the erection and maintenance of schools and colleges, wipe out illiteracy in the United States in the course of a single generation. Suppose that a dyspeptic husband means an illtreated wife and unhealthy children, and that a nation of dyspeptics means a nation of overflowing jails and crowded almshouses. Suppose, I say, that all these things were conclusively proved to be true. I think that every one of my readers would still be opposed to a law forbidding the preparation of pâté de foie gras, or fixing the number of meals which a man may lawfully eat in twenty-four hours.

Well, somewhere between pigs in the parlor and pâté de foie gras runs the line which marks the proper limits of the police power.

I am satisfied that nearly all our difficulties in matters of this sort would be

resolved by paying attention to the principle of the common law of which so much mention has been made — that is, by ceasing to ask ourselves whether the practice laid down by such and such a proposed statute is, of and by itself, good or bad, and by asking ourselves what the current practice, whether intrinsically good or bad, actually is.

The fact that a given sort of conduct makes in a general way for good health and good morals is a valid reason for urging that sort of conduct upon everyone, but, without more, it is no reason at all for imposing it on anyone. You cannot make a law to determine what conduct shall be, because the stubborn fact is that, in a democracy, it is conduct which determines what the law shall be. If we are all in favor of fining the man who keeps his pigs in the parlor, I suggest that the reason is that keeping pigs in the parlor falls short of the sanitary standards generally observed in towns and cities throughout the United States, and if we are all opposed to limiting the amount which a man may lawfully eat, I suggest that the reason is that Americans habitually eat as much as they please. If keeping pigs in the parlor were more dangerous to society than overeating, that fact would, in my opinion, be entirely irrelevant. In truth, it is much less dangerous to society than overeating, but that fact is equally irrelevant. The proper limits of the police power change from generation to generation and from day to day, but these limits, at any given time, are fixed by the public opinion of that time, and the best evidence of public opinion is not what men say but what men customarily do.

The consequence is that, to borrow a phrase made famous by President Cleveland, it is a condition, rather than a theory, which confronts us. I suppose that in achieving the condition ethical considerations are sometimes involved which are not wholly free from doubt. There is probably no sensible person who believes literally that all the statutes on the books ought to be enforced. On the other hand, a man is certainly not justified in violating every statute of which he happens to disapprove. The blue laws are obsolete, but what moral judgment shall we pass upon the first man in the United States who said to himself that he was going to work in his garden on Sunday whether the law forbade it or not? He was a lawbreaker, but he stands vindicated by the practice of posterity. The point is, however, that by being a lawbreaker he initiated the very practice by which he stands vindicated. In any event, it will not do to dismiss the subject by saying that good citizens ought to obey the law of the land. Such a statement is contrary to the whole weight of our political traditions because it ignores the underlying question, 'What is the law of the land?'

I remember being taught in public school a story about how William Penn was once tried in England for refusing to take off his hat to a magistrate. He had been indicted under an act of Parliament duly and regularly passed, and he did not contradict the witnesses who testified against him. The judge who tried the case charged the jury that the guilt or innocence of the accused was necessarily for them to decide, but that, under the law and the evidence, a verdict of guilty was the only one which could conceivably be arrived at. The jury, without leaving the jury box, returned a verdict of not guilty, and the judge berated them from the bench for violating their oaths.

I am bound to say that, if the judge and not the jury was intended as the hero of this story, my teacher and I

both misread our text in a most singular fashion.

But if it be answered that the history of England in the eighteenth century is full of obnoxious and tyrannical laws, it becomes necessary to turn to the history of the United States in the nineteenth century. The Fugitive Slave Law was adopted by Congress in accordance with every legal formality, and the Dred Scott decision represented the deliberate judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States. For all that, the representatives of the Southern States correctly appraised the situation when they opposed the modification of the Fugitive Slave Law so as to secure trial by jury to Negroes arrested as fugitives, on the ground that no Northern jury would ever return a Negro; and I know of no instance in which the operations of the 'underground railroad' came to an end out of respect for the conclusion expressed by our highest court in the Dred Scott decision. It happens that I am proud of these facts and believe that the men who conducted the underground railroad were not the worse citizens on that account. Such a feeling on my part is, perhaps, merely the result of a geographical accident, but every American has been brought up to be proud in one connection or another because his ancestors in both the Old and the New World had the courage to assert in conduct as well as in debate that not all statutes are really laws.

IV

It is a charge frequently made against our laws that they are always behind, never abreast or ahead of, public opinion. Of course the answer is that a law, whether intrinsically good or bad, which is ahead of public opinion is simply no law at all. The way to get a law, as our ancestors knew well enough, is to practise it first and to promulgate it afterward. A penal code does not precede, but follows, an orderly civilization. When the members of a community go to church and refrain from work and diversion on Sunday they will make statutes commanding regular attendance at church and forbidding Sabbath-breaking. When the descendants of such men and women have lost their ancestors' passionate unanimity in religious matters, they do not repeal the statutes of their ancestors, but they cease to follow their ancestors' ways. It is worth mentioning that the intermittent efforts to repeal the so-called blue laws have never won much support from those who are, within the definition of such laws, Sabbath-breakers. In the main the Sabbath-breakers have been content to follow a very ancient tradition and let well enough alone. If the way to make a law is to follow a practice, the way to repeal a law is to discontinue the practice; and a law that nobody observes is no law at all.

But if it is sometimes charged — as I think, without much understanding of what a law is and what a statute ought to be — that our laws are unprogressive in the sense of not being abreast of the supposed best thought of the age, it is likewise charged that they are too numerous and that there is in America a growing disrespect for law. There is certainly truth in these charges, but, curiously enough, they are often made as if the facts underlying them constituted grounds for separate indictments, instead of being related to one another by way of cause and effect. Thus Kipling, referring to the American, speaks of the spirit

> That bids him flout the law he makes,
> That bids him make the law he flouts —

as if the American must be a perverse man indeed, since he greatly desires

to make a law and at the same time to break it. Such a criticism is neither fair nor true. What is happening is that our legislative bodies are making entirely too many statutes which, from the Anglo-Saxon standpoint, do not possess the sanction of genuine laws, since they do not represent the practice, and sometimes not even the aspirations, of the great mass of the people. The result is that established practices continue more or less as they were, and, along with their continuance, there is a growing disrespect for statutory law. This is a bad thing, but it begets in the minds of unthinking people a disrespect for all law, which is a much worse thing.

I am aware that for some time I have been very close to the vexed subject of Prohibition, and I do not wish to seem to avoid that vexing discussion too sedulously. To treat it here, however, might draw a red herring across my trail, and I will merely say parenthetically that the supposed invasion by Prohibition of the right of the individual citizen to personal liberty is not among the reasons which have influenced my opinion on this subject. Robinson Crusoe had no legal rights, and, according to my political philosophy, no man has any legal right to personal liberty except the right which the state gives him. Moreover, all laws restrict personal liberty in some sense, and all police regulations, of which I concede many to be valid, restrict it in precisely the same sense as Prohibition. On the other hand, I am not in any wise to be moved by the argument that total abstinence would be a good thing for everyone — conceding, *arguendo*, that it would be a good thing for everyone, which I doubt. This, as I see it, is the old fallacy that, because the world would be better if the law were so and so, you can make it so merely by passing a statute. You cannot do that, because our law depends not on what public opinion ought to be but on what it is. I have said that the best evidence of public opinion is what people do rather than what they say, and I repeat that here. Of course I cannot speak for all parts of the country. Perhaps good citizens did not drink in Kansas prior to the adoption of Prohibition, and, if so, there can be no valid objection to Prohibition in Kansas — at least on the grounds now under consideration — and the Volstead Act merely operates in restraint of the criminal class and for the discipline of casual visitors. All this may be true, for all I know, in Kansas. But, so far as my own observation goes, Prohibition, whatever its abstract merits may be, seems to me to have become a statute before it was a law, and in consequence of that fact a large number of the readers of the *Atlantic*, who are supposed to be — and I think are — average Americans or better, violate the Eighteenth Amendment every week.

A final question remains: What about the future, about the law of to-morrow and of the day after to-morrow? Perhaps there is nothing in history more touching than the naïve faith of the first generation of Americans in the results of public education. The men and women of that generation felt, it seems, that the little red schoolhouse at the crossroads would, of and by itself, ensure for all time the health and safety of the body politic. We know now, by bitter experience, that that hope was, in part, ill founded. The ability to read and write is not necessarily incompatible with bad judgment or bad morals. Neither is a common school education an unfailing assurance of public spirit and sound economic views. On the contrary, a man who can

read and write is perhaps as likely to be a thief as an illiterate man, and, if he is a thief, he will be more dangerous to society than if he were illiterate.

And yet, in the largest sense, the instinct of our fathers in the matter of public education was wise and sound, and all our hopes for the future rest where their hopes rested. It is easier to discipline than it is to teach, and it is easier to make statutes than to preach sermons; but a statute that merely represents an aspiration is, after all, only a sermon out of place. Unless we deny the faith of our fathers, the only way to make better laws is to make better men. For the theory of law which I have been expounding is only the legal side of democracy, whose creed is that every man has a voice to be heard; and democracy is only the political side of Christianity, whose creed is that every man has a soul to be saved. And just as we see more clearly every day that, at long last, there can be no salvation worth having for any man without salvation for all men, the perfect democracy will never be realized upon earth until the last man comes in. Politically speaking, dissent means damnation, and in a democracy, as I conceive it, there ought to be no forgotten men.

NANDI IN POUND

BY OSWALD COULDREY

THREE of us were sitting in the twilight beside the tennis courts of the Tanjore Club and talking of the rope-trick and of Indian conjuring generally. Thence we proceeded — as conversation tends to be more sustained and intimate when a club is nearly empty — to discuss yet more generally magic, mystery, and miracle; and Ellis, the D. S. P., complained that he had been fifteen years in India, the reputed home of mysteries, and had yet never seen or heard at first hand anything which would have puzzled the veriest rationalist. He probably said this with the object of drawing Harrington out.

Harrington was himself something of a mystery, as well as a dabbler in mysteries. He affected theosophy, and was popularly supposed to be a Hindu in religion. He seldom came to the club, and it was notoriously hard to make him talk, and I think we others were delighted and rather awed — I certainly was — when he responded with the curious piece of latter-day mythology which follows here. I was particularly interested at once because I was myself expecting to be transferred to the part of the country of which he spoke; and the details of his story have remained fixed in my memory because I afterward came to know the part in question at first hand.

I have set down the story in the first person and more or less in Harrington's manner, which was a little pontifical when the preliminaries had been disposed of. These preliminaries elicited the fact that his heroine, a German missionary's wife, had been slightly known to Ellis, who was Harrington's contemporary; but I need not trouble the reader with them further, nor with

certain other exchanges, natural as among 'men on the spot,' which occurred in the course of the narrative.

I

It would better suit the poetic justice of my story if I could represent Mrs. Amelung as a notable persecutor of the ancient faith, which her husband was engaged to assail. As a matter of fact, she did not take her husband's apostolic vocation very seriously. She cared, in fact, 'for none of these things.' Perhaps the gods, like earthly kings, find it easier to forgive their personal opponents than those who flout the pretensions of their kind in general. Mrs. Amelung was a delightfully natural woman. Gods and men who served her purposes — and she was full of curious purposes — found her charming; but gods and men who stood in her way were liable to be roughly handled.

The Amelungs lived in a pleasant house on the far slope of the Vemoru hill, at S—— in the Andhra country. Missionaries often have highly 'desirable' bungalows, don't they? The Amelungs' house was one of the best-built and most healthily situated in the neighborhood. In my eyes its very loneliness, which Mrs. Amelung constantly bewailed, added to its charm. One should not indeed covet one's neighbor's house, and I ought to have been the last to covet Amelung's, for I was his nearest neighbor; but I was often disposed to offend the very letter of the first count — no more! — of this very exacting law.

But it was the Vemoru hill itself, rather than the house thereon, that caught my youthful fancy. In the appointments of the house there was something ultra-Victorian, something Albertian, perhaps, which would have suffocated after a time, fascinating as it was in that outlandish solitude. But the hill was altogether divine. I could see the hill, though not the house, from my garden-end. It rose impressively from the maize fields into the southern sky, a long rampart of red sandstone brushed with a yellow light, of silken grass. The whole upland was uncultivated, and a number of banyan groves gave its broad rolling farther slope a parklike and half-English air which I found very grateful, for I was new to exile, and liked sometimes to escape from the insistent palms and prosperous monotony of the plain. I used to wander among the brakes and groves with a gun, ostensibly in search of hare and partridge, but intent rather upon the bloodless visual spoil of the hill itself and the broad views which its knolls afforded in all directions of tilth and marshland, jungle and hill. Oftenest of all I would gaze where the great vision of the river seemed, like Homer's Ocean, to bound the level world on the west with its long bands of sea-blue stream and golden sand, themselves later to become the gray-and-silver threshold, and as it were an earthly reflex, of the golden-banded sunset. Like a visible goddess of the wild, the fascination of that marvelous river-prospect saved the life of many an innocent hare.

These transcendental rambles of mine often came to an end in the twilight at the Amelungs' comfortable bungalow. Mrs. Amelung always seemed glad to see me, for she was a woman of parts and spirit, and lonely in the wilderness. She had not always been lonely on the hill. The house, it seems, had once been a favorite place of resort with the younger officials of the neighborhood who, in the first years of exile and loneliness, found themselves drawn — as I was later drawn — by the homely comfort of her house and by her half-motherly, half-Bohemian

temper and ripe experience of the country. With the little colony of engineers, who watched our benign but wayward river at the headworks of the great dam a few miles away, her word had once been law. In the end, they say, she stretched her authority too far. Many of her former courtiers in time became heads of departments, and she is said to have once used the influence thus acquired to call down fire from heaven upon a young man who had offended her. Like the wicked wasp in the adage, she had her revenge but lost her sting, for the rest grew shy of her from that day forward, and her court melted away. Once when she and I had quarreled, being herself entirely in the wrong, — she had wantonly insulted a young Indian friend of mine, after repeatedly asking me to bring him to see her, — she threatened, I remember, to 'break' me, as she called it; as if history should pathetically threaten to repeat herself!

Such displays of frightfulness, however, were happily rare. For the most part she was an entertaining woman in every sense of the word. She knew her Anglo-India better than Kipling — of the real India she knew, if possible, even less than he — and abounded in out-of-the-way gossip and obsolete scandal. Her cooking, her curries, her preserves of tropic fruit, were as inimitable and piquant as her conversation. She had all a German woman's pride of housewifery. She ruled her household with a rod of iron, and joined to the hospitable mood a curious mania for thrift. As a young bachelor, I was often oppressed in those days with the cares of housekeeping and the knaveries of servants, and I often sought her counsel. We turned over many account books together, and I had to admit that her establishment was run at a marvelously low figure. I am afraid my education hardly went beyond the stage of stupid wonder. Possibly my preceptress never intended that it should. Indeed, many of the refinements of her mystery were probably incommunicable — as my story will suggest.

Very characteristic of her arbitrary temper and eccentric thrift was her treatment of the villagers' cattle that strayed into her paddock. Her husband — or the Mission — had claimed and enclosed a certain area around the house, thus forming a number of paddocks where the grass grew very thick, though of course it was green for only four months of the year. The paddocks were divided from the bosky wilds beyond by a low ditch, but not otherwise enclosed. Vemoru hill was the common grazing-ground of the surrounding villages, some of them several miles away; and the innocent kine often trespassed across the Amelungs' ditch and proceeded to graze, untroubled by thorny bushes, on the level sward. Now there stood in the Amelungs' paddock a dilapidated cattle-pound, a relic of a former occupation of the site by military engineers, perhaps those who built the dam in the sixties, on the ruins of whose lonely mess-house the Amelungs' bungalow was built. Into this pound Mrs. Amelung regularly conducted the erring cattle in question, and refused to let them go without payment of a fixed ransom, which was somewhat less than that prescribed at the Government pound in the nearest village.

Whether she derived any considerable revenue from this curious procedure I do not know. The villagers naturally resented it, and there were times when feeling ran very high on the subject. My own sympathies were with the villagers, chiefly, I believe, because I myself was a sufferer from a somewhat similar instance of Mrs. Amelung's methods. When her gateless drive was damp and soft in the rainy season she would sometimes place

a palmyra-stem across it on trestles, to prevent carts and carriages from entering. It never occurred to her to hang a light on the barrier, and a pony of mine went within a yard of falling over it in the dark. This practice, in spite of protests, remained in favor with Mrs. Amelung as long as our acquaintance lasted, but her system of impoundment was abandoned under very curious circumstances.

II

One evening I found the servants in a state of much perturbation. 'Misses making plenty trouble,' said the butler, Pentayya, who was adjusting a lamp on the verandah. 'Misses putting Nandi in the pound.'

'Putting *who?*' said I, laughing.

'Nandi. Hindu people's god. Big bull-god. Shiva's riding-bull. Eating Misses' "morning-glory."' (This was Mrs. Amelung's favorite creeper.) 'Misses putting in pound. Servants plenty fearing!'

I remembered that Mrs. Amelung had lately been engaged in a quarrel with the priests of a neighboring Shaiva temple, whose cattle she had impounded in the usual manner. Yes, Nandi is the name of the *Vāhanam* or 'vehicle' of Shiva, the bull upon which he is represented as riding. His sculptured image reposes before every shrine of the Great Ascetic. I half suspected some conspiracy on the part of the priests.

'Nonsense, Pentayya,' I said. 'Are you not a Christian? You don't believe that rubbish?'

'I very good Christian, Master. Nandi plenty big devil,' said he, and continued staring at me until the arrival of his mistress from upstairs put him to precipitate flight.

Mrs. Amelung was in high spirits. She was a stoutish woman with flaxen hair and a red face that reminded me of a Roman centurion, though it had evidently been once very handsome. She promptly guessed what Pentayya had been speaking of, and broached the subject forthwith.

'But you ought to see him,' she said. 'He is a splendid animal. You admire fine cattle, do you not? He is larger than the bull that walks in the town bazaar, and mighty prettily dressed. Some rich vagabond's Gangireddu, I suppose. Here, Abraham, bring a light, and show Master the Nandi.'

After more summoning, Abraham, a brown slip of a lad who looked as if he would not carry his name well for many years to come, — all the Hebrew patriarchs and many of the prophets were represented in Mrs. Amelung's household, — appeared with a hurricane lantern. He was obviously frightened, and seemed ready to vanish again upon the least occasion. Roundly adjured by his mistress, he led the way to the paddock, but refused to go near the pound, and Mrs. Amelung was obliged to take the lantern from him and hold it over the enclosure.

'Is he not a beauty?' she asked proudly, as if showing off one of her own possessions. 'I had to put him into the pound myself; the servants were afraid to face him. But he is perfectly gentle. Look at the size of his limbs.'

I looked.

The cattle of those parts are grand creatures, but I have never seen such a bull as that which now lay before us in the dark, fantastically streaked by the light of Mrs. Amelung's lantern. His bulk, as he lay, and the scale of his majestic head were colossal, and I could well understand the terror of poor little Abraham; but there was a magnificent grace also in the sweep of the vast shoulder-line, the droop and overfold of the ponderous dewlap, the shapely mass of the many-wrinkled neck and the broad hummock into which it rose, like the scroll of a marble throne or

a shoreward-gathering wave in that Ocean of Milk which Indian poets feign, and from which, they say, the gods were born. The animal wore a bridle, collar, and other trappings of unfamiliar design, the precise character of which I vainly tried to make out in the uncertain glimmer of the lantern. It seemed mainly to consist of a rich filigree of some strange dark metal, which reminded me somehow of the fabulous work of dwarfs; and there were details of what looked like silver and gold, and sometimes the colored sparkle as of a gem.

It is the custom in the Telugu country for a certain kind of semireligious mendicant to lead about the villages bulls garishly dressed with patchwork stuffs, scarfs, fringes, and little bells. These animals perform simple tricks, and are known as Gangireddu; they probably represent a survival among the common folk of some barbarous cult, now somehow incorporated with the worship of Vishnu. But the finery of the beast before us seemed to be of a more distinguished order altogether. The creature was couched sideways with one foreleg lifted, in the identical posture prescribed of old for the bull-god Nandi in the *Silpa-shastra*, or Canons of Statuary, as illustrated in the forecourt of every Shaiva temple — a circumstance which I should have considered more remarkable if this had not been the favorite position of ease among our mundane cattle also.

I naturally knew little in those days about a system of thought and faith which I have since come to regard, in its purer manifestations, as perhaps the noblest of all religions for a thinking man; but I was already attracted by the picturesque detail of its popular forms, and even posed among my own countrymen as something of an authority on Hindu ritual — a pretension which I fortunately found it fairly easy to maintain upon a very moderate equipment.

'This is no Gangireddu that you have caught, Mrs. Amelung,' I said sententiously. 'See, it is Shiva's emblem, not Vishnu's, that he carries on his forehead. I wonder if I could buy that collar of his. It seems to be of most remarkable workmanship.'

While I yet spoke a light seemed to grow in the eye of the statuesque monster in the pound, and with a terrific trumpeting snort, which the great sounding-board of his body changed into a roar like that of a tiger, he swung and lifted first his huge hind-quarters and then his whole stature into the air, and stood gazing before him with pleasure and expectation alive in every line. Poor little Abraham collapsed with a sob and a shiver upon the grass as I turned to seek the cause of the beast's excitement.

'Now 's your chance, if you want to bargain,' said Mrs. Amelung. 'Here is the Zangam' — a kind of hedge priest — 'come to claim him.'

III

A tall man stood upon the grass in the dusk about a dozen yards away. He was apparently a yogi or ascetic, but not, I could see at once, of the vulgar sort suggested by Mrs. Amelung. He wore a piece of tiger-skin about his loins, and a string of large beads about his neck, and his hair was piled and coiled in a great mass upon his head. His skin shone through the gloom with a low lustre, which I took to be the effect of the ash with which such anchorites commonly smear themselves; though the appearance was rather as if the whole body was chiseled in some fine marble. His face showed the light beard of early manhood, but was itself neither young nor old; spare and severe, but ineffably tranquil and beautiful.

Upon his brow there glimmered what looked like a caste mark of a peculiar shape, somewhat resembling a closed eye set on end. As he stood there with his back to the failing afterglow, rolling in his fingers what I guessed to be a little ball of the symbolic ash, the long horizontal bars of the sacred river of the Andhras appeared to spring like the streamers of an aura from his head, and the young moon rested, like a brooch, upon his hair. At the same time I became conscious, in the vague way that is not unusual, yet now in a sense unusually solemn, of the presence of an idea, an image, a moment, that I had somewhere known before.

'Who are you, pray,' I heard Mrs. Amelung say in Telugu, 'and what do you want?'

'My name,' said the votarist in a still, clear voice, 'is Chandra-sekhara, and I am come to fetch my bull.'

The words themselves meant no more to me in my ignorance than they would have meant to any other Englishman; yet they went through me with a strange thrill, in which sweetness was somehow mixed with dread.

But Mrs. Amelung burst forth at once in a characteristic tone between scolding and banter.

'Why don't you take proper care of your bull, Mr. Chandra-sekhara? He has been trampling around my compound all the afternoon, eating up my best creepers, and frightening the servants out of their wits. He is in pound now, and you can't have him out unless you pay me two annas.'

The newcomer seemed to be taken aback.

'I have no money, lady,' he replied at last. 'I am only a poor ascetic; but I will give you this,' and he held out the ash which he was rolling in his fingers. This ash is treated by the elect as a sort of sacrament.

Before the lady could reply — rather luckily, as I thought — the note of a bell, singularly sweet in tone, rang out behind us, followed by the clatter of bamboos falling. The great bull stumbled out of the enclosure, kicking down the barrier like the merest reeds, and began placidly to walk toward his master.

But Mrs. Amelung promptly laid her hand upon the great neck as the animal reached her. The bull at once came to a stand, huge and patient as an Assyrian sculpture.

'Not so fast,' cried the imperious dame. 'I must have my proper fee, or I shall send your bull to the Government pound in the village, and you will have to pay four annas instead of two.'

There was another long pause, as if the ascetic were faced with a situation quite new to him. Then he spoke again.

'Lady, I have told you that I am an ascetic. Ashes are my only wealth. How shall I pay you money?'

'You can beg it quickly enough,' cried Mrs. Amelung, who appeared to be irritated by the quiet manner of the anchorite. 'I know you holy beggars. You are rich enough on the sly. Look at the trappings of this performing animal of yours! What is the use of your sacred ash to me?' she continued, her tirade gathering momentum as it ran. 'Do you think I am going to smear it across my forehead, or all over my chest and shoulders, like the foolish pilgrims in the temple yonder?'

An elvish smile crossed the tranquil face of the ascetic.

'You can wear it,' he said, 'in your hair,' and he deftly tossed the little ball of ash into the air, where it broke into a faint cloud that fell slowly around Mrs. Amelung's head.

All the conventions should have moved me to interfere at this, but the action was so sudden that for the moment I remained rooted to the ground as if bewitched. Mrs. Amelung recoiled

a little, and lifted her hand from the neck of the bull to brush aside the silver shower.

At once the bull stepped forward and strode with a soft music of bells to his master; and the naked anchorite, placing his hand behind the creature's hump, leaped lightly on his back and rode away. He sat sideways carelessly, as I have seen many a naked cowherd-boy ride on a buffalo; but as he rode into the ebbing sunset I thought again that the young moon rested in his hair. At the same moment a wide but gentle wind, rustling all the foliage of the hill, arose behind us like the sigh that follows ineffable beatitude, and the whole atmosphere seemed to move into the west, as if some vast presence were quietly withdrawn.

But Mrs. Amelung, with whom in the meanwhile bewilderment was clearing into wrath, noticed nothing of all this.

'What insolence!' she cried at last, turning to me furiously. 'Why don't you go after him and stop him?'

'Better let him go,' I said, pacifying her, for in simple truth I was afraid. 'He won't bother you again. Let us go on to the verandah.'

At that moment her husband, who all this while had apparently been writing in his room, came out, attracted by the altercation. He asked what the trouble was about.

'Your wife has been quarreling with the temple people again,' I managed to say with a proper show of levity.

'A Sadhu, a most impertinent fellow,' said Mrs. Amelung. 'He threw some ash at me. Go and stop him, Oscar.'

Amelung, who had heard more than he pretended, looked at me privily over his spectacles, and I shook my head.

'Better leave him alone,' Amelung said. 'You will get into trouble, Frida. I am always telling you that you have no right to impound their cattle as you do. Come into the house and sit down.'

We quieted her anger after a while, and she was calmer as we began to walk toward the house.

'What did the fellow say his name was?' she asked, turning to me.

'Chandra-sekhara,' I replied. It is, as you know, a common Brahmin name, and I had remembered it because it happened to be borne by one of my clerks.

Unlike most missionaries, Amelung, in his lifeless German way, knew all about the religion he proposed to abolish.

'Chandra-sekhara is a name of Shiva,' he said. 'It means Mooncrested. They have been playing you a trick with this Nandi business. That yogi was masquerading as the god himself.'

Mrs. Amelung stopped short.

'Help us!' she cried. 'Masquerading as the Mooncrested God? Was the man mesmerizing me? All the time I was talking to him I kept thinking the moon was lying on his hair.'

She looked at me. I said nothing, though her words, even more than those of her husband, startled and perplexed me beyond my former fancies. She and I had been standing several paces apart. By what miracle of perspective could we both at once have seen the moon upon the votarist's hair?

'The least unreasonable explanation,' said Mrs. Amelung judicially, 'seems to be that I have been quarreling with Shiva himself.' Her words sounded like an answer to my thought, but a part of her intention, I believe, was to tease her husband.

'Nonsense, Frida,' answered the missionary. 'How can you say such a thing? Not long ago I heard you most indiscreetly making fun of these people's religious practices. Now you go to the other extreme and want to persuade yourself, out of pure love of sensation, into a belief in this man's

mummery. Come, compose yourself.' He thought a little, and then quoted the Psalmist rather solemnly, as if he were pronouncing an exorcism. '"The idols of the heathen are silver and gold, the work of men's hands."'

Mrs. Amelung remarked with a laugh that he had put the text at the wrong end of the sermon. She was still oddly excited. I took my leave soon after, for I was not in a mood for company.

IV

Outside the moon was gone, and the last steel-blue light had faded from the distant river, but the stars were strangely bright, and there was an almost preternatural purity and exhilaration in the air. My way lay for a time in the direction taken by that mysterious rider, and I thought from time to time that I heard the sound of his bell among the banyan groves. The words quoted by the missionary, with their haunting rhythm, rang in my head perpetually, but rather in the sense of a question.

The work of men's hands? The work of men's *minds*, even? Was it hypnotism? I tried to frame a reasonable theory, marshaling the simple facts, like an expert in psychical research, but I was not in a mood to reason clearly. Moreover I was not yet in possession of all the facts.

The next day, when I called on Mrs. Amelung, she was suffering from high fever. I was not allowed to see her till nearly three weeks later. When she appeared I was aghast. Her yellow hair had gone quite gray.

She said nothing of our adventure, nor ever referred to it afterward but once. It was in some quite other connection, which I have now forgotten. 'Do I not,' she said rather wistfully, but not without an undertone of characteristic mockery, 'do I not wear the ash of the Destroyer in my hair?'

A marked change in the personal appearance of a friend may easily and perhaps quite wrongly suggest a corresponding change in personality. I always felt that Mrs. Amelung was in some ways a different woman after that experience, a gentler, more considerate, and humbler woman; and that the ash of the Great Ascetic, who boasts himself to be the poorest of the poor, was not the least precious form of wealth in which she might have received payment.

I may be mistaken, of course. All I can say for certain is that she enclosed her paddock, and ceased to impound the villagers' cattle.

TRANSPLANTED

BY FRANK KENDON

THE stately clouds choose their own company.
Far away over the rooves, behold
Their bright sides making a boast of liberty,
Their beauty unkindly cold.

Poor dusty unhappy restless city Tree,
Your few dun leaves on the harsh bricks abrading —
Remembered forests of elm trees trouble me,
They are long fading.

Yes, there, to your solitude unknown,
Where brothers of yours touch boughs above the corn,
First breath of Eden upon my lips was blown,
And Man or Tree, we are old as we were born.

I with liberty, you with beauty begotten,
Each to what end but being gentle slaves?
Exiled here till brain and branch be rotten,
That men may outgrow their solemn belief in graves;

That truth on their lips may sweeten, beauty shine
In their eyes, and joy in their hearts find voice —
Your Springs lonely that men may see, and mine
That they may rejoice.

MERELY JUSTICE

BY ALICE THORNTON

I

THE last year of my stay in the prison, thanks to the advent of a new matron, I was allowed to start a 'school,' as it was rather ambitiously called. If one thinks of a school in terms of equipment — an imposing building, library, modern textbooks — that was not our school. Our equipment consisted of two square yards of blackboard space and a few old readers. We approached the standard of the log with a teacher on one end and a pupil on the other! My experiment is of interest because it was the first attempt of the kind in this women's prison, and because the impulse for its organization came from the women themselves. When I first entered the institution, two of the girls came to me and asked if I could teach them to read English; a girl who had been to high school asked if it would be possible that we should read together, study Italian, do something interesting and worth while. As the only time we were permitted to talk was during the two-hour period on Saturday, her idea was impractical. At this time one fourth of the girls were unable to write their own letters; some could write in German, Polish, or Italian, but not in English. I asked the head matron if I might have the opportunity to teach. The refusal was peremptory; I was to have no 'highflown' ideas; the State expected me to work, not to teach; besides, 'you can't learn them con's nothin'.'

I was sent into the matrons' household to act as housekeeper and general factotum, and I stayed there for years, until I was too ill to do physical labor. The head matron who had vetoed the school project resigned and a new one reigned in her stead. Happily, at this time a very charming and intelligent woman came in as assistant-matron. She was interested in the girls and felt that her position offered opportunity for social service — an official point of view so unique in this prison that it should be recorded in gold.

One morning, a month or so after she came, I saw Number 20003, an illiterate, bring the new matron a slate upon which she had been copying some printed words from a book. I said, 'If I could only teach her!'

The new matron: 'Would you really be willing to teach her?'

Number 20003: 'Would you learn me — honest, would you?'

And I: 'It is the very chance for which I have waited all these years.'

So Number 20003 was my first pupil.

The warden gave a cordial assent to the plan and, as we progressed, was enthusiastic and interested.

Number 20003 was anxious to be able to write her own letters. She was a Polish woman, twenty-five years of age — the mother of two children. Her husband had promptly divorced her when she went to prison, but her devotion to him was unfaltering. The baby died in a charitable institution shortly after the mother entered prison;

her grief was vociferous and heart-rending for a day and then she seemed to forget the incident. In spite of these fundamental experiences, her mentality was that of an eight-year-old child. We struggled through a primer, but the first reader was almost too much for her, not alone because she found it difficult to remember the word-symbols, but because she had so few associations with the content of the stories in the first reading-books. We read a story of a little rich girl who looked longingly at a group of children playing at games in a street below. Number 20003 had never heard of blindman's buff or hide-and-seek; the only game she had ever seen was drop-the-handkerchief, played one Saturday afternoon in the prison yard. She told of her childhood on a Northern timber-claim where the children began to work at the age when other little ones would begin to play. She had never attended school, except a Polish parochial one, where only the Polish language was taught. Life held nothing but working, eating, sleeping; an early marriage, then prison at twenty-five.

One evening I read to the beginners' class Walter de la Mare's 'Silver':—

> Slowly, silently, now the moon
> Walks the night in her silver shoon;
> This way, and that, she peers, and sees
> Silver fruit upon silver trees;
> One by one the casements catch
> Her gleams beneath the silvery thatch . . .

This was a picture that she knew; and Number 20003 said, 'I want to learn that, 'cause it's kinda nice, when you can't see them things, to read about them.'

When Number 20015 heard that Number 20003 was going to learn to read English and to write her own letters, she asked for permission to be in 'the school.' In a few weeks more than sixty per cent of the girls were enrolled, and we had classes five nights a week in the big sewing-room.

I hope my pupils gained something from the work. To me it was a most illuminating experience; I was selfishly happy to be doing work that demanded mental preparation and alertness. I had often spent two hours darning a stocking so worn that, even after all the work put on it, it would not stand another day's wear — a typical example of the futile labor on which the women were put. The matron whose hosiery I mended would not have thought it worth the time or effort to do this herself, but when she had twenty slaves at her service why should they not do anything she asked? The State said they should! No one considered how incongruous or inefficient it was to put a woman capable of doing skilled work upon such a menial task. And no one thought how unspeakably dreary that sort of labor would be to a person accustomed to responsibility and to the joy of doing expert work.

The division into classes that year was not wholly satisfactory, — experiments seldom are, — but we had a beginners' class in reading that made commendable progress, another in third-year work, some tutoring in arithmetic, and a group that took 'senior English' — they adored the term 'senior English.' Aside from the reading, we took up some work in the simpler forms of business and friendly letters, and we always had a short oral drill on correct forms of speech. I used to wonder if sometime, by mistake or miracle, someone would learn to use an irregular verb correctly. I realized that effort was being made when one day I heard Bessie saying to Bertha, 'You must n't say you saw somethin'. You *saw wood.* But when you seen it with your eyes — why, then you *seen* it.'

We read first Josephine Preston Peabody's *Old Greek Folk Stories,* and it was pleasant when, later, with a

portfolio of pictures of Greece, we saw the wooded shores of Ithaca, a fragment of a temple of the great Diana, and a long low mountain called Parnassus. One evening when we read, —

> Helen, thy beauty is to me
> Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
> That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
> The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
> To his own native shore . . .

each one felt proud because Helen and the weary, wayworn wanderer were on her acquaintance list. Said Bessie, quite seriously: 'It's sorta nice being educated, is n't it?'

After we finished the Greek stories, I put on the board a list, from which choice was to be made for study, telling briefly of the author or the book. I had intended to guide them tactfully to the *Arabian Nights*, of which I am extraordinarily fond. But every last sister voted for Edgar Allan Poe. They had liked what I said of his erratic life. We had a fine time reading some of his poems and short stories. We shuddered over the 'Masque of the Red Death,' and even Bessie's mulatto cheeks were pale when the House of Usher fell. I told them something of the characteristics of poetry: rhythm, rhyming schemes, versification, the topics most frequently chosen. After we had discussed a new poem we would add it to our repertoire, and read and reread it with alternate solo and chorus effects, quite after the manner of the most approved community song festivals. Our pet poem was: —

> Thou wast all that to me, love,
> For which my soul did pine —
> A green isle in the sea, love,
> A fountain and a shrine,
> All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
> And all the flowers were mine. . . .

It will be observed that we had a strong sense of rhythm. No meeting was ever complete unless we read 'Annabel Lee.' Number 20022 said she just loved

> For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
> Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
> And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
> Of the beautiful Annabel Lee . . .

because it was written 'in such lovely waltz-time' — her translation of my dissertation on the anapæstic metre.

The spontaneous response to poetry was not surprising. The women liked it instantly and naturally as do children, for its rhythm and music. Before the beginners had completed their first reader they knew Joyce Kilmer's 'Trees,' Tennyson's 'Sweet and Low,' and a dozen more of that type.

Shortly before my release I was permitted to organize the second year's work. The usual groups for elementary reading and so forth were formed, but I was most interested in the two more advanced classes in English. The senior group had bravely started out on a survey of English literature. (By the way, one of the rather nice things was that every girl wanted to buy and to own the excellent new texts that the State was furnishing for us. I always like people who want to own books.) We read *Beowulf*, excerpts from the Saxon Chronicle, Mandeville's *Travels*, with ready appreciation. Each night we would turn to the back of the book 'to some of the easy ones,' and we would read a bit from Stevenson, or from Christina Rossetti; once it was Tennyson's 'Ulysses.' I read them the description of Mabel in *If Winter Comes*, and Mark Sabre's discovery of Byron. They liked that because it was akin to their own literary pioneering. At my last recitation with the junior group we read the *Message to Garcia*, and Kipling's 'If.' 'My! It's like going to church to read them things, is n't it? Only you can understand what they mean, and you don't always know

what the minister is talking about.' This, which would be everyday work elsewhere, was not commonplace with us. None of the women had read much before. We sat in a room with heavily barred windows that overlooked the grim prison-wall; the rasp of a key turning in some door was always in our ears; our garb was hideous. But the assistant-matron we loved sat with us, interested in us, as we proved anew the magic that lies in books.

Perhaps my sweetest memory of the little school is this. We had read Rupert Brooke's poem: —

I'd watched the sorrow of the evening sky,
And smelt the sea, and earth, and the warm clover,
And heard the waves, and the sea gull's mocking cry.
. . . . .
Then from the sad west turning wearily,
I saw the pines against the white north sky,
Very beautiful, and still, and bending over
Their sharp black heads against a quiet sky.
And there was peace in them . . .

We had talked a little about the splendor and sadness of the sunset hour, and something of the young poet. A few days later one of the girls came to me and said: 'Last night when we were cleaning in the sewing-room, I looked out of the west windows, and the winter sky was yellow and gold and pretty colors just like our poem read. And I said to myself, "I 'd watched the sorrow of the evening sky."'

She had looked through barred windows, over the great prison-wall, but had seen only the magic and beauty of a sunset. Sometimes I think the person was wrong who said, 'You can't learn them con's nothin'.'

II

If, in the manner we all once deemed highly possible, a benevolent fairy should appear and grant me one, and only one, wish for the improvement of conditions in penal institutions, without hesitation I should ask for a higher type of prison official. To one accustomed to the dictum that a legitimate trade or profession demands a definite training and preparatory education, the prison official is an anomaly. The warden is appointed by the Governor and, as the position carries an excellent salary, it is given to a political partisan as a matter of course. The minor officials are chosen by the warden, subject to the approval of the Board of Control. There is a vague tradition that these appointments are made from a civil-service list, but anyone who can write his name or read a paragraph from a second reader could qualify. Aside from the institution's physician and the stenographers in the office, I never knew an official who had any special training or qualification for his work. The upper officials who sponsored those things that are most deplorable — repressions, enforced by heart-sickening brutality — had risen from the ranks. The guard who was the sternest, most implacable disciplinarian became deputy warden and later a warden. The worst politician would have been preferable to a man of this type. The head matron who was in office when I entered had earned her livelihood as a house-to-house canvasser for flavoring-extracts; her successor was the unlettered widow of a saloon-keeper. We had one assistant-matron who had been a general house-servant, a substitute who had been a washerwoman. Both of these spoke broken English; they could barely read and write.

The regular staff of the women's prison consisted of the head matron and one assistant, who had charge of the work during the day; a night matron; a substitute who came eight days a month when the regular employees had their free days. There were frequent changes in the personnel of the staff;

perhaps twenty women served in these different capacities during my incarceration. Obviously, general statements regarding that number of individuals would carry little weight. But it was not possible to live in the constant wearisome proximity of confinement without becoming either deeply attached or fervently antagonistic to these women who held our lives — almost — in their hands. There were four whom I loved devotedly. They were kind to me, gave me a generous friendship when I knew only distress and despair; and there was nothing half-hearted about the affection which I, in turn, gave to them. As to the others, my antipathy is greatly modified by a realization of their limitations.

I can conceive of no work which is so peculiarly and elementally a test of human character as that of a prison official. Put power, autocratic and irresponsible power, into the hands of a woman untrained for authority, and one of two things happens: if she has the intelligence, courage, and strength of natural leadership, she becomes a tremendous factor for good; if she is of limited mentality, petty and narrow, the consequences are deplorable beyond the conception of the uninitiated.

With the present system, the outsider has no means of gauging the ability of a prison official. Recently I read of the appointment as police matron of a woman who had served as an official in our prison. The article stated that she was 'deeply interested in the welfare of wayward girls.' For two years I had endured existence under her, and knew her to be harsh, stupid, utterly regardless of the health or happiness of the unfortunates under her. I can recall no act of hers to ameliorate the unsanitary conditions, the unhygienic mode of life, the depressing moral atmosphere. But she *looked* benevolent; her gray hair was always nicely waved — she could have earned a princely competence posing as a benign mother in the movies.

A prerequisite professional training for the prison official will not necessarily eliminate all those temperamentally unfitted for the exacting demands of this occupation, but it will mean the maximum rather than the present minimum number of desirable men and women for these positions.

I talked with a young woman who had taken her Master's degree under a great sociologist, with a research fellowship later, and two years of practical work in Eastern penal and corrective institutions. 'Why don't you take that job as head matron in our prison and *do* something — blaze a trail? Surely that is what your training is for,' I expostulated. Her reply is interesting. 'There are two reasons why I could not afford to take it. In the first place, the salary is too small; and secondly, I could not stand the ungodly hours and the confinement. Recently I was offered a position as head of a large reformatory for women, which was being built in a Western state. The work would have been interesting, the salary was excellent, and I said that I would accept the position if I might live away from the prison grounds, so that part of my life would be away from that abnormal atmosphere. I could not give the State acceptable work if I were subject to the constant strain of the oppressive environment. But they would not consider such a course.'

I did not blame her. With conditions as they are, work in a prison is not entirely attractive. It is time, for the sake both of the official and of the inmate, that a change was made.

III

Prison discipline is the most stupid assertion of autocratic power conceivable. To misquote Hannah More: —

To those who know it not, no word can paint;
And those who know it know all words are faint.

Without exception, every writer on prison life has but one story: endless punishment that is casual and purposeless; unnecessary brutality; cruelty that is petty, personal, and vindictive. The one aim of the voluminous code of rules is to reduce a group of human beings to automatons. Naturally the human beings resent this stultifying process, and the resultant interminable enmity between prison officials and inmates breeds fear and brutality on one side, fear and servility on the other.

The rule of rules is, 'Thou shalt not talk.' Imagine any man mad enough to think he could enforce that commandment in a group of women, saints or sinners! For three and a half years I saw punishment — varying from admonition to solitary confinement — dealt out daily to stop the talking-habit, but I am thankful to say the women's tongues ran with the same alacrity the day I left. What was developed was a superhuman slyness.

Soon after my entrance, I came to a definite decision in regard to the discipline. One could not have the slightest respect for rules and regulations which promoted the petty tyranny of the officers and stifled every instinct of self-respect and initiative on the part of the inmates. To obey them meant no exercise of ethical judgment; it was simply the canny thing to do. Some day an application for my pardon would be entered, and I should need the good record which the officers could make or mar. Most of them had the inordinate self-esteem and vanity that is the result of autocratic power in individuals of impoverished intelligence; they were opinionated to a ludicrous degree. I could not avoid realizing that I was regarded as a variation from the usual type of woman inmate. It was very sweet for these people to have me under their control; nothing would feed their vanity more than to have me subservient and obsequious; nothing would make them feel their power and importance more than a chance to punish me.

I talked over the situation with my friend, the little assistant-matron. 'I fully intend to comply with all their rules,' I said; 'it's the sensible thing to do under the circumstances. I can easily refrain from talking, because I have n't anything in particular to say to the others. But some day I'll break some rule — no human being could help doing it, there are so many of them. What then? Could one appeal to the warden or the deputy and obtain any clemency, any redress?'

She hesitated; she was an officer, but she was also a gentlewoman. 'Technically, they are supposed to be impartial. As a matter of fact, I have never known any report by an officer against an inmate to be questioned. And I have never known of any appeal to either of these men being considered. Stand everything you can, for the sake of the end in view. If the worst comes, appeal to the Board of Control.'

My later observation confirmed her statement. No matter how trivial, spiteful, or untruthful the charge entered against a prisoner, the matron's word was accepted. The higher official made no investigation as to circumstances, would listen to no explanation or defense. To enter a complaint against an unjust official to the Board of Control was, for obvious reasons, a very hazardous undertaking; an inmate had a fearful path before her if she incurred the personal enmity of a matron.

One day, while scrubbing, Nellie asked a neighbor for a bar of soap. She was reported by the head matron, and in a short time the deputy appeared, apoplectic with rage. His bellow could have been heard a block away.

'Talking again, are you? Well, I'll learn you to stop that. God damn you — I'll break your heart — I'll break your spirit — I'll put you where you won't talk!'

That was more than I could stand. I stopped Nellie on the stairway next day and told her I had overheard the deputy's blasphemous admonition. The Board of Control was to meet at the prison next week. I asked her to enter a request to see the president of the Board; to tell him quietly and truthfully this incident, and to request that the women inmates in the future be spared the humiliation of profanity. She did this. She was asked who else had heard the conversation. 'The head matron,' she replied. He turned to the head matron. 'Is this correct?' 'Well, I guess Nellie was a little excited at the time,' was the evasive reply. However, there was less swearing thereafter.

Later, the head matron told me of this incident, as there was an enmity between the deputy and herself. 'I knew Nellie was right,' she said, 'but what could I say? You know we officers are supposed to stand up for one another.'

There was never the slightest disgrace felt when punishment befell one; it was a joke, an inconvenience, or an affliction, demanding sympathy according to the degree of severity. We knew the most intimate details of the officials' lives; there were several who, if justice were always enforced, would have been on our side of the bars. We saw them break the rules which had been made to protect us; they held the whip hand, and we had no redress.

I remained a 'model prisoner' until a month before my release, when, to use the vernacular, 'they got me.' I had several times been disciplined, but only once was official record made of my misdemeanors. I relate my experiences not with any sense of personal grievance, but to show what is regarded as a serious offense, the logical treatment that follows, and the highly beneficial effect of the punishment.

As I have stated before, my physical strength was very limited. The absurdity of my sentence, 'nineteen years of hard labor,' was felt by no one, least of all the robust, stolid German judge. All my punishments in prison came because of my illness and my physical inability to carry heavy burdens.

One Thursday — it was the twentieth of February, 1919 — I had one of the severe headaches to which I am subject. Although so ill that I could scarcely stand, I had worked ten hours, as usual. The next morning I was too ill to arise. The head matron brought the deputy to my room.

'What's the matter?' he asked.

'I am sick,' I replied.

'Sick! Well, we've had enough of that damned nonsense and we're going to put a stop to it. I'll send for the doctor, and we'll see how sick you are!'

The physician came and pronounced my illness genuine. I might explain that there were no hospital facilities in the women's prison; if a woman was sick, she remained locked in her cell. The doctor would visit her in the morning, some food would be brought at mealtimes; there was no kindness, no care. Shortly before this incident we had passed through the 'flu' epidemic; one woman had died in her cell a few doors from mine, practically uncared for, and scattered along the unventilated corridor had been half a dozen others sick with the dread disease. We were not allowed to mention, in our letters home, the invasion of the epidemic; the papers commented on the fact that there was no flu in the prison. As segregation of the sick had never been practised, I was quite unprepared for what followed.

'Take her downstairs,' the deputy

bellowed, — he never *spoke* to an inmate, — 'and keep her there three days. Give her nothing but bread and water. We'll get this "being sick" business out of her head.' I supposed I was being taken to the solitary-confinement cell, — punishment for illness was not unusual, — but instead found my destination to be a dirty, unused cell, furnished only with an old iron bed and an incredibly filthy mattress.

Saturday morning I asked to go back to work, as I was able to stand, but I was told that I could not do so. I asked to see the warden, but was told that he was out of town. Sunday morning I asked to see the prison physician; he sent word by the matron that he could do nothing for me, as *this was a matter of discipline*, not illness. Sunday afternoon, as a last resort, I asked for permission to write to the Board of Control. Half an hour later I was released and allowed to go to my own room!

The words 'Board of Control' had had a magical effect. Instantly the matron began to explain that I was not being punished, — Oh dear, no! — 'but sometimes you have complained that the work was hard, and this, my dear, is a lovely chance to rest.' Imagine resting in an unfurnished, dirty room, with nothing to eat; for I refused the bread and water, protesting that that was the diet of those being punished, and that sickness was no cause for punishment. 'And then, my dear, it was not me who put you here.'

The deputy came posthaste, and was exceedingly solicitous for my welfare. He had decided to let me return to my own cell that night instead of Monday morning and — 'By the way, that letter to the Board of Control you were going to write — well, I always say to the men I'll treat 'em fifty-fifty. You'll be coming up for pardon soon,' he waxed very indignant over the injustice of my sentence, 'and you'll need all of our help.' I saw his point. The letter was not written. Monday I went back to work, weak from a four-day fast, but I had a new courage. I knew I had as enemies cowards and bullies, and that in an extremity the Board of Control would protect an inmate.

In June 1920 I was ill again and was kept on bread and water for a week; then I appealed to the Board for lighter work and a chance to buy nourishing food. However, I was never officially reported until October 6, 1922. The scene of my misdemeanor was the laundry, with a substitute matron in charge. She asked me to fill the tubs with soft water, which had to be carried across the room in big buckets. I explained to her courteously that I was unable to carry the heavy pails; that, because of my illness, I had been excused by the regular officials from that work. 'You are no better than anyone else, and you do as I say,' was the reply.

Without answering, I left the room and went to the head matron, told her the incident, and asked her to explain to the newcomer the fact that I had official sanction for my refusal to do the work. 'Sure I'll explain,' nobly. 'We don't ask nobody to do work that is too hard for 'em, and the former warden and a member of the B. of C. and the doctor has all said you was too sick to do work like that. Sure I'll tell her.'

That afternoon the substitute matron came to me, beaming with pleasure, to tell me I was wanted by the deputy. When I stood before that august personage, he read a series of charges against me: I had disobeyed an officer; I had made faces at an officer. In defense I explained that the head matron had sanctioned my refusal to carry water, because she knew I was not able to do that type of work; that it was untrue that I had 'made faces' — I had not been guilty of that offense since I was a child. The substitute

matron reiterated her statements, with the further embellishment that she had frequently seen me carrying pails of water — which was quite untrue.

No defense could be made in the face of the woman's dishonesty, nor would any defense be believed. I was taken back to my cell, the woman chanting a pæan of spite; 'Well, you could n't get by with your fine-lady airs. Sick, are you? Well, you'll be a damn sight sicker before you get through. This will spoil your good record — queer any chance you ever had for getting out of here.' At the time of this occurrence, the Governor was deliberating on my application for release — he had the testimony of five physicians, three of whom were hired by the State, to the effect that I was seriously ill. Yet these petty officials quite deliberately undertook to spoil this opportunity of a sick woman's chance for freedom. I was too ill, excited, and nervous to see things in their proper proportions, and I believed their threats; I thought my one chance of leaving the prison had been lost through this unjust report.

They found me unconscious on the floor of my cell several hours later, and for two days I was wildly delirious. To punish me for my frightful offense, I was locked up for eleven days. On the fifth day the prison physician went to the warden and asked to have the punishment stopped, as I was too sick to undergo the ordeal. Twice afterward he made the appeal to deaf ears, although punishment is supposed to cease when the physician so recommends. I cannot speak of the suffering that was crowded into those eleven days and nights. They had found the one thing that could frighten me; they attained the ultimate desire of the true prison-official — they had broken my spirit.

As I sit propped up in my hospital bed, writing this, I find it difficult to realize that but a few months ago I was being punished because I was ill. It must have been an acute disappointment to those prison officials, but my one black mark did not bar my release. I try to tell my story dispassionately, but I cannot. Because I had friends to intercede for me, and the requisite money to pay for professional services, I am now surrounded by care and attention. Had I been friendless and penniless, there would be no skillful physicians or pleasant, deft nurses, no intimate visits with beloved friends — none of the things that help sick folk to get well. There are those whom I left behind in that place of wrath and tears who are not so fortunate; it is for them that I plead. They need the sort of discipline that will ensure a degree of justice and kindness when they are well, of care and kindness when they are sick. Until prison discipline can fulfill these needs, it must be branded as inadequate to meet the standards of twentieth-century civilization.

IV

The different States have various systems of providing work for their prison inmates. Thirty-three per cent use the contract system, twenty-two per cent have the State-use system, sixteen per cent the public-account system, twelve per cent public-works-and-ways, the remainder the lease or piece-price system. Some penitentiaries are self-sustaining, some are even sources of revenue; a few are listed as liabilities on the State ledger.

The convict-labor problem at present is largely concerned with this financial aspect. The suggestion of modern penologists, that in the future the convict be considered the vital factor in the case, opens new horizons.

'The important thing is not so much to give people freedom as to make

them fit for freedom.' This might apply to penal as well as to economic questions. The State is giving the highest service when it assists the prisoner to lead an orderly life.

There are several charges against the present system of convict labor: the work has no interest — it is purely punitive; it bears no relation to what the convict has done before or after he leaves prison; it has no educational, vocational, or reformatory value; there is no incentive for good work; the convict is not paid for his labor.

As an initial step to better working-conditions: the sick should be suitably cared for; the mentally abnormal should be under the care of psychiatrists; those whose condition cannot be improved should be segregated. Those who are mentally and physically fit are well worth salvaging.

The convict, man or woman, at the outset should be made to understand that he is in prison because he has failed in some definite way to respect the rights of his fellow men. He is to be helped, *if he will coöperate*, so that when he returns to society he may be an asset. He is to earn freedom, not by passive 'good conduct,' but by showing a growth in self-reliance, mental ability, or manual dexterity.

The best physician cannot help a patient who fails to coöperate with him. It is therefore important that the mental attitude of the convicted person be considered: self-respect, ambition, initiative, regard for the rights of others — these basic qualities must be fostered, not utterly quenched. As I write these facts I try to remember one thing in my prison experience that tended to foster ambition or initiative or any superior quality. I can recall only endless humiliations, abasements, and degradations.

In the prison I knew, the hard labor to which the thirty women inmates had been sentenced fell into four divisions: (*a*) service for the officials as house servants, seamstresses, laundresses, and so forth; (*b*) sewing for the men's department; (*c*) maintenance for the women's prison; (*d*) employment in an annex to the prison shoe-factory. This last group, comprising five or six women, was considered most fortunate; the work and environment were preferable, the pay ran from six to ten dollars a month, according to the amount of work accomplished. They were the only ones who were interested in the slightest degree in their work, because they alone had an incentive.

The two servants at the deputy warden's house and the one in the matrons' residence received ten cents a day. All others drew three cents daily the first year, one cent a day afterward. Everyone agrees that the present system of payment or nonpayment is unsatisfactory, but no effort is made at any readjustment.

When I went into the matrons' house to work, I was entitled to the regulation ten cents a day, but I never received the munificent salary. Half was given to the girl who came in to act as assistant. I worked seventy hours a week (at a minimum count) for thirty-five cents; my assistant worked five or ten hours a week for thirty-five cents. I had the temerity to protest to the matron against this arrangement. I said I thought that if the other person drew half the money she ought to do something that approximated half the work. 'Well, if you don't like it, you can quit. Anyway, you ought to be ashamed; she needs the money more than you do. The warden always does what I say, so if you complain to him you 'll see what you get.' Naturally the small amount concerned did not warrant a formal protest, so the arrangement stood. The incident is worth recounting in that it illustrates

the chance an inmate stands for fair play.

A few days after my entrance I was given the usual physical examination. It was perfunctory and superficial. The physician said, 'You are able to do a hard day's work.' (I never knew of a case where the same judgment was not pronounced.)

'She certainly is *not* able to do the usual work here,' the little assistant-matron said decisively.

'If I could only be out of doors and regain my strength, I would later do my best,' I said. Thanks to the assistant-matron, I was allowed to go out of doors for an hour or two daily — a tremendous concession. She was charming and kind; our friendship flourished when the sharp-tongued head-matron was not near by. We had many discussions as to the work I was to do. I was frail physically, but I could teach and she felt the urgent need for some systematized instruction. But the head matron had settled that question summarily: 'You can't learn them con's nothin'.'

I was later installed as the entire *suite de ménage* in the matrons' residence. My knowledge of cooking was fragmentary. I could make mayonnaise dressing, grill lamb-chops nicely, make a delectable spice-cake, but there remained vast areas of the culinary kingdom for me to master. I thought that would be interesting — and it was. The head matron had never heard of olive oil, and wanted her meat fried hard, so my first two accomplishments went by the board; my heavenly spice-cake alone had to stand as my initial sponsor.

If the head matron had devoted one fraction of the energy she expended in 'learnin'' me my place to teaching me the fundamentals of a new occupation, my progress would have been rapid. But her own knowledge was limited and the directions she did give were vague and contradictory. I had three sources of information: the housekeeping magazines that were sent to me by friends when they learned of my new work, the little assistant-matron, and Selma. Selma was the big Polish woman who occasionally came in to help with the cleaning. She was an excellent cook, and would sometimes come stealing into the kitchen to show me how to prepare a roast, or bake a pie, or dress a fish. If she was caught there was a tremendous row.

It seems as if it might be a very simple thing to furnish an incentive for hard labor. The work could easily be divided into definite units and credit given the prisoner for the time spent, for her attitude toward the work, her ability and progress, just as a trade-school pupil is given credit for mastery of the different units of the curriculum. Satisfactory progress should be rewarded in two ways: by the payment of perceptible wages or of a bonus, and by the assurance that recognition will be given to the units earned, when a prisoner becomes an applicant for release. Surely the woman who acquires a useful vocation is more fit to return to society than the lazy, unskilled worker.

The incoming prisoner whose education is below fifth-grade standards should receive at least an hour of daily instruction from a competent teacher, and should be given due credit for her progress and application. Those who wish advanced work should have definite, substantial encouragement. At present the correspondence school of the State University offers the only chance for anything beyond the most rudimentary instruction, but this opportunity for advancement is barred from those who have no money. University records show that the prisoners who have taken courses in

this extension department show markings decidedly above the average.

Perhaps I dwell upon the possibility of education in the elementary and advanced academic branches because of the nature of my experience and interests, but the greatest opportunities would lie in a curriculum along the lines of vocational education.

The laundry, in which most of the women worked two and a half days a week, was operated solely for the use of a few of the officials. If a button was lost from the warden's pajamas, or the deputy's collars had too much starch, tremendous consternation ensued. If an officer had company, the guest thriftily brought a suitcase full of soiled clothes for free laundering. One Christmas the son of an official brought fifty pairs of socks to be washed and mended! He was immediately christened 'the Centipede.'

When an inmate entered she was assigned to the linen tub or to the 'rags,' to the mangle or to the ironing of shirts, and she usually remained a fixture at this original assignment. She might learn to do one thing well, but she gained no knowledge of the interesting, useful, and lucrative occupation of laundering. It would be a sensible and practical thing to reorganize the laundry and make the training of expert laundresses the object of its existence; service could still be given the officials or any clientele who would pay for the work. A trained instructor should teach each step of the work: the chemical processes that underlie the cleaning process; how different fabrics should be washed; the use of the machines that are being installed in the average home; and some of the simpler processes of dry-cleaning. Further, the management of a small laundry-establishment could be taught — the marking and assorting of clothes; some of the principles of bookkeeping. When the inmate had attained a degree of proficiency in this branch of work, she should be rewarded by the payment of a perceptible wage and a recognition of ability that would count toward her release.

A similar systematized correlation of work and instruction could be planned in the sewing-room, where there is ample opportunity to teach proficiency in household needlework and the simpler forms of dressmaking. The inmates' kitchen, and later the homes of the officers, could be practice fields for cooking and housewifery.

Stella R—— was an exceptionally clever needlewoman. Under existing circumstances her 'State time' was appropriated by the more unscrupulous officers or officers' wives for their personal use; she saved them the paying of dressmakers' bills. No one considered Stella's side of the transaction. She was desirous of taking a course in dress-designing, but she did not have the money or the opportunity for such advanced work. 'If I could only earn money enough to start myself in one of those little needlecraft shops, I am sure I could make it a success,' she would say. How she hated the women who used her skill without paying her anything, without even a courteous acknowledgment of her work!

Expert waitresses, chambermaids, nursemaids, milliners, good cooks, dietitians — what craft could not be listed? The raising of poultry, the making of a garden — all these things could be taught and learned as systematized units, just as they are taught in an agricultural college or a trade school where practice and basic knowledge are interdependent.

At present the women inmates are regarded as household servants — perhaps slaves would be a more exact word — for the use of certain officials. The deputy warden, for instance, before

his promotion to that eminence lived modestly in a rented house; his wife, like most of the housewives in the small community, did all of her housework and most of her sewing. When he became deputy warden, the family moved into the eight-room house furnished by the State; they were given the use of three women prisoners as servants; a cook and housemaid gave full time, while a third woman was frequently required as seamstress or for cleaning. Their laundry was done in the women's prison. A man of all work was furnished from the men's prison. In short, this family assumed a standard of living to which it was unaccustomed, one which was maintained by no other folk — even the most well-to-do — in the community. Of course the warden's ménage was more elaborate than the deputy's. A hired chef did his cooking; two men from the prison gave full time for his housework; a chauffeur and a gardener were always on duty; the laundry was done by the women prisoners.

If the officers were to pay for this excessive personal service, or to become responsible for some part of the training in housewifery, this custom might have a logical excuse for its existence; but as it stands to-day, such unrestricted use of the women prisoners as personal servants is pernicious; there is nothing to be said in its behalf. The prisoners hate with special fervor these nonpaying employers, who are cruelly inconsiderate, often unkind. I know that no servant would stand the treatment I received in the matrons' house.

I am writing this chapter several years after my release from prison. It took me months, years, to regain my health, and months and years in hospitals and sanitariums are expensive ones. Always ahead of me stalked the terror, 'How am I going to earn my living when I do get well?' I could not go back to my former profession. In any other I was but an unskilled worker, and I had the handicap of limited physical strength.

If my period of incarceration had held fewer days in punishment cells, and if I could have had some training for a trade or craft that would send me back to civic life as a skilled worker, my present problems would be easier to face and my memory of prison life less bitter. Surely civilization has advanced sufficiently to allow the present punitive system of convict labor to be replaced by work that is constructive — that sends forth men and women strengthened, cured, prepared to earn a decent livelihood.

The things asked for in prison reform are not unreasonable: a divorce of the penal system from politics; the indeterminate sentence; a disintegration of the prison population, permanently segregating the incorrigible and giving appropriate care and treatment to the subnormal; the substitution of certificated, professional officers for the present untrained type; an effective means by which the prisoner may obtain redress from the unreasoning brutality of irresponsible keepers; a change from the present purposeless labor to work that is useful and educative — in short, that penal servitude be changed from blind indiscriminate punishment to the fitting of the amenable delinquent for a successful rehabilitation in society.

Our hope for a change from the present mediæval penal system to one more in keeping with the modern standards of science, religion, and commonsense lies in the insistent discontent of the energetic minority. As soon as there is a general cognizance of the conditions prevalent in American prisons, it is not impossible to believe that radical changes will immediately follow.

FURTHERMORE—

BY JOHN HAYES TAYLOR

I

I HAVE just read in the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly* the article 'Am I Too Old to Teach?' I read it with a sad acquiescence which should have gratified the writer of the plaint, as a proof of the convincing quality of his statement of thesis. The title itself is well devised to catch the sensitized eye of any professor who is middle-aged and a bittock,—of his class I am one,—and sensitively he reads. Reading, he is, I think, inevitably acceptant. At least one is acceptant. My own observations march so evenly with those of the writer that my conclusions differ but slightly from his. If his readers should answer yes to his title question I should have instantly to send in my resignation to my own Board of Trustees.

For as I analyze a form of discontent which of late tags the footsteps of my own daily performance I must acknowledge that 'Old P——' has formulated an explanation of my state of mind as well as his own. And if his statement is called to question—as doubtless it will be—I can support it with corroborative evidence. But having lent my assistance to confirm his arraignment of the present state and purposes of youth, I should wish also to go back a stage and show an antecedent reason for the state he defines.

If Twenty-two—or Twenty, or Eighteen—is less idealistic, less sensitive, less humble, than he was twenty-five years ago, there must be some cause for his precocious decadence. We have done our utmost with the war as excuse—for everything from the price of huckleberries to the present detestable frame of literary realism. We have explained every stage or evincement of iniquity or obliquity with the fact that men were 'shaken.' But we can't be cashing that check forever. The trouble is that most men were not shaken enough. And since Twenty was only ten when the war opened and fourteen when it closed, and probably had only a very misshapen and half-romantic notion of it anyway,—a large proportion of fourteen-year-olds were grieved when the Armistice whistles blew,—we can't explain his mental or moral state, good or bad, directly with that. It would be better for many older persons if they had never conceived of the war as an excuse for themselves. In fact it would be better for many men if they had never heard the word 'morale,' the great word which relieves individual responsibility at the expense of communal responsibility. It has unlocked a whole closetful of self-excuses.

But that is a digression, put in merely because I wished to say it. One sometimes gives ideas a ride when he is driving in their direction. My real theme follows. In general terms it is this: an important section of the positive explanation—perhaps only a section—for the state we

complain of in the students under our instruction is undoubtedly to be found in education itself. I should like to lift a little of the burden from the shoulders of youth and transfer it to the rounded shoulders of educators; not, I think, to the shoulders of 'Old P——' and his kind, but of those who have had authority in directing the earlier training of his students and of those who are even now busily — so busily! — broadening and making practical and 'democratizing' the college course.

I sympathize fully with 'Old P——' in his lament over democracy, which he says is mediocrity, in education — mediocrity from instruction to result, usually. So easily are we persuaded by theorists on education that we allow them to lay hands on every stage of schools — primary, secondary, college — to work their fantastic wills. The result is seen in the young materialist before us. In nothing have these fantasies been more effective than in the introduction of 'practical' subjects into curricula, to the crowding-out of learning which deals with thought or beauty or the long growth of mankind. Theories of education are as changeable as the surface of the wind-swept desert — and sometimes almost as arid. Nothing is dearer to the heart of the pedagogic speculator than novelty and what he calls progress, — meaning merely change, — and his pedagogical Rosinante bounds along from fad to fancy and from fancy to project, its rider well pleased with its cavortings merely because they are cavortings. He loves to exhibit a prance or curvet never tried before. And with no part of his achievement has he been better satisfied, apparently, than with his success in reducing the use of the abstract or ideal in education and the substitution of the concrete in every place possible.

'Old P——' is chiefly suffering, as many other professors are, from the results of instruction in the earlier schools. On the secondary school every wind of pedagogical doctrine has blown. It is regarded as the gateway into life and each man brings his own notion of the province of life and would make the gate open in the direction of that province. Only a revolving door would meet all the demands made upon this entrance. Private schools, with a degree of independence, have been able to maintain their own standards, commonly; but the high school has become a catchall for every fad or whim which has come down from some feverish school of education. One of the chiefest of these is the steady pressure upon — or enticement to — the high-school student to take as many as possible of the so-called practical subjects. They fit for 'life,' — which is apparently to be but a manual or industrial life, — while history and language and literature fit, supposedly, for super-life only. 'Vocational' is a word to conjure with. 'Old P——'s' students have probably been prepared for his work largely by instruction in carpentry, or cooking, or elementary bookkeeping, or sewing. They have been prepared for life, not for learning! What can he expect?

II

How far the schools of the country are contributing to the apparently growing materialism and to the certainly growing crudity of life it must be difficult to say. Perhaps they are only exponential of it, a result more than a cause. In that case we are only going in a circle, undoubtedly vicious. Certainly the schools are catering to this instead of opposing it. The great accusation against them is that they are so largely substituting a lower motive in education for a higher one. One

hears 'practical' spoken much oftener — certainly much louder — than one ever hears 'scholarship' or 'truth' or 'wisdom.' As to 'culture,' one grows shy and hesitant over saying it at all. Steadily and firmly other motives are taken away from the student until often nothing higher is left to him than the necessity of making a living. Apparently he is to live only to come out even with himself at the end. 'The teacher and mother should confer together (*sic*),' I heard a lecturer on vocational guidance say, speaking of the child in the fifth grade or thereabout, 'after all the tests have been made, and decide on what is necessary to prepare the child for his vocation.' It sounds unbelievable. What has become of the 'complete and generous education'? And what about fitting a man to perform 'justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war'?

There is no reason why the learning or partial learning of a trade or profession should not be combined with stages of education. The harm is done when learning a trade is called education and when the whole motive of education is reduced to the utilitarian one. This is so evident that it seems trite to say it; and yet the condition goes on. The whole scale of acquisition is lowered. The result of the application of the practical motive is that the proportion of values in subjects and in training is lost. Students and instructors alike seem to lose it. Applied science is placed on the same level with pure science — if not higher. Pupils are taught little difference in final value between cooking and chemistry, between collecting items of school news and the study of great literature, between bookkeeping and higher algebra, between carpentering up a bookrack and learning the principles of physics. If there is any superiority it is on the side of the deduced thing, not on that of the fundamental principle. In fact it is generally true, I think, that while instruction in science may be very modest and matter-of-fact, instruction in applied science or anything industrial is almost blatant in its assertion of importance, when once it gets its toe into a curriculum. The essential value of the general over the particular, of truth over fact, of principle over skill, is not thus learned. No scale of values — or none that recognizes the greatness of ideas and the domination of law — is established. The first great chance of the pupil is lost. He does n't learn the difference between the little and the great. If 'Old P——'s' students have been thus prepared his weariness is understandable.

This loss of opportunity to teach relations is found not only in the type of subjects offered but often in the handling of them. In the desire to cater to the student's unformed taste, to his own youthful preferences and youthful judgment, really valuable subjects are sometimes turned into superficialities — mere time-fillers, one would think, supplied because teacher or superintendent wishes to be thought up-to-date. There is the ever-present English, for example. I have never been able to understand why so much time must be given to that subject, but from the results I see I am convinced that at the most it is usually too little. But when the time allotted to it is filled with examination of the format and classification of magazines, — not even of their content, — a study in which any magazine has as important place as any other; with vocational English, whatever that may be; with collecting of notes about the school grounds, notes thrown into negligible form; with the study of new poetry, on the part of students who have not yet learned that there is old poetry; with reading-lists

which apparently make no distinction between Zane Grey and Thackeray — because they *like* Zane Grey, forsooth, and they must always be given an alternative when something they don't like is offered to them — with all this, is it surprising that 'Old P——' finds his students lacking in taste? If they had had any initially it would ere this have been deeply overlaid.

It is no wonder that college teachers of language find their beginning students innocent of any notion of relations or system in the English language; they have not been allowed to study grammar, poor things, because they might not like it. I have a responsible eye on four young persons gradually passing through the preparatory school and I have chapter and verse at hand. I even read the 'educational' journals in ironic moments. (Would that pedagogy had kept to its rightful name and left education to its own meaning! But a peculiarity of the science is that it is always growing ashamed of its phrasing and seeking new.) Very recently I read that the 'new school' is 'a laboratory of experimental pedagogy'; and even later that 'the shop should be the king-pin of the whole school'! The exclamation point is involuntary.

Related to this theory of the material of education is the passion for the concrete which is a part of the modern educational impulse. Children are not allowed to think in terms of reason because of the conviction that they cannot or do not wish to do so. Even if a pupil would find it natural to say that two and two make four, he is not permitted to say it, but only that two goldfish and two goldfish make four goldfish. He is allowed to make acquaintance with geography only in terms of his own back yard or the school ground. Can't you recall days when you pored over the pinks and blues and wavy shore-lines of a map and imagined the unseen countries there and the days when you should see them? What a thing an island was, in its field of blue! But that delight is denied the present child. The pedagogist's whole conception of the child is so very low. But glory be, the Four would rather have their seven times six straight than encumbered with goldfish. I can't help thinking that they would be quite different persons from what I wish them to be if their minds had always to proceed in terms of goldfish. And how would they ever demand coral islands if they were allowed to see only a pool in a sandpile? It is not thus that explorers and dreamers are made.

For — I don't think I speak unfairly when I say it — they learn perfection in none of their material projects. There is nothing from their little juvenile news-writing to their blacksmithing that they would not learn better in a brief apprenticeship under a working professional or a responsible artisan with the standards of his guild. We teach our Latin and science and history badly enough, Heaven save us, with results which we are often ashamed to own; but at least there is a clear mark to which we are trying to bring our students. If we do not keep them in acute awareness of their distance from the mark and instill a degree of humility over that distance, we are doing sadly indeed. But I seem to see smugness instead of humility as a result of the handling of material things, a smugness all out of proportion to achievement or purpose. The shop the king-pin of the school!

III

The faults of the preparatory school we weakly repeat in the college. We too yield to the pressure of the immediate interest and clutter our curricula with what should be applications

of learning, letting them take the place of learning itself. The school which has the newest subjects is held to be richest and fullest. Schools for all kinds of training there should be, doubtless, but not every school is a college. Unfortunately our curricula are too often, when it comes to the last authority, in the hands of pure theorists — themselves often but ill-cultivated men — who, as in the elementary schools, place novelty above either ideas or perfection. There is a peculiar complexity in the attitude of many proponents and partisans of so-called practical subjects, that in spite of their conviction of the tremendous importance of their case they so often want to creep under a college degree with it. One would suppose that with their certainty of the absolute value of this training — whatever it is — they would be willing to have it stand alone. But no — it must borrow from the college whatever credit or authority the latter has achieved in its long development. There is a jaunty inconsistency in it.

But thus the college also contributes to the materialism of which 'Old P——' complains. Here too we have the student making every sort of endeavor to get credit — in his type of avarice the credit takes the place of the dollar — for applied science with the scantiest possible knowledge of pure science, for applied art without the history or principles of art, for social or political theory without basis of history, for news-writing or the making of scenarios without study of language or the drama. He does n't always succeed in his endeavor, fortunately. But he is strongly assisted by much that passes for educational theory. And we who associate with students can see the results. We can see them in the lack of understanding of real scholarship, in the readiness to accept a half-done thing, in the lack of distinctions in values, in disregard of the abstract and the fundamental, in high regard for the current and the superficial. Manual training comes, but wisdom lingers. One of the dreariest things to meet in college teaching is the hardness and smugness which comes from the un-idealist on the other side of the desk.

In *Pride and Prejudice*, anyone may recall, Miss Bingley, eagerly trying to reach the heights of superiority of the superior Mr. Darcy, whom she persistently admires, says sententiously, apropos of her brother's ball, 'I should like balls infinitely better if they were carried on in a different manner. It would surely be much more rational if conversation instead of dancing were made the order of the day.' 'Much more rational, my dear Caroline, I dare say,' answers her genial brother, 'but it would not be near so much like a ball.' Well, our colleges grow more and more 'practical' and 'vocational,' we dare say, but very much less like colleges. We are doing what the slack colloquial speaker does with his words. He takes 'unique' to mean unusual or rare, and he has nothing left to indicate unique; he takes 'appreciate' to mean approve or enjoy, and in time he has no word with which to say appreciate. He is the poorer for his expansion, instead of richer. When we have combined every kind of vocational school with the college and have no college left, shall we wish that we had one?

The precocious modernism complained of in students is partly an exponent of their period — our period. You may look for it in current literature. But it is also partly resultant from the type of study I have been defining and partly from the subjects which are offered to the student. Here again we come across the trail of educational theory. It is seriously held

that students may be educated in the modern alone — modern literature, modern history, modern thought. The student is easily acquiescent. It makes a demand on the elasticity of the mind, to try to move it backward. And there are educators who think that enough is done for youth if it is instructed in the affairs of this immediate world. 'The world you live in' is a catchy slogan. High-school children are fed on the newest books, the modernest of modern history. Last summer a group of teachers seriously considered, in discussion, whether it is necessary or wise to teach any but American history to American children. In the end they decided that it is well to learn something of foreign history in order to know what is to be met with in Americanizing the immigrant. That is a true tale, preposterous as it sounds. In colleges students are sometimes allowed to 'major' in sociology without taking any course in history, the sociology department being indifferent in the matter. As if anything in the present, literature or government or society, were separable from the past!

One of the finest thrills you can give youth comes when you stir its imagination with a view of the past. There is nothing comparable to it. Nothing so enriches the present as to see the long lines reaching to it from far up in the years. And nothing else so stabilizes one's thinking and generalization. You may be almost certain, of any person of slovenly thinking and fantastic conclusions, that he does not know the life and thought of the past. There is no real education, no full culture, without it. Do you often find — I ask it merely as a question, for I am not furnished with the answer myself — the materialist, the easy cynic, the un-idealist, among scholars in history or students of the past as related to the present?

IV

There is one thing more to say. I approach this point with caution and with a realization of the discourtesy which may seem to be involved in mentioning it. But there is a thing which I think has never been said and which bears saying — more than that, demands to be said if one is to take a complete view of practical or professional subjects in college. When I think of these four young persons in college presently, I think of them as under the instruction of men — perhaps women — who can in themselves convince the Four of the beauty and ability of a trained and instructed mind.

I intend to do something of the choosing myself, if I am permitted, and I think it will be possible to find for them teachers who are citizens of the learned world, who are — I venture to say it — cultured. They will not only teach their own subject well, but they will relate it to the beauty or greatness of other subjects; and they will ever and anon open a door to an enticing glimpse of another world, and the Four will come home all agog over the hope of a prompt entrance to it. I know that there are such teachers, for I have sat before them myself. While they taught me language they set my young mind racing eagerly after art or history. While they taught me history they pricked my imagination with borrowings from archæology or literature. I remember them well. And their kind has not vanished from the earth. I want the Four to stand on the thresholds of their minds and guess curiously at the worlds they live in.

But if the Four take practical courses they must be instructed by teachers of practical courses. And what will they have then? Probably very efficient masters of some craft or profession.

But am I willing that these students should spend a precious fourth of their college time — I estimate that with judicious selection of topics it might sum up to even more than that — listening to persons who know only their own very limited subjects and know those not at all for speculation but only for application, who cannot relate their small topics to history or art or language or literature, perhaps not even to science?

With the intrusion of professional and practical subjects into the college curriculum the average of culture in college faculties is distinctly lowered. Certainly the level of speech, always an exponent of the user's culture, is lowered. It is a pity — is it not? — that a student should spend so many hours listening to speech which not only is without distinction but may even be slovenly. His ear is stuffed with special terminologies, often formed in ignorance of or disregard of the real relations of the language. Terminologies are baneful in teaching. At first a mere convenience, they seem to become in time the chief substance of a course. I rarely find that either taste or definition in language goes with them. I think that if I could hear one lecture on pedagogy delivered in impeccable English I should be less bitter on this point.

I use pedagogy, so-called education, only as an illustration. How much of such language some students must listen to!

Two great things belong of right to the student — reverence for perfection and respect for ideas. These are ideally and ethically the basis and incentive for scholarship. With the first goes love of accuracy and completeness; with the second goes love of truth and of steps leading to truth. The two demand sincerity and integrity and intellectual result. In these two lies the hope for scholarship and for progress of thought in the world. With them should go a great curiosity, a curiosity which only knowledge will satisfy and which finds in gratification but a further stimulus. Without this reverence and this respect and this curiosity in the world, colleges would never have been built at all.

But is the growing motive in education either stimulating or gratifying these? The present purpose is largely to substitute the immediate for the distant view. This unwillingness to look far into the past is paralleled by the desire to offer a present material profit for all acquisition. Respect for ideas means respect for marketable ideas; love of knowledge means the hope that knowledge may be a valuable tool. It is true that there are fewer dreamers in our classes now. And there should be dreamers. It is a sad day when dreamers begin to cease from among us. As I look from behind my desk at the brown uniformity of youth before me, I too wonder who will furnish the dreams, social or poetic or political, which will add beauty to the coming decades. If there are none, whose fault will it be?

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

BY ERNST JONSON

AMERICAN democracy was dedicated to the pursuit of happiness. This aim has been realized to an extent which is astounding. We have ninety per cent of the motors of the world, and control seventy-five per cent of its oil; we produce sixty per cent of the world's steel, seventy per cent of its copper, and eighty per cent of its telephones and typewriters. No other people in the world is so free to devote itself to the quest of a good time as we are; nowhere else can the masses of the people so abandon themselves to the enjoyment of thrills. We murder one another at the rate of ten thousand a year, and are in general freer from legal restraint than any other civilized nation. Whole forests are being ground to pulp daily to multifold a hundred million times each separate thrill. So conspicuous is our success that an English critic has admitted that America is not a country but a picnic.

There are among us some whom this Mammonistic-Epicurean success does not satisfy. These look, not for a good time, but for the things accounted fruits of the Spirit — love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance — and are disappointed. These believe that our civilization is not stable, that it cannot endure, that in spite of our invincible optimism, our swelling self-esteem, our crafty aggressiveness, our certified opinions, we are speeding down the road of destruction.

Of the men of a certain Greek city it was said that 'they are not fools, but they do just the things that fools would do.' When British misgovernment stirred the American people to cast away their ancestral restraints, they quite naturally fell under the spell of the smart opinion of the time. There is about the Declaration of Independence, with its blending of quixotic democracy and Epicureanism, something that appeals to honest but simple minds. However, when thinking men saw whereto democracy was leading the people, they sought to check its sway.

Thus, while the Declaration of Independence sought in its visionary idealism to make the world safe for democracy, the Constitution aimed to make democracy safe for the world by imposing salutary restraints upon majority rule. Nothing is more striking in the debates of the Convention than the distrust of its members — with few exceptions — of unrestricted majority-rule, or rule by direct popular legislation. The framers of the Constitution had learned their lesson in the anarchy that had followed the War of Independence. They were not so much concerned about the rights of man as about his duties. Mr. Gerry said: 'The evils we experience flow from the excesses of democracy. The people are the dupes of pretended patriots.' Mr. Randolph observed that the general object of the Constitution was to provide a cure for the tribulations which the follies of democracy had brought upon the nation. Said James Madison: 'A pure democracy, by which I mean a State consisting of a small number of citizens, who

assemble and administer the government in person, can admit of no cure for the mischiefs of faction. Such democracies have ever been spectacles of turbulence and contention, and have often been found incompatible with the personal security and rights of property, and have generally been as short in their lives as they have been violent in their deaths.'

However, the Constitution did not realize the intentions of its authors. To-day we are subject to all the ills of democracy which the Founders foresaw and sought to avoid. They did not extract the root of the evil. They did not refute the paganism of the Declaration of Independence; they merely sought to restrain it. They forgot that it is written: 'The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.' 'For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.'

Plato saw a vision of a State in which the wise alone govern, in which the masses of the people concern themselves with the tilling of the soil. This Kingdom of God Jesus saw, not as mere desirable possibility, but as eternal fact. The ancients had so seen it. In the Chhandogya Upanishad we read:—

> The Infinite indeed is below, above, behind, before, right and left — it is indeed all this. . . .
>
> He who sees, perceives, and understands this . . . he becomes an autocrat; he is lord and master of all the world.
>
> But those who think differently from this . . . have other beings for their rulers.

In all times the real power of government has been in the hands of men of vision, in the hands of men who have seen that this universe is something more than what on the surface it appears to be, who have seen that in this universe there lies hidden, under the visible, tangible surface, an unseen intangible core, and that in the far deeps of that core is man's life rooted. In that man whose eye is not focused on the surface, but who looks through it, sees into the deeps — in him the creative power, dormant, potential in all men, becomes actual, stirring. By such evident actual presence of the power of God in man are civilizations created; without that power manifest by some, civilizations decline and fall into ruin. These in whom, by their own free initiative, the creative power is manifested, be their estate ever so humble, their natural gifts ever so insignificant, are properly our leading men; these are our governors and supreme lawgivers, the guides of the drifting host, which follows them as by an irrevocable decree.

Whatever we have of civilization is their work, theirs alone. If progress was made, they made it. If spiritual facts were discerned, they discerned them. If justice and order were put in place of insolence and chaos, they wrought the change. Never is progress achieved by the masses, never by any organized procedure whatsoever. Creation ever remains the task of the individual, be he working by himself alone or with others; as a creator he is ever working free, detached, not under the spell of the crowd. Always there has been, always there will be, an underlying inert population to till the soil and to husband its produce.

Paul writes to the Romans: 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God.' Such was the view of government held by the founders of the Christian civilization. The governing nucleus of the State and of the Church was the brotherhood of those who had freely chosen to participate in the divine life. In this sense did they regard Church and State as divine institutions, established to make the eternal verities actual in the temporal world. This brotherhood of creative thinkers is the

Kingdom of God which Jesus preached, and the preaching and achieving of which was to be the foremost concern of all his disciples.

But this eternal fact requires to be visibly manifested in the instituted State. 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' In attaining the Kingdom man enters upon a new life; he then ceases to be a mere automaton, a mere spectator, for then he begins to participate in the creation of human destiny.

The life in the Kingdom is not merely a higher degree of the same kind of life as that of the multitude; it is a life of a radically different kind. It is not a life of passive participation in a mechanically determined world. It is a life of creative activity, making for itself an ever new world. It is not a life ruled by destiny. It is a life in which freedom circumvents destiny, a life of infinite possibilities. To Jesus the Kingdom of God was not a thing to be realized in the distant future, but it was to be achieved here and now, for he said: 'Verily I say unto you, That there be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death, till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power.' 'My kingdom is not of this world,' Jesus declares. 'And when he was demanded of the Pharisees, when the kingdom of God should come, he answered them and said, The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you.'

This doctrine remained the dominant note of Christian teaching till Augustine identified the Kingdom of God with the instituted Church, and thereby sowed the seed of corruption.

How may we conceive this Kingdom of God in terms of modern thought?

If these last decades of delving into Nature's secrets have taught us any truth it is this — that Nature works not by chance or by whim, but that law governs all her movements: it has become clear to us that every single event in nature is the offspring of all other events prior or contemporaneous, and will in its turn combine with all other events to give birth to new events. Without these prior and contemporaneous events that event could not have taken place, and with these events there in the actual past and present it must take place.

The world left to itself obeys fatalistic laws. Under determinate conditions Nature behaves in a determinate way. Nothing it does is unforeseeable. Were our science complete and our calculating power infinite, we should be able to predict everything which will come to pass as the result of purely natural causes, in its larger masses or in its minutest elements, as we predict an eclipse of the sun. Thus the coming time already waits unseen, yet definitely shaped, predetermined and, except for the intervention of a creative power, inevitable in the time to come. At any time, therefore, there lies before the world a future which is the necessary consequence of its present state, and which might be predicted from a full knowledge of the present state. This future is the world's destiny. 'The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun.'

Instituted government, mere political mechanism, is a natural process, governed by natural law. Such government governs the people only in the sense in which the pendulum governs the movement of the clock: that is to say, its function is that of a regulating device, which is part of the whole political body, and as such, in its turn, is governed by that body. Instituted government may be a dominant

element in a people's destiny, but to change that destiny for better or for worse lies not in its power. The United States Government with all its paraphernalia, as it results from Constitution, laws, national character, and environment, apart from any vital impetus given it by creative thought, follows a predetermined course, a course which an all-knowing intelligence might predict to the minutest detail. This predetermined course is an element in the people's destiny and, being such, it cannot alter the destiny. The established direction of a process can be altered only by an influence emanating from an exterior source.

Nature is eternal flux; only in and through this flux does nature exist for us. A quiescent sun — dark cold stillness — with such there were no world for us. Only by dissipating energy are our senses affected.

Whence this flux? The future, contained in the present as germ, potentially, is not firmly held; it is unstable, cannot but fall into actuality. Nature's flux results from the instability of its potential.

When a thing becomes actual it ceases to exist as potential. With every new event the equivalent of that event in potential is lost. But things exist for us only in so far as energy is dissipated: that is to say, only in so far as they lose their potential. In their potential, therefore, lies the capacity of things to be for us; in their potential lies their value for us. In so far as a natural process loses its potential it also loses its value; it deteriorates. Or, in other words, every natural change is a step toward a state of final stability, which for man means nonexistence. Thus the actual, visible, tangible, natural phenomenon is the transition stage in which nature passes from being to nonbeing. The mechanism of nature has meaning for us only as it runs down. This is the reason why all human destiny has its vanishing point in chaos, destruction, extinction. This is the reason why all human institutions lose their vitality, why no civilization is stable nor any State secure, why dissolution and chaos always confront mankind. This is the reason why every culture and every State carries within it the seed of destruction, so that, if left to itself, it will deteriorate and disintegrate and perish.

The flow of nature is ever downward, and yet this flow never ceases. This fact suggests the question: Is there behind this visible, tangible deterioration an invisible, intangible source from which the stream of nature flows, by which it is replenished? In the midst of all-pervading deterioration there are visible here and there progressive changes: new suns, new life, new visions of truth. Wherever in history we see order emerge out of chaos, wherever the inarticulate herd forms itself into a State, wherever a civilization brings forth its inventions, there a power other than that of down-flowing energy works; there is evidenced a creative, upbuilding power.

Creation is not, like deterioration and chaos, born of the past. 'To create' properly means to bring into being something that would not have happened as a consequence of what preceded it. The created thing might not have been. It was not necessary. It is a novelty. It is the beginning of a radically new tendency, a tendency which has not its root in any preëxisting tendency. The creative act transcends destiny, is the source of a new destiny. It is a free act, a first cause. Nothing compels it, nothing hinders it.

From earliest times it has been the common belief of mankind that human thought is able to transcend destiny, to become free and creative. Mere dissipation of energy, or loss of potential, is mechanical, determined, necessitated.

In such there is no room for freedom. If man's thought is free, this freedom must consist in a power to add potential to nature; in no other way is freedom conceivable. The creative thought, then, can be nothing less than a power to release energy from the source of nature, and the exercise of such power implies some sort of inner contact with that source. Now this intangible essence, which the nature-philosopher sees as an inexhaustible source of potential, — of energy and form, — Christian tradition declares to be a Creative Reason, the eternal Christ, the Son of God. To the Christian, creativeness means a contact with the Christ, a contact so intimate that it amounts to an identification.

Creative thought, then, is no mere intellectual operation, but it is an act which goes deeper than articulate thought, a spiritual union with Christ. In so far, however, as this thought takes any articulate form, it affirms the essential perfection of things, as they are in the pure rich ground of their being, which is Christ. What appears as an imperfect thing of sense is held to be the eternal Christ. By this transcendence of the realm of phenomena man rises above destiny, becomes a channel through which a new element of potential is introduced into the current of events, becomes a creator. Thus in his union with Christ the Christian sees the activating element in human progress, the source of originality in science and industry, the way to inspiration in art and philosophy, the creative initiative in politics.

In the moment of creative thinking, in the moment in which man exerts an influence on human destiny, he becomes a sharer of the one creative energy, the Christ — which thereby becomes his own life, his own self. In the moment of creative thinking the thinker no longer is a mere individual, but he is the Christ operating in and through an individual manifestation, so that in the individual man is focused, more or less sharply, the infinite power of the Creative Reason. That is to say, while remaining an individual centre of conscious experience and of free initiative, the creative thought merges man in the unity of the Christ, or, as Paul puts it, 'I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'

So soon as man asserts an individual aim, he falls from his high creative estate and separates himself from the Creative Reason; and in so falling he loses his power over destiny and sinks back into the temporal mortal world-mechanism. Thus the eternal divine Christ, Who manifested Himself in the temporal human person and life of Jesus, never passes away from the world; now and forever He manifests Himself in the life of every individual creative thinker, as well as in the corporate life of the creative brotherhood which constitutes the Kingdom of God.

This presence of Christ binds in deepest unity with each other all, in every place and time, who have attained the Kingdom. Personal division then is apparent only; practically they are one; for the one principle of unity overlaps all individual separations and differences. Hence Paul writes: 'We, being many, are one body in Christ. . . . There is one body, and one Spirit.' The brotherhood of the Kingdom of God, then, does not consist in mere association resulting from community of interest; the Kingdom of God is a single organic whole; and in it dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

To the multitude Jesus presented the idea of the Kingdom in parables only, for he saw that only to the few was it given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom. 'And he said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto

them that are without, all these things are done in parables.'

Be the instituted government of a State despotic or democratic, its creative government ever remains a government by the best, an aristocracy. 'For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.'

All who have achieved the creative life form a ruling caste, but no insignia mark the members of this caste. This government of the wise is an esoteric government. These actual world-rulers are known by their works alone.

Man can create in no other way than by releasing energy from the source of nature; he is free to do this; in no other way is he free. All free action is creative; never is destruction wrought through freedom. Since man can truly govern in no other way than by releasing the creative power of God, all real government is beneficent and progressive. Never can real government be reactionary or malevolent, for there exists in the universe no power that can change man's present destiny for the worse.

The only real alternatives before us are the alternatives of freely initiated progress through divine power or mechanical deterioration through the unopposed sway of Nature. Real government is free from all personal and all factional aims; its only aim is the fuller embodiment of the Christ. When a nation falls into evil ways it is solely because its powers of government lie dormant. Real government can do no wrong. Instituted government is ruled by destiny.

Real government is free for all. It is not hedged in by any instituted barriers whatsoever. Participation in it requires no human sanction. The mandate of divine kingship is procured through individual initiative alone. So long as we allow our divine potency to lie dormant, be we invested with ever so imposing insignia of office, we have no part in the real government. In this sense real government always is democratic, even when the instituted government has fallen into the hands of a self-perpetuating oligarchy. And only in this sense is there ever any reality in democracy. The belief that the masses can exercise sovereign power through mere counting of heads is a popular fallacy. Democracy becomes a reality only when it achieves aristocracy, in the true sense, which is government by the best.

Whenever the masses rise in revolt the meaning of the rising is a demand for government. Such is the meaning of every revolution. Such was the meaning of our Declaration of Independence. But if a popular uprising calls forth no better government it will issue in disintegration and chaos. Mass action necessarily is disintegrating and destructive. Let it be remembered, however, that such action is not free, but that it is the naturally necessitated consequence of misgovernment.

Any earnest man, looking out upon the welter of to-day's problems, must realize that the jingling and rumbling which calls itself government is in fact an absence of government. In chaotic times it grows to be the general belief, the sole accredited opinion, and the contrary of it is accounted puerile enthusiasm — this sorriest disbelief that there is any power in Truth. But never did civilization support itself upon disbelief. Let thoughtful men unite in clear conscious relation, as in dim unconscious relation they ever are united. Let them know it well, let them lay it to heart, that there is no power but of God; that chaos has no power to continue in this world. When this is known and laid to heart by some, we shall see again visibly manifest among us the Kingdom of God.

TIR-NA-N'OG

BY MARY LYONS HENNIGAN

I

TIR-NA-N'OG is the country of youth. No one dies there, nor loses beauty of soul or body. There trees bear rosy blossom, living green leaf, and golden fruit all in one glorious harvest. And all these lovelinesses are as nothing to this one that has given Tir-na-n'og its name — no one ever grows old!

The country of youth lies somewhere off the west coast of Ireland, a shadowy blossom of an island, dimly seen sometimes by those who look with very clear eyes; found only now and then by a happy few. We were there for all of one enchanted day, Tommy and Ritchie, and Annie and I.

As a matter of fact, we left the village to go to Clare Island. It lies only four miles across the rough waters of Clew Bay. To cross in a canoe, spend a few hours in the island, and return sounds simple enough, indeed. Yet, Ould Dick has gone in on a cloudless summer morning to do just that, only to find himself weather-bound for days. Once Tommy Lannon, refusing to be weather-bound, rashly faced out in the teeth of wind and tide, winning through to the mainland after hours of bitter struggle by the grace of God — and that alone. Years ago Nancy's two brothers-in-law and her brother vanished completely from the surface of that small stretch of water which can easily be seen across on calm days.

No wonder, then, that there were many conferences held by the old and wise, many conflicting opinions offered, many decisions made and unmade the day we started for Clare Island. Every weather-wise man in the village, — and which man is not that? — squinting a knowing eye at the turquoise sky with little white puffballs floating about in it, advised against the trip. And we — already, perhaps unconsciously, surmising our real destination — must defer to each opinion, pretend assent to each decision, placate every adviser we met from the top of the brae to the place where the brown stream wins the sea — while we tremblingly but firmly rejected his advice.

'Let ye wait another little hour annyways,' shouted Redmond Pat Forick from the last field on the road to the strand. 'Them fellows up above mean trouble.'

We waved to him, pretending not to grasp his meaning, as we hurried on. Just then Ritchie's father rose steeply from behind a wall in another meadow, hailing him, 'This way, sir; a moment, if ye plaze!'

'That settles it,' sighed Tommy despairingly, sinking down on the stone ditch. 'Sure, if Ritchie cannot come, what business have we of it, at all?'

'Arrah, what about?' said Annie, sensibly. 'To-morrow 's another day.'

I, who am not so young and not so old as Annie, was frankly disconsolate. When Ritchie, hurrying back across the meadow, shouted to let us know at once that it was not a veto but only an injunction to look at certain bullocks in

the island, we fled to the canoe before anything further should delay us.

The canoe would have looked like any other canoe to the ordinary observer. It was so much more than that to us! It had been slowly and painstakingly fashioned by loving, unskilled, untaught hands, from scanty material, with wholly inadequate tools. The rough strong paddles were hewn from timber found on the strand. The whole was a triumph over every adverse circumstance, a strong, stout, seaworthy craft, a credit to the gallant little crew of two that sent her skimming like a bird over the green waves.

Around us white gulls dipped and glided fearlessly; the Callaigh Dhu (Black Hag) floated sombrely and watchfully by or made her queer trembling dive into the clear water after fish. Behind us stretched the pleasant checkered green of familiar fields with here and there a cluster of sunlit low white walls and golden roofs; the whole ringed round with the bloomy purple of Connemara hills outlined softly against a lovely, changing sky. Before us lay Clare Island, its lowlands like slender arms outstretched, its two hills

In the youth of summer, like two golden horns,
Two breasts of childing,
Two tents of light—

shining across the tumbled waters of the bay.

The bay has many islands lying on its ample bosom, more than three hundred of them. If there had been time, Tommy could have told us a story about each one. He used many of them to mark the course and the distance traveled. When Mweemor was on a line with a certain chimney we were 'one quarter over.' At Mweemor a boat from the village was lost many years ago and all the fishermen drowned. The bodies were washed ashore at Achill Island, being buried there by the islanders. Among the latter there is a belief that it is unlucky to remove or disturb in any way a body which has once been decently laid to rest. So there the villagers slept — a lonely and uneasy sleep, their friends were sure, far from their own quiet home across the water.

'One woman, a woman on our family, I am sure,' said Tommy, 'could not bear by anny means to leave her own man there. She coaxed and bribed a good few strong young fellows, plying them with whiskey until she had persuaded them to row her on a moonless night to the lonely Achill shore where her beloved lay. She had plenty of "the good stuff" with her. She gave it and gave it again, because she knew well they would never do the work she had in mind for them without they were steeped in it. There in the still darkness she drove and coaxed them through their ghastly task until at last they rowed her shudderingly back through the night with her man across her lap, his dark head pillowed on her breast. And she laid him down to sleep among his own.'

II

When we had 'Cahir free of Innisturk,' so that they no longer appeared as one, but showed the water clear between them, we were one half over. Cahir is a lonely, uninhabited island, but a holy one. Tradition says Saint Patrick once fled to its solitude for rest and prayer. Here are the ruins of an old abbey, within which is a stone having peculiar properties. It is shaped like a large deep bowl. It looks, and should be, very heavy; yet it is light as any feather. Those who are ill, crippled, or — worst of all fates — childless, make a pilgrimage to the abbey, kneeling to pray beside the stone. Sometimes the bowl brims full of water, sometimes it is empty, although it is

completely sheltered in its shrine from rain. If there is water in it, this is sprinkled liberally over the body while the suppliant prays fervently and with deep faith. If the bowl should be empty there will be no cure. It is believed, however, that one who had the courage to remain all night alone on the island would be cured of any illness, no matter how malignant or far advanced, whether he found the bowl full or empty; but no one, so far as I know, has ever tried this.

Once some men from Achill profaned the shrine by carrying away with them the hollow stone. They had gone only a little way from Cahir when a most sudden and terrible storm threatened to swamp their boat. Whereupon they cast into the raging waters the stolen stone, which they knew to be the cause of their peril. The next pilgrims to Cahir found it back in its ancient resting place. And once Jamesie Austin, who was very delicate and weak, as well as being sadly crippled in one leg, made a pilgrimage to the stone and found it filled with water. Joyfully and prayerfully he plunged both hands in it, dashing the water up on his arms. Just then a passing shadow at the low open door startled and distracted him — which, of course, he should have allowed nothing to do. He glanced up quickly, turning toward the door, where, after all, nothing was to be seen. When his attention returned to the bowl it was quite empty. Jamesie Austin remained crippled to the end of his long life; but he had always, from that day forth, most extraordinary strength in his hands and arms.

All this we learned from Tommy while he and Ritchie were industriously pulling to a point where Cahir was seen clear of Innisturk, with green water between the two. Of Innisturk he had nothing to tell us except that once a lady from that island, landing at the mainland harbor, was hailed by an old fellow working in the bog at Offaly, who cried to her that his wife was apparently very near dead, and proposed for her hand on her return should the wife have passed on. The woman paused in her swift and powerful stride long enough to consider and accept. Then she went about her business, which was a small matter of walking fourteen miles to Croagh Patrick (the Hill of Patrick), climbing some two thousand feet to the chapel on its summit, performing 'a station,' and returning on foot in time to milk her cows in the evening. That she might not be needlessly idle on the way she knitted a pair of socks as she walked. According to the story, she finished the socks and married the man before returning to Innisturk.

With Innisturk left behind, the captain and his crew of one sped the last half of the journey until the canoe, rounding its way into the curved quiet little harbor, grated on the gravelly strand. High on a cliff above us loomed the frowning slit-eyed gray walls of an old castle which had once been a stronghold of Grannia Uaile, that dauntless pirate queen who answered Elizabeth's imperious command to appear forthwith in the English court with an equally imperious retort that, though Elizabeth might be queen in England, Grannia Uaile was queen in Mayo — where she intended to stay while it pleased her. Sir Richard Bingham said of her in 1593 that she had been 'nurse to all the rebellions in the Province for forty years.'

The cliff where Grannia's ruined castle stands, in fact every cliff, every hill, and every hollow, was covered with thick short velvety grass, jeweled with purple violets, delicate yellow mayflowers, and clusters of small starry pink-tipped daisies. There were, too, masses of long-stemmed cloverlike

flowers, deep lavender in color, the name of which none of us knew, which lay in bands across the meadows like lovely trailing purple scarfs. There were three of us that day who, the moment we stepped upon that enchanted shore, had a secret joyous suspicion that we had, after all, missed the way to Clare Island and stumbled instead upon Tir-na-n'og. That suspicion grew into certainty as we went along; for, although we never saw the blossomy leafy fruit-trees, we did find ourselves laughing often, joyously, and without reason; suddenly and mysteriously gifted with song, we joined the thousand larks that filled the air with liquid silver; wine ran in our veins; and we walked endless miles on tireless feet that seemed scarcely to touch the turfy, grass-grown road beneath them.

'But where are we going?' demanded Annie, who is nineteen, and practical. 'How far? What 's there to see?'

'To the tower,' answered Tommy, 'the old watchtower where Brian long 'go lit the false beacon-fires to lure the Armada to destruction; and after that to the abbey where Grannia sleeps.'

He struck out along the first road that his feet found. Tommy, who is eight years older than Annie, by the way, is also very much younger. I joined him, leaving the others to follow as they might.

The hills, covered halfway up with a flowery green mantle, rose to the right; the sea moved bright and restless on our left; the road wound about between the two. We walked a long time.

'Tommy,' I said with sudden suspicion, 'have you ever seen that tower?'

'I have not,' he assured me gravely.

'Do you know where it is?' I insisted. 'Are you sure this is the right road?'

'I do not,' answered Tommy, joyously. 'I am not, indeed!'

'Lovely,' said I. 'I was afraid you did. Let 's go.'

III

The day sparkled like a shining heap of jewels; sapphire of sea, turquoise of sky, deep emerald of fields, soft amethyst of hilltops. The road was grass-grown and uncertain. Sometimes it ran broad and plain before us, hedged on either side with spiny whin-bushes covered with a golden glory of blooms that smelled like all the spicy perfumes of the East. Sometimes it grew narrow and brown and small, and ran here and there through turfy bogs studded with quiet topaz pools. Sometimes we lost it altogether in a rushing crystal stream from the hills that towered over us, only to find it waiting on the other side when we had picked a barefoot way through icy water. It led us on and on, a fascinating road that ran up hill and down, through narrow gaps, out into wide spaces; that now marched before us confidently, now wavered here and there, now hid until it was searched for.

We met a girl on her way to the well. She sang as she walked lightly along, a quiet ruminative little song. Her feet were bare, her body slender and tall as a young willow, her hair a shining copper mass that curled to her waist. She shook it back as she turned her head in answer to Tommy's Gaelic greeting, 'God save ye, miss.'

'God save ye kindly,' she answered with a flashing smile.

'Who do you think that was, Tommy?' I asked as we passed along.

'I believe, myself,' said he, ''t was Nia of the Golden Hair. Her father is King in Tir-na-n'og. And her lover was Oisin, who had been born and lived his young days in Ireland and who loved it so that after three hundred years of happiness he still longed for just one more ride along its homely roads. So Nia lent him her horse, shod with silver, that flew so fast that he caught up with the wind before him, and the wind

behind him could n't catch up with him. Nia warned Oisin to remain all the while upon the horse's back until he returned to Tir-na-n'og. Above all things his foot must not touch Irish soil, or all the weight of his three hundred years in the Country of Youth that had been like the passing of a single day would fall upon him at once. But he forgot the warning, mind you, and found himself stripped of youth and strength, wandering aged and alone among strangers in his own land.'

'Poor Oisin,' I sighed, looking about me at the beauty he had lost.

'Ah, well,' said Tommy quickly, 'it was none so bad at all! To have lived and loved, to die for very love of Ireland and let your dust at last become a part of her — sure, what could be better than that?'

Following our little road for miles and miles, we met only one other person, a tall man riding. His cheeks were ruddy, his eyes like calm lovely lakes beneath his heavy brows.

'That must be the King himself, I 'm certain sure,' whispered Tommy as we exchanged greetings and passed on.

We stopped only once again, and that was when a sudden thought made me almost certain we had missed Clare Island and found Tir-na-n'og instead. 'Tommy,' I asked, to make assurance doubly sure, 'how old am I?'

He regarded me seriously for a moment with clear golden eyes that are very wise and very innocent. 'Eighteen, I think?' he ventured. 'Although I cannot rightly tell with your hair up in rolls of braid on your head that way. If it were free to the wind now' — he hesitated — 'I would think it could n't be but drawing on sixteen, maybe.'

'Good,' said I, throwing the pins to either side as we strode on again. 'That 's just what I thought myself, but could n't be sure; it 's a lovely age.'

Tommy threw his hat after the pins. Hats worried him. He never could keep one, anyway. 'After the first one or two I never had another till I passed fourteen,' he confided. 'I used always to lose them; so mother would buy me none at the latter end. 'T was no use.'

He never knew where his hats were. Once one of them had gone all the way to Westport on the tail of a cart, where he had absently laid it, and it never came back again. And once he went out from the bright hot noise of a dance to sit for just a few minutes on the banks over the sea, until he should see moonlight and dawnlight meet in a silvery embrace on the cool gray waters. And he stumbled back to the house so wrapped in dreams that he never knew until he faced the dark windows and barred door of the house that the dance had rollicked to its end, the dancers scattered to their homes with songs and shouts and boisterous partings, long before. Of course his hat was somewhere in the dark sleeping house. Bridget refused to give him that one. She said it gave her many a laugh at his foolishness whenever she spied it where it hung on a peg over the fireplace. But this hat he threw away — we walked more lightly without it.

Meanwhile our road had led us into a wild and lonely place. The sea still shone on our left, but the hill to our right was now brown and bare, the ground beneath our feet boggy, stony, broken more and more often with little pools of clear dark water. Coming around a sudden bend we saw the end of the road, the end of the island, and, high on a rugged cliff at its edge, the tower. The ground rose steeply before us for several hundred feet, rough ground with great outcroppings of harsh gray stone. On the summit of this rise stood the tower — rugged, grim, lonely relic of a great past. Roofless, open to the sky, its four thick walls with their narrow slits of windows face

the wide Atlantic on two sides, the brown bog on the third, and on the fourth the steep dark hill behind them. All around are great rocks heaped and tumbled, moss-grown. One cannot tell which of these have fallen from the crumbling walls and which are natural outcroppings of the stone from which the tower was fashioned some four hundred years ago. There are no doors to the tower and, besides the narrow slits, only one window very high in each of three walls. Entrance must have been made through some underground passage long since lost and forgotten. There is about that steep hill, with its broken crown of granite, an air of indescribable loneliness.

We seated ourselves, Tommy and I, on a mossy rock with a commanding view. To our right lay the wide ocean, blue and sparkling under the summer sun. To our left the sea narrowed into Clew Bay, holding on its breast hundreds of islands large and small, barren or blooming, uninhabited or pearled with little villages. Before us, across the bay, lay the mainland, softly green in the distance, sheltered by the mountains of Connemara rising behind it. To the east Croagh Patrick lifted its gray head high into the moving clouds that made a constant play of light and shadow on it. And hundreds of feet below lay the rocky strand where thousands of white gulls wheeled and settled, and wheeled and fluttered away again. On this beach the survivors of the Spanish Armada were wrecked, lured on to the dangerous rocks by false lights when they might have navigated the bay and found safety and comfort with Grannia Uaile had they reached her castle at the opposite end of the island.

'The Spaniard, you see,' Tommy explained, 'was one of Grannia's lovers. She had many. All men loved her stout heart and great pride. The Spanish captain knew well he was safe could he once reach her castle, the one we saw beyond at the harbor. From her people he expected nothing but good, and so he should, for the Irish and the Spaniards were ancient friends. Now when he saw the fires burning here where the tower stands, he pressed in, misled, thinking to make a safe landing, never guessing that a black traitor of a cousin of Grannia's, O'Flaherty by name, had made a plan with the English to lure him to death and ruin. He was beached below here on the strand. The traitor with his followers finished whatever destruction the sea and storm had left undone. There was a grand fight, hand to hand, with all odds against the gallant Spaniards.

'Grannia heard, too late, what had happened, and hurried to the spot just as the men of O'Flaherty were beginning to gather rich loot. I don't know did she come by boat or galloping on her mare, but I like to think she strode along the road we came to-day, with fine brave steps, her mighty shoulders squared, her head high. However she came, at anny rate she carried her trusty sword — and herself could use it to good advantage by all I hear. She came upon one of the traitor's men grasping a string of pearls in his hand. With one stroke she cut off the hand, threw it, still grasping the pearls, far out into the sea there, and cried, "Let those who seek such things as these go out there to find them!"

'Sure, the real battle began then! There was a great champion among Grannia's men — Uaile, like herself, so I believe — and himself tackled O'Flaherty. Now, traitor though he was, there was no champion greater than that same O'Flaherty, for no one had yet bested him in battle. But Grannia's champion bested him at the latter end, because right was upon his side, and faithfulness to friend. He did n't kill the traitor at the latter end,

for, when O'Flaherty in the struggle found himself for the first time in his life thrown to the ground, he reached quickly for his own long slender knife and thrust it through his own false heart. He was a bad man — but a brave one.'

IV

It was at this point that Annie and Ritchie joined us at last. Ritchie still walked joyously, his blue eyes filled with the same young dreams that shone from Tommy's golden ones. He, too, was in Tir-na-n'og. But Annie's lagging step and disappointed face told at a glance that she had not even guessed where we were. She gazed, speechlessly, for a moment from the tower to Tommy. 'Is it *that* we walked all these miles to see?' she demanded.

'What do you see, Annie?' I queried anxiously. 'What do *you* see?'

'Four ould sheep walls!' she answered scornfully. 'I could build as good m'self from the stones below on the strand. It looks for all the world like a spike,' she went on. 'An ould spike. Sure, this must be the last place on the green earth He made, and what does He do but finish it off with an ould spike!'

Annie was still in Clare Island, you see. She has lovely sparkling brown eyes in her head, — and, as Ritchie says with a sigh, 'Brown eyes *are* the divil!' — but none in her imagination.

We rose up meekly and followed our way back along our magic road without ever telling her where she had been. We never did tell her. She would n't have believed it, anyway.

On our way back we turned off on a little side road to visit the ancient abbey where Grannia lies waiting for the winding of a certain horn to call her at last to the final victorious battle. It is gray and bleak and tumbled as the tower itself, this 'doorless, shrineless, monkless' abbey by the sea. The delicate graceful arches of the windows, which must once have risen high above the bent heads of worshipers, are now only a few feet above the damp mossy ground. Wind and weather have long since filled in the main body of the abbey with drifting earth and sand. The vaulted ceiling still shows the last traces of a very fine and delicate decoration; the figures, a deer with branching horns, a dancer, a fleet slender hound; the colors, soft yellows, greens, and blues, a little faded, stained with a dark, velvety, greenish stain of age and dampness. The composition of the roof, a sort of cement the secret of which has long since been lost, is crumbling at last into slow decay. A tablet of bronze marks the place where Grannia Uaile sleeps. It bears her coat of arms and the motto, the right to which she won from all her enemies, 'Terra marique potens.' Just opposite this is an enclosed staircase, dark and damp, with shallow, much-worn stone steps, and so narrow that one must go up sidewise to reach the roof above. The roof is surrounded with a parapet about ten feet high. At either end an arched and windowlike opening frames an exquisite view of the bay. Any enemy entering from either end of the bay would be seen at once by sentries stationed here; and loopholes for guns around the base of the wall suggest that he might receive a warm welcome.

Tommy had settled himself on the top of the wall, which he had scaled in some mysterious flylike fashion, prepared to recount further deeds of bygone glorious days, when an indignant wail from Annie recalled him.

'D' ye see that sun?' she demanded, pointing to a west of rose and gold and lavender; 'and d' ye see that star?' pointing to an east of cool clear green where one silver star was set. 'And d' ye know that not bit nor bite nor sup

has passed our lips since day-dawn this morning? Let you come down out o' that and let us be off home to our supper.'

Tommy came down precipitately. 'Let ye follow me,' he said. 'We will go into the first house we meet and there we will have mead to drink and honey to eat with —'

'Talk sense!' interrupted Annie. 'I'm famished. I want my tea — and eggs with it.'

Reluctantly we wended our way through the gathering dusk to where the canoe waited to bear us back again to Ireland. The sun had long set when we came in under the banks at Sikeen. A cold wind blew through the darkness and gusts of rain chilled us. Hand in hand we ran up the wet road to the brae and were soon drinking the tea beside a glowing fire. Through the window, when I pressed my face against it, I could dimly see in the darkness the looming mass across the bay that is Clare Island. And I made a silent promise to myself — and to Tommy — that I should never again embark for Clare Island. I might find it — and lose Tir-na-n'og.

HEWER OF WOOD

BY WILFRID GIBSON

THE timber I have hewn, stacked high,
Would overtop Saint Mary's spire
That soars into the windy sky,
Yet it has only served as fuel
To feed one little cottage fire —

Has only served to keep aglow
One ingleneuk when winter's storm
Raked heaven and earth with blinding snow —
A forest felled and lifelong labor
To keep a little household warm.

And that small fire that still devours
Fresh timber burns my life away:
The tale of gold and glooming hours
Of tree and man's the selfsame story —
Green flame, red flame, and ashes gray.

THE MOVIE THAT COULD N'T BE SCREENED

REEL III. RESCUE

BY NELL SHIPMAN

One morning, a handful of days later, I awoke with the surety that something very terrible was going to happen and that I must be very brave. It could hardly have been a premonition, because I surely knew that events had reached a climax. My Dear had not slept for three nights, sitting all through the dark in a rustic chair by the front-room stove, rubbing — rubbing — rubbing with the palms of his hands on the smooth ends of the chair arms. Sometimes I could hear him moan, but when I 'd call out, the answer was always the same: 'I 'm all right, all right.'

This morning the cabin was very quiet. We had mired our mare on the trail the day before and the men had been with her all night trying to save her. They mercifully shot her, just before dawn, and now they all slept, worn out. The armchair with the rubbed places was empty when I came out into the sitting-room. I lighted the kitchen stove and put the kettle on. Then I went outside to look. I found him wandering about in the snow. He said, quite rationally, that he had tried to go to our nearest neighbors, three miles away, for help to take him outside, but that he could not make it — his foot would not drag through the slush-ice. Now he was determined to harness the dog team and go out alone. I was not to go with him, nor was either of the men; he would go alone.

It was then that I saw his eyes and realized that the worst had happened. Human beings, no matter how brave and strong they may be, can stand just so much, and then a little more; but finally comes the breaking-point. He had broken. He was quite out of his head, and with not the slightest idea of what he was doing, except that he must get outside and to a hospital. He seemed to hate me. I was some terrible creature who had kept him suffering and was even now executing a fiendish dance of glee over his condition. It was very sad. The doctor told me later that these strange delusions often occur in extreme cases and the dislike is usually aimed at some loved one.

Somehow he harnessed the team — nine dogs on the big Alaskan toboggan, which still bears the mail stamp of its old service on the Dawson trail. I put in coats, robes, and food, but all this he persistently threw out, refusing everything but his own suitcase and a sack of meat for the dogs. He seemed to have an idea that he would leave the team at a ranch halfway down the lake and walk the remainder of the way. When he saw me dressed and ready to go he flew into a terrible rage. I was not to stir from the place — not one step! In his temper his fever raced so high I was afraid to cross him further, so I slipped out by the back trail and got ahead of him. I knew the ice was good from our place to Canoe Point, two miles away, but from there on it would be hell.

Before going I woke the dazed men and told them to make for the nearest help.

Keeping a good half-mile ahead of the sled, I broke trail on snowshoes. There were two feet of snow on the ice and most of it slushy. The going was very bad. Looking back over my shoulder I could see My Dear trying to run behind the sled and urging the dogs on. At the Point he overtook me and ordered me to take the dogs back to camp. He could not drive them, he said. I begged him to get into the sled and allow me to drive, but he mumbled that this would be impossible — I must take it back. Then the horrible delusion of his fever gripped him and he cursed me — not as *me*, understand, but just some unknown beast of a thing standing in his way.

Then he stumbled on ahead, and every step he took threw his great weight upon a toe that was eaten away to the bone. All I could do was follow with the team and sled. If he fell and did not get up again perhaps I might be there to lift him up, if I could, or build a fire, or something. Anyway, I knew I must follow, and the team must follow.

We had reached the end of the ice now and must travel the shore line for three miles. Here again there was no beach — just a rocky ledge with dense forest upon one side and open water on the other. A day or so before, it had taken five men several hours to snake an almost empty hand-sled through this same place. I was tackling it with a great mail-toboggan, ten feet long and heavy with ironwork. There was no trail. Sometimes I guided the sled along the ice cakes at the lake's edge; again we ploughed through waist-deep snow, obstinately sticky snow that would ball up into a mound before the runners. Then a great rock would loom up in front of us, jutting out into the lake and forcing a detour into the timber, where the long sled would become tangled in the small growth and brush, jamming between tree trunks and hanging over stumps. The dogs would pull and pull, the leader looking back at me with his soft eyes, assuring me he was doing his best, but filled with wonder that I should pick so impossible a place.

Twice we encountered deadfalls that stretched out into the water, too high to jump over, too low for the high-sided sled to pass under. The last of these almost stumped me, for, pull and tug as I might, I could not lift the front end of that sled over the fallen tree.

I could have cried then — but I did n't. I do not remember that I felt any emotion whatsoever on all that trip. I had not eaten, and yet I was not hungry. There had not been time to find proper clothing, but I was n't cold. I knew my arms and back strained with the lifting and tugging, and yet I felt no hurt. Every thought was centred upon that swaying figure ahead, sometimes in sight, sometimes hidden by a rock or bend, sometimes falling in the snow only to stagger up and pull on — that and the thought of his foot pounding unmercifully down into the ice-crust beneath the snow.

I got my sled by the last deadfall by overturning it and digging a trail under the log with my hands. This lowered the sled and I pushed it through on its side. Once I unhitched the dogs and led them, one by one, over a very precipitous place, tying them to trees on the other side and returning for another dog via the lake. The water reached above my knees and I did not want to wade the dogs through it. This way I led the whole team over, then carried the suitcase and the sack of meat through the water. The sled I brought the same way, turning it end-over-end. I was very wet when I harnessed up again on the other side.

My Dear had fallen and stayed a

long time in the snow. I had almost overtaken him when help came. A big fellow from the logging camp answered my SOS. I can never quite forget the sight of his huskiness emerging over the last hump, huge hands outstretched in help, a grin a thousand times more helping on his face.

Joe bucked up things quite a lot. He could not get My Dear to ride in the sled, but they walked along together, and I breathed easier and loitered behind to wring out my wet socks. While I was doing this there was a cry from up ahead. My Dear had fallen again, collapsed in utter exhaustion and pain. I yelped up the dogs and raced behind them, barefooted, and when we reached the men a strange thing happened. My Dear saw my bare feet and all the vacant horror left his face. 'What is wrong?' he whispered. I told him my shoes and stockings were wet and I was afraid of freezing. It worked like a charm. Instantly he snapped out of his delusion and was back to sanity and kindliness. I was in danger. I needed care. He knelt by me on the ice and rubbed my feet and fussed in a perfectly natural manner. After that we persuaded him to sit on the handlebars and drive the sled with me in it. We were on good smooth ice by then and we gained the first inhabited house, a ranch halfway down the lake, by nightfall.

That winter the Lone Star Ranch had been leased by four young Californians, a strange crew about whom there was much surmising. They were vaguely supposed to have been connected with 'oil' in the South and, always on the lookout for people with dramatic pasts and possible reactions, I was in hopes that these youths might have been mixed up in some oil-well swindle and were hiding out in our lonely country; but on sight they proved to be most innocuous, running for the greater part to unbarbered hair and Main Street bandying. And they were shocking housekeepers. I shuddered to think what the dear wide-hearted owners of the ranch would say when they saw their domicile in the spring!

The ranch is a low, log, scrambling affair picturesquely perched upon a hill overlooking the lake and backed by an unconquered and unclimbed peak called the Chimney. In summer the Lone Star, with its unfailing supply of fresh vegetables, milk, and butter, is a haven for fishermen and campers. The previous winter when, as tenderfoot movie-actors from Hollywood, we made our first up-lake journey, the owners were at home and we reveled in their cheery welcome, the huge, crackling fire in the living-room, and the platter of cookies and tumblers of milk set forth for our benefit.

This winter it was very different; the ranch was cold and deserted and it took a hasty run around the outbuildings before I found the four transplanted Native Sons sawing wood. When I hailed they stared at me blankly, and I realized for the first time what an extraordinary picture I presented. In my haste to leave the camp ahead of My Dear, I had donned the first pair of pants available — washed-out, threadbare khaki of the baggy type so unbecoming to feminine legs. I had taken off my rubber pacs down on the ice, and the only dry things I could change to were a pair of My Dear's 'city' boots, size nine. Between the wide shining tan-leather uppers of these and the scraggly ends of my breeches was an expanse of bare and very red leg. Above the trousers was a nondescript sweater; and a jaunty stocking-cap, relic of some French-Canadian rôle, topped my haggard, unwashed, unpowdered, wan and worried face.

'And who are you?' the four men asked. I might just as well have said 'The Queen of England!' for all the belief my name and station registered. 'Well, well!' one of them remarked. 'So you are Nell Shipman, the movie star? And how did you leave Mary and Doug? Or perhaps it's Charlie Chaplin in disguise!' glancing at the number nines.

But I finally persuaded them, persiflage aside, that their presence in the house, or at least the presence of some of the wood they were cutting, was very imperative and they came along, kind enough when the situation was made clear to them. We were soon settled around the fireplace, boots and socks steaming in every direction, while outside the dog team was unhitched, fed, and tied to various stumps and stakes.

With heat and food came relaxation and the need of rest, but this was out of the question in the noisy, overcrowded room, our hosts evidently feeling called upon to entertain their 'distinguished' company with blaring jazz-records, bleated forth incongruously from the old-fashioned horn of the ranch gramophone, and ancient, rehashed gossip of Hollywood, while My Dear sat numbly smoking cigarette after cigarette and praying that morning might come.

An addition to our party arrived in the form of Joe's brother, an older replica of the big woodsman who had been our Gibraltar that afternoon, and it was decided that Fred should continue the journey with us by boat while Joe returned to camp with the dog team. Egged on by the brothers, two of our hosts were pried away from the fire and gave help in dragging the big ranch rowboat over the ice to the open water at Cape Horn. It was planned to attach an Evinrude to this boat in the morning and make the bay ice at the village, a distance of about nine miles.

On their way across the ice with the heavy boat the men broke through, but fortunately they were all hanging to her sides and escaped with a wetting. When they reached home there were more clothes to steam, more records to play, and more conversation to chew, but by midnight they sought their bunks and left us in possession of the wet wash and the fire. We sat through the night, sometimes dozing, watching for daybreak and making little prayers of thankfulness for the shelter of the ranch roof, for the boat and the open water, for Joe and his brother Fred, and for the hospital that was drawing nearer.

After daylight and the delay of breakfast we started with the dogs to cover the remainder of the ice, taking care to skirt the jagged wound where the boat had gone through in the evening. At Cape Horn we faced a great stretch of open water lying blue and sparkling in the sunshine. I thought of the Lena and wondered where the poor old thing might be. The boat was launched, the motor attached to her stern, and we embarked, first wishing Joe luck on his maiden trip as a Malamute 'musher.' Poor Joe! He looked his alert-eared, bushy-tailed, sharp-tusked charges over with a dubious eye. 'If them was mules, now,' he said, 'I could shore skin 'em, but these here houn' pups—' His brother thoughtfully suggested that the best method to take the team home, since Joe was strange to the ways of dog-mushing, would be to let the lead dog chase him, providing he kept just two leaps ahead of that worthy's jaws!

So we were laughing when we said good-bye, heard Joe 'mush' the dogs on, cracking the long blacksnake whip over their backs like an old-timer, and set forth upon the last leg of our trip. After the hell of yesterday things looked so bright and easy! My Dear was in

better spirits and, for the time, more nearly sane than he had been for many days. And, by the grace of the gods, our motor worked, although it was very cold. Sometimes, even in good weather, motors are doubtful critters and, as Fred whirled and wiggled things, I sat in the bow and prayed hard: 'Dear Lord, make her start!' And she did, after a few coughs.

We crossed Indian Bay and passed Eight-Mile Island, our spirits rising with every onward chug, but with Six-Mile came a blow. Since my up-lake trip, such a short time before, the bay ice had extended a good two miles and we were up against it. At first it was just a thin, crackly sheet, which we ploughed through and ignored. Then it grew more solid and we turned frantically — a half-mile to the left — a mile to the right — hoping for a channel. But there was none. The lake, here at its widest, was frozen completely across. Soon the ice became too hard for the boat to buck, and yet not solid enough to hold us. There was nothing to do but break it with the oars, bit by bit, and force a channel to the shore, over two miles away.

Have you ever traveled two miles by inches? And with a passenger bound for the hospital and to whom your speed means life or death?

Chip — chip — bit by bit; drive ahead a foot and back up three. Again and again; dripping with perspiration in the bitter cold, hands and forearms wet and red, the oars wearing down to splintered slivers under the punishing blows. On and on, little by little, only looking up once in a while to gauge distance — try to keep a straight line. The sick man sitting, ominously still, in the stern. No sound but the endless hammering of oar-blade on ringing ice. One foot gained! Another! The shore still a dim blur of black. A new method is discovered — to lie out over the bow and press the oar, lengthwise, into the ice, thus breaking off a two-foot section but wetting one's self to the armpits. What does it matter? It is all a nightmare anyway, and we shall wake up soon, or the movie will flicker to a fade-out and a happy ending! Another heave — crack — plunge. Do you see that little hillock of rough ice on our port? We're nearly abreast of it and fifteen minutes ago it was ahead of us. So we are gaining! Heave — crack — plunge!

But things do end, even nightmare things, and after seeming centuries we did reach good ice, a few hundred yards from shore, and disembarked. Then I flew, stopping not on the order of my going, my one object being to reach the village and beg on my knees, or with the barrel of a gun if need be, some men and a hand-sled to bring My Dear in. I say 'flew.' Really my progress was a sort of drunken goose-step through the foot-deep slush covering the ice; slush that was oh, so cunningly camouflaged under a smooth blanket of snow. With every painful step I sank down, the slush-ice cruelly grasping my tired feet and making the up-pull ten pounds heavier. Whole half-acres were completely submerged and I skirted these rotten spots, more by luck than knowledge. My Dear and Fred, the Good Samaritan, plugged along behind me, and it was well that they did, for with the sunset came the sickening drop in the temperature, and if they had stayed still they might have frozen.

No Doré-like dream will ever equal, in my mind, the inferno of that ice — the swift sinking through, the deadly grip on foot and ankle, the slush and suck of the water, the slow pull out only to sink again. My Dear was following in my tracks as best he could, sinking deeper than I and pulling out a mangled, dead foot at every step! It is a merciful God that takes away our

minds at these times. Afterward he remembered nothing of this last stage of the trip, nothing except that endless trail of tracks, etched, it seems, on his very eyeballs, because for a long time after, at night or when he tried to read, those tracks leaped out at him from the darkness or the printed pages of his book.

As I approached the village the buildings seemed to recede, to get farther away with every heartbreaking step. I could see the captain of the boat and his boys down on the shore, and as I came nearer and they did not seem to see me they became like figures in a dream — visionary and unreal. I tried to call out to them, to beg them to hurry, above all things not to fade away like ghosts on the silver screen, but I could not make a sound except harsh breath-cackles. I thought, 'If they do not hear me call, surely they must hear my heart thumping!' But they did not turn from whatever it was that occupied them, and I was beside them before they saw me. Then they stood and stared, dumbly. The captain's wife came from her house, and she too stared dumbly. I suppose I looked queer with my funny clothes and white face. They said later that from my expression they thought someone had drowned — out there in the lake.

So we just stood and stared at one another and I was afraid to speak; afraid that with the first rush of words I should faint and cause a delay. And truly I did. I managed but three syllables — the name of My Dear, 'sled,' and 'ice' — when I fell into a black place. But when I rushed out of the tunnel again it was to see five husky man-figures back-tracking on my trail, bound for My Dear and dragging a hand-sled.

Then a dramatic thing, far beyond my most turbulent scenario-izing, occurred — out on the lake the rescue party almost passed by the two men they sought in the heavy fog that came up and blotted out everything. They would have gone by them completely had not the voice of the Good Samaritan been heard, asking through the fog, 'All right, old man?' and the other answering, game to the finish, 'All right, old man!'

I wish all urbanites might do for a day without electricity, good roads, and transportation facilities! They would be a more contented lot when the science-sent gifts came back to them. Our journey cityward was like a condensed era of civilized progress, for following our trek on foot, by dog team, and by boat, came the comparative ease of a horse-drawn bobsled, then a swift-moving seven-passenger car and a lucky connection with the Westbound Limited at the railroad junction.

We were safely installed in a drawing-room on the train before I awoke to the fact that we were almost famous! Conductors, brakemen, and passengers gathered with helpful hints, kindly inquiries, and curious eyes. At length it was disclosed that outsiders had become alarmed over my first trip up-lake and journalism had done the rest. The condition of My Dear and the possibility of my never having reached camp at all had stirred up a pother of front-page excitement. No less than five rescue-parties were being organized! One was by the lodge owning the allegiance of My Dear, another by the mighty matchmakers who control the timber of our land, a third by our dear boys, the Disabled War Veterans of Spokane (bless them, I suppose they would have come hop-and-jump, stick and crutch). A lone and singularly efficient effort was planned by our doctor, who was already packing his tool kit and bidding farewell to his large practice, and the fifth entry was a most spectac-

ular rescue by an ex-ace who decided to fly in and land on the ice at our cabin door. This last thrilling stunt was stopped only by the fact that the ace had been arrested for rum-running out of Canada on the previous night!

Oh, what gorgeous publicity! And if it had amounted to a two-line squib in a small-town paper we could not have cared less! This was not moving pictures, it was the real thing, and I actually dodged reporters and photographers when we got off the train at Spokane. Such traffic merely blocked our progress to the hospital and my mind's eye could still vision only an operating-table and the saving knife.

Both came soon enough, early one bleak, gray morning and without the blessed oblivion of ether. The strain upon My Dear's poor heart had proved too heavy for the extra draft. He asked if smoking would be allowed and they said 'No,' so I promptly slipped a packet of cigarettes into his hand before they wheeled him away. They say he smoked quite gayly throughout the ordeal, much to the admiration of his pretty nurse and the amusement of the doctor. When he came back there was less of him, but he still had his grin — and one lone cigarette!

Good clean blood did the mending and in ten days he was allowed to hobble out again, but only so far as his hotel, and any possibility of a return to camp was severely frowned upon. Meanwhile the camera man had arrived and gone up-lake with the Boy. It was necessary for me to get home and start things moving on our first picture.

On this third trip I had company galore, for three new men joined our outfit and traveled up with me, and in addition we had the society of two cougar-hunters and their dogs. We made quite a cavalcade as we ploughed up through the slush-ice, wet to the knees, but one of us, at least, idiotically happy. I felt that I had licked the ice, the lake, and the whole snow-hushed, hard-bitten country. In fact I was dancing a mental jig on the prone foe when one of the men gurgled and disappeared without so much as a warning creak from the treacherous ice. Instantly we all leaped to his rescue, the additional weight hurtling the would-be heroes into the lake. Blind luck had led us into a shallow place and we stood up in about four feet of water, looking very foolish! After that there were no further adventures to record, for we gingerly followed the shore line to camp, stepping lightly and cautiously, like careful cats.

I might have known that neither professional decrees nor proverbial wild horses would keep that man buttoned up in town when there was work to do at camp! I had scarcely got the place cleaned up and a few bites of food in the gaping cupboards when My Dear came sliding around the point, perched upon a hand-sled and pulled by two weary men.

'When do we start shooting?' he demanded.

The very next day saw us at work in the woods filming the first of our little pictures of the 'Big Places,' the camera rhythmically recording our 'play-true' adventures while our hearts kept time to a bigger theme — the memory of a 'for-true' movie that was not screened.

RINGTAIL

BY RUDOLPH FISHER

I

THE pavement flashed like a river in the sun. Over it slowly moved the churches' disgorged multitudes, brilliant, deliberate, proud as a pageant, a tumult of reds and blues and greens, oranges, yellows, and browns; from a window above, outrageous, intriguing, like music full of exotic disharmonies; but closer, grating, repellent, like an orchestra tuning up: this big, broad-faced, fawn-colored woman in her wide, floppy leghorn hat with a long cerise ribbon streaming down over its side, and a dress of maize georgette; or that poor scrawny black girl, bareheaded, her patches of hair captured in squares, her beaded cobalt frock girdled with a sash of scarlet satin. But whether you saw with pleasure or pity, you could have no doubt of the display. Harlem's Seventh Avenue was dressed in its Sunday clothes.

And so was Cyril Sebastian Best. To him this promenade was the crest of the week's wave of pleasure. Here was show and swagger and strut, and in these he knew none could outvie him. Find if you could a suit of tan gabardine that curved in at the waist and flared at the hips so gracefully as his own; try to equal his wide wing-collar, with its polka-dot bow-tie matching the border of the kerchief in his breast pocket, or his heavy straw hat with its terraced crown and thick saucer-shaped brim, or his white buckskin shoes with their pea-green trimmings, or his silver-topped ebony cane. He challenged the Avenue and found no rival to answer.

Cyril Sebastian Best was a British West Indian. From one of the unheard-of islands he had come to Trinidad. From Trinidad, growing weary of coin-diving, he had sailed to Southampton as kitchen boy on a freighter, acquiring en route great skill in dodging the Irish cook's missiles and returning his compliments. From Southampton he had shipped in another freighter for New York under a cook from Barbados, a man who compunctionlessly regarded all flesh as fit for carving; and Cyril had found the blade of his own innate craftiness, though honed to a hair-splitting edge, no match for an unerringly aimed cleaver. The trip's termination had undoubtedly saved his life; its last twenty-four hours he had spent hiding from the cook, and when the ship had cast anchor he had jumped overboard at night, swimming two miles to shore. From those who picked him up exhausted and restored him to bodily comfort he had stolen what he could get and made his way into New York.

There were British West Indians in Harlem who would have told Cyril Sebastian Best flatly to his face that they despised him — that he would not have dared even address them in the islands; who frequently reproved their American friends for judging all West Indians by the Cyril Sebastian Best standard. There were others who, simply because he was a British West

Indian, gathered him to their bosoms in that regardless warmth with which the outsider ever welcomes his like.

Among these latter, the more numerous, Cyril accordingly expanded. His self-esteem, his craftiness, his contentiousness, his acquisitiveness, all became virtues. To him self-improvement meant nothing but increasing these virtues, certainly not eliminating or modifying any of them. He became fond of denying that he was 'colored,' insisting that he was 'a British subject,' hence by implication unquestionably superior to any merely American Negro. And when two years of contact convinced him that the American Negro was characteristically neither self-esteemed nor crafty nor contentious nor acquisitive, in short was quite virtueless, his conscious superiority became downright contempt.

It was with no effort to conceal his personal excellence that Cyril Sebastian Best proceeded up Seventh Avenue. All this turnout was but his fitting background, his proper setting; it pleased him for no other reason than that it rendered him the more conscious of himself — a diamond surrounded with rhinestones. It did not occur to him as he swung along, flourishing his bright black cane, that any of the frequent frank stares or surreptitious second glances that fell upon him could have any origin other than admiration — envy, of course, as its companion in the cases of the men. That his cocky air could be comic, that the extremeness of his outfit could be ridiculous, that the contrast between his clothes and his complexion could cause a lip to curl — none of these far winds rippled the complacency of his ego. He had studied the fashion books carefully. Like them, he was incontrovertibly correct. Like them, again, he was incontrovertibly British; while these Harlemites were just American Negroes. And then, beyond and above all this, he was Cyril Sebastian Best.

The group of loud-laughing young men near the corner he was approaching had not regard for the Sabbath, appreciation for the splendor of Seventh Avenue, or respect for any particular person who might pass within earshot. Indeed they derived as great a degree of pleasure out of the weekly display as did Cyril Sebastian Best, but of a quite different sort. Instead of joining the procession, they preferred assembling at some point in its course and 'giving the crowd the once-over.' They enjoyed exchanging loud comments upon the passers-by, the slightest quip provoking shouts of laughter; and they possessed certain stock subtleties which were always sure to elicit merriment, such as the whistled tune of 'There she goes, there she goes, all dressed up in her Sunday clothes!' A really pretty girl usually won a surprised 'Well, hush my mouth!' while a really pretty ankle always occasioned wild embraces of mock excitement.

An especially favored and carefully reserved trick was for one member of the group to push another into a stroller, the latter accomplice apologizing with elaborate deference, while the victim stood helpless between uncertainty and rage. In Harlem, however, an act of this kind required a modicum of selectivity. The group would never have attempted it on the heavy-set, walnut-visaged gentleman just passing, for all of his suede spats and crimson cravat; but when Cyril Sebastian Best lilted into view the temptation was beyond resistance.

'Push me!' Punch Anderson pleaded of his neighbor. 'Not yet, Meg. Wait a minute. Now!'

The impact sent Cyril's cane capering toward the gutter; his hat described progressively narrower circles on the sidewalk; and before Punch

could remove his own hat and frame his polite excuse Cyril's fulminant temper flashed. Some would have at least considered the possibility of innocent sincerity; others, wiser, would have said nothing, picked up their things, and passed on; but Cyril Sebastian Best reacted only to outraged vanity, and the resultant cloudburst of vituperation staggered even the well-informed Punch Anderson.

'Soft pedal, friend,' he protested, grinning. 'I 'm apologizing, ain't I?'

More damnation. Epithets conceived over kitchen filth; curses born of the sea; worded fetor.

Punch's round-faced grin faded. He deliberately secured the West Indian's hat and cane and without a word handed them to him. Cyril snatched them out of Punch's hand as if from a leper and flung out a parting invective — a gem of obscenity. Punch's sense of humor died.

'Say that again, you black son of a simian, and somebody 'll be holding an inquest over you!'

In the act of raising his hat to his head Cyril said it again. Punch's fist went through the crown of the hat to reach the West Indian's face.

A minute later Cyril, tears streaming, polka-dot kerchief growing rapidly crimson with repeated application, was hurrying through the unbearable stares of gaping promenaders, while in his ears seethed the insult: 'Now get the hell out o' here, you ringtail monkey-chaser!'

II

The entrance of the Rosina wears an expression of unmistakable hauteur and you know it immediately to be one of the most arrogant of apartment houses. You need not stand on the opposite side of the Avenue and observe the disdain with which the Rosina looks down upon her neighbors. You have only to pass between her distinguishing gray-granite pillars with their protective, flanking grille-work and pause for a hesitant moment in the spacious hall beyond: the overimmaculate tiled floors, the stiff, paneled mahogany walls, the frigid lights in their crystalline fixtures, the supercilious palms, all ask you at once who you are and what you want here. To reach the elevator you must make between two lordly, contemptuous wall-mirrors, which silently deride you and show you how out of place you are. If you are sufficiently courageous or obtuse, you gain the elevator and with growing discomfiture await the pleasure of the operator, who is just now occupied at the switchboard, listening in on some conversation that does not concern him. If you are sufficiently unimpressed or imprudent, you grumble or call aloud, and in that case you always eventually take to the stairs. Puff, blow, rage, and be damned. This is the Rosina. Who are you?

What more pleasurable occupation for Cyril Sebastian Best, then, than elevator- and switchboard-operator in the Rosina? If ever there was self-expression, this was it. He was the master of her halls, he was the incarnation of her spirit; in him her attitude became articulate — articulate with a Trinidadian accent, but distinctly intelligible, none the less. There were countless residents and their callers to be laughed at; there were endless silly phone-talks to be tapped at the switchboard; there were great mirrors before which he could be sure of the perfect trimness of his dapper gray-and-black uniform; there were relatively few passengers who absolutely required the use of the elevator, and most of those tipped well and frequently. It was a wonderful job.

Cyril's very conformity with his situation kept him ordinarily in the

best of humor, the rendering of good service yielding him a certain satisfaction of his own. It was therefore with a considerable shock that one resident, flatteringly desirous, as she thought, of Cyril's aid in facilitating a connection, heard herself curtly answered, 'Ah, tell de outside operator. Whaht you t'ink I keer?' — and that a familiar caller in the Rosina, upon being asked, 'Whaht floor?' and answering pleasantly, 'Third, as usual,' heard himself rebuked with '"As usual"! You t'ink I am a mind-reader, 'ey?'

Clearly Cyril Sebastian Best was in no obliging mood to-day.

Nothing amused, nothing even interested him: neither the complexion of the very dark girl who persisted in using too much rouge with an alarmingly cyanotic result, nor the leprously overpowdered nose of the young lady who lived in fifty-nine and 'passed' for white in her downtown position. He did not even grin at the pomposity of the big yellow preacher who, instead of purchasing ecclesiastic collars, simply put his lay ones on backward.

Cyril sat before the switchboard brooding, his memory raw with 'monkey-chaser' and 'ringtail.' Now and then a transient spasm of passion contorted his features. In the intervals he was sullen and glum and absorbed in contemplated revenge.

'Cyril! Are n't you ever going to take me up? I'm starving to death!'

He looked up. Hilda Vogel's voice was too sweet, even in dissatisfaction, not to be heeded; and she was too pretty — fair, rougelessly rosy, with dimpled cheeks and elbows. How different from the picture just now in his mind!

Cyril had secret ambitions about Hilda. Like himself, she was foreign — from Bermuda; a far cry, to be sure, from Trinidad, but British just the same. And she was sympathetic. She laughed at his jests, she frankly complimented his neatness, she never froze his pleasantries with silence, nor sneered, nor put on airs. One day, after a week of casual cordialities during their frequent ascents, she had paused for as long as five minutes at her landing to listen to his description of the restaurant he was going to own some day soon. It could n't be meaningless. She saw something in him. Why should n't he have ambitions about her?

'Cyril! How 'd you hurt your lip?' she asked in the surprise of discovery as the car mounted.

Merely that she noticed elated him; but he would have bitten the lip off rather than tell her. 'I bump' into de door doonsteers.'

'Shame on you, Cyril. That 's an old one. Do I look as dumb as that?'

He was silent for three floors.

'Goodness! It must have been something terrible. Oh well, if you ignore me — ' And she began humming a ditty.

She had never been so personal before. Had his soul not been filled with bitterness, he might have betrayed some of those secret ambitions at once, right there between floors in the elevator. As it was he was content with a saner resolution: he would ask permission to call Wednesday night. He was 'off' Wednesdays.

'You soun' quite happy,' he observed, to make an opening, as he slid back the gate at her floor.

'You said it!' she answered gayly, stepping out; and before he could follow his opening her dimples deepened, her eyes twinkled mysteriously, and she added, 'I may be in love — you 'd never know!' Then she vanished down the hallway with a laugh, while the speechless Cyril wondered what she could mean.

III

In the flat's largest room a half-dozen young men played poker around a dining-table. A spreading gas-dome of maroon-and-orange stained glass hung low over the table, purring softly, confining its whitish halo to the circle of players, and leaving in dimness the several witnesses who peered over their shoulders. One player was startlingly white, with a heavy rash of brown freckles and short kinky red hair. Another was almost black, with the hair of an Indian and the features of a Moor. The rest ranged between.

A phonograph in a corner finished its blatant 'If You Don't I Know Who Will,' and someone called for the 'West Indian Blues.'

'That reminds me, Punch,' said Meg Minor over his cards. 'Remember that monk you hit Sunday?'

'Never hit anybody on Sunday in my life,' grinned Punch across the table. 'I 'm a Christian.'

'Punch hit a monk? Good-night! There 's gonna be some carvin' done.'

'Name your flowers, Punch!'

'"Four Roses" for Punch!'

Meg went on through the comments: 'He 's an elevator-boy at the Rosina up the Avenue.'

'What 'd you hit him for, Punch?'

'Deal me threes, Red,' requested Punch, oblivious, while Meg told the others what had happened.

'Serves you right for actin' like a bunch of infants,' judged Red. 'Punch in the Post Office and you supposed to be studyin' — what the hell are you studyin' now, Meg?'

'Serves *us* right? It was the monk that got hit.'

'Hmph! D' you think that 's the end of it? Show me a monk that won't try to get even and I 'll swallow the Woolworth Building.'

'Well, we were just feeling kind o' crazy and happened to meet up with that bunch of don't-give-a-kitty kids. It was fun, only — '

'Bet fifteen cents on these four bullets,' said Punch.

'Call!'

'Call!'

'You stole the last pot, bluffin',' calculated Eight-Ball, nicknamed for his complexion's resemblance to the pool ball of that number. He tossed a blue chip into the growing pile.

'Have to protect my ante,' decided his neighbor, resignedly.

'I'm a dutiful nephew, too,' followed Meg.

Punch threw down three aces and a joker and reached for the pile of chips.

'Four bullets sure 'nough!'

'An' I had a full house!'

'The luck o' the Nigrish. Had a straight myself.'

'Luck, hell. Them 's the four bullets that monk 's gonna put into him.'

'Right. Get enough for a decent burial, Punch.'

'Deal, friend,' grinned the unruffled Punch. 'I 'm up.'

'On the level, Punch,' resumed Meg, 'keep your eyes open. That little ape looks evil to me.'

'Aw, he 's harmless.'

'There ain't no such thing as a harmless monkey-chaser,' objected Red. 'If you 've done anything to him, he 'll get you sooner or later. He can't help it — he 's just made that way, like a spring.'

'I ain't got a thing for a monk to do, anyhow,' interjected a spectator. 'Hope Marcus Garvey takes 'em all back to Africa with him. He 'll sure have a shipload.'

Eight-Ball finished riffling the cards and began to distribute them carefully. 'You jigs are worse 'n ofays,' he accused. 'You raise hell about prejudice, and look at you — doin' just what you're raisin' hell over yourselves.'

'Maybe so,' Red rejoined, 'but that don't make me like monks any better.'

'What don't you like about 'em?'

'There ain't nothin' I do like about 'em. They're too damn conceited. They're too aggressive. They talk funny. They look funny — I can tell one the minute I see him. They're always startin' an argument an' they always want the last word. An' there 's too many of 'em here.'

'Yeah,' Eight-Ball dryly rejoined. 'An' they stick too close together an' get ahead too fast. They put it all over us in too many ways. We could stand 'em pretty well if it was n't for that. Same as ofays an' Jews.'

'Aw, can the dumb argument,' said Meg. 'Open for a nickel.'

'Raise a nickel.'

'Who was the pretty pink you were dancin' with the other night, Punch?' inquired the observer behind him.

The lethargic Punch came to life. 'Boy, was n't she a sheba? And I don't even know her name.'

'Sheikin' around some, hey?'

'Nope. My sister Marian introduced me. But I 'm so busy looking I don't catch the name, see? When I dance with her she finds out I don't know it and refuses to tell. I ask if I can come to see her and she says nothing doing — would n't think of letting a bird call who did n't even know her name.'

'Really got you goin', hey?'

'Damn right, she did. I ask Marian her name afterwards and she won't come across either. Says she 's promised not to tell and if I really want to locate the lady nothing 'll stop me. Can y' beat it?'

'Why don't y' bribe Marian?'

'If you can bribe Marian I can be President.'

'All right, heavy lover,' interpolated Meg impatiently. 'You in this game?'

Punch discovered then that he had discarded the three queens he had intended to keep, and had retained a deuce and a fivespot.

'Well, cut me in my neck!' he ejaculated. 'Did you see what I did?'

The man behind him laughed. 'Boy, you 're just startin',' he said. 'Wait till you locate the pink!'

The gloomy dinginess that dimmed the stuffy little front room of the Rosina's basement flat was offset not so much by the two or three one-bulb lights in surprisingly useless spots as by the glow of the argument, heated to incandescence. Payner, the house-superintendent, whose occupancy of these rooms constituted part of his salary, had not forgotten that he was a naturalized American of twenty years' standing, and no longer fresh from Montserrat; but Barbadian Gradyne had fallen fully into his native word-throttling, and Chester of Jamaica might have been chanting a loud response to prayer in the intervals when the others let his singsong have its say.

'No people become a great people,' he now insisted, with his peculiar stressing of unaccented syllables, 'except where it dominate. You t'ink de Negro ever dominate America? Pah!'

'Africa,' Gradyne lumberingly supported him, 'dat de only chance. Teng mo' years, mahn, dis Harl'm be jes' like downg Georgia. Dis a white mahn's country!'

'Back to Africa!' snorted Payner. 'Go on back, you b'ys. Me — I doan give a dahm f' all de Garveys an' all de Black Star liners in Hell. I stay right here!'

'You t'ink only for you'self,' charged Chester. 'You t'ink about you' race an' you see I am right. Garvey is de Moses of his people!'

'Maybeso. But I be dahm' if Moses git any my money. Back to Africa! How de hell I 'm goin' back where I never been?'

Neither Gradyne's retaliative cudgel nor Chester's answering thrust achieved its mark, for at that moment Cyril Sebastian Best broke unceremoniously in and announced: 'De house is pinch'!'

Like a blast furnace's flame, the argument faded as swiftly as it had flared.

'Where you was raised, boy? Don't you got no manners a-tall?'

Cyril banged the door behind him, stuck out his chest, and strutted across the room. 'I tell you whaht I hahve got,' he grinned.

'A hell of a nerve,' grunted Gradyne.

'An' I tell you whaht I'm goin' get,' Cyril proceeded. 'I'm goin' get rich an' I'm goin' get married.'

'How much you pays, 'ey?' asked Chester.

'Pays? For whaht?'

'For you' licker. You's drunk as hell.'

'Den I stays drunk all 'e time. I got de sweetes' woman in de worl', boy — make a preacher lay 'is Bible downg!'

'Who it is?'

'Never min' who is it.' But he described Hilda Vogel with all the hyperbole of enthusiasm.

Gradyne inspected him quizzically. 'Dat gel mus' got two glass eyes,' he grinned.

'Or else you have,' Payner amended.

'How you know she care anyt'ing about you?' Chester asked.

'I know.' Cyril was positive. 'She tell me so dis ahfternoon in de elevator. I been makin' time all along, see? So dis ahfternoon when I get to de top floor I jes' staht to pop de question an' she look at me an' roll 'er eyes like dis, an' say, "I may be in love!" an' run like hell downg de hall laughin'! Boy, I know!'

Payner and Chester and Gradyne all looked at him with pitying sympathy. Then Chester laughed.

'You cahn't tell anything by that, mahn.'

'I cahn't, 'ey? Why not?'

'You had de poor girl too far up in de air!'

IV

'Did you see the awful thing Harriet wore?'

'Did I? Who in the world made it?'

'Noah's grandmother.'

'And that King Tut bob — at her age!'

'Maybe she's had monkey glands — '

Cyril, listening in at the switchboard, found it very uninteresting and, leaving off, deigned to take up three passengers who had been waiting for five minutes in the elevator. When he reached the street floor again, the instrument's familiar rattle was calling him back.

'Apartment sixty-one, please.'

Something in the masculine voice made Cyril stiffen, something more than the fact that it sought connection with Hilda Vogel's apartment. He plugged in and rang.

'Can I speak to Miss Vogel, please?'

'This is Miss Vogel.'

'Miss Hilda Vogel?'

'Yes.'

The masculine voice laughed.

'Thought you'd given me the air, did n't you?'

'Who is it, please?' Cyril noted eagerness in Hilda's voice.

'Give you one guess.'

'My, you 're conceited.'

'Got a right to be. I'm taking the queeniest sheba in Harlem to a show to-night, after which we're going to Happy's and get acquainted.'

'Indeed? Why tell me about it?'

'You're the sheba.'

Hilda laughed. 'You don't lose any time, do you, Mr. — Punch?'

'I don't dare, Miss — Hilda.'

Cyril, bristling attention, shivered. Despite its different tone, he knew the voice. A hot wave of memory swept

congealingly over him; he felt like a raw egg dropped in boiling water.

'How did you find out I was — me?'

'Oho! Now it's your turn to wonder!'

'Tell me.'

'Sure — when I see you.'

'I think you're horrid.'

'Why?'

'Well, I've got to let you come now or I'll die of curiosity.'

'Dark eyes, but a bright mind. When do I save your life?'

'Are you sure you want to?'

'Am I talking to you?'

'You don't know a thing about me.'

'More 'n you know about me. I looked you up in *Who's Who!*'

'Now you're being horrid again. What did you find?'

'You work in the Model Shop on the Avenue, you live with your ma and pa, and you're too young and innocent to go around with only girls, sheikless and unprotected.'

'How do you know I'm sheikless?' Cyril's heart stumbled.

'You're not — now,' said the audacious Punch.

The girl gasped. Then, 'You did n't find out the most important thing.'

'To wit and namely?'

'Where I am from.'

'Nope. I'm more interested in where you're going.'

'We're — ' she hesitated gravely. 'I'm — Do you — object to — foreigners?'

It was Punch's gasp. 'What?'

'There! You see, I told you you did n't want to come.'

'What are you talking about?'

'We're — I'm a Bermudan, you know.'

Punch's ringing laugh stabbed the eavesdropping ears. 'I thought you were an Eskimo, the way you froze me that night.'

'You're not — prejudiced?'

'Who, me? Say, one of the finest boys down at the P. O. is from Bermuda. Always raving about it. Says it's Heaven. Guess he means it's the place angels come from.'

She was reassured. 'Not angels. Onions.'

'I like onions,' said Punch.

'What time are you coming?'

'Right away! Now!'

'No. Eight.'

'Seven!'

'Well — seven-thirty.'

'Right.'

'Good-bye.'

'Not on your life. So long, Hilda.'

'So long, Punch.'

'Seven-thirty.'

'Seven-thirty.'

The lift was full of impatient people audibly complaining of the delay. The only response from the ordinarily defiant Cyril was a terrific banging open and shut of the gates as he let them out, floor by floor. His lips were inverted and pressed tightly together, so that his whole mouth bulged, and his little eyes were reddened between their narrowed lids.

'I may be in love — you'd never know.' He had thought she was encouraging him. He would have made sure the next day had there not been too many people in the car. Fortunately enough, he saw now; for she had been thinking of the ruffian whose blow still rent his spirit, whose words still scalded his pride: 'Now get the hell out o' here, you ringtail —'

He had seen Counselor Absalom. Absalom had said he could n't touch the case — no witnesses, no money, prolonged litigation. Absalom had n't even been sympathetic. Street brawls were rather beneath Absalom.

Cyril slammed the top gate to and reversed the controlling lever. As the car began to drop, something startled him out of his grim abstraction: the

gate was slowly sliding open. It had failed to catch, recoiling under the force with which he had shut it. Yet the car was moving normally. The safety device whereby motion was possible only when all the gates were shut had been rendered useless — perhaps by his own violence just now. He released the lever. The car halted. He pushed the lever down forward. The car ascended. He released it. The car halted again. He pushed the lever down backward. The car descended. Its movements were entirely unaffected.

Cyril paused, undecided. For a long moment he remained motionless. Then with a little grunt he rose again and carefully closed the open gate. His smile as he reached the ground floor was incarnate malevolence, triumphant.

V

Meg Minor was following a frizzly bobbed head and a bright-red sweater up the Avenue. In the twilight he was n't sure he knew her; but even if he did n't — he might. Introductions were old stuff. If the spark of attraction gleamed, blow on it: you might kindle a blaze.

As he crossed a side street an ambulance suddenly leaped from nowhere and rushed at him with terrifying clangor. He jumped back, the driver swore loudly, and the machine swept around the corner into the direction Meg was going.

'Swore like he was sorry he did n't hit me,' he grinned to himself. 'Must be out making patients or something. Where 's that danger signal I was pacing?'

The red sweater had stopped in the middle of the next block. So had the ambulance. When Meg reached the place, a gathering crowd was already beginning to obstruct passage. Since the sweater had halted, Meg saw no reason for going on himself, and so, edging as close to it as he could, he prayed that the forthcoming sight might make the girl faint into his arms.

He paid no attention to the growing buzz about him. There was a long wait. Then the buzz abruptly hushed and the crowd shifted, opening a lane to the ambulance. In the shift Meg, squirming still nearer to the red sweater, found himself on the edge of the lane.

Two men, one in white, came out of the house, bearing a stretcher covered with a blanket. As they passed, Meg, looking, felt his heart trip and his skin tingle. He started forward.

'Punch! For God's sake —'

'Stand back, please!'

'It 's Punch Anderson, Doc! What — what — is he — ?' Meg pressed after the white coat. 'Doc — good Lord, Doc — tell me what happened! He 's my buddy, Doc!'

'Tried to hop a moving elevator. Both legs — compound fractures.'

Doors slammed. The ambulance made off with a roar and a clamor. Meg stood still. He did not see the bright-red sweater beside him or hear the girl asking if his friend would live. He was staring with mingled bewilderment and horror into the resplendent entrance of the Rosina. And, as he stared, the sound of the ambulance gong came back to his ears, peal upon peal, ever more distant, like receding derisive laughter.

THEODOSIA BURR

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

CONSIDERING that women in general are not seafarers, and that their perils and disasters are rather of a domestic order, it is curious that two of the most notable, brilliant, and interesting figures among American women, Margaret Fuller and Theodosia Burr, should have been lost at sea.

But, indeed, Theodosia's life was picturesque, sudden, and tumultuous in every way. Her distinguished, disreputable father said of himself: 'It seems I must always move in a whirlwind.' Theodosia wrote: 'What a charming thing a bustle is. Oh, dear, delightful confusion. It gives a circulation to the blood, an activity to the mind, and a spring to the spirits.'

If bustle was what she liked, she got it. She was the great-granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards, and no doubt she received so much of his pious inheritance as her father had not frittered away. Born in 1793, before the new American nation had settled down, she lost her mother when she was ten years old, and her existence became involved in the eccentric orbit of her father's fortunes. She watched him first in the hurly-burly of New York politics, then she saw him become Vice-President of the United States in 1800, then he was thrown into disgrace by the duel with Hamilton in 1804. Meantime, at seventeen, she had married a wealthy South Carolina planter, Joseph Alston, who later became Governor of the State, and she swung back and forth between her father in New York and her Southern home.

Then in 1806 Burr developed his wild dream of Spanish-American empire. Theodosia shared it, and visited the victimized Blennerhassets on their exquisite Ohio island. Her father was arrested and tried in Richmond for treason. She shared that episode also. Then he went abroad for four years, practically in exile, and she longed for him and labored for him with passionate ardor, though her affections were also absorbed by the husband and the one boy at home. Just as her father at last achieved his return, she lost the boy, and her life was wrecked forever. On the last day but one of 1812, when she was twenty-nine years old, she sailed from Charleston to meet her father in New York, and was never definitely heard of again. It does not require legendary pirates, who deliberately drowned her, to complete the tragedy. Surely by that time the poor child had had bustle enough, and would have relished the beautiful epitaph which Byron found in an Italian cemetery — *Implora eterna pace.*

Theodosia's mother was a delightful person, and her influence on the child's earlier years must not be overlooked. His wife's devotion to him is one of the assets in Burr's singular career, for it is evident from her letters that she was a woman of unusual nobility and charm.

In view of the wide later ambitions

of her husband and her daughter, it is interesting to observe that Mrs. Burr was not without her frank confession of interest in the upward efforts of the world. In speaking of Catherine the Second she says, 'What a glorious figure will she make on the historical page! Can you form an idea of a more happy mortal than she will be when seated on the throne of Constantinople? How her ambition will be gratified.' To such an ardent spirit a mythical throne in Mexico might have had a certain appeal. Yet what is most striking about Mrs. Burr is her earnestness and loftiness of moral tone. Whatever her husband may have been, she was consistently noble and high-minded, and her religion, though probably not narrow or dogmatical, was pervasive and sincere.

That this lady kept a close and careful watch on her daughter's education we may take for granted, but there is less evidence of the mother's control than of the father's, because, owing to his frequent absence, his interest was expressed in letters that have come down to us. It may be said at once that few fathers manifest not only a more affectionate, but a more intelligent and judicious, concern for their children's welfare, and spiritual and intellectual development. Burr was determined that his daughter at least should not be given over to the frivolities and drawing-room accomplishments which were then considered all that was necessary for her sex. She was to study serious subjects and to master them — mathematics, sciences, history, languages, literature; he advises her as to all of them, and sees that she keeps at it and makes progress.

When one thinks of what he himself was, and what his life had been and was about to be, one sometimes gasps at the quality of the advice which he pours out so freely; but taken in itself it is excellent, and might well produce the best results, even if the source was somewhat tainted. 'Negligence of one's duty produces a self-dissatisfaction which unfits the mind for everything, and ennui and peevishness are the never-failing consequences. You will readily discover the truth of these remarks by reflecting on your own conduct, and the different feelings which have flowed from a persevering attention to study, or a restless neglect of it.'

As a result of these paternal efforts, Theodosia used her intelligence faithfully and zealously all her brief life; and it was evidently clear, acute, and penetrating. The reading which her father prescribed for her was somewhat remarkable. She seems to have studied both Latin and Greek at an early age. When she was ten years old, her father writes, 'I am sure you will be charmed with the Greek language above all others,' and a few months later he remonstrates against the neglect of Greek verbs. He recommends the *Odyssey*, recommends Terence, and when she is married and a busy mother he hopes she reads 'Quintilian in the original, and not in translation.' And Theodosia's own letters are not without allusions to the authors that she loves. Perhaps she may have had a little more leaning to the romantic and frivolous than her father approved; but, if so, he had succeeded bravely in eradicating it, and by the time she was twenty she had eschewed light fiction as unprofitable: 'Novel-reading has, I find, not only the ill effect of rendering people romantic, which, thanks to my father on earth, I am long past, but they really furnish no occupation to the mind. A series of events follow so rapidly, and are interwoven with remarks so commonplace and so spun out, that there is nothing left to reflect upon.'

It must not be supposed, however,

that the girl was a pedant or a blue-stocking. She was thoroughly feminine in her tastes and instincts, enjoyed society, and was fitted to shine in it. She was lovely to look at, with a strangely simple, round, baby face, but clearly intelligent and sensitive. There is no sign that she was coquettish or overfanciful in her dress; but she liked pretty things, and liked to display them: 'You must send me the shawl. I shall be down at the races, and want to have the gratification of displaying it.'

How charming is her appeal to her father about her appearance at a party: 'I danced twice, but am unable to tell you whether I looked well or danced well; for you are the only person in the world who says anything to me about my appearance. Mari generally looks pleased, but rarely makes remarks.'

Indeed, as in intellectual, so in social education the father was the trusted adviser and guide. And, on the whole, it must be said that his counsel here too was excellent. She is to seek the society of her fellows and not to avoid it, she is to be careful not to bore anyone, she is to understand, to sympathize, to learn to bear the little rubs and vexations without annoyance. Above all, he begs her to cultivate the appearance of cheerfulness and kindliness, well understanding that the substance is bound to be developed by the manifestation; and I do not know what saner social advice could come from any source: 'There is nothing more certain than that you may form what countenance you please. An open, serene, intelligent countenance, a little brightened by cheerfulness, not wrought into smiles or simpers, will presently become familiar and grow into habit. . . . Avoid, forever avoid, a smile or sneer of contempt; never even mimic them. A frown of sullenness or discontent is but one degree less hateful.' It is easy to understand that the man who formed his conduct on such a principle was one of the most beloved, as well as hated, of his generation.

His daughter was beloved also. Such expressions as we have about her are quite ecstatic in their enthusiasm. Even Blennerhasset, who detested her father and her husband, says of himself and of that strange Luther Martin, who defended Burr in his trial, 'I also find his idolatrous admiration of Mrs. Alston almost as excessive as my own.' And Mrs. Blennerhasset goes further still: 'I should not think my life even worth its present value, did not I hope once more to see and converse with that woman whom I think almost above human nature.' Theodosia's own expressions of friendship show that this popularity was founded on a singular tenderness and power of delicate apprehension and comprehension.

Unfortunately circumstances contributed too much to blight these gentler feelings. The disgrace which overtook her father reacted largely upon Theodosia's own social prospects and surroundings, and she was forced to recognize the shallowness of much of the world's affection and the bitter lining of its apparent kindliness and grace. When such blows come, it is hard to keep the cheerful countenance, harder still the cheerful heart. Burr himself was born so infallibly gay that nothing could shake him. Friends might fail, hopes might wither, strength and means might vanish — he could still smile on. But his daughter was made of more delicate stuff, and it is clear that at times her eyes filled and her heart died within her.

How much religion did she have to strengthen her? We do not know. Her father was pretty largely skeptical. One of her biographers insists that this skepticism was never allowed to affect her, that Burr kept it to himself. This

I doubt. But, after all, his own skepticism was not violent and he regarded God with the same fine tolerance that he bestowed upon all animated beings. His is the truly admirable remark: 'I think that God is a great deal better than people suppose.' As for Theodosia herself, we have hardly more than the exquisite words in regard to her husband and child, written when she thought she was dying, but I do not know that we could ask for anything more convincing or more lovely: 'Oh! my heavenly Father, bless them both. If it is permitted, I will hover round you, and guard you, and intercede for you. I hope for happiness in the next world, for I have not been bad in this.'

II

These words are from a letter addressed to Theodosia's husband, and her husband played a conspicuous part in her life, though less so than he would have done if it had not been for her father. Joseph Alston was an important personage in South Carolina, belonged to a considerable family, and had considerable possessions and abilities. Theodosia seems to have chosen him from affection. But Alston's Southern life, habits, and tastes were naturally strange in many ways to a girl who had grown up in New York, and his wife did not always find it easy to adapt herself to them.

It would appear that Alston was an excellent man and an indulgent and devoted husband. We have a number of his letters, which bring out many of his traits in an interesting fashion. For example, there is the long and most curious epistle, written to Theodosia in the days of love-making, to overcome her objection to early marriages. It seems the young lady — at seventeen — had cited the august authority of Aristotle to the effect that 'a man should not marry before he is six-and-thirty.' The lover admits the weight of this learned opinion, but insists that even against Cicero, 'who stands higher in my estimation than any other author,' he cannot possibly accept her point of view. Early marriages are generally bad, no doubt; but his case is different. They are all always so touchingly different, are n't they? He is not a child. They never are. 'Introduced from my infancy into the society of men, while yet a boy I was accustomed to think and act like a man. On every occasion, however important, I was left to decide for myself; I do not recollect a single instance where I was controlled even by advice; for it was my father's invariable maxim that the best way of strengthening the judgment was to suffer it to be constantly exercised.' And, to be sure, at thirty-seven instead of seventeen one might have stopped to wonder whether such a character was too well adapted to marriage at all, early or late. But Theodosia was not thirty-seven, and she gave up Aristotle, and consented. Who can wonder?

It is very clear that her husband retained his affection and admiration for her to the end. No doubt she was amply worthy of both. Still, one can see that he might have found some drawbacks. There is that terrible, engrossing, meteoric father. It might easily be imagined that a husband would have found such a father difficult to put up with, might have been sometimes indignant with him and sometimes jealous of him. Perhaps Alston was both; probably he was. But nothing of it appears, even in the few of his own letters that we have or in the comments of either the father or the daughter. What he writes to Burr, after Theodosia's death, certainly indicates the deepest and finest appreciation of all he had lost: 'The man who has been deemed worthy of the heart of

Theodosia Burr, and who has felt what it was to be blessed with such a woman's, will never forget his elevation.' And Alston gave the best testimony of his attachment by dying a few years after his wife and son, practically of a broken heart.

On Theodosia's affection for her husband we have much more vivid light than upon his for her. In the early days of her marriage, when she was absent in New York, she frequently wrote to him, and the letters have a charming touch of tenderness and grace. 'Every moment I feel that I have lost so much of your society which can never be regained. Ah, my husband, what can be pleasure to your Theo, unassisted by the charms of your presence and participation? Nothing. It is an idea which has no place in my mind unconnected with you.' When he is ill, she writes: 'You have been imprudent, and all my fears are fulfilled. Without anyone near you to feel for you, to attend to you, to watch every change and share every pain. Your wife only could do that. It is her whose soul clings to yours, and vibrates but in harmony with it; whose happiness, whose every emotion, more than entirely dependent on yours, are exchanged for them.'

The passage of years brought some rubs and flaws in the beauty of this tenderness. Alas, it must be always so. These husbands perhaps live in the wilds of South Carolina, far from the sparkle and gayety of New York society. Again, these husbands have families, and sometimes it is wearing. Theodosia takes a journey with two of her husband's relatives, and the mischievous creature writes to her father: 'We travel in company with the two Alstons. Pray teach me how to write two *A's* without producing something like an *Ass*.' Then there is always that father, and the strange complication that he makes of life, complication which is certainly enough to distract and terrify the best of husbands, so that there are times when it seems best to conceal one's doings from marital observation altogether.

Yet there can be no doubt that Theodosia not only retained her husband's love to the end, but returned it fully, and her influence over him must have been in proportion to the depth of their affection. The beautiful words of the farewell letter, from which I have already quoted, though written in 1805, would, I am sure, have been just as appropriate in 1812: 'Death is not welcome to me. I confess it is ever dreaded. You have made me too fond of life. Adieu, then, thou kind, thou tender husband. Adieu, friend of my heart. May Heaven prosper you, and may we meet hereafter. . . . Least of all should I murmur, on whom so many blessings have been showered — whose days have been numbered by bounties — who have had such a husband, such a child, and such a father. . . . Adieu, once more, and for the last time, my beloved. Speak of me often to our son. Let him love the memory of his mother, and let him know how he was beloved by her.'

III

As a housekeeper and mother, Theodosia, young as she was, seems to have borne herself with dignity and success. Her health was never robust, and the entirely new conditions with which her Southern married life was surrounded were not wholly favorable. There are times when continued and prospective weakness depress and discourage her. But it is evident that she was not one of those who cherish imaginary symptoms, or count on an enfeebled condition to create sympathy: 'I exert myself to the utmost, feeling none of that pride, so common to my sex, of being weak and ill.'

When effort was called for, she displayed it, and she clearly had the gift of getting things done. Her father is impressed with the rapidity with which her 'house has been furnished and established.' And the daughter quietly and simply states her view of the way in which life ought to be met and dealt with: 'In running away from duties, there is something cowardly which I never could bear.'

There is one point on which I wish I had more light, and that is Theodosia's management of money. Did she share her father's incurable thriftlessness? Was she affected at all by what I call the reaction of alternate generations, through which we so often see a child instinctively avoiding the weaknesses and excesses of its parent, perhaps even falling into an opposite excess? Certainly the daughter in this case had no trace of narrowness or meanness, but I cannot help thinking that hard experience in childhood had taught her something more of prudence and forethought than her father ever learned. At any rate, she bewails his European poverty and makes desperate, if not very successful, efforts to relieve it.

Whatever her economic abilities, she undoubtedly had occasion for them in running her establishment, which must have been at all times a large and difficult one. Alston had the slaves, the general equipment, and the elaborate as well as primitive living-arrangements of a great Southern planter, and Theodosia, at seventeen, had to go in and take charge of these. I have no question but that she did it, and did it well. She had always been accustomed to a similar elaborateness in her father's house, however great may have been the uncertainty of paying for it. This well appears in Burr's account of his preparation for one of her visits: 'Of servants there are enough for family purposes. Eleonore, however, must attend you, for the sake of the heir apparent. You will want no others, as there are at my house Peggy, Nancy, and a small girl of about eleven. Mr. Alston may bring a footman. Anything further will be useless; he may, however, bring six or eight of them, if he like.' While another brief passage, with its charming suggestion of 'bustle,' gives a vivid picture of the state in which Mrs. Alston traveled: 'Heigh-ho! for Richmond Hill. What a pity you were not here, you do so love a bustle; and then you, and the brat, and the maid, and thirty trunks would add so charmingly to the confusion.'

In her attitude toward her little son Theodosia is as faithful as she is attractive. Her letters to her father are full of the child, though not more so than her father's to her. Burr adored his grandson and namesake, and poured out incessant counsels and suggestions as to his education. Tutors? He must have the best tutors, must be taught languages, and mathematics, and literature. His mother must keep at him, and if she does not she must be scolded. 'If you had one particle of invention or genius, you would have taught A. B. A. his *a*, *b*, *c* before this. God mend you. His fibbing is an inheritance, which pride, an inheritance, will cure. His mother went through that process.' Burr wants him taught energy also, outdoor sports, and some contact with life, such as is essential to fit him for success in a democracy. When the child, at four years old, meets an infuriated goat and puts him to flight with a stick, the grandfather's soldier-heart is entirely delighted.

Theodosia listens quietly to all this paternal advice, and takes it in, and profits by it. But it is quite clear that she manages her child in her own way, and intends to do so. She superintends his lessons, superintends his morals, watches over his health, wants him to

be a man and a brave one and a good one.

How pretty is her anxiety when, on some trifling occasion of alarm, the boy is terrified and runs to her and catches her skirts. 'Do you think this trait ominous of a coward? You know my abhorrence and contempt of those animals. Really I have been uneasy ever since it happened.'

But through all the anxiety and all the care and all the discipline it is evident how much she loved him. And then he died — was snatched away from her just when she had enshrined all her hope in him, and all her pride, and all her life. The two letters written to her father shortly after the loss are tragic in their dry-eyed misery, their quiet revelation of a spiritual universe in ruins: 'Alas! my dear father, I do live, but how does it happen? Of what am I formed that I live, and why? Of what service can I be in this world, either to you or anyone else, with a body reduced to premature old age, and a mind enfeebled and bewildered? . . . Whichever way I turn, the same anguish still assails me. You talk of consolation. Ah! You know not what you have lost. I think Omnipotence could not give me an equivalent for my boy; no, none — none.'

Again I turn back to that pathetic farewell letter, written years before, when she had no thought that the child's death would precede hers; and it is touching to see the three strands of interwoven love, which made up all her life, so closely mingled together: 'Let my father see my son sometimes. Do not be unkind towards him whom I have loved so much, I beseech you. . . . Adieu, my sweet boy. Love your father, be grateful and affectionate to him while he lives; be the pride of his meridian, the support of his departing days. Be all that he wishes; for he made your mother happy.'

IV

But, interesting as Theodosia was in her relations to her husband and her son, it is unquestionably the relation to her father that is the predominant and most impressive thing in her life.

As to Burr's worship of her there can be no doubt whatever, and it is the finest and most attractive element in his chequered character and career. I have already indicated his solicitude for her education in her youth and for her health at all times. But his attention and absorption appear everywhere in his letters and journals. 'The happiness of my life depends on your exertions; for what else, for whom else do I live?' If he has sudden hopes of fortune, if his wild speculations for once promise to turn out well, the instant thought is that he can do much for her. When the direst poverty oppresses him, the very last resort is to sell the precious keepsakes that were hers: 'The money must be raised or the voyage given up. So, after turning it over, and looking at it, and opening it, and putting it to my ear like a baby, and kissing it, and begging you a thousand pardons out loud, your dear, little, beautiful watch was — was sold.' The final disaster of her death did more to shatter his extraordinary equanimity than anything else that ever happened to him, and though he lived for many years, and loved and laughed and spent and trifled, the scar on his heart was never quite obliterated.

What is perhaps most singular about this paternal affection is the utter confidence of self-revelation in it. There seems to have been no fold of his subtle and complicated spirit that this man was not ready to open before the child whom he adored. There was no reluctance, there was no modesty, there was no shame. Few men would think of writing to their sons as he writes to

this high-minded and exquisite daughter. All his earlier love-affairs and projects of remarriage are submitted to her criticism and comment. Above all, when he was in Europe, he kept a minute daily diary, which was confessedly intended to be perused by Theodosia, and to form notes for future talks with her. Again and again she expresses her delight at the thought of seeing it. Yet there are few more scandalous records of erotic adventure extant anywhere. Can you imagine Pepys keeping his diary expressly to be shown to his daughter? But that is apparently what Burr did. The only possible solution of the puzzle lies in the extraordinary temper of the man, his combination of an extreme subtlety and sophistication with a childlike naïveté, such as we see so often exemplified in the elder Dumas. But even so it is a singular spiritual phenomenon, both for him and for her.

At any rate, as a result of so much confidence and affection, he acquired a very great influence over her. It is touching and beautiful to see how she turns to him for advice and guidance in every crisis of her life. In one of the most curious passages of his journal he shows how great he felt this influence to be. 'From any man save one, if I cannot vanquish, I can escape. In the hands of that one, I am just what Theodosia is in mine. This was perceived after the first two hours; and seeing no retreat, nor anything to be done, I surrendered, tame and unresisting, to be disarmed, stripped, hacked, hewed, dissected, skinned, turned inside out, at the will and mercy of the operator.'

Nevertheless I cannot help feeling that he somewhat overrated his power, at least that in reality the daughter's was the stronger nature of the two; that when she was really convinced she went her way with true feminine persistency, and even that perhaps in the end she swayed him more than he did her. She advises him almost like an older sister in his matrimonial perplexities, and it is evident that he wants her advice, and takes it. With what a noble cry does she stimulate him to endeavor and to hope. 'Tell me that you are engaged in some pursuit worthy of you. This is the subject which interests me most; for a long time it has been the object of my thoughts.' And indeed in more than one passage he indicates his sense of how near and intimate her sympathy and influence were. 'I wish to say more, but in this way and at this moment cannot; and, besides, as I have never a good idea which does not occur to you first, it is deemed unnecessary.'

Whatever her influence was, it is certain that she followed every step of his career with passionate anxiety and interest. His doings, his plans, his projects — she demanded to be kept cognizant of them all. 'As soon as you have formed any determinations, I conjure you to inform me of them as soon as possible. I know that entreaty is not necessary. I am too proud of your confidence to affect a doubt of it; but my mind is anxious, impatiently anxious in regard to your future destiny. Where you are going, what will occupy you, how this will terminate, employ me continually; and when, forgetful of myself, my brain is dizzy with a multitude of projects, my poor little heart cries out — and when shall we meet?'

Naturally what interested and fired Theodosia most was her father's plan of Mexican domination and sovereignty. After the Hamilton duel, in 1804, had ruined his political prospects in the United States and he had parted forever with that phase of ambition in his farewell speech to the Senate as Vice-President, Burr traveled through the great Western country and conceived his cloudy scheme of empire.

Details are vague in the narrative of historians, as they were probably vague in Burr's own mind. But that they included a dream sovereignty of some kind for himself and Theodosia and her boy, established on the ruins of Spanish-American dominion, is hardly to be questioned. Two brief but immensely significant passages alone are sufficient to prove this. There is the sentence in which Blennerhasset, writing to Alston, refers to 'your sovereign in expectancy,' and the still more remarkable phrase of Theodosia, written after it was all over and referring to a possible disturbance in Mexico: 'Thank God, I am not near my subjects; all my care and real tenderness might be forgotten in the strife.'

The scheme, whatever it was, failed hopelessly, partly because it was in its nature too vast to be realized, still more no doubt because Burr was practically incapable of keeping up with the great sweep of his imagination.

What concerns us is Theodosia's attitude toward the whole affair. First, how did she herself feel? Were her imagination and her ambition excited? There is no indication that in general she took much interest in politics. It was persons, not causes, that primarily appealed to her. Yet we must remember her mother's admiring comment on the triumph of the great Catherine, and there is also in Theodosia's own remark about her Mexican subjects something which suggests that the strange dream had taken a hold upon her fancy. Sensitive and sensible as she was, there are touches implying that she was not wholly indifferent to the distinctions of the great world: 'I would to Heaven I could be with you,' she writes to her father in Paris. 'I long to visit a region where the Muses and Graces have some favorites . . . and circumstances have, for a long time, been inimical to my advancement in any respect.'

But, whatever her own personal aspirations, there can be no question about her passionate interest in her father's success. She would have liked to see him emperor of the world, and devoutly believed that he deserved to be so. As to Mexico, her grief at the abandonment of the project is intense and lingering and shows in reference after reference in her later letters. And when the project was abandoned, when failure and disappointment came, her affection, her devotion, were unfailing and illimitable, as in all other phases of her father's career. She loved him when she was a child, she loved him in her mature age; loved him for his gentleness, for his thoughtfulness, for what seemed to her his unselfishness and consideration, and because he liked to see people happy. When disgrace and ignominy overtook him and he was being tried in Richmond for his life, she stepped right out and stood beside him, as proud to be his daughter as when he was Vice-President of the United States.

Far more astonishing than the child's devotion and loyalty is her inexhaustible belief. She was not only completely subjugated by her father's charm, — 'I find that your presence threw a lustre on everything around you. Everything is gayer, more elegant, more pleasant where you are,' — she accepted him as perfect with an almost superhuman perfection: 'Indeed, I witness your extraordinary fortitude with new wonder at every new misfortune. Often, after reflecting on this subject, you appear to me so superior, so elevated above all other men; I contemplate you with such a strange mixture of humility, admiration, reverence, love, and pride, that very little superstition would be necessary to make me worship you as a superior being; such

enthusiasm does your character excite in me. . . . I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man.' And this was written after the conspiracy, after the trial, when Burr had certainly shown all the defects he had.

Perhaps, in spite of her enthusiasm, she was not quite oblivious of all of them. If you look very carefully, you can find an occasional touch of criticism. Errors? Oh yes, he makes errors, slight ones: 'You know, I love to convict you of an error, as some philosophers seek for spots in the sun.' And, for all his superhumanity, even she suspects him of delaying and dallying too idly with the sweet of life: 'I tell you this, because I begin to think that Hannibal has got to Capua.' Yet these are trifles; the sun of her existence remained for the most part unspotted.

And then one thinks of the man as history sees him. To Americans in general he is simply one branded with eternal ignominy and with the mark of Cain upon his forehead. In the most charitable view, one must admit that, while he may have liked to see people happy, he made thousands wretched. He ran a wild, disordered career, with little spiritual guide except his own whim and the passionate fancy of the moment, with little regard to whom or what he sacrificed. And, if sexual morals have any social significance whatever, he was certainly an abominable reprobate. Worse still, as it would have appeared to him, and possibly to Theodosia, he was not only a bad man — he was a small man. By a petty love of mystery and disguise, by a constitutional incapacity of living with great purposes, he managed to give to even vast designs a perpetual flavor of comic opera. The little things of life were just as important to him as the big, and such a disposition is surely fatal to greatness, if not to happiness. Yet this superb woman, with an intellect as keen as her character was lofty, made an idol of him!

Surely a peculiar and exquisite tragic pathos is infused into her love and loyalty by the very worthlessness of the object, as so often happens in this troubled and unequal world. She had the nobler, the finer, the more dignified nature, as well as the stronger, and all her nobility and dignity were lavished upon Aaron Burr.

Yet with it all there was a certain similarity between them in their eternal childlikeness. With one of his charming touches of insight he says: 'Oh, yes! I knew how much of a child you were when I sent the pretty things. Just such another child is *ton père*.' The world, to both of them, was instinctively a matter of pretty things. Love, hate, empire, life, were toys to be trifled with and flung away, in view of the vast ocean of illusion, which tosses up men and gods and worlds and hopes in ceaseless admired disorder forever and ever.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

BY ELIZABETH CHOATE

I

THREE white swans settle on a sapphire stretch of water — three white swans that have escaped from somewhere. What is the weight of a swan, when one tulip petal is too great a burden to carry in the mind when the wind is thus and so? We think of life and how it passes, death and the worms that will eat us — all because white swans have escaped to blue water and we must stay at home and listen to the sad imploring frogs.

Some days are worse to live than others. In winter New England dies particularly dead, locked in such stillness that, standing in the middle of a winter night, our intimate earth becomes detached and strange. In March she holds a pallor like a drowned man, and back yards show the disarranged affairs of the deceased. Who would at such times dream of yellow roads around the hills to Samarkand, or the beauty that a breaking universe gives out when galaxies of stars are chipped to pieces on a skiff's flat bottom? But after dandelions torch the lawns! Cardinal birds and a revolution! Then there are days when the wind has its way with us, when the wind or a small brown owl on the branch of a tree sets us longing for the beautiful ones, whom we do not know, nor what, nor how, nor who they are, only that two things are carried across the morning, memories of the 'old-gold' downs and a voice from the hills which says: 'Life is the sea, so go a-fishing while the tide is high,' and says: 'How have you planned to circumvent the gray November days forever?' until we must rush out to meet life face to face and kiss the lady on her lips, or grab the time of day to stop its ticking until we can discover the most winelike way to use it.

So on a certain day of a certain spring I longed to find some well-born ease to thwart a season's capricious pain which forces us to weep at mouldy cabbages and laugh at dead relations; I wished to pluck December roses to lighten and brighten the latter winds. And as I remembered that Héloïse and Abélard, riding to Orléans, 'snuffed the faint fragrance of the chestnut trees now all in flower' I looked at the white road round a hill from our town, and knew that because it is across a bridge and past a signpost, is divided by one clump of birches and a lane, the distance held a flavor that would never walk down our main street; for though a frog sits on a stone in our river, and farther down the blown narcissi hold themselves with pride, and though these things made life seem like a 'perfect gift' to Héloïse, yet even so Romance lies over the mountain and always will while we remain at home. Therefore I planned a way to go through 'hilly lands and hollow lands' until I should come to the Mountains of the Moon and cross to El Dorado, or, as this case might be, from where I could see that open

space of water below my hill to the magnolia gardens of Charleston, South Carolina.

I had thought to travel by rail, having heard of how, after the death of a day and night, the hope of resurrection stirs when reaches of low yellow meadows catch the eye, meadows bordered in heavy shade-trees and split by a winding river colored like the words that Conrad argued over — *bleu de faïence*. But the gods have their own plans; therefore boast not, ye humans, about this and that or the state of your health, for an' you do they will see you have thrown all your handkerchiefs into the wash and give you a cold in the head. So it was from the deck of a boat that I observed how between here and there is nothing to help one recognize Romance. For, unlike most journeys hither and yon, going is not the better part of arriving. On the contrary, boats for tourists smell of tourists — which is not the smell of the open road, where dirt is frankly dirt with no half-measures, but, picked up from labor, heartily brown and weathered, takes on some of the clean atmosphere of work. This other is a pallid sort, dirt wrung from pleasure and the peels of oranges, covered, as if to give it respectability, with the damp perfume of stewardesses' linen. And the sea goes by the bows, not this time like the white sea-horses, but paid out by the yard, as if each passenger would hold it for a measure to discover the length of this unending trip. So I said, as I leaned to look at the chocolate-colored harbor water while Fort Sumter passed on the left, shrunken in size like the giants of childhood, that the earth had never been so modern, so symbolical of corrugated-iron roofs and billboards for Castoria.

Yet let it be understood at once that a city such as Charleston would never allow a guest to remain in such a frame of mind for long. It knows its business far too well, its heritage is much too deep. That is why its Customhouse faces the sea, where it stands a little above and apart, like the true master of the house waiting to bid one welcome. That is why also there was an entertainment on the lower deck where, as the hawsers were thrown to the dock, the Negroes began to unload.

Orders came to start uncovering the hatch, and a small confusion worse confounded was the purpose of the joy. There were grunts as ropes were pulled away and bars removed, interspersed with shouts and wails — mere sound — just any kind of satisfactory loud sound to please themselves with, sometimes like moose, sometimes like children; and a yellow nigger shouted above the general pandemonium while bars were hoisted into the air.

'Yo-ho! Comin' again!' he yelled at each displacement. 'Yo-ho! Comin' again!' And the heads ducked to the sound of half-smothered bellows of laughter.

'Májaw!' one nigger called out to another. 'Hi, Májaw, doan't yuh wahnt some ice water?'

'Suah ah do,' the other answered. 'Hand it down heah, you. Ahm doin' some almighty boilin' up in this yeah kettle er soup.'

'Look to yerse'f, den,' shouted the first. '*Hit's* a-comin'!' And he poured the pail of icy water full on his friend's head.

Chaos was in the air. Then there came a voice from the bridge, carrying over the madness below.

'Good Gawd,' it cut down, toneless and quiet, 'Good Gawd, we won't get tied up for a week.'

It was a hose sprayed on the fire. The gang in the hold ceased their buffoonery and went to work, giggling behind their hands.

And then I heard a tired voice behind me saying something that I did not catch until I turned to listen.

'It's full of freaks,' he said, and pointed to the city.

I answered 'Oh,' not knowing what to say.

'I'm one myself,' he said, in such a tone that I could not tell if I were meant to admit it or to contradict him.

He wore a soft brown hat like anybody else.

'I have an aunt,' he said.

But then, I had a dozen aunts, and what it was about his aunt that made him particularly strange I could not tell, for in that minute we were hurried off to go ashore.

II

The best way to discover a city is to go out and about day after day, up and down its streets, through and between and around again and again, until they come to have a meaning and an air. Strange beauty is a pleasure, but familiar beauty is a pleasure enhanced an hundredfold by its familiarity. Therefore we must acquire, as soon as possible, associations for our sunsets and our mornings. This is not hard to do in Charleston. But for the first few days we note simply the tangible form and feature of the town, and that to one who has never visited the South is difficult.

Charleston is a city, but one may be waked in the early morning by the chant of the street criers singing the wonders they have found in the deep waters. Charleston is a city, and our ideas of cities mean brownstone houses either on or off the proper sides of streets. What then do we make of the delicate color of these sun-steeped buildings? For in the latter days of April the sun is bright indeed and falls on baked old yellow walls which here are bare and glittering and there are covered with dark-green vines which frame hung blinds and lattices. There are no rules concerning wood and stone. One house behind an iron fence is brick with white verandahs, and gone-to-ruin quarters of its slaves crowd on its wings; another has a porte-cochère and broad admittance over cobblestones for coach and four; another is wood with crumbling corners, and yet another is weathered plaster. There are no rules even for iron fences, except that should you stop to lean on one you will be asked at once to share the hospitality which it encloses.

It is in the first few days also that we note the configuration of the city, how business keeps its proper station in the background and allows its better half to live in undisputed decoration on the river and the bay. We note how the streets are neither short nor long nor wide nor narrow, but all four unexpectedly, and how the angles of the buildings face them in a fashion quite unlike the ones we know, having as it were been slid in sideways to escape the heat, instead of arranged close, cheek by jowl, with back yards carefully concealed. Indeed, back yards in Charleston are rarely concealed at all, many of them being as gracefully overrun by greenery as the more formal lawns. This is no creation of a day, as are the modern Southern towns. The long progress of its growth can be seen in its casual unset appearance. King Street blazes in the sun, polished and clean as the knockers on its doors or the curtains in its windows, but turn to the right and go down a block or two and Legaré Street shows gates and rambling lawns with heavy trees and balconies where creepers run up to the second story, turn over backward, and drop down in waving tails. Or turn to the left and pass three corners — there is a tumble-down wooden ruin or a rose-red shanty for pickaninnies; or

follow your nose with your back to the river and you will come into squares for churches and the attendant space they use to bury people in, where grass has overgrown the gravestones and vagrant flowers intersperse the green.

In the first few days will be seen light and shadow, names and faces, but after all they will be only untranslated lists of 'things,' until on a sudden, as if by wandering there had been found a key, the inward spirit of its outward grace will spring to life.

In the tale of the place one may know that Charleston was settled first by the French, 'but, misfortune overtaking them, they abandoned the place, only to be done to death by the Spaniards at St. Augustine, dying for their faith and scorning to abjure.' Nothing whatever did they leave behind them but a tumbled fort, the name of their king for the Province, and the spirit of their heroism. The English settlers who came some hundred years later found it and nailed it to their mast as if it had in verity been a flag. They also died for their faith in their own right to exist, to govern themselves, and to make of their city and state a thing of beauty, honor, and industry after their own fashion; so, though Indians harassed them, Spaniards massacred, and pirates — those (to us) red-bandaged, fearfully delicious symbols of the real Romance — even though pirates burned and killed and pillaged, still they too 'scorned to abjure,' and so, although they died, the Province lived.

When the tumults of birth were over, the city grew, but it did not grow with ease. The young man began his education in the rice-fields and the young woman at the cotton-loom, with malarial fever bonily rattling the door, while more than one generation saw the work of the last swept to perdition by fire or flood.

Yet out of these efforts came the prosperity which stands behind what the popular fancy regards as a desirable pattern of fine, cultured society. We know the picture of it. Fair women in billowing laces who spoke 'with the tongues of men and of angels.' Upright, courteous men who rode like knights, thought wisely for their State, founded churches, schools, and libraries, and gathered together as the representatives of a people who flourished in fine minds. Charleston, as it lived in the old days, stands somewhat to the imagination as the *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. Indeed Charleston fits so precisely in this frame that it is hard to remember the working-clothes she wore. One is apt to be carried on the wind of the story which includes banquets and dances, corn cakes and stuffed pheasants' breasts, elopements, escapades, luxury, and love, and is half inclined to leave her first prosperity, after her first battle with the wilderness, inseparate, as it was not left by the cannon balls of the Revolution. But these are a part of her life — or death — and must roll murderously in to put a period here and there to the phrases that write of civilization.

We of the North are too prone to imagine that we alone fired 'the shot heard round the world' and that, as is the rule to-day, no one would be invited to the Boston Tea Party but Bostonians. This, however, was not the case, for not only would Carolinians have been most welcome, but, oblivious of outside invitations, they held one of their own, which took place in Hog Island Channel outside Charleston Harbor, and afterward held to their defiance, sending the British fleet packing before the half-finished palmetto-log barriers of Fort Moultrie.

We Northerners are too apt to believe that we bore the whole burden of that war, yet Charleston was eventually captured and the British came in and

sat in the high places for three interminable years. That was the time of Marion's Men, the troop of outriders made up from the bluest blood of the city as well as the reddest blood of the farms, who galloped through the country rescuing beleaguered houses whose men had joined the army, ambushing the British columns, and bringing help wherever a hint flew through the swamps on the heels or tongue of a Negro boy that someone was in danger. Wild gallops there were, mad escapades, performed by thoroughbreds and gentlemen, with a country to lose for the one who faltered. High hearts, in short, with danger and distress spurned by spurred heels of bravery and laughter. But they were also the days when whole families were turned out of their houses by British officers with no warning and no excuse, when plundering was rife, when houses were burned to emphasize the terror and women harassed for sheltering their own relations, when in fact a conquering army made itself at home.

But Charleston awaited the end, and when Cornwallis surrendered she started at once to build herself anew. The old struggle was fought through once more. She was plagued by fever and destroyed by fire and flood, but even so, during the following period of peace she was able to dress herself in such becoming colors and appear so strong and splendidly made that Washington and Lafayette declared the whole could truly represent the part, an individual beauty of that time.

Such was the blossom Charleston grew from her beginnings. She took her name from a king and bore it with a greater grace than Majesty itself. She was prosperous, she was fair, she had suffered and had won. Charleston was a queen.

Yet, as I walked my century's hour through her streets, their quietness belied this pride and wonder. They slept in the sun. Odd phrases for her wandered through my brain. 'She is a maiden lady thinking of her lovers,' 'she is a fragile beauty, died before her time,' 'she is a ghost that never found fulfillment.' Even an invasion into the heart of the town left me only half convinced of its existence. There was an evanescent quality. 'America with its hurtling vitality has no place here,' I said.

Then, not content with exploring the immediate vicinity to establish its reality, I pushed out to the surrounding country, anxious to find the rock it sprang from. But the surrounding country spreads out in low marshes, which tell no tale except of fever; and the roads that lead through them, arched overhead by feathery branches, end for the most part in grandeur that has been and is no longer, or only inasmuch as all things live again in other forms, and the ruins of bygone gayety are run ariot in a bonfire of azalea bushes.

On my return I found a statue near a park. It was much like the statues made to-day; the face was younger, the figure slimmer, the uniform a different sort, but underneath was written all the answer.

Charleston was no maiden, but a mother.

It is from backgrounds such as hers that land begets a love for itself — a fiery, unbreakable, enduring passion, stronger perhaps in the South than elsewhere, on account of the sumptuous rewards she gives her children. So it was that when she most needed them, so it was that when her real ruin stared her in the face, 'quick and bright was the answer,' for 'the State knew her sons,' so it ended that when 'the best of Carolina lay dead in their jackets, unmarked by band or star, even their mothers said: "It is well."'

III

One morning, after the city had been got to acknowledge my acquaintance, I was wandering here and there in the desultory fashion which is the only way to learn the hidden ways of cities, when a brown hat and a bald head parted company and gravely saluted me.

'Mornin', ma'am,' he said, 'seein' the town?'

I said I was.

'They mostly do,' he said. 'P'r'aps you'd like to hear about this town of Charleston?'

I said I would.

'As I was tellin' you, I'm one of those freaks I was mentionin'. There's lots here — every sort and kind. See that balcony yonder? Used ter be a judge who sat there in a rockin' chair. He'd drop things on people as they went by. Yankees, of course you understand, ma'am. He was n't crazy, either — just a freak like the rest of us. The women are the same, ma'am — full of kinks and queerness.'

'But why?' I asked.

'I don't know, ma'am. I suppose it comes from stayin' here all their lives. Most of 'em have n't the money to go anywheres, and they get to livin' on memories.'

'Yes,' I said, 'but these people never could have known — '

'Not they, ma'am, of course,' he said with obvious patience, 'but I expect the fathers of most of these ladies put ideas into their haids. Maybe you passed a big white house on your way down?' He looked at me while I nodded. 'Well, there's three women livin' in that house, poor as church mice, ma'am, but they won't speak to any livin' soul who did n't have a relative near nor far in the Confederate Army.'

I looked my amazement.

'That's true as gospel, ma'am,' he said.

'Why, I've an aunt,' he said, 'she was ninety-four last winter. I went to take dinner with her on her birthday. Ma'am, the house was a sight for sinners. That old lady had chased the servant girl outter the house for knockin' over a picture of General Lee.'

I laughed.

He looked me in the eye.

'The fact is, ma'am,' he said, 'the people of Charleston in the old days never did have ter put up with ignorant discourtesies.'

I winced a little under his look.

'Just freaks, you see, ma'am,' he forgave me.

So with this escort I saw the result of that sacrifice, and looked at the face of the city from the other side of its windows; for an' I promised to take care of how I spoke of General Lee, I was taken to call on the aunt who had known him, where she lived on a street not far from me across a thoroughfare.

From this view Charleston is the color of lavender. There 'where the world is quiet' live the gentlefolk, and most of them are poor — so poor that living does not vary in the year, and washing dishes must be lied about, for all are fiercely proud and all at the same time insistently hospitable. The surrounding color is lavender. The women's faces make you sure of it, soft hands and low voices press it on you. You are led through small lanes into sweet entangled gardens to the tune of it — gardens which are the most unpublic places, which wipe from your mind other more open spaces where tramps sleep on the benches; which are full of nice, private flowers that you may touch and personally praise aloud, and are kept like Spanish beauties behind veils of delicately manufactured iron lattices. Even the musty smell of the wooden halls makes one aware of its presiding presence, so that you feel that you have found an atmosphere of

cobweb delicacy, a spun existence that a noise would shatter.

But on the other side of this soft color there are bloodstains, and these are never forgotten; indeed they form a halo for the host of young husbands, young brothers, — that darling youth! — all children, so they tell, all beautiful, all loved, who died æons and æons ago, it seems, for the same old causes, and have become, as they sit in their tiny dignified gilded frames in the half-dark Southern parlors, audibly worshiped, heroicly portrayed, the symbol of all the beauty of all their world. They are told to you simply, in spite of their grandeur, as 'my father's only brother' or 'my mother's youngest cousin,' and it is rather like an epitaph which says: 'I will not speak at all for fear I say too little.'

I noticed about the mouth and eyes of all these figures a certain wistfulness. Now these are half-done baby pictures of them all, made before they were really grown, made for their mothers who loved their youth, made before they went away to war; so I stood before them and wondered: 'How did they find that gentleness before they knew? Was Youth *then* not a little hard?'

I have thought to myself that these pictures say: 'We wish a little that we had not had to die.' How did they acquire that? Youth throws itself away like a running song; it is only age that has time to regret that the notes are gone. It is because of this that I surmise that the twist to their mouths does not belong to the pictured people after all. It has been transferred by some mysterious magic from the ones who have looked so long at these fair faces and have wished so hungrily that they had not had to die. For not only did they take love with them, but their promise, which for a miracle to help the world goes hand in hand with love. Old hands have had to carry on the work they were to do, old age has had to fight the aftermath, and take the staff of dreams. And Age dreams back, not forward; it cannot manufacture something out of nothing, or build a castle on a charred remains, as Youth can, simply by the contemplation of its endless undeveloped years. So Charleston shut its doors and, being very tired, slept, clasping its past, and let its azalea blossoms blaze its only defiance to the rushing world.

That for many years was Charleston. I do not mean 'was' in the sense that it is over — only it is past. It exists still in the tangled gardens that one looks at through the latticed gates; there are still tears and graves, and voices that tremble to explain how bullets were made from the leaden gutters; there are still hot words to say to Yankees; there is still sacred ground where you may not put your foot, or if you are fool or cad enough to try you will be met with spears.

But mark! Now a difference begins. Not everyone is poor. The city builds on its foundations still another time. And more! For Charleston holds a secret.

Step quietly, and perhaps you'll hear an echoing laughter, and after it has gone you will turn to your neighbor and say: 'Sir, is it the darling youth come back again?' And you will not need an answer, for they are all before your eyes.

Charleston sits quietly, decorated with fat roses and racing children. Death has departed: it has been packed in a box and put away. Tears there are and legends, but after these — well, you can see the resurrection in the tousled heads; for the first time you may remember that to have a son ranks one with the immortals.

FEEDING THE WORLD

BY SIR A. DANIEL HALL

I

At the present moment the position of agriculture in both America and Great Britain presents certain contradictory yet significant conditions which demand the most earnest consideration. That the situation of the farmers themselves is uneasy is indicated by the commissions of inquiry that have been set on foot in each country in the hope of discovering legislative action for the benefit of agriculture, and by the statistics of abandoned farms in the United States and of the shrinking area under the plough in Great Britain. The farmer is not finding his business worth while. On the other hand, the public is restive under the rising prices of food, prices which seem disproportionate to the share which gets back to producer. Yet no one has discovered a method of clipping the toll taken by the dealer and the retailer; and though coöperative marketing is being pressed upon the farmers, and in some cases successfully pursued by them, it is doubtful whether the marginal saving it can effect will fundamentally remove the difficulties of the producer.

In despair the American farmer is being counseled to reduce his output to the amount that will satisfy the home market — a procedure difficult enough in any case, with the fluctuating yields due to season, but impracticable for farmers who are not united in an association that can enforce instructions upon its members. An individual can rarely see safety in limiting his output — his natural tendency is to aim at getting ahead of the average; if, however, he works to cheapen his output, that effort will on the whole be attended by smaller gross yields. Lessened production follows in unconscious response to the pressure of low prices; farmers cheapen and lower their standard of cultivation, abandon the marginal land, or turn it down to grass as in Great Britain. The continent of Europe presents a not dissimilar situation; though tariff walls safeguard the position of the farmers, they are not producing enough food for the needs of the community, and complaints of the high cost of living are universal. Despite poverty and adverse exchanges, European countries are being forced to import foodstuffs; in few cases do the statistics show increasing agricultural production.

In face of these universal complaints of high and rising food-prices, can it be supposed that a general policy of reduced production will solve the difficulties?

Long before the resulting scarcity enables the farmer to satisfy his requirements, the dealers handling commodities that are indispensable, yet in short supply, will have forced up prices to intolerable limits; they, rather than the farmers, would hold the community to ransom, and wartime experience shows pretty clearly the impossibility of disciplining traders

without an adverse reaction upon production.

We have to face the fact that food is in the process of becoming scarce in relation to the increasing population of the world. In his *Mankind at the Crossroads* Professor East has just published a striking exposition of the path the world is following. Populations are continuing to rise and, except in France, at an increasing rate; even the World War has caused no more than a flicker in the ascending curve. Yet where during the present century can be seen the corresponding expansion in food-production? With the exception of the growth of the cultivated area in Canada, there has been nothing since 1900 to compare with the opening-up of the Middle West, of Argentina, and of Australia during the previous half-century. That was the great period of growth of agricultural supplies, of cheapening food, and we have got into the way of regarding the sources as illimitable and the process as continuous. But new lands are no longer available.

Russia used to be a considerable exporter of wheat and is expected eventually to resume that position, but as far as Russia in Europe is concerned it is doubtful whether the land is able to do more than support the existing population, provided it is adequately fed. Past surpluses for export were often accompanied by need on the verge of famine, and though better methods and organization might result in greatly increased production, it is hardly likely to keep pace with the growth of population. Russia in Asia is a more unknown factor, as are tropical South America and Africa, but we know enough to be able to say that they cannot be organized rapidly for the export of foodstuffs, as were the great prairies of Central North America. The gradual shrinkage of food-supplies relative to the consuming population was becoming evident in steadily rising prices from 1900 onward — a rise which is being again resumed after the wild fluctuations due to war, to boom and deflation. It was significant that even before the war the United States was being compelled from time to time to supplement by imports her production of corn, of wheat, and of meat; it is significant now that the new factor in the market to which some of the rise in wheat prices is attributed is an increasing volume of purchases from China and Japan. Scarcity will not come in a night; for a long time, as the Chicago operators say, wheat can always be found somewhere by scraping the bottom of the bin; but it is only prudent to calculate on a continued hardening of prices and the more frequent recurrence of panic rises, as a seasonal deficiency strikes a market denuded of reserves.

The orthodox economist will say at once that this situation will create its own remedy; under the stimulus of rising prices more people will be attracted into agriculture, production will be increased and the balance restored.

It has already been indicated that there is no new land very accessible; the settled countries possess no potential reserves, as may be seen from the way the United States has been driven to experiments in the reclamation of 'bad' lands, with no conspicuous measure of success. Nor as a rule do men who have once taken to urban life migrate back to the country because conditions are more promising; the tide sets always the other way, and if the agricultural population is to increase, it will have to be by its own growth. But here comes another factor into play: if food-production is diminishing, relative to population, so at the same time agriculture as a calling is losing in

attraction relatively to industries and commerce.

The drift from the country to the town has been a secular subject of lament, needlessly so in so far as the movement is only the reflection of the fact that the land cannot carry more cultivators in one generation than another, when no change in the system of farming is going on. Son may succeed father on the land, but the second son must move off. There is no real need for lament if increased efficiency, due to the use of machinery, enables the same output to be attained with fewer men; the dangerous situation comes when the migration is caused by abandoned farms or a lower standard of cultivation. Now at the present time agriculture cannot compete with the other industries either for capital or for men, because it has not been, indeed cannot be in the nature of things, subjected to the speeding-up processes that have attended cotton-spinning, steel-making, or the like. All the world over, the capitalist farmer is not getting the same returns on his investment as is attainable in other industries; his prospects of expansion are poorer, his credit is inferior, and though he may stick by the farm his active-minded sons tend to seek other outlets. Financiers are not looking for farming enterprises, except as an elegant way of losing money in order to demonstrate their wealth. The peasant farmers, or rather their sons, are wondering whether the returns are worth the toil of such a life. Peasant farming has never yet succeeded in maintaining itself when it has been brought into such close contact with urban life that an escape was available.

Lastly, the wage-earners in agriculture are always the worst-paid class in the community. No farming enterprise, whatever the skill with which it is conducted, could earn for its workers the wage rates paid by Ford to his mechanics. In England the son of a farm laborer may be found on the railway, earning twice his father's weekly pay, though living under the same conditions and doing far less skillful work.

Here lies the real difficulty of the situation, that just when the world is needing increased food-production those very developments of science and organization which have caused population to expand are making life on the land less and less attractive. The town is becoming so much nearer; improved transport, education, the cinema, radio, are all elements in showing the country child the other sort of life and the way to it. Census returns, as far as they are available since the war, would seem to show an absolute as well as a relative diminution of the agricultural population in most of the civilized countries.

II

The only way out of the dilemma is, then, to find some way of raising the level of production on the land already in cultivation, since no great extent of new land appears to be available. At the same time the efficiency of the methods of production must be raised. Indeed the efficiency of the individual has to become such as will enable him to earn returns or wages commensurate with those obtainable in the industries; otherwise men will continue to drift away from the land.

First we may examine whether the level of production can be raised, and in this connection it is instructive to look back upon the history of English land.

In mediæval times the average yield of wheat in England appears to have been in the order of eight or ten bushels to the acre; Walter de Henley explains that a threefold yield will not

pay for the cultivation, and his anonymous contemporary says that wheat ought to yield to the fourth grain — that is, eight bushels for the two bushels sown per acre. This, then, was the level of production attained under the open-field system of winter corn, spring corn, fallow, where everything was taken away from the soil and nothing put back. Then followed the enclosures and the introduction of crops like clover and turnips, possible only when the land was in several ownerships and not thrown open to common grazing after harvest. Gradually too, under economic pressure, lands began to be thrown together, and the yeoman exchanged for the typical British farmer, occupying something between one hundred and fifty and four hundred acres — a process that was far advanced by the close of the eighteenth century. Under these conditions, with a rotation that included the recuperative clover-crop and turnips from which to make farmyard manure, — thus constituting a conservative cycle which put back everything to the soil except the corn and meat sold away from the farm, — a new level of production was reached. Arthur Young estimated the average yield of wheat at the close of the eighteenth century as twenty-four bushels per acre, but probably Lawes's estimate of twenty bushels per acre as the prevailing crop when he inherited his Hertfordshire estate, about 1835, is nearer the mark.

At any rate this new level of production, and the improved farming that accompanied the larger farming-units, proved able to furnish England with food during her first period of industrial expansion and increasing population. From 1840 onward ensued a new development; science began to be applied to the growth of crops and animals, artificial fertilizers and foreign feeding-stuffs became available, with the result that by 1870 a new level of production had been attained — of about thirty-two bushels of wheat per acre. It was not so much that farming-methods had been altered as that the fertility of English land had been enhanced by the fertilizers employed and the plant food that had been transferred to it in the shape of maize, linseed, and cotton seed, grown on foreign soils but consumed on English farms.

At that level of production, however, about thirty-two bushels per acre, English farming has stayed for the last fifty years. Indeed it has fallen away somewhat, for the arable area has shrunk and the present ploughland is the pick of what was formerly under cultivation.

This arrest in the upward march of the yield from the land was a response to the new factor that became operative in the middle seventies — the opening-up of the Americas and the flooding of the market with cheap wheat and other agricultural produce. The law of diminishing returns came into play; the English farmer could no longer afford to go out for such high yields. He had to cheapen his production, and this he could do only by reducing costs, for such reduction is not attended by a proportionate diminution in yield. The competition that was overmastering the English farmer was not due to bigger crops; it was the United States with an average yield of thirteen bushels per acre or so, Canada with a little more, Argentina and Australia with less, that were underselling the producers of thirty-two bushels per acre. In order to keep his business going the English farmer had to move, not in the direction of bigger crops, but toward the methods of his competitors — cheap if slovenly farming, where the crop was left as much as possible to grow itself.

That a higher level of production is

feasible over a great part of the world is easily evident.[1]

The potentialities of many American states with richer soils than those of Great Britain are obviously enormous; a doubled production is easily in sight. But as the law of diminishing returns informs us, such increased production per acre can be bought only at an enhanced cost per unit — per ton of wheat or per stone of beef. The cost will be in fertilizers and above all in labor, provided always that the system of farming cannot be changed to one of greater intrinsic efficiency.

On examination of this question of system we find that the greater part of the farming of the world is still done by peasants or, more exactly, on single-man holdings, large or small, where the work is carried out by the occupier and his family with only occasional help in seasons of pressure. Such peasant farming prevails generally throughout Europe and Asia, the exceptions being the great domain-farms belonging, as a rule, to the local nobility. Post-war legislation has in most cases aimed at breaking up these great estates; notable examples of this procedure may be found in Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and the Baltic States. Only in Great Britain and Southern Sweden is the prevailing type the middle-sized farm of one hundred to five hundred acres, as a rule rented, and depending for the actual cultivation on the hired labor of a wage-earning class. In the newer countries settlement generally begins with the creation of large pastoral estates, some of which are afterward put under cultivation as large productive enterprises. But as a rule closer settlement cuts the land up into blocks, into single-man farms of size depending upon the land; and in South America alone is the great capitalist farm the characteristic mode of handling the land. The United States shows perhaps an intermediate state of organization; while the single-man occupier-owner holding is typical, most farmers employ some hired labor, though a definite agricultural-laborer class does not exist.

[1] PRODUCTION OF WHEAT AND POTATOES, 1920–23
Quintals per hectare

	Wheat	*Potatoes*
Germany	17.6	121
Denmark	29.2	152
France	13.8	73
Great Britain	21.6	153
Russia	5.1	78
Canada	11.1	105
United States	9.1	70
India	7.9	—
Argentina	8.4	—
Australia	9.0	64

This peasant or yeoman form of landholding is generally regarded with favor, and many countries have adopted some form of legislation in order to foster it or to repair wastages. 'The land for the people' is always a good slogan for politicians; land hunger is the most powerful of all passions to exploit. It produces a stable conservative class in the community, hard-working and broken to labor, always regarded as the most dependable war-material. It seems to promise the maximum of population supported by and living upon the land. Families run large and furnish healthy and industrious recruits for the urban population, not excitable or easily moved by class agitation. From the time of Vergil and Horace the sturdy independent peasant has always been the subject of admiration and encouragement by literary men who love to contemplate honest toil and the dignity of labor — in others.

III

But is this form of landholding economic, and even effective in producing food for the community at large? Obviously when pushed to an

extreme, so that the land available for each family becomes too small, the surplus of food for sale after the needs of subsistence have been satisfied is little enough. This occurred in Ireland in the congested districts and prevails in India and China to-day, where agricultural populations of two and even three thousand to the square mile hover on the brink of starvation. It is not in itself desirable that a maximum population should be engaged upon the land; in a self-contained community the smaller the proportion of the workers employed in the work of producing necessary food the wealthier the community, because thereby a greater number are set free to produce other items of wealth — houses, boots, clothes, amusements — available for distribution.

Among civilized nations to-day we may find as much as half the population engaged in food-production, yet that proportion is excessive unless the nation on balance is a large exporter of foodstuffs. East estimates that in current Western agriculture 2.2 acres are needed to support one person; or one hundred acres will support forty-five persons, of whom twenty may be reckoned as workers. From other data we may estimate that three workers could cultivate one hundred acres of mixed farming-land and attain, under proper organization, the present level of production, in which case only one seventh of the workers would be required to provide food for the rest of the population. In typical peasant countries like Italy or France forty per cent of the workers are engaged upon the land, and as these countries are not completely self-supporting this disproportion of itself would seem to demonstrate the comparative inefficiency of peasant farming. In England and Wales six per cent of the male workers are engaged in agriculture, though they produce only some forty per cent of the food consumed by the total population. This agrees with the previous estimate that if about one seventh of the workers were cultivating the land they could feed the community, provided they had an adequate supply of land. England and Wales could not be fed merely by increasing the proportion of farm workers from six to fifteen per cent, unless at the same time additional land was available. But even on land of the average quality that is now under cultivation one hundred acres could be made to support more than forty-five persons on an ordinary Western dietary, without departure from good normal farming-methods — that is, without having recourse to the intensive production that is physically but not economically possible. The better-farmed land of England — not the whole cultivated area, but such as under present conditions could be four fifths under the plough — requires no more than four workers per hundred acres and would feed a hundred persons on their produce. This is equivalent to saying that with proper farming only ten per cent of a total population need be 'on the land' in order to feed the rest.

On the score of efficiency it is often argued that the division of the land into small holdings is attended by an increase in its productivity. This is true, but only on the condition that such division is accompanied by a change to a more intensive method of cultivation. When an Australian pastoral estate, carrying perhaps a sheep to the acre, is laid out for closer settlement, grazing is exchanged for the plough and production increases. Similarly, when a dairy farm on the grass in the Vale of Evesham is cut up into small holdings of ten or fifteen acres, upon which men grow asparagus and other vegetables and fruit, the output

from the land has been greatly enhanced, but the gain comes from the change of system, not from the size of the holding. In the same district are other larger holdings, as intensively cultivated as the small ones, and with greater efficiency as food-producers.

For obvious reasons the small farm is less efficient, less economic of human labor than the large one. It is handicapped physically in that the size of its fields does not permit of the effective use of machinery or the orderly disposition of labor. Overhead charges are high; the capitalization of the small farm is excessive. Economically the small farm is a weak unit for buying or selling, and though this handicap has been largely removed by coöperation in countries like Denmark, the handicap still exists. Intellectually the small farming community tends to become hidebound and unprogressive; it is more difficult to carry enlightenment to it or to get new developments of science put into its practice.

It is, indeed, generally recognized that the peasant farmer maintains himself only by virtue of the hard work and long hours he gives to his holding. His day lasts from dawn to dark, and the work of his wife and children is freely thrown in. Moreover it is work of a different quality from the regulated pace of a trades-union laborer; often it becomes toil that ages and does not ennoble. What are the motives that maintain such a class?

Use and secular tradition count for much; in an old peasant community men feel they have a right to a piece of land — something inherent like the right to a 'soul' or a 'vote.' Then there is the desire for independence, to work without any man as master. There are always men who fit with difficulty into the organized framework of modern life, who cannot function as cogwheels in a machine. To them the peasant holding is worth while; indeed it is a necessary outlet if such men are to be made useful in society. Even where a larger system of farming prevails, as in England, small holdings are desirable as jumping-off places for men with little capital; they are the first rungs of the ladder up which many have ascended. For these privileges and opportunities men are willing to pay — to pay in labor out of all proportion to their immediate pecuniary return.

Given this deep-seated passion among men, cannot the business of food-production be with confidence entrusted to those who are moved by it, provided that steps are taken to allow it full development by facilitating access to the land? If the peasant population is to increase, more land must be found for it, and since there is now little marginal land not in cultivation the extension could be obtained only by taking land from the larger occupiers. We have already given reasons to suggest that this process would not be effective in increasing food-production. Further, it is difficult to suppose that peasant farming will continue to be attractive and that one group of men will be permanently content to work much harder than their fellows.

Viewed historically, peasant communities never appear to have been able to persist when brought into close contact with the town and against the competition of industries and commerce. Such was the story of early Greece and Rome, and later English agricultural history is a long lament for the decay of the yeoman. If peasant farming has been better maintained on the continent of Europe, it is because industrial life has remained more remote; only recently have other alternatives been available, and modern life is bringing them ever nearer. Peasant communities always carry certain seeds

of decay — on the one hand the pressure to divide the holdings in order to provide for sons, on the other the land hunger that leads men to mortgage their holdings in order to extend their acreage. Many states have had to adopt measures to preserve the small farms against the economic pressure that tends to absorb them in larger units. It was not so much robbery and oppression that deprived the poor man of his land in England, as the ordinary processes of sale or forfeiture for debt. Nor did the latifundia bring about the decay of the small farms of Italy — they were consequences and not causes.

If the peasant farmer is likely to be inadequate to the task of food-production, what then is the alternative? In some way or other the world must be fed; nor can we suppose that men, attaining even greater control over processes and materials, will consent to let their development be limited by the primitive and unorganized methods by which the agricultural side of the community supplies the urban population with food.

IV

A century or more ago England's growing population, expanding as industrialism made its first advances, was supported by the increased productive power of the large farms that were being organized from the yeoman holdings. Progress in this direction is still open and is much more likely to provide a surplus of food than attempts either to intensify the production on single-man farms or to add to the number of them. If the peasant becomes prosperous through rising prices, he does not to any extent set out to increase his output; his aim is less to make money than to live comfortably. Nor, as we have indicated, is there much new land available for new settlement and increasing numbers. The way to enhanced production from the land lies in the creation of large corporation farms, working with all the advantages of command of capital to turn the land to its fullest use, organization of labor, employment of machinery, utilization of commercial and scientific knowledge.

The objection that the English farmer, who has already proceeded along this path, has been achieving no great success during this last half-century, even though he has been enjoying his land at a noneconomic rent, is not really relevant. In the first place, the English capitalization, effective as it was in its day, has not gone far enough for modern conditions; as an economic unit the average English farm is carrying too great overhead charges. When the farmer's function is that of manager only, it is not a man's job to control three hundred acres and to overlook eight or ten laborers, nor can such businesses be expected to yield the incomes that farmers have demanded from them. Secondly, the English farmer during this period has been struggling against the run of low prices due to the expanding farming-area and to the cutthroat competition of the unorganized peasant farmers. The necessary condition for the industrialized farm is the reëstablishment of prices that will permit of a commercial return on capital and of wages at something comparable to the industrial level, and this condition of higher prices is being brought about by the way the demand is increasing faster than the supply. The unit of farming should be something between two and ten thousand acres of mixed farming, and the management should be a hierarchy of director and assistants such as prevails in any great business. This of itself would present certain advantages, in that capable and educated young

men would be recruited for farming even if they possessed no capital. At present farming is too much an hereditary affair; access is limited to young men to whom money is accessible, and the free entry of talent and brains is cut off.

The advantages of the large unit in economic production are various. It becomes possible to survey the area of land under exploitation and allot the varying land to its most suitable use. Large-scale enterprises for the amelioration of the land, such as works of drainage, soil improvement, reclamation of waste, can be undertaken. It is difficult, if not impossible, to secure such agreement among a group of peasant farmers as will enable a joint drainage-scheme to be carried out and afterward maintained in efficiency; small men too are very averse to expenditure on any form of improvement, such as liming, of which the benefits are not immediately realizable. The management, again, can afford such aids to efficiency as a system of cost-accounting and with its help can direct the policy of the farm in accordance with the potentialities of the land or the tendency of the markets. Too often the farmer persists in a line of business that has ceased to be profitable, partly because he cannot count the cost, partly because he is not accustomed to consider alternatives. Again, the large corporation farm will have capital enough at its command to equip itself with adequate buildings, machinery, and appliances. More capital is needed in farming; as an example we can see all too many farms on which the buildings will hardly permit of the production of milk of the quality demanded by modern hygiene, yet if there were to be a drastic enforcement of sanitary conditions the milk-supply for the towns would be dangerously curtailed. And as with buildings so with such appliances as machinery and silos — neither has the small farmer the money wherewith to buy them, nor will the size of his business pay for so much locked-up capital.

Similar advantages are attainable in the organization of labor; there is room for specialization, and in all critical operations, such as sowing and harvest, a management that can throw a large staff on to a necessary job at the right moment is strongly armed against the vagaries of the weather. It would be superfluous here to go far into detail. The principles that govern the conduct of other big businesses apply equally to agriculture; farming can no longer be regarded as a 'mystery,' dependent wholly on the craft of the individual.

One must not, however, disguise the fact that there are many difficulties in the way before the large industrial farm can become general. Not immediately will there be available a race of managers who are capable of running such enterprises with success. Until some businesses of the kind have got going there are no training-grounds for future managers. However, the economic studies of farming that have been so considerably developed in both the United States and Great Britain within the last few years are providing data and criteria for scientific management. It may be urged again that labor difficulties will wreck the enterprise, that with the difficulty of supervision an adequate day's work can never be secured when the laborer is not working as one of a family group. British experience would show that this fear is hardly grounded. There is a danger perhaps that if industrialism becomes firmly entrenched in agriculture, and the laborers are organized into a powerful union, standards of hours, overtime, and the like would be set on lines completely inapplicable to farming. Agriculture must have its own special

conditions of work; if cast-iron regulations framed upon factory models are imposed, then all forms of farming based upon employment become impossible, as has been experienced in Australia. Probably the best prevention of labor troubles would be the introduction of an equitable system of profit-sharing, a procedure particularly applicable to farming. Not only is employment stable, for men naturally remain for long periods, if not their whole life, upon the same farm, but the work of the farm laborer is far more individual and responsible than it ever can be with the minder of an automatic machine. Profit-sharing may supply just that touch of personal pride and joint proprietorship which is the mark of the good agricultural laborer to-day, but which is tending to fade away under the modern organization of labor.

Overcapitalization may be dreaded. So often has it been seen that when the wealthy man embarks upon farming, his enterprise is crushed under the burden of doing things properly. He calls in a contractor where the workaday farmer makes shift with an old orange box and a bit of wire. But this is just where scientific as distinct from amateur management comes in; the trained director is not obsessed by the idea that he must have the best — he will set off probable returns against costs.

A more serious objection is that the land of most countries is already so parceled out that it will be well-nigh impossible to make up units of the desiderated size. Undoubtedly much English land is in need of reallotting. Boundaries both of farms and estates are capricious and inconsiderate of economic working; in some districts amazing anomalies exist, just as in others hedges and ditches occupy no small proportion of the available surface and, apart from the direct injury they cause to crops, cut the land into fields that are wasteful of time and labor.

How the remedy is to come about, by slow economic adjustment or by legislation, cannot be discussed; if the economic pressure grows severe enough the cure will be effected, just as the far more difficult transition from the common fields to enclosures was brought about a century or two earlier.

The first steps will be the most difficult, because in Britain, at any rate, the tradition is firmly established that no money is to be made out of farming except by the old practitioners in their retail way. Neither lawyers nor capitalists have any confidence in farming as a business, and though money may be forthcoming for joint stock enterprises to grow tea, cotton, rubber, copra, and the like in the tropics, a similar venture in England would find little support. This after all is a temporary phase, the result of the falling prices of the last half-century and of the late development of systematic management and administrative control in agriculture. If the prime thesis is correct, that food prices are rising and must continue to rise as population tends to outstrip supply, the incentive to the entrepreneur and the investor will soon be supplied. The evolution of agriculture toward the large industrialized farm devoted to economic production may be delayed, but it must come, if for no other reason than because it makes the most effective use of man power, and man power is becoming the most expensive item in cost of production. Even in Britain, where the small farm is generally forced into a more intensive form of agriculture and produces more per acre, the production per man — and therefore the surplus for sale — is greater on the larger farms. How soon the change

will begin to be operative depends upon the course of prices, but higher food-prices must follow the inevitable growth of population, even if for one unforeseen cause and another they lag behind expectations.

The peasant farmers cannot meet the demand except by increasing in numbers and expanding upon new land, and no extension of the agricultural area is now in sight such as took place during the last half of the nineteenth century. Moreover the peasant population, with its standards of heavy work and long hours, is being continuously unsettled by the increasing proximity of the town, by facilities of movement, and by the growing consciousness of labor conditions. It can hardly be supposed that Western peoples will ever accept an Eastern mode of life — unlimited breeding, complete vegetarianism, and endless subdivision of the land, with the creation of a serf-like agricultural community, existing on the verge of starvation. They will insist upon their own standard of living and limit their numbers, whereupon the only way of getting the maximum of food-production for the urban population will be to make the individual worker as effective as possible by becoming a unit in a large organization armed with all the resources that machinery and science can give him.

FRENCH NAVAL POLICY AND ITS REACTIONS

BY HECTOR C. BYWATER

I

THREE years ago it would have been difficult to write informatively on the naval policy of France, for at that time French statesmen, and even French strategists, were still uncertain as to what policy should be pursued with regard to the development of their naval power. It was by no means only a question of *matériel*, though even on this subject the most conflicting views obtained, some officers urging the construction of battleships, while others condemned the dreadnought as obsolete and pinned their faith to speedy cruisers, submarines, and aircraft. The French Parliament desired to know first the rôle of the navy in future national defense. To lavish money on new ships without previously determining their function in an emergency would be folly, it was argued. On the eve of the Washington Conference a French admiral was invited to outline his country's post-war naval plans. He replied: 'The answer is simple; we have none.' But much has happened since 1921. It is a fact, ironic yet indisputable, that the rebirth of French naval power dates from the Conference.

For three years following the peace the navy languished in almost complete neglect. Though its war losses had been cruel, nothing was done to repair the wastage. True, the bureaus, the navy yards, and the arsenals were treated very tenderly in the matter of

retrenchment, because the horde of officials and workmen employed therein constituted a voting element that the politicians did not wish to estrange. So much money, indeed, was absorbed by the shore-going personnel that little remained over for the fleet itself. As late as 1923 the civil employees on the navy pay-roll numbered no less than 36,500, or nearly two thirds as many as the fighting personnel. Repeated attempts have been made to cut down this preposterous total of ineffectives, but local interests have so far defeated every plan of reduction. France, as a consequence, does not reap anything like the full advantage of her expenditure on naval defense.

At the close of the World War French sea power, both relatively and absolutely, was at its lowest ebb. During the preceding four years no warship of major importance had been laid down. Construction in the war period was limited to antisubmarine craft and other *poussière navale*, most of which ceased to be of value immediately the crisis was over. Instead of building and arming ships for the navy, the navy yards and marine arsenals were engaged throughout the conflict in manufacturing munitions for the army. They furnished a large percentage of its artillery and transport equipment, but the construction of ships was virtually suspended. France, in effect, relied on the British navy to look after the 'sea affair,' while her own resources were devoted almost exclusively to the prosecution of the land campaign. Let us admit, however, that the French fleet cooperated loyally and gallantly to the full extent of its meagre powers. The heroism and self-sacrifice displayed by the sailors of France in the Dardanelles attack evoked the warm admiration of their British comrades. But by the end of 1918 the navy had shrunk to a miscellaneous assortment of obsolete ships, its impotence being accentuated by the enormous dimensions to which the British navy had then attained. Without entering into a detailed analysis of relative strength, it may be mentioned that Great Britain had over forty dreadnoughts and France only seven, a disparity that was almost as marked in other types. Nor was it only vis-à-vis Britain that French sea power had waned. Before the war her fleet stood on an equality with that of the United States, and was considerably stronger than that of Japan. But she now found herself outdistanced by both those countries and, what was particularly mortifying, hard pressed by Italy, whose margin of strength in certain types was already superior.

None who knew the proud spirit of France, her inspiring naval traditions, and her extensive maritime commitments, can have supposed that she would tolerate indefinitely the humble status at sea to which circumstances had reduced her. But for a long period she remained quiescent. Her inactivity in the early post-war years was due, first, to financial embarrassment; and, second, to the influence of her military leaders. Concerning the first reason, she appears to have taken a darker view of her financial future in 1919 than she does to-day, though foreign spectators are at a loss to explain why. As for the second reason, French military men naturally attached more importance to the land than to the sea, contending with every appearance of justice that it would be madness to spend a franc on the naval service until the demands of the army had been satisfied, and those demands were already imposing an onerous burden on the treasury. Had military opinion undergone no change, the French navy would still be a negligible

quantity. But, in fact, the soldiers have since become ardent champions of a powerful navy, and it is to their advocacy that the navy owes in large measure its gradual restoration to power and prestige. The reasons for this change of attitude will be dealt with anon. Here it suffices to emphasize the support which the navy is receiving from the highest military authorities, for as long as this support continues the growth of French naval armaments will proceed unchecked, because in all matters of national defense the influence of the soldiers is paramount.

II

It is impossible to appreciate the French point of view on naval policy unless one takes into account the historical background. France is no parvenu in the community of naval states, no upstart claimant to a voice in the control of the seas. Her ships of war ploughed the waves when Charlemagne ruled, her fleet was puissant when the first Crusaders sailed for the East, and from those remote days to our own times it has been a commanding factor in world affairs. In the reign of Louis XIV it boasted an armada of forty ships of the line and sixty frigates, led by such doughty seamen as Jean Bart, Duquesne, and Tourville. French warships of that epoch were unrivaled in excellence of design, and under Colbert the system of administration became a model of efficiency. All through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the navy remained formidable; nor was its strength permanently impaired by the disasters of the Napoleonic Wars. For thirty years after Trafalgar there was little naval activity in Europe, but the old rivalry between France and England was dormant — not dead. By 1840 the renovation of the French navy was in full progress, and for the next sixty years Great Britain was often hard put to it to maintain her traditional supremacy. Ambition to challenge the sea power of Britain was undoubtedly the mainspring of French naval effort; but with the creation of the Entente Cordiale this motive lost much of its original force, and so it came about that in the decade preceding the World War the French navy steadily retrogressed, and was soon left behind by the rapid expansion of the German fleet.

When France sent her delegates to the Washington Conference in November 1921, she had already begun to reconsider her naval position in the light of post-war political developments. Though the entente with Britain still existed in name, it had lost much of its former significance. The interests of the two countries were visibly diverging, and France thought it high time to adopt an independent line of policy in respect of sea defense. Debates in the Paris Chamber during 1920 and in the spring of 1921 had foreshadowed the introduction of a new shipbuilding programme. Expert opinion in France was partial to the submarine, and eulogies of this arm, for both defense and offense, dominated the Parliamentary discussions. Applause greeted the declaration of M. de Kerguezec, reporter of the committee on finance, that 'the day on which France is backed by a fleet of 250 to 300 submarines she will be able to contemplate the future without any misgiving whatever.' In the meantime Captain Castex and other naval publicists had been lauding the achievements of German submarines and upholding the legality of their war on commerce. These outspoken French comments did not pass unnoticed on the other side of the Channel, where every favorable allu-

sion to the German submarine campaign aroused feelings of bitterness and mistrust. It will be perceived, therefore, that the seeds of that controversy which marred the harmony of the Washington Conference were sown a year or two beforehand. While France had a perfect right to her own views on submarine warfare, it was scarcely politic to air them so freely at a time when the British nation was still seething with anger at the recollection of Germany's U-boat crimes.

France, on her part, conceived herself affronted at the very outset of the Conference, when she found that the Hughes plan of limitation bracketed her with Italy. It was a sore blow to her pride, and was resented as such. Important as the maritime interests of the Italian State may be, they are much less extensive than those of France, who in addition to a lengthy coast-line in Europe and a thriving overseas trade has a great oceanic empire to defend. Moreover, it was only because of the special circumstances of the war period, referred to above, that the French navy had momentarily declined to a level that left it barely stronger than the Italian. At no earlier period had Italian sea power approached the French standard. The presumption of naval equality between these two countries was a defect in the Hughes scheme, and one that was destined to have enduring consequences. From the practical point of view French interests were not prejudiced by the Limitation Treaty. The restriction of her battle fleet was of minor consequence to a State that had previously denounced the capital ship as an anachronism. Five huge dreadnoughts left unfinished at the end of the war were voluntarily scrapped in 1920, not because they were of obsolete design, but because French naval opinion regarded them as superfluous. Therefore the French grievance at Washington was based upon sentiment, but history warns us that national passions may be inflamed as readily by sentimental as by practical grievances.

In an interview published one year later, M. Georges Leygues, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber and a former Minister of Marine, candidly avowed the reasons for the unpopularity of the Washington Treaty in France. He declared: —

> We refuse to accept naval equality with Italy, because France faces two seas, and has a vast empire only eighteen hours from Marseilles, with which we must amply protect our communications. We protest vehemently against taking a post-war instead of a pre-war formula of strength for establishing a naval ratio for the next ten years. This would penalize France for its enormous military efforts during the war at the expense of normal naval construction. The present weakness of our navy is abnormal. It may be impossible for France to add considerably to her navy for some years, but French national pride has been deeply wounded.

M. Leygues added that a vote taken in the Chambers would be overwhelmingly against ratification of the Washington Treaty. Events fortunately proved him wrong, but it is common knowledge that only the personal intervention of M. Poincaré — who recognized the far-reaching issues involved — saved the Treaty from being cast ignominiously into the discard by an adverse vote in Chamber and Senate.

Since influential French writers continue to assail the Treaty on the ground of its alleged injury to the material interests of France, it may be as well to present briefly the other side of the case; and here the writer ventures to quote some remarks he penned in

December 1923, nothing having occurred in the interval to modify the thesis then presented.

'In view of the generous provision she has recently made for sea defense, it is not easy to see why France should affect to be so perturbed by Italian efforts in the same direction. France, so far from losing ground as against her Italian neighbor, will soon be in a much stronger position than she is at present. Moreover, unless the large expansion of her torpedo and submarine flotillas is offset by a corresponding increase in the light forces of other navies, she will have effected a considerable improvement in her relative standing toward all other foreign naval powers. French criticisms of the Washington Treaty are therefore difficult to comprehend. One thing is quite certain: but for that Treaty, and the consequent scrapping of so many tremendous battleships abroad, France would now be occupying an almost negligible place in the naval hierarchy. Furthermore, the Treaty has greatly enhanced the relative value of those cruisers and other light forces which are all that France, on her own admission, can afford to build. In sober fact, the Treaty has been a boon to France. Since she appears to have lost faith in the battleship and, in any case, had no intention of building more of these ships for the time being, the adoption of a common ratio of capital ship tonnage for her and Italy can have no practical effect on her future naval position. France might have had reason to complain of the Treaty had it involved the limitation of all types of fighting ships, but, in fact, it leaves her free to build an unlimited number of the very types which she believes to be most useful for her purpose.'

At an early stage of the Washington parley the French delegates found themselves at variance with their British colleagues. The latter, having proposed the total abolition of submarines, failed to win support from any quarter, and this rebuff appears to have rankled, for the French claim to an allotment of 90,000 tons of submarines was opposed by them with what now seems to have been unnecessary heat. Once more, however, we must remember the peculiar reasons which Britain had for detesting the submarine and all its works — reasons dictated partly, but not wholly, by self-interest. When Lord Lee and Mr. — now Lord — Balfour protested so vigorously against the perpetuation of this weapon, they were not thinking solely of its power to wound their own country. To them, as to many other thoughtful people, in the United States as well as in Britain, the submarine had become the symbol of organized barbarism and brutality, and it may be that they spoke as much from the heart as from the head. No doubt their denunciation went too far. In denying all legitimate military value to the submarine they did violence to acknowledged facts. That undersea craft are capable of most useful service, when employed in a strictly lawful manner, is attested by war experience. To mention but one example: the British watch on the North Sea was rendered possible only by the cordon of submarine scouts which lay off the German coast and gave warning by radio of every hostile naval movement. No other type of vessel could have performed this work with equal efficiency.

But if the British case against the submarine was overstated, it is to be feared that M. Sarraut and Admiral de Bon, in behalf of France, failed to make sufficiently clear their motive in demanding so large a ratio of submarine tonnage.

Mr. Balfour asked: —

How are French assurances consistent with the building of this huge mass of submarines, which anybody who looked at the matter from a strategical and tactical point of view would certainly say, from the very geographical situation, was built against Great Britain? Men will inevitably ask themselves, What is the ultimate end underlying all that is being done? Against whom is this submarine fleet being built? What purpose is it to serve? What danger to France is it intended to ward off? I know no satisfactory answer to such questions.

France, however, could not be persuaded into modifying her claim, and as Great Britain, in these circumstances, naturally declined to limit her production of antisubmarine vessels, the whole scheme of regulating the so-called auxiliary fleets fell to the ground.

Proof that the French interest in submarines was not merely academic was soon forthcoming. Less than six weeks after the Washington Conference had ended, the Paris Chambers adopted a provisional shipbuilding programme in which undersea craft occupied a prominent place. In the course of the debate on this measure M. de Kerguezec, now speaking as president of the Senate naval committee, expressed great satisfaction that the Conference had set no limit on the building of submarines, and declared, with the tacit approval of Ministers, that French naval policy would not be changed. 'It is necessary,' he added, 'for France to have her hands free to pursue a foreign policy suitable to her greatness and her dignity. We must not abandon our destinies to anybody, not even to our dearest allies.' At the same time, both M. de Kerguezec and the Minister of Marine insisted that French submarines must 'act in conformity with the laws of honor and humanity.' No reference was made to the British view, expressed at Washington, that with submarines once let loose to attack merchantmen it is incredible in the stress of war that their powers will not be abused in the future as they were so grossly abused in the past.

III

The programme approved on March 17, 1922, has since been amplified to cover French naval requirements for a period of several years. The project is divided into two sections, and it was announced in January 1924 that the building of vessels authorized under the second half would be accelerated, with a view to having them all in commission by 1931 at the latest. For the sake of clarity the main provisions of the scheme are tabulated below: —

First Section

3 cruisers of 8000 tons
6 flotilla leaders of 2400 tons
12 destroyers of 1400 tons
12 submarines of 600 to 1148 tons
1 aircraft carrier

All these vessels are now completing, and should be ready for service at the end of this year.

Second Section

6 cruisers of 10,000 tons
15 flotilla leaders of 2400 tons
24 destroyers of 1400 tons
2 submersible cruisers of 3000 tons
30 submarines of 1385 tons
7 submarine mine-layers of 600 to 1300 tons
2 surface mine-layers

These vessels are to be completed by December 1931.

Such, then, is the new fleet that will be under the French flag seven years hence. It is not a high-sea fleet in the broad meaning of the term. Save for the cruisers and the larger submarines, it is composed of vessels that would be most formidable in the comparatively confined waters of the Mediterranean, though hardly less so in the English Channel. For overseas warfare they would not be so effective. France is

therefore entitled to claim that her new naval policy is essentially defensive. But the line of demarcation between offensive and defensive warfare at sea, never clearly drawn, has long ceased to be visible. If France were fighting Great Britain, she would doubtless consider herself to be acting on the defensive if her cruisers, destroyers, and submarines attacked British shipping wherever it could be found. Could a submarine, issuing forth from Cherbourg to sink a British ship twenty miles offshore, be regarded as engaging in defensive action, if a larger boat, doing the same thing a thousand miles out at sea, were adjudged to be taking the offensive? Size is no longer a guide to the potentiality of a war vessel. Most of the German cruisers that played havoc with British trade in the early part of the World War were ships of less than 5000 tons, and four fifths of the shipping lost in the U-boat campaign was sent to the bottom by boats of 900 tons or less.

In fact, there is scarcely one of the 120 vessels named in the French building programme that could not, under favorable conditions, act effectively as a destroyer of commerce.

No rational person supposes that the destruction of British commerce is the sole, or even the cardinal, aim of French naval strategy, despite its traditional leaning toward the *guerre de course*. But it would be futile to deny the existence of a certain uneasiness at the large number of submarines included in the programme. Irrespective of the new boats, France already possesses about forty-five submarines, of which more than half will retain their efficiency for a considerable time to come. This means that the completion of her building scheme will find France possessed of more than seventy effective submarines, and Great Britain does not forget that Germany began the World War with less than thirty submarines.

Parisian writers continue to deride the 'morbid fears' entertained by their cross-Channel neighbors on the subject of French naval activity, and are indignant at 'the implication that France is preparing to emulate the misdeeds of German U-boat commanders at the expense of British shipping.' There is, they maintain, no vestige of excuse for 'this willful misunderstanding of French naval policy.' One can only reply that British misgivings arise from the published statements of eminent French strategists, to say nothing of the less responsible opinions which the French press has voiced since the war. It is they who have reminded us, with ill-concealed pride, that the methods of sea 'frightfulness' practised by Germany were first recommended by French naval officers, and were, indeed, strictly in accord with the doctrines preached by the *Jeune École*, of which the French Admiral Aube was the founder. More than this, one of the ablest of present-day French naval critics has declared the Germans to have been 'absolutely right' in employing the submarine as they did. French statesmen, it is true, have deprecated the use of submarines in such a way as to transgress the law of humanity; but we know from bitter experience that in time of war the fighting men are prone to follow their own devices. The consistent opposition of the German military power could not restrain the German military authorities from adopting ruthless submarine warfare in its extreme form. Consequently, when we find French naval experts of weight and standing openly praising the submarine as the one weapon capable of striking deadly blows at Britain's naval power, and

when we also see France developing this weapon on a most formidable scale, it is inevitable that certain conclusions should be drawn of a nature not calculated to promote amicable relations between the two countries.

So much has been heard lately of the doctrines of the Jeune École that it may be useful to quote from the writings of Admiral Aube, who founded this school of progressive naval thought in the eighties of the last century. It should be interpolated that the Jeune École waged war on the battleship, arguing that, since France could never hope to compete with wealthy Britain in the building of costly ironclads, she should devote all her resources to the production of smaller, cheaper, but deadlier craft, whose very multiplicity would render the seas unsafe for the mastodon. Under the impulse of this teaching, France, in the closing decades of the century, spent most of her energy in building squadrons of cruisers and veritable swarms of torpedo boats, all of which speedily became obsolete. In the end she found herself weaker at sea than before, notwithstanding a lavish outlay on construction, and but for the coming of the submarine and the airplane the Jeune École would have been hopelessly discredited. To-day, however, this school is again in the ascendant, and if Admiral Aube were still alive he would be the first to give his benediction to a building programme which reflects so faithfully his views on naval strategy.

Dealing with the 'next war' with Britain, Admiral Aube wrote:—

> All of England's littoral towns, fortified and unfortified, whether purely peace establishments or warlike, will be burned or pitilessly ransomed by cruisers of great speed and power. In any future war France will come down from the heights of the cloudy sentimentality which has created that monstrous association of words, *rights* of war, and her attack on every source of English riches will become not only legitimate but obligatory.

Elsewhere he wrote:—

> To-morrow war breaks out; a torpedo boat has sighted one of those ocean steamers freighted with a cargo of greater value than that of the richest galleons of Spain. The torpedo boat will follow at a distance, keeping out of sight, and when night comes on will, unobserved, close with the steamer and send to the bottom cargo, crew, and passengers, not only without remorse, but proud of the achievement. In every part of the ocean similar atrocities would be seen. Others may protest; for ourselves we accept in these new methods of destruction the developments of that law of progress in which we have a firm faith, and the final result would be to put an end to war altogether.

The fatal, facile doctrine that war can be abolished by intensifying its horrors still persists on the Continent.

Although the name of Captain Castex has figured so often and so prominently in discussions on French naval policy, some uncertainty still exists as to what he has really written on the German submarine campaign. Lord Lee is charged with having misquoted this writer in a discussion at the Washington Conference. But, in truth, the study entitled 'The Synthesis of Submarine Warfare,' which Captain Castex contributed to the official *Revue Maritime* in 1920, what time he was on duty at the Ministry of Marine and as professor of naval strategy at the Naval and War Staff College, is too clear to admit of misconstruction.

Here is one passage, not wrenched arbitrarily from the context, but in keeping with the whole tendency of the article:—

> Submarine warfare has frequently been called 'piracy,' and 'pirates' those who participated in it. These expressions trans-

lated in a weak manner, a little too openly, the feelings which at the time were entertained by most of Germany's foes, the surprise created by this unusual method of warfare, the unreadiness in facing it, powerlessness in regard to it, and anxiety as to its final results. Astonished, taken by surprise, momentarily impotent, anxious, they found nothing better to do than to show their vexation by stamping their feet and calling down abuse upon the evil opponent, who despised the rules of fair play and struck in secret. . . . Before thus attacking the Germans in words we should have remembered that this cruising war, using torpedoes, was, like many other novelties of our planet, the application of a conception most essentially of French origin. Further consideration leads to the admission that the Germans had an absolute right to follow this kind of warfare. Germany had the right, for her cause, to put in action all her means, and to require of her submarine armament the doing of the utmost harm to her enemy. This constituted, as it were, a fencing thrust aimed at the lower part of the body, but a perfectly regular one. The omission of warning previous to torpedo action, which has given rise to so many protests, is not so inadmissible as at first appeared. To this contention the Germans have replied, not without some semblance of right on their part, that they had 'once and for all' warned all ships not to proceed through the dangerous zone.

It is recognized in Britain that Captain Castex speaks for himself, not necessarily for the French Government or the French nation. None the less, his opinions cannot be ignored, and they unquestionably acquire weight from the fact of the author's semi-official position. Is it, then, surprising that the publication of such views, closely followed by the ordering of more than fifty submarines, should have caused many Britons to regard French naval policy with the eye of suspicion? When in addition we see France expanding her air force, which is already supreme in Europe, and legislating for a war reserve of 4800 modern airplanes, the wonder is that British public opinion as a whole remains quite calm in the face of martial preparations that might easily be construed as a direct menace to Great Britain.

IV

In responsible circles, however, France is not credited with aggressive designs against her island neighbor. There, at least, a clear appreciation of her strategical requirements exists. The object of these lavish preparations by sea and air is, first and foremost, to ensure the safety of the sea routes which link France with her vast African domain. During the World War nearly a million troops were brought from Africa to swell the French legions in the field. But for this host of colored levies depopulated France could never have maintained her armies at the requisite strength. As a consequence, reënforcements from Africa now play a highly important part in the scheme of national defense. Every plan of mobilization and strategy framed by the General Staff postulates the punctual arrival on French soil of half a million or more fighting men from North Africa, Senegal, and the Niger. For this reason sea power has for the first time become a dominating factor in French military strategy, and here we discern the reason for that lively interest which Marshal Foch and other eminent soldiers are displaying in the strength and welfare of *l'armée navale.* Upon the safety of the sea routes in time of emergency depends the prompt arrival of those reënforcements from Africa without which France could not bring her army up to war strength. It is with a view to this supreme need of open sea communications that the new shipbuilding programme has been

launched with the full approval of the highest military authorities.

But while all are agreed that command of the Western Mediterranean is a *sine qua non*, many contradictory opinions prevail as to the best method of securing it. For the moment, preference is given to a combination of fast cruisers, well-armed torpedo vessels, submarines, and aircraft, which it is thought would be able to form an impenetrable screen across the sea lanes by which the transports conveying African troops must voyage to France. No hostile battleship, it is argued, could approach this guarded zone without courting certain destruction. On the other hand, there is a dissentient school in the French navy which holds that intruding battleships could not be dealt with so easily, and should be met by French ships of equal power. So far, however, this view has not been accepted.

It is, in the writer's judgment, no more than a regrettable coincidence that the material by which France hopes to guard her vital line of communication with Africa should be precisely that which she could use with maximum effect in a war with Great Britain. But the coincidence is not at all remarkable when we look into it more closely. Since cruisers and their lighter satellites are cheaper than dreadnoughts, it is natural that they should appeal to a country such as France, whose coffers are by no means bursting with gold. Furthermore, these light vessels, both surface and submersible, may really possess, collectively, a higher tactical value for Mediterranean warfare than a fleet of dreadnoughts. That the majority of them would make very efficient commerce-destroyers is true, but beyond the writings of Captain Castex and a few other publicists of his way of thinking there is nowhere an atom of proof, or even of suggestion, that the current French programme was drawn up with any special reference to Great Britain. So far, at all events, it has had no marked reaction on British naval policy, from which one may infer that its true significance is not misunderstood in London.

Frenchmen, on their part, have taken an equally rational and objective view of the present concentration of British naval force in the Mediterranean. Within the past few months the strength of the British fleet in those waters has been practically doubled. At Malta are now assembled eight first-class battleships, two cruiser squadrons, two airplane-carriers, many destroyers, and a flotilla of submarines, comprising an armament which equals — if it does not surpass — in power the entire French navy as at present constituted. The presence of this immense fleet so close to her shores, and its obvious ability to menace the trans-Mediterranean routes that are vital to her safety, does not appear to have excited misgiving in France. Indeed, the calm and sensible tone in which the French newspapers, with a few insignificant exceptions, have discussed the matter is an assurance that Anglo-French relations are, at bottom, more amicable than superficial observers might infer. It is well known in France that the gravitation of British naval strength toward the East is influenced by considerations which have nothing to do with European politics. They are inspired by the same motives which have led the Conservative Government to proceed with the development of Singapore as a great naval base. Ever since the war the attention of British strategists has been focused on the Pacific, and the choice of Malta as the headquarters of their strongest fleet has a purely fortuitous bearing on the European balance of power.

In conclusion, a few notes on the future composition of the French navy may be of interest. It is weakest in capital ships, for the six modern vessels of this type under the Tricolor are all of pre-war design, and do not compare favorably with the newest units of the British or American battle fleet. At best they serve as a stiffening to the lighter craft, which represent the real spearhead of the navy. The former German cruisers now embodied in the French fleet are mostly obsolete, and not more than three will remain effective when the new ships are completed. By 1931, therefore, France will have a squadron of twelve cruisers, six being of the powerful 10,000-ton type, armed with 8-inch guns, as permitted by the Washington Treaty. She will have, besides, approximately one hundred destroyers, including twenty-seven which in tonnage and gun-power are equal to small cruisers. More than half the total of one hundred boats will be armed with 5.1-inch guns, a battery that would enable them to make short work of any destroyer afloat to-day. By the same date she will possess at least seventy submarines, without reckoning boats which may be scrapped in the interim on account of age and deterioration. With few exceptions, these submarines will be of the long-range, ocean-going type. It is noticeable, also, that the destroyers are to have a radius of 3000 miles.

Concurrently with the building of this new material, numerous reforms have been instituted in the governance and personnel of the navy. No difficulty is foreseen in manning the new fleet with officers and men of the best quality. Naval bases in the Channel, the Mediterranean, and along the African littoral are being modernized and equipped with new defenses. The active fleet frequently engages in manœuvres at sea, and nothing is left undone to promote efficiency in gun and torpedo practice.

In fine, the modern French navy aspires to, and probably has reached, a far higher standard of preparedness for war than was deemed necessary in 1914. In all this we can detect the exhilarating influence of army patronage, which was never extended in pre-war days. Almost for the first time in the annals of France, the prestige hitherto monopolized by the soldiers as the true defenders of *la Patrie* is now shared in equal measure by the sailors. From now onward the French navy is destined to count as a weighty factor in world politics.

TOWARD PEACE

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. À COURT REPINGTON

I

It is possible that our American friends may care to hear, from one who is quite independent of official pressure and suggestion, how Europe is getting on without American official help, and whether we have made any progress of late in that pacification which is certainly a very ardent desire on the part of most people, however strange and occasionally absurd may be some of the methods to which we have had to resort in order to attain our purposes.

I think that we may expect the sympathy, at least, of a great body of opinion in the United States, for, without complaining of the action of your country after the war, all the world knows that the reversal of the American undertaking to go bail for French security after the Peace has been the main reason for the very great difficulties which we have encountered in putting Europe on its legs again. On the other hand, we have had the active sympathy and the very valuable help of several American citizens who have taken a prominent if unofficial part in reconstruction, and their names, at least, will always be remembered with gratitude by this generation and will assuredly be greatly honored by the historians of the future.

The London Conference of 1924 is certainly a landmark in the reconstruction of Europe. France and England had to settle their differences and to agree upon a common policy before anything serious could be effected. If that was done it was primarily thanks to the Dawes Plan, and next to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and M. Herriot, the Prime Ministers of England and France, who, by mutual concessions, created an atmosphere which permitted the great work of pacification seriously to be begun.

Europe owes a debt to these two Prime Ministers for having determined that the long wrangle over Reparations should cease. Possibly M. Herriot made the greatest sacrifices because France had been so long convinced that the Ruhr sanctions would succeed. That they had some influence upon German resolutions must be admitted, but M. Poincaré missed a chance of coming out of the business with a certain amount of glory when he failed to seize the chance offered by the cessation of active opposition on the part of the Germans. He made no use of that moment, and in the end the patience of the French became exhausted. They put out the Bloc National, and returned a party of the Left to power.

This very great change represented a real reversal of French sentiments, which was not immediately recognized in England. France had grown tired of isolation; she had been disturbed by the condition of her state finances; she had come to regard a militarist policy with aversion; and with some dread she remembered that she was up against a nation of sixty millions who were constantly increasing, while the birth rate

of France showed no signs of improving. The French people decided that they had taken the wrong road and would follow M. Poincaré no longer. They decided that their best course was to revive the Entente Cordiale with England, and for this purpose they were prepared to make terms which would enable our two people to work together. That was the instruction which the French general election of 1924 gave to the Herriot Government when it assumed office, and M. Herriot carried it out when he made terms with us at the London Conference.

Before indicating the possibilities of the revival of a real Entente Cordiale I must refer to what followed in September during the fifth meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations. The League has many merits and some defects. No one should wish idealism to be banned from a world that has little enough of it, but in the realm of practical affairs idealism must be kept within bounds. The worst thing about the League is that the majority of its members appear to be idealists. All applaud each other's speeches in the Assembly and form a mutual admiration society in which each tries to cap the idealism of the last speaker, and to go one better. Upon this most unworldly, enthusiastic, and devoted band there descended three representatives of our late Labor Government, with the firm and fixed determination that they would strike a deadly blow at war.

The plan was simple. Establish first of all that arbitration should be compulsory. Accept next that compulsory arbitration provides security. Conclude that security permits disarmament, and the thing is done. So it would be if the premises were right — but they happen to be wrong. Compulsory arbitration has many warm admirers, and aforetime I have been permitted to advocate it in the *Atlantic Monthly*, hoping that the United States would take the lead in it. If we have arbitration as a law of the world in disputes between Powers, then it must be compulsory, because if these Powers are permitted to claim that honor or vital interests prevent them from arbitrating, then the whole virtue of arbitration falls to the ground. It was a great point gained at Geneva that arbitration should be compulsory, and even if the present form of the Protocol disappears it will be necessary to return to the principle of compulsory arbitration.

With this was coupled the excellent American suggestion that the aggressor in a dispute should be the Power that refused to arbitrate. That was a slightly rough-and-ready but still a Solomon-like means of identifying the Power that was in the wrong. Such Power was then to be banned with bell, book, and candle, and all the mighty powers of the League were to be directed against him. That sounded all right till we looked into the matter, when we found that the League could not move a ship, an aeroplane, or a man, for the excellent reason that it had no military forces at its disposal. The League, in short, could only recommend certain action to the Leaguers, but each separate Power became the judge of what it should do. The aggressor might find the world ready to move all its armies and fleets against him, or it might not. Certainly no country would be in a hurry to attack a previously friendly country, and in fact the possibly complete powerlessness of the League jumped to their eyes. In spite of this, the idealists and others, led if not driven by our Labor men, said, 'Here is your security,' and proceeded to call a disarmament conference for June 1925. Nay, more — it was artfully contrived, in order to

keep everybody in line, that if the disarmament conference failed the whole of the Protocol should be scrapped. It was artful, because there was much good in the Protocol, and many if not all the States represented at Geneva desired to keep the good things. I can only believe that France and a few followers swallowed the Protocol holus-bolus because they wanted to keep in with England; for certainly few Frenchmen approve of the proposed conference of next June.

The fact was that no real security was offered by the League to a country which disarmed, and that consequently no country could disarm. If we all disarmed how could we keep an aggressor in order? Disarmament is not a plank of the League Convention. What the Convention lays down in Article VIII is that each Power should reduce its armaments 'to the minimum compatible with national security,' and that is a perfectly sound and reasonable provision to which no exception can be taken. In this case each State preserves its sovereign rights, and is not bound to enlarge or reduce its forces according to some arbitrary scale arranged by the League. An artificial scale for the reduction of armaments is a wholly impracticable proposition. No one ever has found or ever will find a formula for reducing the world's armaments in an equitable manner. I sat on a Peace Conference at The Hague in 1899, when we attempted to square this circle and hopelessly failed. Even supposing that we were all idealists, and all disarmed, the strongest Power would be the one with the largest population and with the most complete industrial equipment which could rapidly be diverted to the manufacture of war material.

The Japanese threw a bomb among the idealists at the close of the session, when everybody wanted to get away. The injury done was patched up by phrases which may mean anything or nothing. If they mean that the Japanese may break the written or unwritten laws of the United States and the British Dominions respecting the yellow races, then the phrases are useless, for everyone knows that neither the United States nor the British Dominions will admit any claim of the sort without war, nor will care a hang for any arbitral decision which may order them to do so. If the phrases do not mean this, what do they mean? The immediate effect of the Japanese amendments, as finally drafted, has made it impracticable for us to sign the Protocol until the Dominions have been consulted.

But this particular issue is not the only reason why the Protocol must be amended. The disarmament conference of next June is not honestly acceptable to any leading nation. It is founded on a complete illusion; and no one will be more relieved than the French when they learn that the conference is postponed *sine die*. On the other hand, much of the Protocol is good and worth preserving, and our Conservative Government certainly hopes to preserve it when all the unreasonable things have been taken out of it.

Disarmament and even reduction of armaments cannot come in a hurry or by the fiat of any League or Super-State that may arise. If a means for arbitrating compulsorily be accepted by the world, and a long course of a few score years demonstrates that the plan works, and succeeds in the difficult cases and against great Powers, then it is conceivable that, little by little, armaments will fall for the simple reason that there is no employment for them. A century of peace may not be too long for a trial of the perfected League system; and in the mean-

time the best thing to do is to perfect the League and not to destroy it by visionary proposals.

II

Americans who are anti-Leaguers may well smile when they see what a morass the idealists have led us into at Geneva, but human beings commit follies at all times, well-intentioned ones as well as others, and our present business is to revise the Protocol on the first occasion open to us and to bring ourselves back to the world of realities. No doubt this will be done, and when it is done the Geneva Protocol will stand and may prove a benefit to the world. If there are no new principles in the Protocol or in a revised Protocol there will be better definition of the Covenant, and that is something. Our Labor men tried to disarm the world by a coup de main. They have failed, and the sooner we get back to common-sense arrangements the better for the world. Does any American believe that, had an American been a member of the League, these follies would have been perpetrated?

Meantime Europe has to look after itself and is doing so by a system of regional accords that are considered a much better protection than the shadowy forces of the League of Nations. Many of us here wish to see a regional accord of a purely defensive character arranged between England, France, and Belgium, designed to enable us to combine in case of attack upon our European territory, and strictly regional in its scope. We want it because there is at present no security for France and Belgium on their eastern frontiers, and because we cannot permit that a hostile Power should again overrun Belgium and northeastern France. It is true that Germany has been to a large extent disarmed, and that the French army is still strong, but the weight of Germany's sixty millions, the constant proofs which we receive that a gigantic system of camouflage is in operation to renew German effective armaments, and the hostile attitude of German Nationalists, make it necessary for us three States to come together, and to prepare plans, and to guard against the contingency of surprise.

An account of this German camouflage has recently been given to our public by Brigadier-General Morgan in the *Quarterly Review* for October last, and from many other sources confirmatory evidence comes in that Germany is continuously endeavoring to repeat the methods by which Prussia jockeyed Napoleon between the years 1806 and 1813. Many of us feel that we cannot allow this practice to continue any longer without precautions, and we hope that these precautions, which, if adopted, will certainly be of a purely defensive character, may help to arrest Germany in a dangerous course of action and keep her within bounds. At present no arrangements whatsoever have been made by the old Allies for conjoint action in case of danger, nor can there be until the signature of a triple accord enables the respective staffs to set to work.

It is needless to say that, if this course is taken, it will be because the Anglo-American guaranty of France failed, for reasons which every American knows, and because, whatever may be the relative strength of the responsible forces to-day, they may not have the same relation in future. France herself is reducing the service of her annual contingent to one year, and it goes without saying that her army will be less good and more costly. In fact, Europe appears to be tending toward the armies of the old professional stamp. We have this system, of

course, on account of the numerous garrisons overseas, inclusive of India, that we have to keep up, and Germany has a professional army under the Treaty of Versailles. The armies of the immediate future look like becoming militia with a strong permanent cadre; but what changes these new armies will eventually entail in the conduct of war cannot, for the moment, be assessed.

Many of us are dissatisfied about this situation. Belgium no longer possesses the shield — or rather the supposed shield — of neutrality and inviolability, and the provision of Article XXXI of the Treaty that there should be a convention between the Allies on the one part and Belgium and the Netherlands on the other, to which convention Germany agreed in advance to adhere, has never been carried into effect. We have all been too busily engaged in wrangling over imaginary reparations to bother about this convention, and it is high time that it were drafted and signed. Historically, England is mainly responsible for the existence of modern Belgium, since English statesmanship, from 1814 to 1839, took the lead in effecting the arrangement which ultimately left Belgium in that position of neutrality and inviolability which she occupied until international law was broken by the Germans, under the plea of military necessity, in August 1914.

The neutral position of Belgium was naturally abrogated by this greatest of modern international crimes, for it had proved a lure to lead Belgium to her ruin. Something has to replace it; and it is not creditable to us that the situation of Belgium has not been defined as the Treaty foreshadowed. Belgium indeed made a military alliance with France in 1920, but it must be accounted an imperfect safeguard, for either Power can get out of it when the pinch comes.

III

That was the position when the Conservative Government won its greatest triumph on October 29 last, and those of us who had been watching the situation carefully asked ourselves what should be done. I thought it advisable to run over to France and Belgium last October to consult the leading statesmen of those countries, for it was evident that it would be useless to make suggestions to which all three Powers could not agree. It did not take long to find out that all the leading statesmen in France and Belgium were very anxious about the position, and that all whom I consulted, whether they were in the Governments or out of them, were of opinion that only an Anglo-French-Belgian accord could secure peace. By this was meant a mutual agreement to protect each other's European territories, whenever and by whomsoever they were attacked. The arrangement desired was strictly defensive and purely regional in its scope.

It was a considerable obligation for us to assume, but after turning the whole thing over I thought that we should assume it. Belgium was an old protégé of ours; we had been her friend and protector for a century. France was our ally of the war time, and we could not afford to see these two countries overwhelmed when Germany recovered her strength. Nor could we afford to find these countries hostile territory if Germany beat them. It was plain to me that we could not keep out of such war if it arose, and it therefore seemed a more prudent course to make due preparations in advance than to allow ourselves once more to be surprised. All the foreign statesmen told me that nothing but such accord would secure a lasting peace, and most of them hoped that the signature of such

a document would induce Germany to abandon the idea of a war of revenge, which idea not only existed but was growing in intensity.

So I gave the whole argument in the *Daily Telegraph* of November 12, 13, 20, and 24, and was supported by two editorial leaders of great weight and authority. All these articles have been extensively translated by the press of France and Belgium, and have, in some papers abroad, been given verbatim. It is known that Mr. Baldwin's Government in England is ready to give attention to the security of our two neighbors, but as I write I cannot tell what the decision of our Government will be. We have caused to be postponed the consideration of the disarmament conference, but until conversations and negotiations have ensued between us and the Franco-Belgians no one can say exactly what will be done.

My view is that Germany would never have broken loose in 1914 had she been aware that she would find England across her path, and had the fact been clearly stated to her. That would be a serious reflection on our Government were it not the case, as everyone is now aware, that our Cabinet of 1914 was not united until Germany broke the Treaties of 1839 and violated Belgian neutrality. It was then too late to check the fatal march of the German armies; but at least, if we cannot recall that fatal indecision or all the horrors of the World War, we can make clear to Germany now that we are not going to repeat the error, and that we shall resist her with all our might if her Nationalists lead her into fresh adventures.

We want peace, and the old adage, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*, holds good despite the League and Geneva. We can even say that we are equally following the Pacifist version, '*Si vis pacem, para pacem*,' for that we should be doing too. The Germans are a strong and combative people who have never acknowledged any law but that of force. It is no good preaching peace to the Germans. Their cherished armies and navies have been beaten. They are unable to forget or forgive, and unless they are fooling themselves as well as us they mean to wage a war of revenge at the first favorable moment. I do not imagine that the moment is very near, but opinions differ rather upon the exact number of years than upon the intention. We have no illusions left respecting Germany, and since the policy of fulfillment practically ended when Dr. Wirth was upset, we have ceased to worry about the question whether Germany intends to be a good European or not. On all the evidence she means to break out again when she can, and everything in her military history and present policy points to no other conclusion.

IV

In what way can the United States help in averting another war? Let me recall my old argument of 1921 in this magazine, and repeat that the restoration of European currencies — not ours — on the basis of the redistribution of gold is not only the best thing to do for the nations which are suffering from the evil, but the best thing for England and the United States. We two are in much the same position respecting foreign labor: namely, that we are undercut by the relatively cheap labor of our competitors. A combined movement of the United States and England to restore the currencies would succeed, but so long as we look on and do nothing the present disadvantages to our respective trade

will continue. The efforts of some recent minor endeavors in this direction have been crowned with success, and it is evident that a larger scheme has at least as good a chance of succeeding. It is the inevitable step that must be taken before we can all settle down to business again and see our industries flourish.

But this is certainly not all. Not without fidgeting can an American look at the list of members of the League and remember that the team of dissidents includes the United States, Russia, Mexico, and Turkey, and that eighteen American Powers are members of the League. In the American team of dissidents are three Powers which cannot be called progressive except by a misuse of words. We need America badly at Geneva, but as she stands out we are learning to get on as best we can without her. Her presence and power at Geneva, if she came in, would be immense and wholly salutary. We should not have such mistakes as were embodied in the Geneva Protocol had the United States been represented at the fifth Assembly of the League. We need the moral force and sterling common-sense for which the United States stands to be voiced at the League Meetings, and until these forces are represented Geneva will take ten times as long as otherwise to complete its work, if indeed it can ever do so.

But there it is. The United States will not lend her official countenance to the proceedings, however much she may take part in the work by more or less elusive, evasive, and private effort; and so we go on, postponing to the Greek kalends any real result from what is, in origin, an American conception. But there are eminent statesmen in Europe who hope that the Pacific agreements, signed at Washington, the European accords that have been or may be signed as temporary safeguards and alleviations, and the Convention itself may in time be joined together in a world policy of peace, dominated not by idealism alone, but by men of affairs with a practical sense of the realities of things.

It is no good denying that if the United States aids in this great work, and more particularly if she takes a lead in it, all our difficulties would vanish, and the present generations of Americans would not be described by future historians as a people who cared much for their rights and little for their duties toward humanity at large. History rightly associates power with responsibility, and though we know — or think we know — that the outlook of Americans is essentially the same as ours, we still regret that, in the hardest part of our still unfinished task of the World War, we are left to bear a burden and a responsibility incurred by all the Allied and Associated Powers of the war years.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A DOWNCAST UPLIFTER

Do reformers, I wonder, ever feel regret for the evils they have abolished? Did Saint George, in his later years, come to speak of the dragon with a hint of affection in his tone? I am prompted to ask because I have recently gazed, with wistful memories awaked, upon the graves of things I had my humble share in killing — and slaughtered with a will. These graves were large steel filing-cabinet drawers, ranged along one side of a spacious room devoted to the sale of plays to amateurs. The firm name on the outer door is a famous one, and has been famous for two or three generations. This firm published plays for amateurs when your father and mine were young. And in these steel drawers, deep at the bottoms, were the plays it published then. They, however, caused me no wistful regrets. But on top, piled rank on rank, were the plays the firm published when *I* was young, and at sight of them I sorrowed, sorrowed for what I had helped to slay. Nor do I mean that I helped to slay them by acting in them, for I was an excellent actor, being applauded by all the Congregationalists in the audience as well as by the people of my own church. I was not at all like the amateur who once acted *Hamlet* at Wallack's Theatre in New York because, he announced, he wished a verdict. 'And,' wrote one of the critics, 'he shall have it: Murder in the first degree.' No, I helped to slay them by joining in the modern theatrical renaissance, and preaching from coast to coast the gospel of better plays.

Now, as I stood before an opened grave, — I mean drawer, — I saw what I had done. Here were the plays my childhood and youth knew so well, buried deep in steel, so seldom asked for, the clerk informed me, that many of them would not be reprinted when the stock was exhausted; while over them, brazenly displayed on open shelves, in all the pride of starched covers, were whole battalions of dramas fresh from the professional playhouse, subtle comedies from Europe, farces by Clare Kummer, melodramas difficult to mount, delicate fantasies, Socialistic satires, racy American genre-plays like those by Ade and Craven and Forbes — anything, in fact, which the professionals dare try. These are what the amateurs are now buying. Even as I gazed, the clerk sold to a schoolboy twelve copies of *The Dover Road*, and to the representative of an amateur dramatic club fourteen copies of *Only 38*, and quoted the royalty on *Pomander Walk* and *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. (Times have changed indeed, thought I, when amateurs consider paying the royalty!)

All of which, of course, is as it should be — and as for twenty years I have been trying, so far as in me lay, to make it. I ought to have rejoiced and been exceeding glad. But I was n't. I shed a tear into the dusty drawer. And the tear fell on a copy of *A Pair of Lunatics* — which was why I shed it.

What, I wonder, has become of my fellow lunatic? She must now be — but no matter; she probably does n't admit it. She was very beautiful, and had been told that she could act. Some charity at the Maine resort where we were that summer needed

money, and we needed an opportunity for what would now be called 'self-expression'; so we sent to this same firm for two copies of *A Pair of Lunatics*, and presented it at the Casino, as our share in the entertainment. Do you remember the silly thing? A man and a girl have each called at an asylum for the insane, and each mistakes the other for an inmate. The play, perhaps, is well devised for amateurs, because each player is called upon to act like a lunatic. The efforts of my fair companion and myself, I know, must have been highly successful, for we were greeted with howls of appreciative delight, and after the curtain fell I had to lead her before it by the hand — almost as sweet a reward as the applause! Our services were thereafter in much demand, and we repeated our impersonations up and down the Maine coast, affording much innocent merriment and greatly enriching the local charities. Do any amateurs have such success with *The Truth About Blaydes?* Bah!

Then there was *Mr. Bob.* I don't remember much about *Mr. Bob*, except that, as the juvenile lead, I had to go off-stage at the command of my aunt and bring back a kitten, and that on page 19 I had to kiss said aunt. As my aunt was, in private life, a somewhat shy but extremely presentable young female of my own age, — which, as I recall, was about eighteen, — the rehearsals always became brisker near the bottom of page 18, the rest of the cast gathering in the wings to watch and to criticize our technique. On the night of the performance we heard many appreciative murmurs from the audience, even, indeed, the then equivalent of 'Attaboy!' It is to be feared we had not so far roused illusion in our house that they were insensible to our off-stage personalities! It is to be feared, of course, that there was nothing in the direction we received — or the lack of it — or in the play itself to rouse true illusion even in us, let alone in the audience. A modern amateur director who allowed his cast for one moment to consider a stage kiss as anything but a stage kiss is quite inconceivable. Besides, his cast would all be too busy with the problems of their Art. But what a lot of fun they are missing!

Years later I put on a play for the high-school boys and girls in a somewhat rural community. By that time I was working for the uplift. They wanted to do 'something funny,' but I insisted on *Riders to the Sea.* I had in my cast two Irish girls of rather exceptional sensitiveness, even for Irish girls, and to this day I can hear the cry one of them sent keening through the Town Hall — 'It's Michael, Nora!' — as she recognized the garments of her drowned brother. She certainly inspired that spinal shiver which Billy Phelps says is the test of great acting. Two servant-maids in the audience went home weeping. Other Celts in the town declared the play libeled their race. There were ugly murmurs regarding my status as a citizen. I began to realize that, at the beginning, a little art goes a long way, or, as Sam Bernard used better to phrase it, 'Too much is enough.'

How different it was before the Abbey Theatre had begun the uplift by furnishing masterpieces for amateurs, royalty free! Then we always did do 'something funny.' We consulted the catalogue of plays for amateurs, knowing little and caring less about plays for professionals, and selected according to the available talent in our school or church or club. '*Obadiah Slick, or Love Finds a Way* — comedy in 3 acts. Characters, 5m., 6f. Comedy of rural life; young couple fool miserly and cranky old father; excellent barn-

dance scene, may be expanded *ad lib.* Full of laughs. Plays 2h.'

'Fine!' we cried. 'Dan Sanborn can play the old man. He's awful funny when he puts on whiskers and talks through his nose. And we can bring in some real hay for the barn dance, and have a cart wheel sticking out from the wings.' 'Who's going to play the lovers?' 'Aw, no, not Jim and Florence; gee, *that* would n't take any acting!' Whereupon Jim and Florence registered embarrassment, and our fun began. We did n't take our Art seriously. We did n't know it was Art.

And, of course, it was n't.

Just to-day, after my shed tear had prompted me to plan this little plaint, I received a circular from the —— Players, the omitted name being that of a famous New England rural town. Last year, I read, they made a most successful production of *The Countess Kathleen*, much praised for its beauty of setting and its light-effects. As a climax to the present season, the club is planning an even more ambitious undertaking. They are going to produce *The Merchant of Venice*, playing the entire text, uncut and untransposed. A week ago I should have cried 'Splendid!' But to-day I shed another tear. I shed a tear for a play buried too deep, I fear, in one of those steel drawers ever to be found again, a play which in my boyhood would have been — nay, was — the crowning achievement of the winter's community theatricals — *The District School* — or was it spelled 'Skule'?

This dramatic masterpiece was, in my day, almost a Yankee *commedia del arte*. On a framework of dialogue and situation supplied by the printed text, the men, women, and children taking part hung whatever adornments they could supply of impromptu comedy. The leading female spirit in the community was the teacher, and all the rest of the cast were pupils, the men dressed as boys, the women as girls — so far as propriety permitted. Propriety, however, was assisted by trips to the attic and the discovery in old trunks of voluminous pantalettes. Deacon Sims sat in the corner wearing a dunce cap. Benny Manning, who was six feet four, and weighed 240 pounds, got a whipping. Spitballs hurtled through the air. Pigtails were pulled. But the great moment came when Tom Atkinson — he was Town Clerk and Assessor, and something of a humorist — was sent to the blackboard to take dictation. All the other pupils ceased their individual improvisations and watched. The entire attention of the vast audience was concentrated on Tom and teacher. Grasping a piece of chalk in upraised hand, Tom listened to the crisp sentence from teacher's desk: —

'There is a worm. Do not tread on it.'

The hand bore down heavily on the board, and the chalk began to leave great white marks, which quickly and unmistakably resolved themselves into the following: —

'There is a warm doughnut. Tread on it.'

Then a rain of spitballs flew suddenly at Tom from all quarters of the schoolroom, teacher raised her threatening ferule, and the vast audience rocked with mirth.

What is there in the ill-tempered plays of G. B. Shaw to compare with such cosmic humor as this? Or even in the plays of Shakespeare?

When you are playing Shaw or Shakespeare, at any rate, you can't be a cut-up. You have to behave according to a disciplined scheme, and your audience will watch you, not as Tom Atkinson cutting up, but as a cog in Shaw's or Shakespeare's machinery of illusion. The result is that both you and your

audience lose something of legitimate delight. Of course I should n't dare to say that both you and they don't gain something vastly more worth while. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, even with *The Merchant of Venice* in the offing, I must pause and shed a tear for *The District School*, for our Yankee commedia del arte, for that warm, immortal doughnut, now trod upon no more.

CANDLELIGHT

My candlelight self was laying the table for tea. I say my candlelight self, because I am not at all the same person by candlelight that I am by day. I assure you that mentally and spiritually, and even physically, I am a different person. Experiment has proved, physiologists will say, that we are actually shorter in the evening than we were in the morning, that our spinal column becomes jolted down by the day's wear and tear. But not all kinds of growth can be measured in terms of inches and centimetres. The physiologist does not take into account the change in my mental attitude and its effect upon other people. I feel taller by candlelight, and therefore I look taller, — for others, after all, take us pretty much at our own valuation, — and so, for all practical purposes, I am taller.

This increase in stature is quite fitting, for it indicates, in some slight degree, the greater growth that has taken place within the mind. With the coming of night and the lighting of candles, my mind has expanded and grown until, like Vergil's *Fama*, I walk with my head in the clouds.

My eyes, too, which are open wider than they were in the morning, speak of the opening of my spirit. Not until the bats awake, it seems, do I really awake. At no time during the day am I so vitally awake as I am in the early evening — the time of candlelight. The increase in my vitality, the quickening of my pulses, shows itself in my heightened color — and candlelight intensifies the color of red.

No wonder that the Sangreal shone gloriously crimson when it appeared to the knights of Arthur, for was it not always accompanied by a 'fair clean candlestick, which bare six great candles'? The mediævals were discerning enough to realize that the beauty of red samite was enhanced by candlelight.

Similarly our personalities are either intensified or subdued by our light. We have been not inaptly called children of light. Bridget who hangs the washing out in the morning and Bridget who brings it in in the evening have different personalities. The white hands and calm eyes of her who comes down the garden path at twilight, her arms filled with fragrant starchiness, are an exterior indication of her transformed spirit.

When the sun goes down, our prosaic workaday selves withdraw — go to roost, as it were, with the stupid hens; and when, in the twilight, the evening primrose opens its pollen-laden blossoms, then our souls open too, and all their golden treasure, which has been invisible during the day, is disclosed to those who have owl's eyes to see it. All day long the bumblebees have been buzzing in the hollyhocks. Noisy bees, gaudy flowers! Our spirits were stupefied by their noise and color. But when the phlox gleams white in the starlight, and the silent-winged moth is astir, then our wilted spirits revive, and their cells grow turgid in the dewy air as do the cells of the plants.

> I was asleep, but my heart waked . . .
> For my head is filled with dew,
> My locks with the drops of the night.

While the sun shines, both plants and men must work and lay up provision against the rainy day. Not until night comes is there time to grow. Growth takes place in both man and herb by the lesser light of stars and moon, and candles.

As for the stars — what are they but the heavenly counterparts of our earthly candles? 'The mystery of the seven stars which thou sawest in my right hand, and the seven golden candlesticks. The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches: and the seven candlesticks are seven churches.' Perhaps the stars have a closer relation to our world than we are wont to believe. Is not the music of the spheres the music of our world as well? And by their harmony are men and beasts and trees attuned to each other. With the coming of the stars there is a fluttering of flowers, birds, and human hearts. When the sun goes down, we who have blinked in its light all day open our eyes as do the owls, or as the primroses open wide their petals. 'The night has a thousand eyes,' and our eyes are of the thousand. Our minds, which have been a pillar of cloud by day, become a pillar of fire by night.

We love our friend, says Cicero, 'quod in eo quasi *lumen* aliquod probitatis et virtutis perspicere videamur,' because in him we seem to see a certain light, as it were, of goodness and worth. 'The Owl and the Pussy-Cat' who went to sea 'in a beautiful pea-green boat' — were they after all such an ill-mated pair? They had, in common, eyes rich in rod cells, eyes adjusted to lights of night. Doubtless, therefore, it was in perfect harmony that they 'danced by the light of the moon.'

Since we are the children of light, and since we seem to require the more subdued lights for growth, in this age of electricity is it any wonder that spiritually we have failed to keep pace with our civilization? We can work at any hour by merely turning on the electric switch. Therefore we take too little time to sit quietly and reflect. We never withdraw long enough from the fray to see life objectively. If our evenings were spent in the dimness of candlelight, so that when night came we had to lay aside the strenuous duties of the day, should we not then have keener sight and grow faster mentally and morally?

What was the secret of spiritual vigor in the Middle Ages? I am wondering how much their light had to do with that strength. The mediæval cloisters were lighted by candles. Thus these religious men of old kept constantly before them the symbol of the spirit: 'I have seen, and behold, a candlestick,' writes Zechariah, 'all of gold, with its bowl upon the top of it, and its seven lamps thereon. . . . And I answered and spake to the angel that talked with me, saying, What are these, my lord? . . . Then he answered and spake unto me, saying, This is the word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.' The mediævals, at least those of them 'who attained,' took these words to heart.

Some such thoughts as these on candlelight — though, of course, less articulate and less well organized — came to my mind as I was laying the supper table for Cousin Jane. As I unfolded the tablecloth and smoothed out its satiny surface in the soft light, I wished earnestly that electricity had never been discovered. If I was guilty of ingratitude that night for our modern conveniences, it ought to be remembered, in justice to me, that it is very easy to feel enthusiasm for the

'good old times' when you are in Cousin Jane's dining-room, because it is such a beautiful old-fashioned room. At night it is irresistible. The white wainscoting and paneling about the fireplace — if these are fair by day, by candlelight they are a dream of loveliness; while the pewter on the dresser glows, at night, with that subdued silvery lustre which is like nothing in the world. I discovered that night the answer to the complaint that early American interiors lacked color. They did not need color — they had light. They had firelight and candlelight, with pewter and brass to reflect it.

Old brass, I have noticed, has a glow that new brass does not have. Its color is a kind of silvery gold — it is less yellow than that we see in the shops to-day. I observed this difference the first time I had slept in Cousin Jane's west chamber. Cousin Jane was passing through the room with a candle in her hand, when suddenly the warming pan in the corner caught the rays of her candle and gleamed with a lustre half silver, half gold. There is an undeniable charm in the old.

As I laid Cousin Jane's spoons on the table, how they gleamed from the white cloth — thin as eggshells they were, with sharply pointed bowls. Those spoons had belonged to our grandmother, a wedding gift from a certain Cousin Phœbe.

Years ago, as my mother — then a little girl — was walking along the country road to school one morning, she met a strange lady, a stately Quakeress, rustling along in drab-colored taffeta. The stranger gazed quietly at the little girl and said, 'Thee looks like thy mother!' That was all. The lady was Cousin Phœbe.

To my yearning for old loveliness was added, that night at Cousin Jane's, my yearning for an old friend. We were expecting Anne. Anne, whose bright hair makes an aureole about her face, is not unlike a candle herself. She was late in coming. The supper had been ready for the last half-hour. Snatches of poetry came to me as I waited.

I saw you as you passed
A hundred times before;
Oh, come you in at last
And close the open door.

Oh, come you in and mark
How deep a night is this,
And light our common dark
With the candle of your kiss.

And, as if in answer to my yearning, the clack of the knocker was heard through the house. At last Anne had come to put an end to my reflections on candlelight.

THE ALPHABET AND THE WREDS

My attention has been called to an article in the Contributors' Club wherein established American institutions are subtly attacked under the guise of an appeal to those whose names begin with W to unite against the custom of arranging school classes, telephone books, and voting-lists in alphabetical order. As a loyal American I rise to protest against this outburst of Bolshevism.

The article, it is true, looks innocent enough. Those whom the author especially calls upon for succor to the cause of an overturned alphabet are all apparently Nordics and one-hundred-percent Americans. He speaks of Walkers and Warrens, of Whipples and Whitneys, of Wolcotts and Woodwards. Such ruses, however, are transparent to the officers of the Army Intelligence Service, the American Defense Society, the National Security League, and others whose duty it is to penetrate the disguises in which Moscow cloaks its nefarious plots. The fact is that this article was conceived in the councils of the Third International, written by a

hireling of the Soviet, sent by wireless to a Bolshevist agent in the Wyzanski Building, New York, and submitted to the *Atlantic* by a contributor named Wimpfheimer; and its concealed purpose is to overthrow the American Government, destroy American business, undermine the foundations of the American home, and substitute a Wrule of Wiolence and Wrapine by a Witenagemot of Winerskis, Wolinskys, Wiedenbachs, and Weisenbergs.

The whole plot is now clear. The first step is to overturn the alphabet with a Wrapid fire of Wridicule, employing for this purpose even such Admirable Allies of Alphabetical Aristocracy as the *Atlantic*. Then, when the Weissmanns and the Wolinskys are firmly placed in the front seats of classrooms, the front pages of Social Registers, and the top of voting-lists, the rest will quickly follow. The Navy will be Wrecked, the Child Labor Amendment will be Wratified and the family Wronged, the hard-earned profits of the American business man will be Wrung from their owners and Wickedly Wasted, the Government will be Wreduced to Weakness, and all will be over but Weeping and Wailing, Wrebellion and War.

It may not come to that; I have implicit faith in the good sense of the American people. But they must be Wroused from their sense of false security, from the fool's paradise in which Wred Wradicals and misguided pacifists have lulled them with soft phrases, while it is still not too late to preserve the institutions established and glorified by Adams, Agassiz, Audubon, and Chester A. Arthur. Let the *Atlantic* audience be on their guard against this dastardly propaganda emanating from Wrussia. Hold together, you Ameses and Arnolds and Appletons; call out the militia if they try to take away your front seats; use the machine-guns if they suggest rearranging the classified telephone-directory.

We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the American Alphabet.

WASTE ADVICE TO YOUNG WRITERS

EVERYONE who writes is called upon to advise young writers. Usually the latter come bearing letters from mutual friends. The thing happens so often that I have reduced my answer to a formula. If the applicant is male I tell him to become a fireman; if female, a governess.

Courtesy forbids that I launch at once into this solution; but after a few verbal passes the way opens. Usually the applicant says, not too tactfully, 'I am trying to decide whether to write or work.' To which I reply, burying the wrath of a toiling craftsman deep in pity for their ingenuousness: —

'Don't write for publication if you can possibly avoid it. Know that when you publish you are giving hostages never likely to be ransomed. There are critics lying in wait to tear your frail children limb from limb. If you write, the chance is that you will live unhappily and die young. But if you simply must write, if there is that in you which bids you write against such terrible odds, then work at writing in your leisure time until you have wrought something worth taking to market.'

But there are always but's. 'But' — thus my last visitor — 'the boys get on my nerves so that I simply can't write after hours.' He teaches at ——, a private school where no one is overworked and where the atmosphere for literary effort seems well-nigh perfect.

Whereupon I smile inwardly at the opening which youth and innocence leave for the insertion of the fireman formula. 'Then try this. You want a job which provides the necessities of

life and at the same time gives abundant leisure for the perfection of your art. If the work also offers an opportunity to learn the ways of men and the inwardness of life, so much the better. And if your situation does all that and at the same time is rich in action and thrills, it may be said to be the ideal incubator for budding talent. After surveying the entire field of employment, I have no hesitancy in recommending that you join a metropolitan fire department.'

At this point I pause, while my listener's jaw drops and his eyes tell me he is trying to decide whether I am in jest or in earnest.

'I am quite serious, my boy, quite serious. As a fireman you could do your routine work with a rush. Then, while the other lads are reading, telling stories, playing cards, snapping their suspenders, doing crossword puzzles, or ogling the neighbor girls, you could write. The fireman's leisure, I have observed, is imperial in extent, but that is only half of his royal bargain with life. Think of the glory of rushing through the streets on a red truck, bells clanging, pedestrians scurrying, traffic held in its tracks against your passing. The centre of the stage belongs to Friend Blueshirt in one of the few dramas left in our workaday world. Think of the thrill, too, in hunting the red demon through the bowels of an empty house; how tame by comparison is fox-hunting, on which the rich spend thousands. Then the quick, coördinated attack on the enemy with axe, hose, and ladder, each stalwart standing to his duty even unto death. War in the best of causes, truly; war for the right and humanity and the women and children and the home. Oh, the fireman's life for you!'

'But — ' interposes the quarry.

'One moment!' I sweep on relentlessly. 'Have you thought of the literary material such a life offers? You would see the inside of Everyman's house from cellar to garret; palace of Midas and beggar's hovel would open their doors to you, not after they had been swept and garnished for company, but in all the intimacies of family usage. Majestic in your slicker and sou'wester, you would stride through them, sweeping aside all veils and hangings, opening closet doors. Suppose the family skeleton tumbles out on you — what a story! Finally, it is part of the writer's trade to know the ways of men, strong, patient, loyal, nerveless men who do the world's work year in and year out, heroes in the rough who keep families going on salaries which will seem ludicrously small to you until you have signed the same pay-roll.'

At this point the applicant for advice is reduced to speechlessness, but his glazed eyes, his stricken features, tell me what is going on in his mind. He is n't going to risk his social position by becoming a fireman even if that is the road to blessed leisure and literary fame. Not he; why, he 's been to college and teaches school and week-ends at some of the best houses!

Exit gloomily, thinking me hopeless.

Comes also the sweet girl-graduate. She too must write, God bless her!

'Very well,' I say, 'write love letters to many young men. That is the literary avenue to the best of all fortunes — home, husband, children. But if the virus of fame has already bitten you so deeply that you must take the public as your target, I beg of you not to submit yourself to the dreary routine of hack-writing. Shun newspaper work, proof-reading, stenography, and editorial assistance. Seek, rather, a position as governess in a rich family, rich alike in funds and small children. Travel with them to Palm Beach, Pasadena, the Riviera, Lake Placid. You will have access to their books, their minds, their pleasant gears and trappings.

'And at the same time that you learn the ways of the upper half, you will not be insulated from the other half. The cook will tell you of her troubles with her husbands, and the nurse-girl will relate her amatory adventures if you reveal to her the least degree of sympathy. Children will be growing under your eyes, and to some extent because of your loving care. A young woman must not divorce her work from love. Mere love of work is not enough; let there be also love-in-work. And, of course, while the children are napping, write. Three hundred words a day is ninety thousand words a year, or a full-length novel every twelve months. No one in the early stages of a literary career should write more than that.'

So far none of my dear advice-seekers sees fit to follow my advice. They go their ways toward glory by more conventional paths. Yet nothing worth while comes from their pens. Perhaps this is because they are hurried by bosses, smitten by monotony, worried over the expense of keeping up appearances, or shut off from interesting persons. Their pride keeps them down; they will not humble themselves in youth in order to rise later. It may be that college spoils my young callers for the great adventure Thoreau followed through odd-job gardening, Masefield through the forecastle, and McFee through the stokehold. But I am still hopeful that the great American novel may yet be written by an ex-fireman who married an ex-governess.

THAT BACKHANDED TWIST

I WAS sitting, perfectly happy, the other day when the Youngest of my Friends burst in upon me.

'I say!' he began, going straight to the point, as his way is. 'Don't you think it was splendid — what Michelangelo said about the angel?'

'What angel?' I inquired, looking up from my writing.

'Why, when he said, "There's an angel in that stone." All he had to do then was to chip away the rest of the stone to prove it. He hit upon a big thing there. We've only got to apply it —'

'I see. If there's a colored party in the woodpile we've only to carry away the wood —'

'Exactly. Look how far-reaching the principle is, and what a wonderful backhanded twist it gives to everything. Think — of an explosion in a powder-factory, for instance.'

I laid down my pen.

'Why should I? The idea is n't altogether pleasant. There's a powder-factory only two doors up the street, and if —'

'That's what I say. If it should go off, there you'd be, listening to one of Beethoven's symphonies.'

'In Heaven, you mean?'

'No chance! Here on earth. The explosion would be Michelangelo's block, only made out of noise. A block of noise — understand?'

'I hardly think I do.'

'But you must. The noise would contain all the notes in the scale, every possible vibration. If you could silence some of them, leaving only what was needed for a particular tone, say G — yes, say G, with certain other tones reduced almost to nothing, then you'd have G as sounded on the trombones, for instance. With different soft tones — different harmonics, that is — you'd have it on the violins, or flutes. Music is made out of the silence you put into it — out of the rests, so to speak.'

'Not always,' I objected. 'You ought to hear the young lady on the floor above when she begins to practise. But I've heard something of the sort you mention about the harmonics, though I don't seem to remember any

Beethoven symphony that's all G sounded on the trombones.'

'Of course not. When you get enough of G you silence the other vibrations, and go on to H.'

'Not much you don't!'

'You know what I mean — the next tone, whatever you call it. I'm not a musician. Then there's painting.'

'Granted, both points, without argument. And I suppose you're going to say that a painting is made by taking a rainbow —'

'No; pure white light. In a rainbow the colors are already separated. But you take white light and darken what you don't want of it, in spots, and there you are.'

'And writing?'

'That's easy.'

'It is n't.'

'I mean it's easy to explain. You have the dictionary, and you drop all words but one — that's your start. Then you drop all but another, and so on. Just think of it! Your next book is already in existence in the form of language in general. All you'll have to do when you come to write it is to delete the unnecessary words.'

'You talk the way my publisher sometimes does,' I sighed. 'But look here. I think your theory is dangerous.'

'How so?'

'Because there's no way of stopping, once you begin to apply it. If my next book is already in existence, then everything is already in existence. If there's no difference between an explosion and a symphony except for what's left out, then there's no difference anywhere excepting —'

'Now you're saying something even bigger than you realize,' my Young Friend interrupted, gloatingly. 'You're dead right. Matter is continuous, and we only separate it into bits because we're deaf, dumb, and blind except in five little spots that we call the five senses. If we had sense everywhere —'

'Nonsense! You've been reading Bergson.'

' — If we had sense everywhere we'd be conscious of no break between this table and that chair. There is *something* everywhere. We can call it God if you like —'

'Now you've been reading Spinoza.'

'No matter,' he persisted, growing very serious. 'All those old philosophers say the same thing, because there's only one thing to say. We can call it God. When He made creation, what He really did was to eliminate Himself in places, and put in what was not God — what you might call the Devil —'

'You think I owe my individuality to the Devil that is in me?'

'You've hit it.'

'Then look out before I hit something else. When you came in I had an idea — or all ideas, as you would kindly put it. For that's what writing is made out of — ideas, not words. And I was engaged — rather successfully, I thought — in eliminating those which were superfluous to my purpose. While now —'

He ducked and made for the door, grinning good-naturedly. But upon the threshold he paused.

'When it comes to eliminating ideas,' he shot back over his shoulder, 'I'd be careful, old man, if I were you, and not let the process get away from me.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

OLD friends of the *Atlantic* will join with us in welcoming our Toastmaster of eighteen years ago, **Bliss Perry,** to these familiar pages. An appreciative angler, a professor of English, and a charming essayist, Professor Perry has written a paper that would make a fisherman out of the horniest-handed grocery-boy. To those who have not heard the music of the reel for many years, it will bring back the dawns on the Margaree and the Miramichi, and the sunsets when the lakes take fire among the Laurentian Hills. **Ida L. Albright,** the mother of a family, discusses its most trustworthy guardian, the family doctor, whether practitioner or specialist. Parents and doctors generally may well consider her questioning. ¶A lawyer and a Pennsylvanian of many generations, **F. Lyman Windolph** gives his persuasive support to a practicable and reassuring theory of democracy. **Oswald Couldrey** makes his first appearance in the *Atlantic*. Mr. Couldrey is a veteran of the Indian Educational Service, where, as the late Principal of Rajahmundry College, he gathered the material for his stories and his book, *South Indian Hours*. **Frank Kendon** is an English poet whose work we have long coveted for our pages. His contrast of the free proud clouds and the imprisoned city tree is memorable both for the beauty and for the melody of its lines.

* * *

This moving chapter of **Alice Thornton's** experience must disclose to our readers the stupidity and evil which too often are responsible for the inhuman punishment behind the bars. Miss Thornton's first paper, 'The Pound of Flesh,' appeared in our April number. ¶Conspicuous among the multitudinous critics of 'Old P——'s' positive pronouncement is **Dr. John Hayes Taylor.** It is to be remarked that this critic finds more fault with education than with either 'Old P——' or his pupils, and in so doing 'lifts a little of the burden from the shoulders of youth and transfers it to the rounded shoulders of educators.' **Ernst Jonson** left Sweden at the age of twenty, attracted to America by the fame of Richardson, the architect. After engaging in architecture and engineering work, Mr. Jonson became a decorative designer, devoting himself particularly to recovering for the furniture industry the quality, artistic and technical, of the old handcrafts. ¶On her visit to Ireland last spring, **Mary Lyons Hennigan** was one of a happy few to visit the 'Country of Youth.' That is a recollection, of course, of perpetual charm and brightness. ¶Through the past year we trust that our readers have become pleasurably acquainted with the quality of **Wilfrid Gibson's** verse.

* * *

A brave actress on the screen and in reality, **Nell Shipman** relates the happy ending of a trying adventure. In answer to our original criticism of her narrative, Miss Shipman writes: 'I too can sense a hurried style in this latter part of the paper, but I believe it is because it really happened that way. I mean that at the time there was no mental recognition of detail, simply an almost blind feeling to "get there," and in writing of the incident I presume my mind unconsciously resumed the state it experienced at the time.' 'The Cast' and 'Disaster,' previous portions of Miss Shipman's record, appeared in our two preceding numbers. **Rudolph Fisher** is a member of Sigma Xi, a Master of Embryology, an X-ray specialist — and a writer of *Atlantic* fiction! His ruthless picture of the West Indian and the American Negro evidences Mr. Fisher's profound understanding of his race. Readers may recall his first story, 'The City of Refuge,' which appeared in the February *Atlantic*. **Gamaliel Bradford** is now at work on a series of portraits of distinguished American 'Wives.' From his gallery we have been pleased to select this lively likeness of a fascinating woman.

¶As courtly, charming, and sensitive as the place itself is this pretty paper on Charleston by **Elizabeth Choate.** There is but one Charleston, even to a Bostonian, and those who have been admitted to her presence learn to speak of her, not as of the past or future, but as *la grande dame* of all time.

* * *

Sir A. Daniel Hall, Chief Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, has recently returned to London after a visit to several of our prominent agricultural schools. **Hector C. Bywater** is a naval critic of recognized attainment. His review of the French navy, interesting in itself, forms a valuable corollary to the problems of French debt and the forthcoming (?) disarmament conference. **Lieutenant-Colonel Charles à Court Repington,** formerly military critic of the London *Times* and *Morning Post,* composed his present paper on his return from an influential tour through France and Belgium.

* * *

The swarm of letters which have come to us commenting — occasionally in rather stinging terms — on Arthur B. Green's paper, 'An Engineer Talks on Medicine,' convinces us that there is still a word of explanation wanted.

This article from its very title was not intended to be professional. We were not in accord with certain of Mr. Green's statements, but we printed them, confident that many people would enjoy speculating on the ebb and flow of medical theory. It was indubitable that Mr. Green expressed himself well, and that the subject was one that should be open to a layman's discussion. For errors of fact as well as misinterpretation we, as well as Mr. Green, must stand corrected.

Gentlemen, the floor is now open.

The First Speaker.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'An Engineer Talks on Medicine.'

A physician might talk on engineering, but I recognize my limitations.

Cordially yours,

SIDNEY C. DALRYMPLE, M.D.

Oh yes, but then a doctor does n't have to lend his body to an engineer to practise on! That's a vital difference.

The Second Speaker, Dr. Robert A. Schless, offers what seems to us a pertinent and sensible plea.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'An Engineer Talks on Medicine,' in your March number, cannot pass undiscussed by an allopath who has great respect for the many homœopathic practitioners whom he numbers among his friends. Despite the hesitation one feels, as a member of the majority group, in attacking the tenets of the minority, — and so raising them to martyrdom, — the article in question is so contradictory, and even ridiculous, that the really worthy principles of homœopathy must suffer thereby.

Thus, to speak of driving a disease from within out — much as one would exorcise the Devil — means nothing, since the most sensitive tissue in the body, the blood, is neither external nor internal, but both. The author assumes as an accepted fact a theory held by very few readers of any school, the bacterial origin of cancer. Again, he refers to the ultra-violet treatment of cancer — which is based on no facts at all, as this has never been used for new growths.

As to a cured eczema returning as Bright's disease, the slightest knowledge of pathology would make such a statement ridiculous — why not postulate the occurrence of cancer as due to removing hangnails, or tuberculosis of the lungs following the cure of dandruff?

Certain principles of Hahnemann — such as the *similia similibus curantur* — have been adopted by the allopaths, as serum and vaccine therapy, and so forth, and likewise retained by practising homœopaths. Both schools have rejected such other principles as have failed to stand the test of clinical experience. There is, to-day, small difference in the handling of cases by exponents of either school.

Allopathy has no quarrel with cults that remain within their province — we are delighted to have chronic rheumatics go to osteopaths in place of masseurs; we are glad to have chiropractors adjust 'that tired feeling' out of the spine; and we agree that infinitesimal dosages of drugs are as valuable as allopathic ones, for neurasthenics. But we do object to being called in on the fourth day of diphtheria, the fourth week of typhoid fever, and the fourth month of cancer, where the various cultists have been pounding, pulling, exorcising — as the case may be — until we arrive too late to overcome the handicap of delay.

ROBERT A. SCHLESS, M.D.

A conciliatory admonition from A. M. Stimson, Surgeon-General, U. S. Public Health Service.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In spite of the fact that occasionally a dam breaks and drowns a fair-sized population, that now and then the roof of a building caves in with disastrous results to the inmates, that bridges wash away, trains crash, boilers burst, and buildings sink, I have a high regard for the engineering profession. I am not one of those who would require that the work of engineers should approach divine perfection simply because the sciences with which engineers deal are known as exact sciences, and because all of the materials with which they work can be accurately measured and weighed and tested. I am willing to regard as reasonable certain imperfections which may develop in their work, on the ground that human beings have still something to learn, and the further ground that they are doing their best to learn it.

It pains me therefore to learn that at least one member of the engineering profession does not reciprocate as regards the medical profession those sentiments of admiration which I have endeavored to express. He finds that we are animated rather by considerations of professional politics than by the principles of science. There appear to be few if any among us who are actuated by high ideals or endowed with any farseeing vision as regards the subject which we have selected for our life work. In so far as there may be truth in this we should accept it with humility and a resolve to improve the few talents left us before the night descends. But one who has watched the medical profession at work for the past quarter of a century cannot accept the entire indictment. Steadily improved standards of education, constantly increasing appeal to the experimental method in the laboratory, at the bedside, and in the field of epidemiology, and above all an astonishing reduction in the death- and sickness-rates and an increase of human longevity, reassure us somewhat.

Mr. Arthur B. Green, who contributes the article, 'An Engineer Talks on Medicine,' to the March *Atlantic Monthly*, shares in common with many people, myself among them, a desire for the formulation of a succinct statement, a natural law, which will cover a large category of instances and thus simplify and clarify our outlook upon our surroundings. He thinks that the medical profession takes no such large view, but goes on muddling through treating each disease as an entity with little thought for the patient and none for broader relationships. Mr. Green thinks this because he really knows very little about either ourselves or our problem. The only general natural laws which apply in medicine are those of physics and chemistry, with which he as an engineer should be acquainted, and those of biology, with which there is reason to believe he is unfamiliar.

What irks one most about this article is the fact that an engineer should depart from the methods which are part of the splendid tradition of his profession and, throwing aside the visible, measurable, and ponderable evidence, should sink into the obsolete position of the armchair philosopher.

A. M. STIMSON

The Fourth Speaker.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The unique treatment for cancer practised by a 'true homœopath,' as recounted by the engineer in the March *Atlantic*, reminds me of a story I heard of a doctor years ago.

Whenever he got a patient he drove him into fits. Now as the doctor, to use his own words, was 'hell on fits,' he easily cured him.

Is it not possible that this same man may have been the hero of the engineer's story?

GEORGE B. TWITCHELL, M.D.

* * *

'Old P——'s' question in the March *Atlantic*, 'Am I too old to teach?' has engaged the responsive interest of teachers and pupils everywhere. Here are three varying commentaries.

A lesson in humility.

MOBILE, ALA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

On the margin of my February *Atlantic*, which always goes to friends, opposite 'Old P——'s' paragraph on the movies I wrote, 'Them's my sentiments, with some reservations.' There is much else in the article with which I fully agree; but — I'm wondering.

Here is a man of parts, a real teacher, teaching a cultural subject in a college, who finds his students unsympathetic with his ideals, himself losing the joy and inspiration that his work once brought. Here am I, older than this college professor, teaching Shorthand Business English in a business school, finding joy and inspiration in my work as never before.

Once a week I have the entire school in a class in Personality. I read to them and talk, presenting my deepest convictions along ethical lines. I have read Carlyle's chapter, 'Happy,' from

Past and Present; Kipling's 'East and West'; Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden'; selections from Epictetus; Browning's 'Rabbi Ben Ezra'; Emerson's 'Self-Reliance.' These young men and young women, getting the practical training that is to fit them for business, respond to every appeal.

Is n't it rather anomalous?

And yet, perhaps the explanation is not so far to seek. My young people are here with a definite purpose. They believe that what we are helping them to get has positive value. They find that they must work hard to get results. They make mistakes, lose their conceit, and begin to sense the fact that the profoundest student in any field has only scratched the surface of the infinite unknown. They have the open mind, and the most vital ethical truths I can present secure considerate attention; in many cases, acceptance.

Money and leisure are at the command of 'Old P——'s' students. Mine have neither. That is one factor in determining their differing attitudes toward life. But is n't the arrogance of the college man a factor — his notion that he is superior, not because of any grace of character gained or even any accumulation of knowledge, but merely because of college membership? And are n't college professors partly responsible?

Certainly, when the college professor finds himself out of touch with his young men — weary of them because they are what they are — and the business-school teacher finds himself in most cordial sympathy with his students, happiest when he is working with them — certainly the situation is thought-provoking.

L. A. M.

A contagious enthusiasm worth catching.

WELLESLEY, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Am I old enough to teach? That nice old duffer, 'Old P——,' drives me to ask. There is certainly nothing of that predisintegration 'mellowness' about me. If you chose an apple to symbolize me it would be a hard, crisp, juicy one that would almost break your teeth. I have n't got to the stage where I see the disenchanting aura of old age disfiguring the faces before me when I look at a class of pretty girls. (Why did n't 'Old P——' like that?) I confess to an unsuppressed grin when I read about 'Old P——'s' suppressed raptures in the presence of his austere class. A twentieth-century poetry anthology, and I'm all there, but the *Golden Treasury* puts me to sleep; I find *Expressing Willie* full of ginger and *The Way of the World* knotted tow. I'm not far enough away from them, I suppose, to see the fellows I played football with as unfit for university education because they are more interested in experimenting, investigating, and blazing new trails than in retracing the paths their ancestors have traveled over. Those ancestors did their bit in bringing the present up to date and I'm not crabbing about them, but I'm not going to dig among to-day's roots when I can enjoy its flourishing leaves and flowers. I can't get the Paradise-lost point of view enough for that. You see I don't hold evolution as a detachable theory; it's in solution, as it were, all through me. If we had been born into an age of temporary paralysis, like so many past ages, and had to depend on more fortunate periods for a galvanized substitute for life, we should have had to make the best of the past. But it looks as if the past had set us going this time good and strong and intended us to keep it up. The past is where it belongs, behind us, if some *laudator temporis acti,* not satisfied to make it a pleasant retreat, were n't always trying to drag the best runners back into it.

When you don't know what 'weariness' is, and can't feel superior to your students, are pretty sure, in fact, that you could learn a lot from them, and don't want to throw a monkey wrench into the wheels of progress, but want to speed things up and keep them spinning with a wild desire to be in for the finish, I suppose you are too young to teach. When you don't want to smash your students' self-confidence, and make them feel that the only progress is backward, when one real inventor gives you more joy than ninety-nine research-moles, when you are more delighted over a boy's finding an effective way to break a rule than you are bothered by his breaking it, when, in short, you'd rather see him discover new gods than pay homage to the old forms from which the glory has departed — well, you'd better let 'Old P——' run things in his aristocratic way till you grow up, too.

'YOUNG I——'

Beauty and the 'Gosh!'

MILLS COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA

DEAR 'OLD P——': —

Your ears must have been burning since your article on the youth of to-day appeared in the February *Atlantic Monthly,* if the furor your remarks created in one group of college students is an indication of the disturbance you caused in other groups of 'pseudo-educated' Americans. In the California college to which I refer the students have been talking of you and your ideas at dinner, in their rooms, at the post office, and wherever they may gather.

All agree, with a backward glance at the past generation, that the youth of to-day are frank and honest, that they do things openly. The listener is left to draw his own conclusions about the clandestine activities of his mother and grand-

mother. All agree, also, that the girl of to-day is self-reliant, but instead of decrying the change which permits young girls to go automobiling 'alone,' they see in this change 'independence,' and a 'shouldering of responsibility.'

In the same breath in which they declare that they are not egotistical they give vent to such remarks as 'the young people are to be leaders of this great democracy,' 'they form hasty judgments and come to rash conclusions because they have alert and quick minds.' They have you in mind when they say 'they are farsighted enough and bright enough to see the danger in over-intellectuality.' To the youth the fact that he 'is ashamed to show any signs of mental action' does not mean feeble-mindedness but often a depth like that of still waters.

It may be that, hidden behind an appearance of nonchalance and a reticence to talk of things most vital to him, the present-day youth is harboring a sensitive imagination which might readily become 'half-shyly aglow with the response of idealism.' 'I wonder how many youths "Old P——" consulted on the point,' says one student in discussing 'Old P——'s' contention that the present generation lacks imagination. 'I am sure that, had he talked to young people and seen how they felt in their hearts, he would not feel as he does. We youngsters are rather shy about expressing our romantic and imaginary feelings because the generation who were the undergraduates a generation ago find it easy to laugh at our "foolishness." . . . Recently I caught my roommate gazing vaguely out the window with *English Poetry from Chaucer to Kipling* in her lap. Moreover, she was not dreaming over Herrick or Landor, but Chaucer.'

It may be true, as one student asserts, that 'the girl looking at a beautiful sunset who says, "Gosh, what a glorious sunset!" does not miss any of the thrill and wonder that was enjoyed by the Victorian maid who in very precise tones repeated a bit of poetry.' One thoughtful youth says of the apparent lack of romance in the present generation: 'The young people are very matter of fact, but they have not lost romance. I think they see it in a more beautiful way, in the lovely things that occur in everyday life, and not just in their dreams.'

ELIZABETH THOMPSON

From one Who has Wrathfully Waited.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article 'In the Key of W' in the March *Atlantic* interested me very much.

I was more fortunate in selection of my father, thereby placing myself under letter 'S' — well down the line in all lists, but still not so badly off as 'W.'

I have endured all the disadvantages encountered by 'W,' with an added one of financial loss.

Several years ago, after state income-tax reports had been filed in a certain state, a ruling was handed down by the Supreme Court that on a certain class of income no tax was to be paid, and taxpayers were furnished blanks for claim of refund for overpayment.

After patiently waiting for about eight months for my refund check to reach me, I communicated with the tax department, asking why the delay, and they informed me that they as yet had not reached the letter 'S' and would not for some time to come!

It was fully twelve months before I received my refund check, without interest added, the State having appropriated the interest unto itself!

Very truly,
J. SCHÜLLINGER

* * *

A new version of an ancient tale.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am sending you a new use for your great magazine.

A young girl from the Middle West was obliged to travel alone to her college in the East. A friend told her that she would be perfectly safe from molestation during the long journey if she would have an *Atlantic Monthly* with her.

The ingenious damsel, not feeling equal to the highbrow literature of this magazine, tore off several brown covers and fastened them over some magazines whose reading-matter more nearly matched her mental attainments, and reached her destination without mishap.

E. E. D.

Rec'd MAY 28 1925 B.P.L.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE 1925

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Anniversaries and Birthdays

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There is nothing particularly interesting about an automobile tire.

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Atlantic Test Questions · VI

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY prints below the last of the six groups of test questions. The result of this Questionnaire has been highly commendable, and over eight hundred lists have been received, many of them of a highly correct percentage. It was inevitable that certain authorities should prove disputable; in each instance the fault has been detected by penetrating competitors. With justice to our critics and competitors, a list of errata will accompany the final group of answers in our August issue.

101. What famous Chinese poet drowned while trying to embrace the reflection of the moon in still water?
102. How many kinds of insects are now known to migrate?
103. What famous English dramatist killed his man both on the battlefield and on the dueling-ground?
104. What were the Seven Deadly Sins?
105. What ancient lover of knowledge died from his attempt to observe the eruption which destroyed Pompeii?
106. What eminent French statesman now living is the author of a standard biography?
107. To what did Demosthenes refer when, interrupted in a speech, he exclaimed: "You there, stop the water"?
108. What double play in baseball has become legendary?
109. For which two of Shakespeare's plays have no satisfactory sources ever been discovered?
110. Who was the Stagirite?
111. Name two nontropical American plants that kill and eat insects.
112. What remarkable writer of the nineteenth century qualified his distaste for books by declaring that he had "the smallest library of any literary man in London"?
113. What historical event is commemorated in the phrase, "the flight of the wild geese"?
114. From what great poem are these lines taken?

"Keep that foot its lady primness;
Let those ankles never swerve
From their exquisite reserve,
Yet have to trip along the streets like me,
All but naked to the knee!"

115. What South American country derives its name from a resemblance to an Italian city?
116. What Irishman described fox-hunting as "the unspeakable after the uneatable"?
117. What ancient rulers were called "Lords of the two crowns"?
118. Why were red, white, and blue chosen for the French tricolor?
119. What ruler known as "the Quarrelsome" fathered another known as "the Saint"?
120. What was the original English name of Boston, Massachusetts, and by whom was it changed?

To be considered for a prize, answers to these questions must be received by us before July 15th, 1925. To any reader of the *Atlantic* who sends a correct list of answers, the magazine will be sent without charge for three months if the sender is not a subscriber. If a subscriber, three copies will be sent to any address desired or will be added to a current subscription without extra charge.

Special Prize. On August 1st, 1925, a prize of one hundred dollars will be paid to the reader who has sent in the highest percentage of correct answers to the one hundred and twenty questions. This prize, however, will be paid only to a subscriber.

Address all communications to the Twenty Questions Editor, The Atlantic Monthly Company, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts

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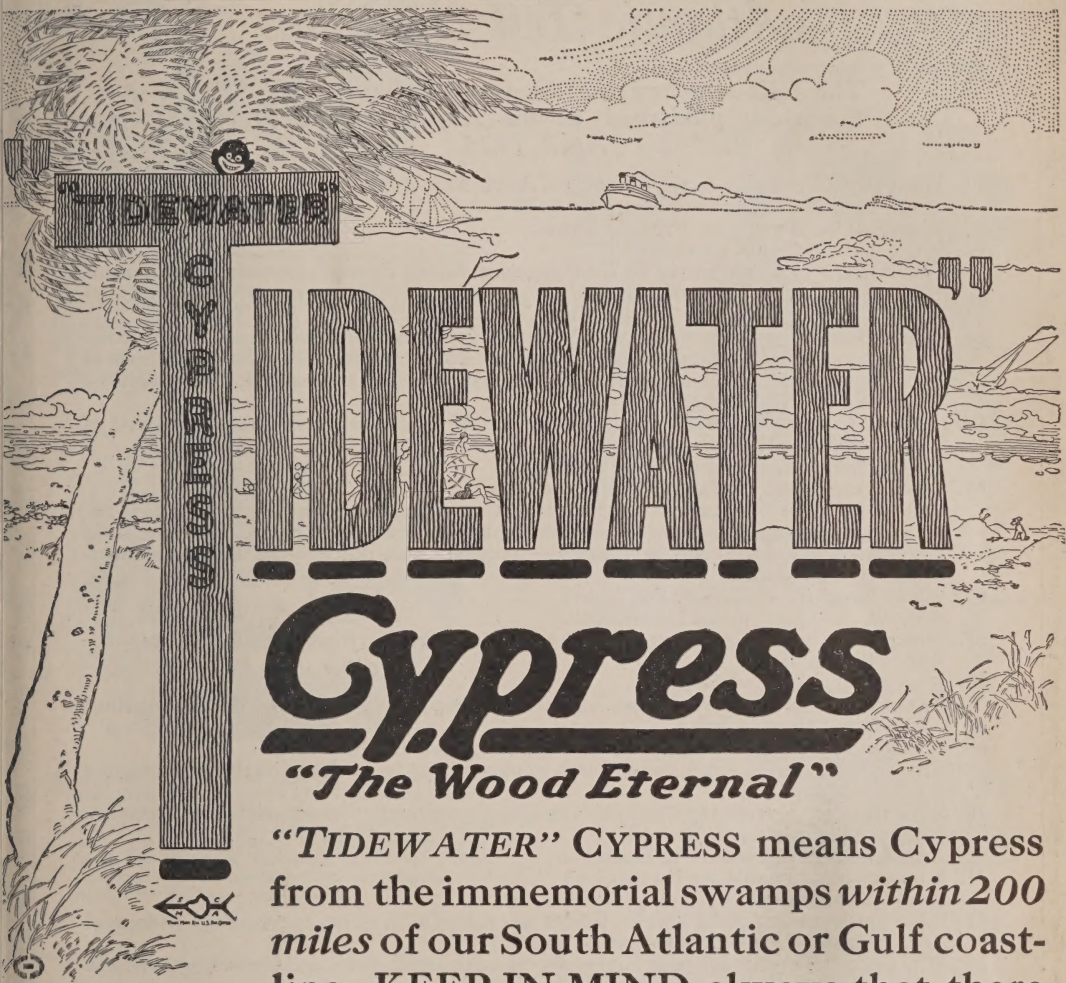

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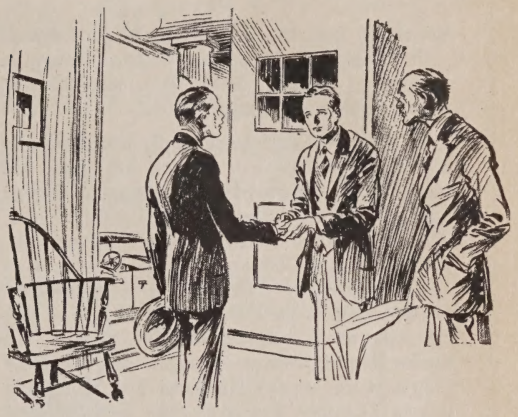
Atlantic Test Questions

The following are the answers to the Twenty Test Questions published in the Atlantic Monthly for April 1925

61. What famous princess, in the presence of death, looked into her mirror and said, "I am still beautiful. I am not afraid to die"?
Ans. Pauline Bonaparte, Princess Murat.
62. What is the origin of geometry?
Ans. Geometry was invented by the Egyptians, taking its origin from the measurement of land for the purpose of taxation. The word is Greek—*geometria* = land measurement.
63. What scientific genius first observed "the healing power of nature"?
Ans. Hippocrates first insisted on the existence and importance of those processes of self-repair summed up in that famous phrase of his which has come down through the Latin of the Middle Ages.
64. Of what famous decoration was it observed: "At least there's no damned pretense of merit about it"?
Ans. Palmerston on the Order of the Garter.
65. What is the oldest legal document in existence?
Ans. The Berlin Museum possesses an Egyptian document pertaining to litigation between an heir and an executor, illustrating the earliest known method of submitting written briefs to the court in all cases — a method which elicited the famous commendation of Diodorus.
66. Who created the little fairy Picklekin?
Ans. W. S. Gilbert in the *Bab Ballads.*
67. Which of the world's great rivers has its source in a spring in front of a ducal palace?
Ans. The Danube.
68. Who were the "four Marys"?
Ans. Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton, Mary Carmichael, Mary Hamilton, ladies in waiting to Mary, Queen of Scots.
69. When and by what people was the arch introduced into architecture?
Ans. The Egyptians employed the arch in masonry as far back as the thirtieth century B.C.
70. What monarch, in reply to a courtier's epigram, remarked: "My words are my own; my deeds are my ministers' "?
Ans. Charles II in answer to Rochester.
71. Who was King Niall's saintly captive?
Ans. Saint Patrick.
72. What Queen sailing under London Bridge was pelted with rotten eggs by the Londoners?
Ans. Eleanor of Provence, consort of Henry III.
73. Who said: "Integrity without Knowledge is weak and useless; and Knowledge without Integrity is dangerous and dreadful"?
Ans. Dr. Johnson in *Rasselas.*
74. Where did Dædalus park his wings?
Ans. At Cumæ, in the temple of Apollo.
75. What famous American novelist wrote his first book in answer to a critical challenge?
Ans. James Fenimore Cooper.
76. What famous eighteenth-century divine wrote: "She's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day"?
Ans. Dean Swift in *Polite Conversation,* Dialogue I.
77. What were the Seven Wonders of the World?
Ans. The Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Statue of Zeus by Phidias at Olympia, the Pharos of Alexandria, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus.
78. When was Leap Year first instituted?
Ans. By the Egyptians in an Edict of 238 B.C.
79. What is the earliest known naval expedition on the open sea?
Ans. Snefru, one of the pyramid-builders, opened commerce with the north, and dispatched a fleet of forty vessels to the Phœnician coast for cedar logs from Lebanon.
80. What is the longest reign among the great nations of history?
Ans. That of Pepi II, who began to reign at the age of six years, and remained on the throne for ninety years. His dates are given as 2566 to 2476 B.C.

4 Turning Points

in the lives of men. Are <u>you</u> ready to meet them?



1. When discussions of money and expenses come up to disturb family happiness, that is the first Turning Point. It is time for you to think seriously about your business future and income. The Alexander Hamilton Institute provides a method for insuring increased income thru increased knowledge. "Forging Ahead in Business" describes that method. Send for it.

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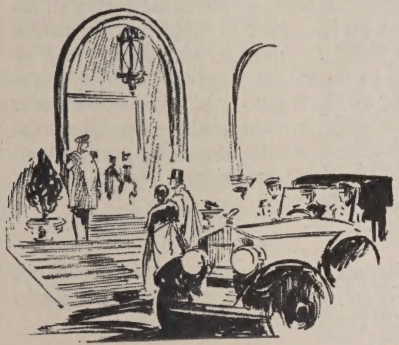

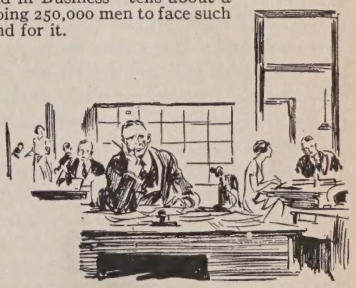

3. When friends begin to pass you, travel when you can't, join clubs you can't afford, purchase fine cars you cannot pay for, then you have reached another Turning Point. If you want the joy of succeeding while you are still young, begin to prepare for it. Send for "Forging Ahead in Business," which describes the Institute's method of preparing men for greater success in business.

4. There comes a Turning Point for every man at the threshold of middle age. Failure, then, is tragedy. Men who know all phases of business do not fail and have to start again. "Forging Ahead in Business" tells how the Institute can insure you against the tragedy of wasted years. Send for it.

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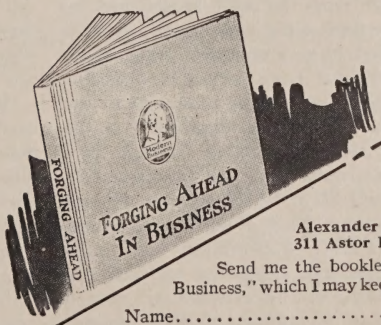
If you are a man of earnest purpose, and over 21 years of age, this book is yours for the asking. Just mail the coupon.



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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn.

Robert E. Lee, the Soldier, by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1925. 8vo. viii+294 pp. Frontispiece and maps. $4.00.

THE Civil War has been amply and variously discussed by American writers, but there will always be an interest in the opinions of foreign military men who take an outside point of view. The judgment of earlier English observers, like Fremantle and Chesney, was no doubt partial and influenced by their decided Southern sympathies. Yet in the case of General Lee, at any rate, the most extreme eulogies of even the earlier English were no stronger than the sober judgment of careful Northern historians, and it was Theodore Roosevelt who declared that Lee 'will undoubtedly rank as without any exception the greatest of all the great Captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth.' Among later English studies the Life of Jackson by Henderson ranks as one of the most admirable military biographies ever written, and though Battine's *Crisis of the Confederacy* is not equal to Henderson it is most useful and enlightening.

The singular value of General Maurice's book consists in his own large military experience, and above all in his bringing the most intimate observation and knowledge of the great European War to bear on Lee's career and military achievements. It is really remarkable to see how the Southern leader anticipated the developments of fifty years later, how great were his versatility and originality, in short how thoroughly he was stamped with the mark of a genius in the art of war.

General Maurice emphasizes from the beginning Lee's power of organization, the breadth of view with which from the start he grasped the problems to be dealt with, and the energy with which he handled the very imperfect means available for meeting them. Lee's instinct for discipline is recognized also, both in his treatment of the power above him and in his adaptability to the characters of his subordinates, though here General Maurice finds Lee's one weakness in a too great consideration for those who did not carry out his orders. Most of all General Maurice insists upon Lee's extraordinary intellectual power, his insight into conditions and into the characters of men, and his extreme and sudden daring in taking advantage of that insight, balanced by the wise caution which made his successes really a matter of judgment when they sometimes seemed to be a matter of fortune. And General Maurice concludes by placing Lee with Napoleon, Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar, among the greatest generals of the world.

No doubt America, all America, has reason to be proud of Robert E. Lee as its greatest military glory. But it has far more reason to be proud of him as one who turned defeat into victory by constancy, by magnanimity, by supreme cultivation of the spirit of sacrifice. Here was a man who might have perpetuated the attitude of bitterness and hostility through the whole South, which worshiped every word he uttered. Instead, he set himself with all his gifts and all his power to rebuilding the edifice he had failed to destroy. By precept and by example he taught his people to labor, to hope, to forget, and to forgive, and he bade them over and over again, in noble and memorable words: 'Remember, we are all one country now. Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans.'

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

The Constant Nymph, by Margaret Kennedy. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1925. 12mo. viii+344 pp. $2.00.

READERS of *The Ladies of Lyndon* will recognize with delight the features of the problem presented to them by the opening chapters of *The Constant Nymph*. You may or may not have got taken in by James; in either case experience will make you pleasantly suspicious of the very obvious staginess of Sanger's Tyrolean establishment. The illiterate elegance of those green-eyed children — their distinction of feature and accent, their unsullied passion for the only art they recognize, their accurate (and usually profane) choice of the *mot juste* — is matched against the combination of indolence, coarseness, and rapacity presented by Madame, to produce an effect of which the luridity is on the whole heightened by the faint (but compelling) reminiscence of *The Pillars of the House* afforded by Kate and Caryl.

When Florence sets her neat and determined foot in its 'expensive low-heeled shoe' upon the Sangers' flowery Alp, she brings with her a stabilizing sense of reality. To her young cousins she exhibits the dignity and kindliness proper to the *dea ex machina* she plays, to Lewis the enchanting novelty of a Lady in love, to the reader the compelling force of a clear and orderly mind.

This, of course, is all Miss Kennedy's artfulness. She implies assent to your instinctive belief in the reality of Florence's world with all its kind decency and ordered security — just as she implied assent to the popular conception of James — in order that, lured by her Socratic wiles, you

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may be the more unresistingly led into the sudden discovery that you don't think at all what you thought you thought. In the first place, reality is the last quality to be associated with Strand-on-the-Green and its life; in the second place, say what you will of Antonia, staginess is the last quality to be associated with the green-eyed Nymph.

The conception of a fifteen-year-old coping adequately with great passion is not admitted easily. The mind evinces a stubborn desire to reduce Teresa to the terms of Elizabeth when, prior to *German Garden* days, she manicured her nails out of unreciprocated affection for the organist. And Teresa refuses to be so reduced. Her 'solitude of spirit' is proof against our ridicule as against Florence's hatred, Madame Marxse's vileness, or Lewis's insufficiency.

A barefoot figure in a magenta apron, satisfying her sense of the comic with a freshly butchered pig in the decent attire of Fräulein Brandt; debating the propriety of Antonia's choice of a lover on the æsthetic ground of the young man's figure; lying out under the cold night sky in the pass, entranced with the passionate hope that 'if she could ever see one thing properly she might quite easily see God' — Teresa's first appearance presents incongruities enough. But at the foundation of her fantastic world lies the idea of Lewis, and the force of that idea is sufficient to carry her through Lewis's marriage to Florence, through the small daily martyrdom of Cleeve Ladies' College (Jane Eyre at least had Helen and Miss Temple!) and the bitterness of Florence's 'silver sty.'

Would it have been sufficient to carry her through the fulfillment of her desire, face to face with the real Lewis? At any rate, her prayer would appear to have been answered. The scene in Madame's dingy bedroom, where her life with Lewis begins and so briefly ends, carries extraordinary conviction with it.

Miss Kennedy shares with her heroine that rarest of qualities, distinction.

MARION VAILLANT

New Poems, by John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1925. 12mo. viii+64 pp. $1.25.

Dionysus in Doubt, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925. 12mo. xii+105 pp. $1.75.

IT would be easy to enumerate the limitations of John Drinkwater. The sea-swell and ineffable gusto of Masefield are gagged here by something blood-kin to placidity. The fastidious chiseling hand of Aldington is replaced by a thumb and forefinger not indiscernibly thickened. The Drinkwater brain, for all its philosophical lobes and quizzical convolutions, is no match for the probing mind of, say, E. A. Robinson.

But the John Drinkwater who launched an arresting series of modern historical plays, the John Drinkwater who presented his beloved England with a serene set of incontestably fine poems, is more than a clever mass of negations. *New Poems* stand sturdily upon their poetic legs. Without clamor, without fireworks, without flag-waving, they follow the even tenor of their way. And therein lies the strength of John Drinkwater. In this heyday of raucous self-revelation, we owe a generous bay-leaf to any poet whose verses reject unrestraint, whose pen eschews perturbation.

Yet the poet, in spite of downright British unexcitability, conceals, under his cupped and tranquil hand, quivering qualities as surprising as they are un-British. Both the twenty-one original poems which vindicate the maturer Drinkwater and the facile translations which retrieve eighteen German lyrics from linguistic annihilation possess this almost Celtic fringe. We smile at the incorrigible artist in

> 'Felicity, come stay awhile,
> And talk with me, you pretty maid.'
> She glanced at me, a girl of guile,
> And she went running down the glade.
>
> I stirred the embers on the stone,
> I sprinkled rushes on the floor,
> I took my pen to write alone —
> And she was tapping on the door.

— and like John Drinkwater the better!

We have said that, intellectually, John Drinkwater is no match for Edwin Arlington Robinson. When George Meredith, a decade or more ago, challenged the literary world with his cry for 'Brain! More brain!' Robinson was the tardy and triumphant answer of the Muses. A scorn for the mentally inexpensive — a scorn which burns hotter and whiter in his latest book, *Dionysus in Doubt* — is the salient quality of his meticulous art. Linked with a superb craftsmanship and a nipping irony, it produces a first-water poet who, while reminiscent of Browning at his subtlest, remains inimitably himself. The new dramatic dialogues — 'Dionysus in Doubt,' 'Genevieve and Alexandra,' 'Mortmain,' and 'Demos and Dionysus' — savor, in power of understatement and in concentrated beauty, of the older poet's dramatic monologues. With a canny and Browning-like artistry, Robinson never states; he always *implies*.

Preëminent in this new volume is, of course, 'Dionysus in Doubt.' Here we have a sociological tract, an alkaline essay, an arraignment of contemporary America rendered inoffensive by its very profundity. We dare hazard that here, as in most of his poems, Robinson started, not with an emotion or a fancy or even an imaginative concept, but with a definite *idea*. Then, because the man is unescapably a poet, his original idea took on the shapes of beauty, waxed whimsical and cogent, and emerged a dignified dramatic dialogue between Robinson and his nom de plume, the god Dionysus — a dialogue wherein America is branded as 'an

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adolescent giant' trying with a 'fervid if inadequate insistence' to hang himself, and 'miscalled Democracy' is berated as 'an unransomed kidnapped juvenile.' Convicted of endless crime, we are grateful for the god's almost grudging

'Yes, there is hope where you believe it is;
Also intelligence is hidden there —
Much as a tree's unguessed immensities
Are hidden in a seed.'

The eighteen included sonnets are, also, chalices for an implicit fire and a dry New England humor. 'Haunted House' is a masterpiece of silences, 'Karma' is a masterpiece of irony, 'The Sheaves' is a masterpiece of muted loveliness. Who can forget the thousand golden sheaves lying

Shining and still, but not for long to stay —
As if a thousand girls with golden hair
Might rise from where they slept and go away.

VIRGINIA MOORE

Those Barren Leaves, by Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1925. xii+400 pp. $2.50.

MR. HUXLEY'S publisher tells us on the jacket that his author is 'humbug's sworn enemy' and his quarrel with her 'none the less fierce because his weapon is polished and his manners beyond reproach.' Perhaps the sounds of this passionate quarrel ring out too blatantly above Mr. Huxley's customary and more soothing irrationality. Its fierceness leads him, at any rate, into conversations that lengthen into twenty- and thirty-page symposia. There is meat in these conversations, but also some heavy bread-pudding. It were better that the wit were airier and briefer, or that the fundamental satire of the book were expressed more often in theme and situation.

But when the whole count is made against him Mr. Huxley still remains the best writer of light satire in the language. No one can read a page of him without knowing he has learned the *craft* of writing. Words as they slip easily out of his fountain pen are rich, and go forth in flexible, running sentences.

The scene is Italy, at Mrs. Aldwinkle's villa, whose endless charms of baroque architecture and baroque anecdote are retailed to the end of the book. Mrs. Aldwinkle entertains all the characters, and each as he enters seems more intimately modern than the last, their complexes, upon which the story is based, being tailored in the latest philosophic models. And their malaises are piquant because they are our own — very realistically post-bellum.

The book is really a philosophic symposium, in which a half-dozen admirably drawn types of British intellectuals and pseudointellectuals discuss how they can escape their proper destinies. The reader delights in Mr. Huxley's skillful modelings of the human character. Chelifer, for example, who has, I think, a good deal of the protective coloration of Huxley's own mentality. He is poet and writer, *but*, the modern world being what it is, — grimy, efficient, industrial, and philistine, — the only way to stick it is to plunge. Chelifer plunges by editing the *Rabbit Fancier's Gazette* in a smoky office in the heart of London. The 'nub of reality,' he calls it. Calamy criticizes him for his silliness. Calamy is a philanderer, who hates philandering, but fortunately hates the idea of hating it more. He calls Chelifer an 'inverted sentimentalist.'

Miss Thriplow, who happens to be Calamy's current love, is very well modeled. She is the sophisticated and somewhat anæmic novelist of thirty who longs to be ingenuous and have violent primitive emotions — 'like the Russians.' Thinks, in fact, she has 'em. Mr. Cardan is always in the interminable conversations. Fifty-odd, and ever defending, with dignity, a life given over to cards and women and drink. Mr. Cardan ends by marrying an imbecile for the sake of 25,000 pounds.

The final chapters deal in a conversation upon death which is both moving and witty. Chelifer returns, it is to be supposed, to his 'nub of reality'; Cardan continues to haunt the ménage of Mrs. Aldwinkle because she pays for his dinners; while Calamy actually retires from the world and from woman, to go up into a mountain and think. Abruptly at the end the book leaps from satire to mysticism.

CHARLES R. WALKER

The Rector of Wyck, by May Sinclair. New York: the Macmillan Company. 1925. 12mo. vi+258 pp. $2.50.

JOHN CRAWFORD is a model clergyman, devout, humble-minded, constant, and kind. His wife Matty shares all his virtues and is as free as he from faults. Their goodness is so complete and unvarying that an unregenerate reader is likely to find it at times more wearisome than inspiring. They cheerfully submerge their ambitions and longings in the performance of their duties in the small parish; during the thirty years of their service they transform the spirit and character of the community. Miss Sinclair does not, however, concern herself overmuch with their parochial activities, the beneficent result of which the reader is willing to take for granted. It is the history of their affectionate devotion to each other that holds his interest — a devotion that grows more deep and tender when sorrow enters their lives.

One is justified in feeling that Miss Sinclair has dealt unkindly with this gentle couple, notwithstanding the sympathy with which she has portrayed them. Nature does not belie and reverse itself; two persons so loving, sound, and good as were John and Matty do not produce children who are utterly selfish and callous. The particular kind of suffering that the rector and his wife were called on to bear would not in

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actual life have fallen to their lot. Leaving heredity out of it, even on the doctrine of chances at least one of their two children would have been a normal human being.

The story opens in the year 1882; it closes in the year 1916. To cover such a period of time in a novel of about 260 pages means sketchy treatment; scenes that might have been effectively developed in chapters are dealt with in a cursory paragraph or page. 'Seven years passed'; 'five years passed'; 'six months passed' — there is not much finesse in Miss Sinclair's method of indicating the lapse of time. Her story is episodic and fragmentary rather than full-bodied. She is at her best in recording the crisp and rapid dialogue of characters who are under stress of emotion; she catches the accent of their speech and conveys their moods and thoughts with pungency and definiteness. Sometimes, it is true, she becomes meretriciously literary in reporting their conversation — as when we find them emitting long and apposite quotations from Blake and Shelley. Notwithstanding occasional artificiality, the chief merit of the novel is the terseness, swiftness, and effectiveness of the dialogue.

It is to be noted with regret that in cultivating terseness of speech Miss Sinclair adopts the locution 'the flu.' A disease that so frequently causes death has a certain dignity and should be named not flippantly but with respect.

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

Ten Years After: A Reminder, by Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1924. 8vo. xi+246 pp. $2.50.

WE all want to forget the war. Nevertheless civilization's soul-searching after that event is incessant. To some who witnessed its horrors — close enough to catch every detail but aloof enough to reflect on the experience — a sentiment like the conviction of sin of the self-analyzing Puritan has come, a feeling that the spectre of perdition is ever lurking on the threshold of our present world. This fear may be justified. Only the shallow will scoff at the possibility. At least heeding its admonition may make the difference between salvation and damnation.

This is the mood of Philip Gibbs's last book. The subtitle, 'A Reminder,' is a good one. The first portion, devoted to the war and its immediate aftermath, is largely a record of emotions — of the most fugitive of the crowded experiences of that crisis, and those most difficult faithfully to reconstruct. They will be entirely lost with the passing of the present generation, and even in the minds of that generation they are constantly remoulded and recolored in the delusive medium of memory.

But the purpose of the book is not reminiscent, except as the present and future are built upon the past. It is rather an attempt to draw guidance from the world's error and suffering that may pilot us into safer courses. No precise rule of action is stated, or laid down as a hypothesis; but certain canons of conduct are implied throughout the rapid review of ten years' history, under the titles 'The World War' and 'The Uncertain Peace,' which precede the shorter summary of 'The Present Perils' and — briefest of all — the forecast of 'The Hope Ahead.'

Such themes are already worn threadbare by overmuch handling, and only exceptional freshness of treatment can make them appeal longer to our forward-pressing age. The author has attained this by the rapidity with which he develops his argument, by his ease of style, by a certain personal angle of approach, and by his passionate sympathies, which allow no issue with which he deals to lie dead and cold on the dissecting-table. When the Versailles Treaty was made, 'it was as though the Devil, in jester's cap and bells, had sat behind Clemenceau in his black gloves and whispered madness into the ear of Wilson, and leered across the table at Lloyd George, and put his mockery into every clause.' Yet these were good men, loyal to their momentary ideas of right. 'Something blinded them.' The reader asks himself: 'Did the Greek tragedians, then, but symbolize the immutable law of history?'

Suggestive sentences occur, which the thoughtful reader will file away in his memory for future reference. Speaking of Russian recognition the author says: 'What Russia needs as a moral cure is the fresh air of international intercourse'; and in discussing German militarism he prophesies: 'If Germany asks for war again she will get revolution first.' Britain's future is naturally closest to this English writer's heart, and he views it with misgiving. How will so highly specialized a nation adapt itself to our rapidly changing world-environment? 'The next period of history will see a slowing-down in the international exchange of manufactured goods. . . . The nations will become more self-contained. . . . The English people must get back to agriculture — otherwise they will surely sink into pauperdom.'

And what of our own country? Passing from the world that might have been to the world that actually exists, we should keep free from all alliances and entanglements. 'It will be better for the world if the United States remains an arbitrator.'

Altogether this is a book to be read by everyone who would catch even a momentary and cloudy glimpse of the Parcæ who are spinning the thread of civilization's fate to-day.

VICTOR S. CLARK

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1925

INDIANS OF THE DESERT

BY LEO CRANE

I

[In 1910, Leo Crane was a hard-working Bureau clerk at Washington, and a successful writer of fiction. Work by day and by night, and too little ease in the sun, brought about a physician's ultimatum that dispatched Mr. Crane to an outpost of the Arizona Indian Territory, where for six months he was to seek 'the proper altitude,' and to act as clerk to an Indian Agency. Six months lengthened into a year and, for a pallid tenderfoot, Mr. Crane became experienced in the ways of the desert and the Indian. Then from Washington came a telegram that was to alter profoundly the even tenor of Mr. Crane's career. — The Editor]

WILL YOU ACCEPT APPOINTMENT SUPERINTENDENT MOQUI SALARY EIGHTEEN HUNDRED BOND THIRTY THOUSAND WIRE

A courteous expression that is now rare — 'Will you accept?' The mere transposition of a word makes all the difference. 'You will accept!' is the tone of recent orders, a reaction of the great war against Prussianism on those who reject with an unctuous civilian horror all idea of militarism.

And yet there is a certain fine discipline and training in the military atmosphere, even a copy of it, as practised at the properly conducted schools and agencies of the farther deserts. One learns to obey in unpleasant things, and feels something of duty and loyalty in acceding. Where there is nothing of civilization for one hundred miles in any direction, not even a telegraph wire, one comes to revere that refreshing bit of bravery, the Flag, whipping above trees, a symbol of authority and order; one thrills at the music of the band; and bugle-calls, in the wine of seven thousand feet above the sea, add a character-forming stimulation. Reveille, mess, retreat — or, at the end of a long day's drive homeward in the dark, cramped and cold from fifty miles, to hear the solemn notes of 'taps.'

The night hush of the drowsy desert has succeeded all daylight bustle. The clatter of shops, the hum of machinery, the hiss of steam, have quieted. There are no more calls from children at play. One by one the lamps go out on campus and in quarters, and great Orion burns down the empty spaces to glimpse a scrap of feeble civilization gripped in the aged everlasting hills. Then, on the cold wind, stealthily, comes the

eerie chant of a Navajo, riding across the mesa, calling on his gods.

'Will you accept Moqui?'

That was the country of the Buttes and craggy mesas; of Old Oraibi; of Second Mesa and its broad stairway to the domelike pueblos; of ancient Walpi and its rocky ladder to the sky — the land of ruins dating from the misty dawn of history. Across it the Spaniards had marched, contemporaries of Columbus, their halberds gleaming in the sun; and there the early padres had ruled, their mission bells now silent. The 'provinces of Mohoce or Mohoqui,' as Coronado bade his poet-historian write it down. It was the very heart of the Enchanted Empire.

There were but two persons to give me a modern view of the situation. The Navajo interpreter at my present station was one of those half-educated, half-sullen returned students who would accept the meagre wage when the trader would not, a part of the economic system aimed at cheaply teaching grandfather through his unrespected grandson. He came from that northern country, and his immediate family composed a most insolent gang — a mere detail I discovered later in time of stress.

'Lots of Navajo up there,' he said. 'Those Black Mountain fellows — mean Indians, too. Down here quiet, never any trouble, 'cause they liked the Chief; but up there, always something doing.'

Having little confidence in the fellow, I discounted his words heavily. But that afternoon came the missionary from down-river.

'Hello!' he called to me. 'What's this I hear? You — going to Moqui? Well, well; I hope you handle that bunch of mean ones over beyond Oraibi — those Hotevillas. About every four years they flare up. The last was in 1906, so it's about due now. The present Agent has n't Christianized those Indians, and the one ahead of him was a bit mild. They need the fear of God put into them. Many Agents? Well, come to think of it, yes. I can recall several of them. One remained four years, but they average about two, as a rule. Let me hear from you sometime.'

A combined Indian Agency, half Hopi, half Navajo, and the two ancient enemies who fraternized on the surface when the Agent was strong enough to compel it. Ninety miles back in the hills. No telephone and no telegraph. And Agents averaged about two years each of service. What happened to them, I wondered. Were they buried there, quietly and without fuss, or did they depart between suns, seeking more peaceful climes? The padres were not successful, and the Spaniards had abandoned the country as hopeless, notwithstanding their usual methods of domination. True, there was such a thing as having a chap on for the good of his soul, after the manner of whimsical Arizona.

I debated the matter seriously before answering that wire. My plans were changing. From six months my exile had been expanded into a year; and the year was now up. Acceptance would mean a longer stay, an habitation enforced, as I should be under bond and no longer free to come and go, with the added chance of failure in an unsought position of responsibility. I had not envied my old Chief. I do not envy any Indian Agent to-day.

And yet — the Desert called to me from over beyond those blue-toned Buttes to come and find that intangible something 'just around the corner.'

So finally, like Kipling's Pagan, I decided: —

> And I think it will kill me or cure,
> So I think I will go there an' see.

II

I am now glad that I went to the Painted Desert and entered Hopi-land before the advent of the automobile. The going then was a picturesque if toilsome journey. After two days in a farm wagon loaded with my plunder, I reached the first back-country trading-post, and met the official I was to succeed.

That old store at Indian Wells, with its back against the hills, seemed a fanciful place in the twilight of a summer's day. Across a wide plain lifted purple mesas gashed with red clays, and Rabbit Ear Butte stuck its two inquisitive peaks into the evening sky. There was something far removed in the atmosphere and setting of Indian Wells, something of true desert solitude.

Next day we wended northward across Hauke Mesa, passing the White Cone, a solitary bleached-out pyramid that marks the southeast corner of the Hopi Reservation. Two huge white horses drew us — not a very fast pace, but decidedly a sure one. The vehicle was a mountain spring-wagon, and its one wide seat served three of us, the driver and I simple figures in comparison with the gentleman I was to relieve. This was a large pompous man who had sought the Southwest for his health and had not found all of it — principally because he had not arrived soon enough, and also because he was continually fretted by the vision of his former importance. He had come from the East, from a much larger Governmental position. In fact he had been quite within the shadow of the Cabinet, and was bulwarked with political tradition. He knew the President personally, and immediately told one so; and when he came into the desert he wore — Suffering Pioneers! — a top hat!

It takes a long time to make forty miles in a wagon of that type, whatever the entertainment of political conventions and presidential anecdotes.

In late afternoon we crossed the sandy waste of the Jedito Wash, and came out by a steep rocky road that ascended a high mesa. A short distance to the left were the ruins of Awatobi, that once important pueblo of Tusayan, where El Tovar had his first view of and encounter with the 'Mohoce' or 'Mohoqui' of the Spanish chronicles. This meeting occurred twenty-five years before the settlement of St. Augustine, and eighty years before the gentlemen from Plymouth reached the historic New England Rock. In 1911, only a series of low walls, the pueblo foundations, were discernible at Awatobi. The place of the old Spanish mission could not be determined. The blowing desert sand had nearly reclaimed the site to solitude and unbroken sterility. But, following the sacred customs of their forefathers, the Hopi were still making trouble for their guardians.

My predecessor told me how he had sought to quiet this antagonism. At great expense he had taken the old Chief, Youkeoma, and several of his retainers on a trip to and through the East. At Washington they were honored by an audience with President Taft. The power and the glory of the American Nation, it was thought, would overwhelm the savage. He might as well have taken a piece of Oraibi sandrock to see the Pope. Not even the size of President Taft impressed the old spiderlike Hopi prophet, as he afterward told me in diplomatic confidence. Youkeoma returned as sullen and as determined as before, made some new medicine with corn meal and feathers, and then repudiated the whole hegira, including President Taft, telling his people that he had seen nothing of importance, that he had received no counsel that contained

wisdom, and that he sincerely doubted those men were chiefs of anything. Certainly they were not the mythical 'Bohannas' that the Hopi, following their own version of the Messianic legend, expect to come and rule them. And then, having refused to do that which Washington had urbanely decreed, he sat down in his warren of a pueblo, amid the sand and the garbage, to await whatever the white man might see fit to do about it.

That was my inheritance.

'And there is your Agency,' said the official, pointing. 'You can see as far as you like from that place, if you look straight up.'

Below in the great gash were the buildings of the plant, gray, lonely-looking, standing in barren grounds; but large as they were the rocky walls of the cañon dwarfed them. So clear was the air that they appeared as toy houses, cut-outs pasted on a strip of pebbled cardboard. There was a straight line of them, for the cañon, generous enough in other dimensions, had not room for grouping at its bottom.

It was a rough trough hewn by quake and flood. For centuries the waters had torn at it, until their bed was now far below the site of the buildings; and for centuries the sand had drifted in to form rounded domes that buttressed the walls. Each season's tremors disturbed the shattered rocks, sending some to the bottom in tearing grinding slides and posing others at new angles.

It was disappointing — a lonely, dreary place. No trees or hedges relieved the starved-looking site. There was little to be proud of. As for the natural beauties, one must grow to feel the majesty of worn rocks, tinted in all the shades of weathering sandstone, from saffron through gold to ruddy brown, toned to a thousand delicate hues by the stunted cedars and diversified cacti that struggled from every crevice. In the springtime there would be flowers in the crannies, winsome purple and pink flowers, with here and there the blazing scarlet of the Indian paintbrush; and in springtime too would come the great flocks of migratory birds.

Why build in such a place? The answer is that stereotyped one affecting everything in the desert — water. At the upper end of this cañon lived the springs. Water could be brought to the site without great expense. There was enough to furnish a small settlement, and more than could have been harnessed cheaply at any other point of the territory when the plant was built. Water in greater quantity has been discovered since, but there were no 'water-witches' in the provinces of the Mohoqui prior to 1910.

All that day the thunder had muttered sullenly, and occasionally a few drops of rain had fallen on us. It was too early in the year to expect a shower of any consequence, so my guides told me. It was June, and the red-bellied clouds that the Snake Priests watch for do not appear until late August, when they herald the Snake Dance and prove Hopi wisdom; then cloudbursts send torrents through these cañons, and flood the plains, and guarantee the harvest. But, just as we drove up the main road, came a sharp downpour that settled into a rare thing indeed — a steady summer rain.

A group of Indians were standing close as we alighted. This was a delegation of welcome, for the tribes are very curious.

A Navajo grunted: 'Nahtahni.' A Hopi said something that brought smiles to their faces. It was interpreted to me as we shook hands around. He said: 'You must be a good Chief, for you bring the rain.'

III

The Agency consisted of an office, quarters and shops for the clerks, farmers, and mechanics, and a school for about one hundred and fifty pupils of the grammar grades. This was a boarding-school and, in addition to teachers, had a corps of cooks, matrons, laundress, and seamstress, all necessary to the work. In the field, close to the pueblos of the Indians, were five day-schools, serving from fifty to one hundred and twenty children each, and stations for physicians, field nurses, and range men. Therefore the equipment, furniture, and stores of six small settlements had to be inventoried and receipted for at any change of directors.

The outgoing Agent was anxious to have his papers signed, that he might be off to his next post in further search of health. For two weeks we labored over those accounts, and it seemed that it would require another three months — as it did — to adjust and compare and reduce them to something approximating accuracy. So the major part of it was arranged conditionally between us, and I filed my official signature together with bond for thirty thousand dollars, and we two shook hands as cordially as it was possible for men to do who had been debating for a fortnight.

In this manner I became Indian Agent for twenty-two hundred Hopi Indians of the Pueblo stock — maligned under a stupid Departmental label as 'Moqui' — who would call me 'Moungwi'; and for a trifle more of Navajo, the nomads of the desert, who would title me 'Nahtahni' — very likely 'Nahtahni Yezzi,' meaning Little Chief. They had undoubtedly named my predecessor 'Nahtahni Tso,' or Fat Chief.

That time of inventory I recall as a bad dream. Every conceivable article of useless equipment had been dumped on and carefully preserved at that post. The greatest care had been taken of the most useless. Once, when the tailors of Chicago were long on swatches, they presented them to the Indian Service, and to save storage the warehouse custodian had promptly shipped them to the most distant point, the Moqui Agency, in the hope and quite sure belief that they would never come back. Aside from transcontinental railroad charges, Indian wagoners had hauled such precious supplies from the receiving station, one hundred miles, at a cartage of one cent per pound. So it was with hundreds of lamp-chimneys that never fitted a lamp, clothing too small for infants or too large for giants, machetes that were needed in the Cuban cane-fields, tools that Noah would have spurned, and broadcast seeders for use where the Indians planted corn with ceremonial sticks. One warehouse was jammed with wagon-repair material, spokes, fellies, bolsters, and so forth, of dimensions that must have been current in the period of the pioneers.

Some of this waste had been the result of stupid ordering, while much of it grew from the system of yearly contracts — neither of which has changed unto this day. Smith furnishes wagons one year, by virtue of being the lowest bidder, and one must have Smith's repair parts. Next year Brown has the contract, again by virtue of being the lowest and therefore cheapest bidder; and part of Smith's material is a dead loss to the Service.

The method of checking stores was a grotesque science. Sewing-needles were counted, the unit being a single needle, whereas darning-needles were accepted by the hundred. Anvils, log-chains, sledges, and mason-axes were known by weight, other tools by description, and still other tools were identified by sets. Each textbook, each library

and reference volume, — and there were thousands, — was known by its more or less involved title, and so catalogued and counted and charged every three months.

Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —

Quite so; there were shoes, men's, women's, misses', boys', youths', and children's, each divided into two sorts, — Sunday and everyday, — twelve classifications, and all counted and all charged. There were boxes of sealing-wax, and cobbler's wax, and beeswax, in quantity; and in the attenuated garden, irrigated by the hand-bucket method, grew something resembling cabbages where free Congressional seeds had been planted. There were no ships of the keel variety; it was too dry — even the fish carried canteens; but there were burros, those pack-ships of the desert, which cheerfully doubled as 'Arizona nightingales.' And there was one official king, who, if he did not find that crandall the smith had made in 1893, would have months of explaining to those who did not know then, and do not know now, what a crandall is. After thirty days of this I felt myself going mad; so I started forth to view the domain.

Having had but little experience in the handling of horses, I selected one of my Indian interpreters for Jehu, and so he proved. My idea was that an Indian would not only be a thorough horseman, but would possess the rare faculty of driving equally well after dark. The Indian has the eye of the eagle, say the books, and so on; and those winding, narrow, switchback roads did not invite me after nightfall. Sure enough, my first return to the cañon was made in pitch blackness; but I lolled in the buggy, well wrapped up, enjoying a feeling of perfect security. An excellent thing to have an eagle's eye, I thought — when suddenly the world tipped and heaved. There was a moment of crashing confusion and complete chaos. The lines and my Indian driver and I were all on the floor of the buggy together, hopelessly mixed and entangled in blankets and foot-brake and nose bags and halters. The vehicle had pitched forward, and seemed to have climbed on to the backs of the struggling horses. Jehu had driven over a six-foot bank into an arroyo. Fortunately the team had taken it straight over, without swerving, and fortunately too those arroyo banks are of crumbling sand. We scrambled out to catch the heads of the horses.

'What in the blankety-blank did you do that for?' I cried at the dazed Indian, who, like myself, was very much numbed and scared. 'Where were your eyes? Could n't you see the crossing to the left?'

'Did n't you see it?' he mumbled.

'I can't see in this dark — never pretended to; but you — you're an Indian, and —'

'Indian eyes no different from white man's!' he announced in his defense, and with complete composure. 'I can't see in the dark, either.'

Another precious ideal exploded.

IV

A new Agent at the Cañon headquarters — a greenhorn to boot — and immediately a thousand questions were asked. Questions of Indians, of employees, of missionaries, of traders, of traveling cattlemen and drummers, of tourists, of everyone having an interest in that country, even if ever so little. And the new Agent was to answer them all, promptly, that they might go forth with instructions and permits to do the things that they felt most necessary to themselves. I had brought a little book of regulations from Washington

and, too, I thought of the commission. It read: —

All the duties relating to the Moqui schools, Agency, and the Indians contiguous thereto, *are hereby devolved upon you as Superintendent.*

Rather a large order — depending of course on how sincerely and conscientiously one would view the matter. Here were close to four thousand square miles of territory, having five thousand people of many conditions, three fourths of them uncombed savages — and all their problems devolved upon me.

I remember a particularly worthless Civil Service employee who once said to me: 'But, Mr. Crane, you take these matters too seriously.'

It was necessary for me to cancel his engagement shortly thereafter. I did this abruptly, for he had shown a strong tendency to go to sleep at the scales. He then emitted another philosophical remark, worthy of a Civil Service employee: —

'Well,' he said, 'I will get home just at watermelon time.'

Now one does not have to take the thing seriously. I have followed several Agents who did not. But there is no traditional 'George' in the Arizona Desert, and the Agent can always be found. He is the official goat, tagged, manacled, bonded. He may not leave his jurisdiction for longer than one week without having procured special permission; and when he goes the work continues in the hands of irresponsibles under his responsibility and his bond. I spent several evenings with the little book of regulations, and answered my own queries.

What are the duties and responsibilities of an Indian Agent?

On a closed reservation, where the Indians are noncitizen wards, the Agent acts the following parts: —

1. He is the Disbursing Officer for all activities, and will expend $100,000 or more yearly, the reserve's allotment of funds, without including the moneys of individual Indians that may be deposited with him.

2. He directs a corps of employees, persons procured from the Civil Service grab-bag (persons he does not select), a gregarious and vagarious outfit, consisting of physicians, nurses, stockmen, farmers or range men, mechanics, teachers; and he often coöperates with the Irrigation or other services and their corps.

3. When there is construction work of any kind, from quarters and schools to roads and bridges, he often designs these things, always passes on the efficiency, and nearly always directs the actual work.

4. As Chief Health Officer he should know enough to advise and support the physicians, who require more of direction and guidance than one would imagine; and among the Indians he is in great measure responsible for the legality of their actions. In times of epidemic he must lead.

5. He is the Chief of Indian Police.

6. He is a special deputy officer of the Liquor Service, a branch designed for the suppression of the liquor traffic among Indians.

7. He is Judge of the Indian Court, with the powers of a magistrate, unless there is an intelligent Indian who may be commissioned so to act. Such are not in the Arizona Desert. If there should be intelligent Indians to act, the Agent has appellate power.

8. He is the Game Warden.

9. He holds hearings, determines heirs, and probates estates.

10. He often makes allotment of lands to Indians and determines values.

11. He is superintendent of Indian trade, recommends those persons who seek Governmental license to trade with Indians at designated trading-posts, and is expected to regulate the prices of that trade in accordance with market conditions.

12. Should the Indians have moneys accruing from supervised activities, such as the leasing or sale of lands, or from stock-selling, and so forth, the Agent first sets his approval on the leases or sales, and thereafter acts as banker of the money.

13. As banker again, he makes loans to Indians under the Government's reimbursable plan, whereby an Indian may purchase of the Agent live stock or implements, materials, tools, or seed, with borrowed money, and repay such loans during a period of years.

14. In the Navajo country, he guarantees the genuineness of the famous Navajo blanket before it goes to market.

15. He should encourage Indian agriculture, seek to improve their live-stock holdings, and generally strengthen their industries.

16. Under an Act of the Legislature of Arizona, he issues marriage licenses as a clerk of the court, and may solemnize marriage.

17. He is to see that all Indian children between the ages of six and eighteen years attend school; to provide and equip properly the schools; and to improve if possible the sanitary and moral conditions of the Indian communities.

18. In some places — and the Moqui Reservation is one — he should police and protect Indian ceremonies, such as the Snake Dance.

19. He has authority to make minor regulations in good judgment for the government of Indian country of his jurisdiction; and in larger measures, if he is informed and possesses a backbone, he usually sways the policy of the Service as it affects his people.

20. The laws of the State do not apply directly to his territory, but serve as guides in those cases not specifically covered by Federal Law, and through him as Agent.

Have you had enough? If these are not sufficient in number to be convincing, there are a few others in the two thousand amendments issued since 1904.

V

Now the Indians drifted in to greet their new Chief. Although possessed by a great curiosity, they came shyly, diffidently, as is the Indian way. One would suppose that a grand council of braves would have been called to introduce a new Agent with some semblance of formality, a thing that impresses a primitive people. But not so. The old Agent — who was Agent no longer, and glad that someone else had succeeded to the petty headaches, which are worse than the problems — packed his gear and departed. It was up to me to meet the savage in the course of business, and to make what impression I could.

The prominent men of the several districts were not at all backward in telling me how influential they were. The Navajo came first, and with reason, for they held five sixths of the range by right of might, and were eager to impress one that they should not be disturbed.

Came Hostin Nez, 'the Tall Man,' a lean shrewd genius, who could remember the captivity after Carson's campaigns. He stood proudly erect, and yet had an ingratiating manner that was part of his profession; for, besides dominating a large faction of his people and being the hereditary chief of all the Navajo, he was a Medicine Man of high degree. From the north came old Billa Chezzi, better known as 'Crooked Fingers' because of a crippled hand, who had in him nothing that was sullen or criminal, perhaps, but who pictured a bloodthirsty pirate on a desperate mission.

These two represented communities of Navajo, living and roaming north, south, east, and west of the Hopi mesa settlements, and by whom the Hopi have been throttled from the range. There were lesser men, headmen of groups of families, each having something of distinction in his manner of personal eccentricity.

But for the most part my Navajo business was with Hostin Nez. He was a Judge of the Indian Court, and carried a 'pretty paper' — a ragged commission lithographed in bright colors. We had many a long and dispassionate

argument, he rolling cigarettes in pieces of newspaper, which he evidently preferred to the 'saddle blankets' that came in packages, and wiping his lips now and then with a Turkish towel that was draped about his neck — a fashion in neckcloths that he affected. I never knew Hostin Nez to lose patience, and he would return again and again to a point at issue in the hope of gaining advantage. In appearance a Tatar chieftain, and in methods a Talleyrand.

'Think of it, Nahtahni,' he said to me, very shortly after our first meeting, 'I have never had a wagon. Here I am, an influential man among my people, and all the others have been favored. When the children first went to school, the Agents used to give each father a wagon; but that was years ago, and my children are men, and I have never had a wagon.'

Now this was hard lines, for a Navajo who did not possess a wagon was prevented from hauling freight, at that time a most lucrative occupation, and the camp need for a vehicle of some sort was great. The Navajo has to haul wood and water, and must somehow transport his products of wool and hides to the trader. So I promised him a wagon from the next lot received.

This would not be a present. The Indians of the Empire are independent and self-supporting; they do not receive rations; and the Nahtahnis do not make presents of implements or other necessary things. The Indians paid for such issues by laboring on the roads and at other constructive work of the jurisdiction, and were credited at current rates for laborers. The 'wagon' meant the issue of a full freighting-outfit — everything save the horses, of which the Navajo have a surplus.

But Hostin Nez sent his son to sign the receipt for the issue. This was Hostin Nez Bega Number Four, indicating that there were other scions numbered one, two, and three, and perhaps even others bearing more fanciful Indian names. A great suspicion dawned on me. The issue-papers for several years back were examined, and lo! old Talleyrand had worked that game many times. *He* had never received a wagon; but each of his sons had received wagons after the father had made the plea for himself. When they went for freight, the Nez outfit comprised a caravan, and at the scales their pay-checks totaled hundreds of dollars. Hostin Nez did not go for freight. He was the Main Guy, and procured the wagons.

When I taxed the Chief with this, he was not offended. He smiled benignly and repeated: 'But, Citcili' (my younger brother), '*I* have never had a wagon.' We let it go at that.

VI

Hardly had I moved the big desk to a place where I could see the Indians as they came in at the main door, in order that their pleas would not have to filter down through clerks, when the quiet of the summer afternoon was broken by cries of dismay and excited grief. A Navajo came running, weeping, his manner hysterical. He rushed into the office and stammered: 'Charlie Bega, he dead — kill — Charlie Bega.'

For the moment I thought someone had been murdered, but the Navajo interpreter quickly explained: 'His son has just died. Their hogan is down the cañon near the mine, and he came to tell you of it, and he wants a coffin built and a grave dug.'

The doctor came in to confirm this statement, and added: 'The carpenter makes coffins for the people. The Navajo have a great fear of the dead, and they will not bury when it is possible to have the work done by

someone else. We usually send a squad of men to prepare a grave, and the parson conducts a little service. If you say so, I will tell him.'

It was late afternoon, and would soon be twilight. 'You may tell the carpenter,' I said to the interpreter, 'and we will arrange this funeral for to-morrow morning.'

'Pardon me, sir, but they have queer customs. No member of that family will eat until the body is disposed of; and they must purify themselves by sweat-baths and ceremonies. When one dies close to the Agency, we help them bury at once.'

My first inclination was not to be ruled by such superstition; and then I thought how little four centuries of progress around them and fifty years of American influence had changed the Navajo. Like his desert, he has remained untouched, unaffected.

'Very well,' I said. 'Have things made ready to-night.'

And I shall never forget my first Indian funeral. At different times since, and among other tribes and circumstances, I have had more of excitement and not a little anxiety at funerals. But this was my first in the desert.

The carpenter made a substantial box, much too large, I thought; but when the body was placed in it, wrapped in new blankets, decked with silver ornaments, with the dead boy's saddle, bridle, and quirt at the foot, it was none too large. They could ill afford to part with those blankets and silver things, and especially that saddle. But he must be caparisoned and equipped for his new life in the ghostly land where he would go a-roaming.

A half-dozen of the employees climbed into the wagon that would carry the body to the grave. Among them was a visitor, a noted geologist who has made the Empire his study, and who took his share of labor along with the rest. The minister from the Baptist Mission met us at the gate. The burial ground was a desolate place across the arroyo, in a little hollow of those great drifted dunes, shunned by the Indians and not very inviting to anyone. By the time the grave was ready it was quite dark and lanterns had been lighted.

'Do you wish a commitment service, sir?' asked the minister. I did not at once understand him, having to learn that the new Agent decides everything, and I had thought he would take his place as the man of prayer without request. He had a short ritual for pagans, and this was one of them. It was solemn and sufficient.

'Dust to dust . . .' and the tossing of earth on the box followed. Four of the men began filling in the grave. I had looked around for the relatives of the dead; as yet none were in evidence, but out of the dusk came two strange Navajo leading a pony. It was a very good animal, as desert mounts go. And the missionary presented to me a serious problem.

'They wish to kill the horse. Will you permit that?'

And there was something in his tone of voice that indicated a hope I would deny something as an innovation. Again I called for an explanation.

'The Navajo always kill a horse at the grave,' said the trader.

'It seems a merciless thing to do — that's a good pony.'

The missionary brightened. He had little use for pagan customs and longed for an arbitrary decision.

'It is the custom of the people,' said the trader, an honest man who advised me for many days thereafter. 'You may not like it, and — you *may* be strong enough to stop it.' There was doubt in his voice. 'But it is their custom.'

It went against the grain; but there

stood the Indians with the animal — silent, waiting. This problem had been presented to many Agents perhaps.

'If we do not kill it mercifully with a gun, they will only go away and beat it to death with rocks,' said the trader. 'It must be done to-night. I have brought a rifle.'

The desert custom of the Navajo won its first round.

The two Indians led the pony to the head of the grave and, seeming to understand that we had settled it, scuttled away in the shadows. The trader leveled his rifle and shot that very good pony through the brain. It leaped forward convulsively, and plunged down, knee-deep, in the soft earth of the grave. The dead had a mount.

VII

Now the first complaints were filed with me, and soon increased to scores. The Hopi has suffered for many years because of the willful depredations of his too close neighbor, the Navajo; and the Navajo in turn has community troubles of his own. The Indian welcomes opportunity to speak his piece in court, and if permitted will promptly set up as prosecutor and spring to the rapid cross-examination of witnesses.

A docket having once been opened, word seemed to go forth to the mesas and the cañons to bring in their complaints. The cases became legion. One would begin to examine witnesses in so simple a matter as horse-stealing, record quite a bit of evidence, to discover suddenly that the animal in question had disappeared eleven years gone, the complaint having been duly entered by seven different Indian Agents sitting at this and other Agencies. It became necessary to impose a statute of limitations.

The first real trial concerned a Medicine Man and his collar-bone. One Horace Greeley, of Sitchumnovi, in the First Mesa District, at that time reputed to be seventy-four years old, and by profession a bonesetter, had not pleased a member of his tribe. Or perhaps he had conjured only too well with the misplaced anatomy of the patient, and charged according to his skill. At any rate, a relative of the patient took umbrage, and proceeded to handle Horace in a rough and unseemly manner. Among other things damaged was Horace's own collar-bone. He could not very well set this himself, and naturally distrusted his confreres; so he was forced to send for the Agency physician. Otherwise I should not have heard of the case. But Horace being found with a fractured collar-bone and numerous contusions, the matter was reported, and his complaint entered for the next session of court.

The Regulations of the Indian Service direct that the Court of Indian Offenses shall consist of two or more intelligent and trustworthy Indians, acting as judges, whose verdicts shall be reviewed by the Indian Agent should an appeal be taken to him. As many Indians do not understand their right of appeal, the Agent is compelled to be present either to sustain or to overrule the verdicts.

And did I not have two such judges, all properly commissioned? Did not Hostin Nez have a treasured 'pretty paper,' and was not Hooker Hongave an equal judge? Did not the Government, looking for justice, generously crowd on each of them the princely salary of seven dollars, each and every month, 'fresh and fresh'? Now was the time to avail myself of native wisdom.

Judge Hooker was a figure in the First Mesa community. At one time he had been a Hopi of the Hopi, and had fought the new system of schools and regulation with all his crude ability. To-day he is hated by pagans because

he has tried to assimilate the doctrines of Christianity, and is looked on by some Christians as an arch-hypocrite. Such are the trials of the savage.

Actually he is a childish old fellow who has tried to merit the confidence of the mission folk, with little concept of where paganism ends and Christianity begins. His greatest sacrifice in life has been the abandonment of tribal ceremonies. From his house below the mesa can be seen the famous Walpi dance-ledge, like a miniature stage high in the thin air, thronged on pagan festal days with multicolored costumes, where faintly sound the chanting and the drums. But he never attends these feasts of rhythm and song, save at the biannual Walpi Snake Dance, when he joyfully receives a dispensation from the Agent to go as an official of the Government, he being a Judge and the authorized Crier. Many times did he cry down the aimless chatter of tourists during my administration, that solemn announcements might be made to the brethren, and the visitors cautioned against the making of vile photographs and unseemly levity. Garbed in a magnificently beaded waistcoat that had decked some long-vanquished Sioux warrior, and bearing his staff of office, a knotted club out of Africa, he presents a strange and not undignified figure on these occasions.

Therefore the two who shared the woolsack were contrasts. Hostin Nez, a Navajo pagan of the pagans, a Medicine Man, a leader of chants and a priest of the sand-paintings; Hooker Hongave, a simple-minded savage who had turned halfway toward the Church, with the low-toned booming of hide-drums in his ears, and in his heart, perhaps, a longing for the mysticism of his ancient people.

The day of hearing having been reached, and all assembled, the Judges listened to the story of old broken Greeley, who had by no means recovered and was still swathed in bandages. The accused was a burly fellow under forty, powerful enough to have challenged a middleweight, who did not deny or extenuate the assault.

'It is a very bad thing that this man has done,' said Judge Hooker, clucking his tongue and shaking his head sadly.

'Yes, my brother,' agreed the Navajo jurist. 'It is a serious thing and it must not happen again. We must make an example of this man so all the people will know of it.'

'We will,' said Hooker; and they withdrew to frame up a sentence.

From their determined expressions I feared that the prisoner would get at least a year in the hoosegow — an embarrassing piece of business, for the Regulations do not recognize any charge as deserving more than ninety days, and the Territorial Court had thought three years sufficient for cold-blooded murder in a recent Indian case. The Judges reappeared.

'He is a bad man,' said Hooker.

'Yes, he is a dangerous fellow,' said Hostin Nez.

'And so we will send him to jail for — ten days.'

'Ten days!' I cried out. 'Why, he nearly killed Greeley. That old man will suffer for weeks. You mean ten weeks, don't you?'

'No,' they said. 'Ten days is a long time in jail.'

The appellate power came into action.

'Your decision, gentlemen, is overruled.'

Hooker brightened, expecting a remission of at least five days, which would save his face at the mesa, and perhaps prevent the prisoner from hating him for many years.

'The prisoner will be confined for the period of sixty days, and during that time will be employed at hard labor.'

Hooker gasped, trembled, and was speechless.

'You are a man without mercy,' declared old Hostin Nez.

That was my last session of the Indian Court in the Hopi-Navajo country with native judges sitting. One might as well expect justice from a goose.

For an Agent who wishes to evade responsibility, the 'judges' are an excellent smoke-screen. He can always say: 'It was done by the prisoner's own people' — Pilate's method. Aside from its having all the elements of farce, it breeds dissatisfaction and ill-will among the people, while teaching them nothing.

Thereafter I paid the salaries, and pleasantly chatted with the old gentlemen when they visited the Agency; but of their legal wisdom I wanted nothing. The Court proceeded to business without them.

TRACKING DOWN A MURDERER

BY J. LESLIE HOTSON

I

ANCIENT murderers arouse in some of us a deep detecting interest. To ferret them out and to turn the world's eye upon them gives a peculiar pleasure. The modern criminal, on the other hand, leaves us comparatively cold. We abandon him, with his large fortune and temporary mental aberration, to the sordid pillory of the headlines. Our preferred murderers are those far figures who, having drawn a cloak of centuries over their crime, are trying to slip unnoticed down the dark highway of history. Such we like to tap on the shoulder.

But 'First catch your hare,' says the oracle of the kitchen. And the greatest initial obstacle to the exposure of lost murderers is of course the catching them. Clues are clues only to those who have their eyes open. As a specimen of ancient hidden murder, I take the case of Nicholas Colfox. This man, we have just discovered, was a murderer denounced, under a cloak of poetry, by Geoffrey Chaucer. An obscure corner of history shows Colfox as the chief accomplice of Thomas Mowbray in the abduction and secret murder of Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, in 1397. This discovery has now for the first time opened our eyes to the damning finger which Chaucer points in his 'Tale of the Cock and the Fox': —

> A Colfox, ful of sly iniquitee . . .
> Wayting his tyme on Chauntecleer to falle,
> As gladly doon thise homicydes alle,
> That in awayt liggen to mordre men.
> O false mordrer, lurking in thy den!

But the story we have to tell here is not the Hunting of the Colfox. We shall come down two centuries, and relate the chase of the man who killed the dramatist Christopher Marlowe. And the beginning of the story lies in Bloomsbury.

You must know, first, that the houses in Bloomsbury are all alike — on the

outside. Idiosyncrasy may find a place within door, but it is drab uniformity which orders the antique right-dress and the jaded eyes-front of the smoky exteriors. In a garret of one of these indistinguishable houses, one raw November night, we were huddled over the gas stove. Mary was trying to toast bread and, Jupiter-like, I was pouring a well-aimed shower of coins into the lap of that Danaän stove, to coax from it a complaisant warmth. No one who has not experienced it can know the joy of an English fireside. When the ponderous penny has dropped, and the eager gas has launched its cheerful roar — then is the moment for scorched shins, shivering backs, and little abortive attempts to mitigate the monotony of the English cuisine.

To us enters our literary friend, partly for hot buttered toast, and partly for companionship. Our literary friend is an authority on Christopher Marlowe and his writings. Being on tour, he has paid a visit to Marlowe's college at Cambridge, he has walked from the Bankside to Shoreditch, and is projecting a pilgrimage to the poet's birthplace, Canterbury. Before taking his leave, our literary friend learns that we are spending our days in Chancery Lane, grubbing among the musty parchments and papers of the Public Record Office, finding here a new fact about John Harvard, and there a lawsuit concerning some property of John Milton's. Thinking at once of the unknown man who destroyed the greatest early genius of the English drama, he shakes his head. Not much chance of finding a trace of that criminal in the Public Record Office. Scholars have ransacked the place in search of him. But Deptford, now — where Marlowe was killed? Why not try Deptford? No telling what you might find there, in some obscure corner.

After our literary friend had gone, I endeavored to think why I ought not to try Deptford. One very good reason that came to me was, I remember, that Peter the Great, Tsar of Muscovy, had tried it: and tsars were notorious for their bad taste — whether it were shown in accidentally beating their children to death, or in fostering revolution with the knout. The story goes that Peter went to Deptford ostensibly to learn shipbuilding as a common workman. But King Charles lodged him and his retinue in Sayes Court, the handsome Deptford mansion of Sir John Evelyn. When the Muscovites came to move out, Sir John made a bitter complaint to Parliament of the horror wrought within the house by the nasty nobility, and of the destruction of his cherished hedges by Peter. The potentate, it seems, as shipbuilding palled, would seat himself in quest of excitement in a wheelbarrow, and get a powerful gardener to rush him full tilt through a hedge. Evelyn naturally could not be expected to understand what an intoxicated thrill of Tsarility it gave one to smash through those hedges.

Then, too, I reflected that though Deptford, even as late as Peter's time, may have been in a condition to be visited, it now was unquestionably a city slum. On picking up the *Evening Standard* I read that health officers were urging the establishment of public baths in Deptford, since it had been estimated that there was one bathroom for every one hundred houses. Finally, where in Deptford should I find an archive — a commodity no doubt scarcer even than bathrooms?

No; the prospect of Deptford was lacking in charm. Instead, I went to the British Museum to find out exactly what was already known of Marlowe's murderer.

It took but a very short time to find that nothing was exactly known.

Turning to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, I found this: —

In the register of the parish church of St. Nicholas, Deptford, appears the entry, which is ordinarily transcribed thus: 'Christopher Marlow, slain by ffrancis Archer, 1 June 1593.' Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps read the surname of the assailant as 'Frezer,' *i. e.* Fraser.

Here at once was mystery full-fledged. The authorities did not agree even on the murderer's name. Some read 'Archer,' and others 'Frezer.' Plainly the first step would be to settle the question to my own satisfaction by studying the original writing. But the burial register that contained it was still kept in the church at Deptford where Marlowe was buried. For some moments a bus pilgrimage to Dismal Deptford loomed up unavoidable — but I was spared. From the dim stack a book on Marlowe was produced, whose author had thoughtfully enriched his work with a photographic facsimile of the disputed entry. One careful glance proved beyond a doubt that the 'Frezer' reading was right and the 'Archer' reading impossible. The scholars and parsons had mistaken the *ff* of *ffrezer* (which was the old way of writing capital *F*) for a capital *A*, owing to the two uprights and the crossbar; and to take *ez* for *ch* in an Elizabethan hand is not so stupid as one might suppose. But 'Francis Frezer' was unquestionably the name written by the parish clerk.

So much for the name. What other dim light was there on Marlowe's death? Well, there were two ancient brimstone accounts of the violent and well-merited end of Marlowe, the reputed atheist, which have survived. The first, written by Thomas Beard four years after Marlowe's death, in his *Theatre of Gods Iudgements* (a collection of terrific obituaries), runs as follows: —

Not inferiour to any of the former in Atheisme & impiety, and equall to all in maner of punishment was one of our own nation, of fresh and late memory, called *Marlin* [marginal note: *Marlow*], by profession a scholler, brought vp from his youth in the Vniuersitie of Cambridge, but by practise a playmaker, and a Poet of scurrilitie, who by giuing too large a swinge to his owne wit, and suffering his lust to haue the full raines, fell (not without iust desert) to that outrage and extremitie, that hee denied God and his sonne Christ, and not only in word blasphemed the trinitie, but also (as it is credibly reported) wrote books against it, affirming our Sauiour to be but a deceiuer, and *Moses* to be but a coniurer and seducer of the people, and the holy Bible to be but vaine and idle stories, and all religion but a deuice of pollicie. But see what a hooke the Lord put in the nosthrils of this barking dogge: It so fell out, that in London streets as he purposed to stab one whome hee ought a grudge vnto with his dagger, the other party perceiuing so auoided the stroke, that withall catching hold of his wrest, he stabbed his owne dagger into his owne head, in such sort, that notwithstanding all the meanes of surgerie that could be wrought, hee shortly after died thereof. The manner of his death being so terrible (for hee euen cursed and blasphemed to his last gaspe, and togither with his breath an oth flew out of his mouth) that it was not only a manifest signe of Gods iudgement, but also an horrible and feare-full terrour to all that beheld him. But herein did the iustice of God most notably appeare, in that hee compelled his owne hand which had written those blasphemies to be the instrument to punish him, and that in his braine, which had deuised the same.

It was to this story that Francis Meres, writing a year later, added the famous embroidery of scandal: '*Christopher Marlow* was stabd to death by a bawdy Seruing man, a riuall of his in his lewde loue.' Historians of literature, novelists, and playwrights have seized on this last unsavory morsel of gossip and have served it up under such an

ingenious variety of forms that those who have heard nothing else about Marlowe have heard that.

William Vaughan, the author of the second long account, tells a more circumstantial and less expansive tale in his *Golden Grove* (1600): —

> Not inferiour to these was one Christopher Marlow by profession a playmaker, who, as it is reported, about 7. yeeres a-goe wrote a booke against the Trinitie: but see the effects of Gods iustice; it so hapned, that at Detford, a little village about three miles distant from London, as he meant to stab with his ponyard one named Ingram, that had inuited him thither to a feast, and was then playing at tables, he quickly perceyuing it, so auoyded the thrust, that withall drawing out his dagger for his defence, hee stabd this Marlow into the eye, in such sort, that his braines comming out at the daggers point, hee shortlie after dyed. Thus did God, the true executioner of diuine iustice, worke the ende of impious Atheists.

It is to be noticed here that Vaughan gives the assailant's name as one 'Ingram,' while the burial register, we remember, reported it as 'Francis Frezer.' Which was correct? Someone had blundered over this name, but from this distance no one could tell where the age-old mistake lay.

II

Out of this tangle I took small encouragement. How could I hope to discover anything about so shadowy a criminal? In the first place, he was reputed to have been a serving man; and men of that class do not figure largely in the public records. Secondly, his very name was a matter of doubt. So hopeless it seemed that I gave up all thought of tracking him down, and returned to my other research.

Months passed, and took me far from Chancery Lane. But the magnetic power of the archives, that subtle and incalculable force, drew me back; and somewhere in the unconscious part of memory the names 'Ingram' and 'Francis Frezer' were still lurking. One day the gods of chance were propitious. I was going through the pages of one of the old index-books to the Close Rolls of the Chancery, searching it for Walter Raleighs, Francis Drakes, and the like. As my eye traveled through the entries for the year 1596, it was suddenly caught and held by the name 'Ingram Frizer.' In a flash came revelation. Something shouted in my brain that I had my finger on Marlowe's murderer, whose trail I had so long abandoned. The mystery of the name was solved: Vaughan had mentioned the murderer as 'Ingram,' apparently taking this as his surname, while the parish clerk, though writing 'Frezer' correctly, had mistakenly substituted 'Francis' as his Christian name.

The date here was 1596, three years after the crime, and Frizer had not been hanged by the neck; on the contrary, here he was, indexed in the Close Rolls of the Chancery. What was he doing there? Referring to the enrolled document, I found it to be merely a deed of bargain and sale, by which Ingram Frizer of London purchased two houses and some land in Buckinghamshire; and in this, of course, there was no clue to the crime. But we had crossed a hot trail. A hazy contradiction of names had leaped into life as Ingram Frizer, a London man of business, living, moving, and having his being three years after killing Marlowe. He challenged me to a chase.

How was I to recover a trace of his crime of 1593? I could not believe that he had not come to some kind of trial for killing Marlowe, even though he had been acquitted. There must have been a record, somewhere. Casting about, I thought first of the great series of ancient Criminal Inquests — those

investigations by coroners' courts into questionable deaths — included in the Chancery records. Unfortunately this collection upon examination proved to contain nothing later than the reign of Henry VI.

Baffled here, I had to lead off in a new direction. It occurred to me that although Marlowe was killed at Deptford in Kent, perhaps the case was not tried in Kent. Perhaps Frizer had been indicted for Marlowe's death in the great Court of the Queen's Bench, Westminster, the highest criminal court in the realm. I therefore got out the Queen's Bench Controlment Roll for 35 Elizabeth (1593) — a thick bundle of dark-brown parchments sewn together at the top. For two days I strained my eyes searching in the dim and difficult script for an indictment of Ingram Frizer, and I finished by finding nothing.

Once more I paused and considered. The possibilities of Kent were not yet exhausted. Marlowe's murderer might have been tried by the Justices of Assize, on circuit there. Hope rode high when the bundle of ancient rolls of the South-Eastern Circuit for 1593 was brought out for me. Black with thick dust they were, and appeared not to have been opened for centuries. I thought surely to make a discovery here. But as they slowly passed in dim and fragmentary procession under my eyes hope seemed to pass with them. In the long files of criminals I found no Ingram Frizer.

This was a dark moment. I could see nothing in any direction. While waiting for light, I read over the two old narratives of Marlowe's death once more. Was there a possible clue still hidden there? What was Vaughan's view of the circumstances of the fight? According to him Marlowe, dagger in fist, had attacked Ingram, who drew his own poniard and killed the poet in self-defense. If this were true, could Ingram properly be called a murderer? To freshen up my imagination I made an effort to put myself in his place. Here lay Kit Marlowe, whom I had stabbed to save my life. Was I to look forward quietly to a trial for murder, and then the gallows? But I killed him in self-defense! I thought that I could prove as much to the coroner's jury. And after proving it, what then? Why, then I could appeal to the Queen for a pardon.

A pardon. A clue! A clue which — presto! — turned me back into my natural shape as a researcher. Where would the royal pardons be entered? Of a sudden I recalled having seen them mentioned in a description of the Patent Rolls of the Chancery. This series is made up of copies of the *Litteræ Patentes* or open letters from the sovereign to the subject (the originals are so called from being written upon open sheets of parchment with the Great Seal pendent at the bottom). Among many other kinds of documents, pardons of all sorts were issued through the Chancery as Letters Patent.

Now the index books to the Patent Rolls stand most conveniently on the shelves of the Legal Search Room, just a step down the gloomy corridor from the Round Room where I was working. In a moment I was there, taking down the volume containing 35 Elizabeth (1593), and running my excited finger down the time-faded names noted in the margins.

A dozen rapid leaves, a score or so of names, and treasure-trove! — 'Frisar' lay before me like a jewel on the page. I could not believe my good fortune. There beside it was the laconic description of the pardon, clearly written in the customary abbreviated Latin: —

R[egina] xxviij° die Junij con[cessit] Ingramo ffrisar p[er]don[am] de se defend[endo]

This may be put into English roughly as: —

> The Queen 28th day of June granted pardon to Ingram ffrisar [for homicide] in self-defense.

In a kind of whirling daze I realized that Marlowe's name was not there. Still, the date was right: four weeks after Marlowe's burial was sufficient time for issuing a pardon. This *must* be the pardon I was after. But before I could rest I must see the document to which this entry was the index. In an unsteady hand I made out the call ticket for Patent Roll 1401, to which the index referred me, only to find that the hands of the Record Office clock pointed to 4:15 — too late to see the roll that afternoon! That was another dark moment.

Conquering an absurd fear that the attendants must have guessed my secret from my face, I found my way out from the dark musty halls of the archives to the green quiet of the Rolls Yard, past the reflective eye of the guardian bobby under the massive gateway, and into the narrow rapid roar of Chancery Lane. Law clerks passed like so many hasty puppets. Nothing stood in my mind's eye but the shining hope of finding the first authentic account of the death of Christopher Marlowe. That hope would be dashed or realized precisely at ten o'clock on the morrow, when the fatal roll would be waiting on my table. There would be a pardon, I knew; but suppose it should turn out to be only a bare statement, with no thrilling details? As I faced this staggering doubt in Holborn, I was very nearly juggernauted by a Charing Cross bus.

This would not do. I had no right to risk a violent death, when such a secret would die with me. I must live at least until 10 A.M., and that right rapidly. But my desire to speed the parting minutes fell beneath the inexorability of routine. I had to make my usual way by tube to Paddington with other 'season ticket-holders' (an Englishman never *commutes*) and take my seat in the customary Beaconsfield train. We were staying then at Jordans Hostel, which lies halfway between Chalfont St. Giles, where Milton wrote, and Beaconsfield, where Chesterton may still be seen from afar off, similarly occupied. On this night of nights the Great Western Railway dropped me in the most ordinary fashion at my little station, and the engine puffed off, remarking, 'Whatever you *may* or *may* not discover, the *world must go on, world-must-go-on, worldmustgoon.*' I walked up past the old Friends' Meeting House, through the orchard to the Hostel, and divulged the tremendous secret to Mary. Then followed an attempt to kill the long evening hours by means of a furious game of badminton with a small boy in the Mayflower Barn (a three-centuries-old affair, affirmed by tradition and at least one eminent scholar to be built from the timbers of the Pilgrim ship). The night which succeeded was long, unusually long for the season. But morning came at length, and with it the London train.

III

Life goes by contraries. When I approached the Record Office as the bells of St. Clement's were striking ten, I ought, no doubt, to have quickened my steps. Contrariwise, I fell into a kind of fatalistic saunter. If I should find it, well; if not, why, no need to have hurried. . . .

I reached my table. There was the brown roll waiting, as it had waited these three hundred years. Almost calmly I began to unroll the heavy involute of parchment, ten inches wide. But as I noted the length of the average

entry my excitement waxed. Faster I rolled — faster, faster — until Frizer's immortal name flashed into view, at the head of a pardon *more than a foot long.*

Surely an angel — perhaps the recording angel — had preserved me for this, or this for me. For me? I cast a furtive glance, half expecting the sharp-eyed double circle of searchers to rise in a body and pounce on my roll — but they were deep in affairs, mostly genealogical, of their own. My eye raced over the pardon — it was written in Latin — and I saw that it quoted in full the details of the inquest held by the Queen's Coroner, William Danby, on 'the body of Christopher Morley, lying dead and slain' at Deptford. *Christopher Morley.* Was this Christopher Marlowe the dramatist? My heart skipped a beat. It must be. The same name in a different spelling. Scholars had seen Marlowe's name written 'Marlin' and 'Marley'; but 'Christopher Morley' was a new and modern-sounding form. In passing I realized that the author of *Shandygaff* had here found a great namesake across three centuries.

No matter for the spelling — here was the precious story, the only authoritative and complete story of Kit Marlowe's mysterious death. How did he die? What was the quarrel? Was there a woman in the case? I found the answers to these questions in the findings of sixteen men under oath — the Coroner's jury. Stripped of a little verbiage, here follows a direct translation from the Latin: —

. . . When a certain Ingram Frysar, late of London, gentleman, and the aforesaid Christopher Morley and one Nicholas Skeres, late of London, gentleman, and Robert Poley of London aforesaid, gentleman, on the thirtieth day of May in the thirty-fifth year above mentioned, at Detford Strand aforesaid . . . about the tenth hour before noon of the same day, met together in a room in the house of a certain Eleanor Bull, widow; & there passed the time together & dined & after dinner were in quiet sort together there & walked in the garden belonging to the said house until the sixth hour after noon of the same day & then returned from the said garden to the room aforesaid & there together and in company supped; & after supper the said Ingram & Christopher Morley were in speech & uttered one to the other divers malicious words for the reason that they could not be at one nor agree about the payment of the sum of money, that is, *le Reckoninge;* & the said Christopher Morley then lying upon a bed in the room where they supped, & moved with anger against the said Ingram Frysar upon the words as aforesaid spoken between them, and the said Ingram then & there sitting in the room aforesaid with his back towards the bed where the said Christopher Morley was then lying, sitting near the bed . . . & with the front part of his body towards the table, & the aforesaid Nicholas Skeres & Robert Poley sitting on either side of the said Ingram in such a manner that the same Ingram Frysar in no wise could take flight: it so befell that the said Christopher Morley on a sudden & of his malice towards the said Ingram aforethought, then & there maliciously drew the dagger of the said Ingram which was at his back, and with the same dagger the said Christopher Morley then & there maliciously gave the aforesaid Ingram two wounds on his head of the length of two inches & of the depth of a quarter of an inch; whereupon the said Ingram, in fear of being slain, & sitting in the manner aforesaid between the said Nicholas Skeres & Robert Poley so that he could not in any wise get away, in his own defense & for the saving of his life then & there struggled with the said Christopher Morley to get back from him his dagger aforesaid; in which affray the same Ingram could not get away from the said Christopher Morley; and so it befell in that affray that the said Ingram, in defense of his life, with the dagger aforesaid of the value of twelve pence, gave the said Christopher then & there a mortal wound over his right eye of the depth of two inches & of the width of one inch; of

which mortal wound the aforesaid Christopher Morley then & there instantly died; And since that the said Ingram killed & slew the said Christopher Morley aforesaid at Detford Strand aforesaid . . . in the manner & form aforesaid in the defense and saving of his own life, against our peace our crown & dignity, as more fully appears by the tenor of the Record of the Inquest aforesaid which we caused to come before us in our Chancery by virtue of our writ; We therefore moved by piety have pardoned the same Ingram Frisar the breach of our peace which pertains to us against the said Ingram for the death above mentioned & grant to him our firm peace. . . . Witness the Queen at Kew on the 28th day of June.

It will be noticed that this pardon, near the end, refers to the record of the inquest as though it were in the Court of Chancery; and yet I had searched the whole collection of Chancery Inquests with no result. I felt that to complete my documentary record I must find that inquest. But where could it be? I took up the printed description of the Chancery documents and thrashed through every item. At length, in an obscure corner of the Miscellany of the Chancery, a title met my eye: 'Writs and Returns, Henry III to Charles II.' This looked hopeful, for, as I had just seen, the inquest had been returned upon a writ into Chancery; and I got out the Index and Calendar to the Chancery Miscellany. Though the documents well merited the title of 'miscellaneous,' they had been roughly grouped together by counties. By going through all the items listed under Kent, I found at last what I wanted — the indented Coroner's inquest (so called because two copies were cut apart on a wavy or indented line for purposes of tallying — whence *indentures*), and the Queen's writ which summoned the case into Chancery. A comparison showed that this inquest had been copied word for word into the pardon, except for the jurors' statement that 'the said Ingram after the slaying aforesaid, perpetrated and done by him in the manner aforesaid, neither fled nor withdrew himself. But what goods or chattels, lands or tenements the said Ingram had at the time of the slaying . . . the said jurors are totally ignorant.'

With all the documents before me, every step in the proceedings was clear. Ingram Frizer killed Christopher Marlowe on the evening of Wednesday, May 30, 1593. The inquest was held on Friday, June 1; and on the same day they buried Marlowe's body. Coroner Danby sent the record of the inquest into Chancery in obedience to a writ dated June 15. And Frizer's pardon was granted at Kew on Thursday, June 28.

So much for the new dates. Returning to the scene of the inquest, we notice that there are two eyewitnesses to the killing, doubtless friends of Marlowe and Frizer, since they had been feasting with them. Coroner Danby opens his inquiry. The jury examines Marlowe's body, the dagger used in the scuffle, the scalp wounds on Frizer's head, and hears the oral testimony of the two eyewitnesses, Poley and Skeres. Upon deliberation, the jury brings in its finding of homicide in self-defense.

Two courses are open to us: (*a*) to believe as true the story of Marlowe's attack on Frizer from behind, corroborated in so far as it is by the wounds on Frizer's head, which wounds must have been inflicted *before* Marlowe received his deathblow; or (*b*) to suppose that Frizer, Poley, and Skeres after the slaying, and in order to save Frizer's life on a plea of self-defense, concocted a lying account of Marlowe's behavior, to which they swore at the inquest, and with which they deceived the jury.

The latter seems to me a possible but rather unlikely view of the case. In all probability the men had been drinking

deep — the party had lasted from ten in the morning until night! — and the bitter debate over the score had roused Marlowe's intoxicated feelings to such a pitch that, leaping from the bed, he took the nearest way to stop Frizer's mouth.

We learn that the quarrel which brought on the fight was a dispute over the reckoning. Money is cause sufficient for a fight; there is no need to drag a woman into the case. The imaginary object of Marlowe's so-called 'lewde loue,' about whom so much has been written, is noticeably absent from the picture, both as a cause and as a witness of the fray. In spite of the wishes of Francis Meres and his followers, she must now be returned with thanks to the fertile brain from which she sprang.

IV

Such is the true story of the death of Christopher Marlowe, as I found it in the records, stripped of scandal, and told by sixteen good men and true. But was this to be the end? Who could rest content without finding out more about this Ingram Frizer than his mere name? What manner of man was he? What's Christopher to him, or he to Christopher? Questionings of this kind urged me along still farther on his trail; and before many days I had run down such a quantity of facts about his position and personal character that through them the killer of Christopher Marlowe will stand out as a living figure.

And as for Marlowe himself, the spelling of his name as 'Morley' afforded a pregnant suggestion. It led me to an official letter of the highest importance bearing on the dramatist's early life; but that, as Kipling says, is another story.

Halliwell-Phillipps, great biographer of Shakespeare and a mighty man with the records, spoke once and for all for the Nimrods of the archives: 'Which sport is it that elicits the keenest and most genuine enthusiasm — fox-hunting or record-hunting? Undoubtedly the latter.

'For what devotee to field amusements, after galloping day after day for three months in search of a possible fox that does not turn up, would commence another session of the same description with undiminished alacrity? Where is the determined sportsman to be found who would continue to traverse downs and morass if he only winged a miserable sparrow once in a month? Would he persevere for a year or two on the chance of eventually bringing down a woodcock?

'Not a bit of it! The record-hunter is your only true sportsman. Undeterred by hundreds of obstacles — carrying any height of fence — disheartened by no number of failures — merrily henting the stile-a — and, above all, when he once does catch a sight of his bird, never missing it!'

Foxes? Sparrows? Woodcocks? If such small deer stir his blood, picture the high adventure of a chase through a noble forest of parchment three hundred years old — and, at the end of the day, big game.

THE DIRECT PRIMARY: A STUDY FROM LIFE

BY IMOGEN B. OAKLEY

I

'THE remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy.'

Following this formula, which has been offered as a specific for all the ills that may afflict a democratic form of government, the direct primary is taking the place of the state and city convention. The evils of the convention are many, but can we be sure that the direct primary is the 'more democracy' which is to be their cure?

Democracy implies a secret and independent ballot. The rules governing the direct primary require the voter to register, where all may see, the name of the party with which he voted at the last election or the one he intends to vote with at the next. If, in his desire to vote for the best candidate irrespective of party, he registers as a non-partisan, he is quite likely to find that no party under that name has prepared a primary ballot and he loses his vote. To avoid this disfranchisement he may register as a Republican or Democrat and vote in the party primary for the candidates whom he deems the most worthy among the few offered for his choice and in whose selection he was not consulted. It may happen, and frequently does happen to the independent, that the candidates whom he believes the least worthy become the choice of the party with which he has voted, in which case he finds himself committed by what is called party loyalty to the support of men he does not trust and whose election he believes would be a public disaster.

In addition to this moral obligation imposed by party loyalty, the would-be independent voter in my own state is under a legal obligation to vote at the general election for more than half of the ticket nominated by the majority, however well founded may be his objections to more than half. The natural result of this constraint of choice is that the citizen who believes in his inherent right to vote for the best man he knows does not take part in the primary, and the selection of the ticket is left to the blindly partisan, who accept any candidate put forth by the party leaders and who can be depended upon to support any ticket labeled regular.

A system of nomination that thus violates the principle for which the Anglo-Saxon has so long and so valiantly contended — the secrecy and independence of the ballot — can hardly be recommended as the 'more democracy' which is to be the remedy for our electoral ills. New abuses have taken the place of those the primary was intended to abolish, and except in unusual cases the machine control of nominations is as absolute as ever. The cost of elections has been doubled, and in states and cities where one party is strongly in the majority the primary gives the real decision and the general election becomes a perfunctory, expensive, and unnecessary function.

In population and industrial achievement, Pennsylvania stands second among the states, and Philadelphia, by reason of her historical associations and industrial activities, is in the front rank of American cities; it seems fair, therefore, to take a Philadelphia primary conducted under Pennsylvania laws as typical of the 'more democracy' obtained by that method of nomination.

The primary of 1923 was undoubtedly the most important election ever held in Philadelphia. Under the provisions of the new charter every elective officer of every kind and degree had to be nominated, and to the Republican nominees — for in Philadelphia a Republican nomination is equivalent to an election — was to be entrusted the expenditure of a loan of $70,000,000 for public improvements.

In my own division in the heart of the city, where the organization is firmly entrenched, it is always very difficult to get enough independent watchers. Four are needed, in order that two may be in the polling-place together and be witness one for the other should any challenge result in legal proceedings. A thorough canvass of the division revealed that not one man could be persuaded to act as independent watcher, and only two women, myself and one other, were willing to accept the responsibilities involved. Each of us had had a varied experience as watcher in two previous elections, but unfortunately we were compelled to be on duty alternately, thus leaving the independent candidates represented by only one watcher.

When I reported for duty on election morning, my alternate, who had been at the polls since the opening hour, said, 'Every voter who asks for assistance gets it, and no affidavits have been required. What do you think we ought to do?'

A Voters' Assistance Clause in the election laws of Pennsylvania allows every voter who claims a disability to ask for aid in marking his ballot. The disability may be physical or mental. The voter may plead that he is blind, or has not the use of his arms or hands, or he may plead that he cannot read or write, or simply that he cannot understand the ballot. It is said that when the Voters' Assistance Clause was first debated in the legislature one member proposed that drunkenness be added to the list of disabilities, and since I myself have seen feeble-minded men deposit, with the support of the law, ballots which they obviously knew nothing about, the plea to make drunkenness a legal disability seems almost defensible.

At a general election, every voter demanding assistance is made the judge of his own disability and may not be challenged. On his simple statement that he needs aid, a benevolent watcher goes into the booth with him and renders the assistance asked for. The primary law, however, which was enacted when the independents happened to be in control of the legislature, provides that no voter may receive assistance without making an affidavit that his disability is as claimed. When my alternate said, therefore, that assistance was being given and no affidavits required, it was evident that the election officers were permitting a wholesale violation of the primary law. We made a joint protest to the judge, and the division leader took it upon himself to explain the situation. I might say incidentally that all the election officers, including the judge, were Negroes, and that the division leader was Irish.

This leader told us that a judge of the Superior Court had handed down a decision to the effect that whenever a loan is to be voted upon at a primary the rules of the general election must

apply and assistance be allowed without challenge. My alternate and myself doubted whether the decision of any one judge could thus suddenly and without appeal nullify an act of legislature. She remained on duty and I left the polls to consult the Committee of Seventy, a body of public-spirited citizens who have made it their business to watch for infractions of the election laws and prosecute conspicuous offenders. The secretary of the Committee told me that, from what he had been able to learn, word had gone out at midnight to all organization leaders that assistance without affidavit would be legal under a judicial decision, but that he himself had not as yet found any record of any such decision. Assistance was being given freely in all polling-places, he said, and the Committee was powerless to stop such general violation of the law. The only thing we could do in our division was to keep a list of names and addresses of those who were assisted and of the assistants. 'You may say to your election officers,' he added, 'that the Committee of Seventy will prosecute everyone who gives illegal assistance and every election officer who permits it, and the penalty for a judge of election who permits illegal assistance is a fine of $1000 or a year's imprisonment or both.'

I returned to the polls and reported to the election officers what I had heard from the Committee of Seventy. They looked troubled and conferred with the division leader and with a magistrate who was hastily summoned. The outcome of the conference was that assistance was continued. No challenges were allowed. The election became a merry farce with my alternate and myself as spectators. Out of 286 voters, 126 received assistance, and the assistants became so careless that in one instance one of them forgot to drop the curtain before the booth and I saw him mark the ballot himself, the nominal voter merely standing by, an apparently uninterested looker-on at something that did not concern him.

II

The next morning's papers confirmed the report of the secretary of the Committee of Seventy that the primary-election law had been disregarded all over the city, that assistance to voters had been general, and that in many divisions there had been illegalities of various other kinds. The extreme length of the ballot had made the official count an all-night task. Many election officers had revolted and, after counting the names on several ballots, had made 'estimates' of the rest. The *North American* made public the process of 'estimating' as set forth in an affidavit sworn to by an election officer who at the last minute had substituted for a majority inspector who was ill. According to this sworn statement, the Republican ballots were taken to the rear of the room by one of the officers, who made calculations on a sample ballot and then called off the figures for the mayoralty and councilmanic candidates, these figures being then entered on the tally sheets which had been signed in blank earlier in the day. The suggestion of another officer that the whole count be 'simplified' was then adopted, and, after a few minutes' figuring, the vote totals for all the candidates were announced and entered on the tally sheets.

'At no time during this period,' says the affidavit, 'did any officer make a count of the Republican ballots or examine them in any way.'

Four months later, on the strength of this affidavit, these election officers and two committeemen were indicted and brought to trial on the charge of a

conspiracy to make false returns. They were promptly acquitted.

'This case,' says the Philadelphia *Record*,' if it shall stand as a precedent, will in our opinion set back the cause of a pure ballot in Philadelphia about twenty-five years. . . . Instead of counting the votes on the Republican ballots, the election board turned them over to a committeeman. He did not count them, he "estimated" them. He called off his "estimates" to the election officers, who entered them on the tally sheets as an actual record of votes cast. The accuracy of the "estimates" may be judged from the fact shown in the recount that one candidate who had actually received 131 votes was credited with 19. One of the accused officers testified on the witness stand that he was guilty. The jury disagreed with him and rendered a verdict clearing all of the seven defendants. The judge, in his charge to the jury, declared that "it is not an indication of fraudulent intent by election officers if they let some ready computer count the votes for them. It indicates a desire to get home after twelve hours' work and not a desire to make a false return." And after acquittal he is quoted as having administered this solemn rebuke to the men who had been instrumental in defeating the will of the voters: "Now you 'd better be more careful how you count votes. All these short cuts get you into trouble."'

These 'short cuts' and the 'simplified' counts resulted in the nomination of the entire organization ticket. The choice of the organization candidate for mayor was a foregone conclusion. He was a popular man and undoubtedly received a large majority of the votes cast, but the independents had reason to expect the nomination of at least a third of their candidates for council. In one councilmanic district the independent candidate, who had previously shown himself a good fighter against heavy odds, demanded and obtained a recount of the ballots. The actual count reversed the 'simplified' count and, instead of being defeated, he found himself nominated by a substantial majority. The independents thought and still think that an actual count would have shown a similar result in all the wards where they are strong, but no other candidate cared to go to the trouble and expense of insisting on a recount.

The investigation conducted by the Committee of Seventy showed later that the judicial decision quoted by the organization as authorizing assistance whenever a loan is submitted to the people was not a judicial decision but merely an opinion given by the judge in question before he was called to the bench and while he was acting as counsel to the county commissioners. Moreover, his opinion was given in 1909, while the act of legislature defining and clarifying the laws governing the primary was not passed until 1913. Manifestly, a legal opinion given to the county commissioners in 1909, however valuable at that time, would have to yield to an act of legislature in 1913.

When I went to serve as watcher at the general election, I said to the election officers, 'Your faction committed at the primary the kind of blunder that has been described as worse than a crime. This division is always overwhelmingly for the organization, and the illegal assistance you permitted could not be called politically necessary. The Committee of Seventy is collecting evidence of illegal assistance in all the election divisions, and when this division is reached what are you going to do?'

'My word is as good as yours, I suppose,' answered one of the officers, meaning apparently that he would deny what I as a watcher would affirm.

'Quite as good,' I assented, 'but I have a list of names and addresses written down at the moment of assistance and it should be good evidence in court.'

'Don't you believe that the courts are political?' was his next question.

'If you mean that the decisions of the courts are influenced by party politics,' I answered, 'I can only say that, whether justified or unjustified, that is the current belief.'

'And don't you believe that juries can be fixed?' he asked.

Again I had to answer, 'Whether justified or not, that is the current belief.'

'Well?' he said. 'Well?' — and settled himself back in his chair as if there were nothing more to be said.

In point of fact, there was nothing more to be said, and the decision of the court that 'estimating' votes instead of counting them is not an offense against the election laws left little to be done. The control of the next primary became a relatively easy matter.

The outcome of the primaries of 1923 and 1924 was known in each case before election day, but the control was effected by different methods. In 1923 the organization was still demoralized by the death of a powerful leader and the election of Governor Pinchot. It became necessary from a partisan standpoint that a majority of the nominees should be trusted organization-men, and to attain this end electoral illegalities had to be permitted. Within the six months before the primary of 1924 the organization had lubricated and repaired the party machine, the division leaders were working together in peace and harmony, and the control of the primary was so assured that flagrant violations of the law were not necessary.

It is true that, owing to some political manipulation somewhere, independent watchers in several divisions, including my own, found themselves unable to get certificates, but a little irregularity of that kind is scarcely worth public mention. It is true, also, that marked ballots were furnished abundantly in all the polling-places, but apparently such first aid to the voter is no longer an indictable offense. Law-abiding citizens in fifty divisions asked the aid of the Committee of Seventy in having the ballot boxes opened and recounts made, but such requests are nothing unusual. A defeated candidate assured me that she had positive proof that in her division a voter of some influence was paid ten dollars to scratch Pinchot's name, but when a man is paid to act against his convictions the price is necessarily high.

Newspaper witticisms reflect the popular opinion of the last primary:—

Conscientious citizen to ward leader: 'Was this an honest election?'

Ward leader: 'Absolutely honest. We paid spot cash for every vote we bought.'

Inquiring citizen to Chief Boss: 'Are you satisfied with the way the election went?'

Chief Boss: 'Perfectly. If I were not going to be satisfied I would not have had it go that way.'

III

The theory of the primary is better than the theory of the convention, but the fact is that the voters have little if any more freedom of choice under one system than under the other. In both cases a slate is presented. The candidates have been agreed upon by a committee more or less self-appointed. This was markedly the case in the primary of 1924. Voters were permitted to select seven out of ten delegates to the Republican National Convention, but they had nothing to do with the naming of the ten. The rest of the ticket on the Republican

ballot offered the voter no choice of candidates. He had either to vote the straight organization ticket or not vote at all.

Under the direct-primary law of Pennsylvania, independent choice would seem to be secured by the proviso that any candidate who can show the signatures of a given number of residents of his district must be given a place on the ticket. Few candidates, however, have cared to incur the displeasure of the party leaders by rebelling against the slate, and it is a task requiring time and energy to get the necessary signatures, the majority of the voters preferring to take the line of least resistance by voting for the slated candidates or not voting at all.

The average citizen is perplexed and harassed by the number of elections and the length of the ballot. With the primary, we now have two elections a year, and the primary is the more important since, in a state so overwhelmingly of one party as Pennsylvania, a Republican nomination is almost equivalent to an election. The general election has become merely a ratification of the Republican primary, but still requires campaign headquarters, public meetings, party assessments, and all the 'whooping it up' which tradition has imposed. The ballot is many times too long. In the primary of 1923 we citizens were asked to choose twelve judges among twice as many candidates of whom we knew little or nothing. We were bidden to select a coroner, a sheriff, a recorder of deeds, and a register of wills, although their duties are largely clerical and every one of the officers could be supplied more easily and satisfactorily from the eligible lists of the civil-service commission. We were expected to signify our choice of a list of candidates for division registrars, inspectors, and judges of election, and a variety of other petty officials who would do better work if they were certified by the civil-service examiner and made responsible to the registration commission. In addition to the effort to find a familiar name among all these candidates, we had to approve or disapprove of a loan, though not one voter in a hundred had time or patience to read the complicated sentence of one thousand words in which it was submitted, and not one in fifty could understand it when read. Small wonder that the average citizen remained at home rather than face the arduous task set him by the party leaders.

During every campaign the charge is made anew that the intelligent citizens forget or refuse to vote, thus leaving the ignorant and boss-ridden to constitute a majority. My experience as a watcher in four elections has convinced me that the intelligent and unintelligent go to the polls and remain at home in the same proportion, and if the unintelligent prevail it is because there are more of them. In my division, for example, there were in 1923 the names of 819 voters on the assessor's list. I should hesitate to vouch for the accuracy of the list, but on the face of it the division was given 819 possible voters. About 150 of these reflected the intelligent vote — that is, the vote that could be depended upon to repudiate unfit candidates however strong the political influence behind them. Only 395 of the possible 819 voters availed themselves of their right to register for the primary, and only 286 in 1923 and 222 in 1924 took the trouble to go to the polls. I made especial note of the fact that the actual independent vote bore about the same ratio to the possible independent vote as the actual organization vote to the possible vote of that faction.

My alternate happened to say to one of the election officers, after the polls

had closed, that the independents hoped to see the Voters' Assistance Clause repealed during Governor Pinchot's administration. 'I hope they will see nothing of the kind,' he said. 'It is hard enough now to get our voters out, and if they cannot be sure of assistance they will not come out at all.'

My own observation is in accord with that of the election officer. I believe that the very ignorant do not care to vote and that they go to the polls only under pressure from the division leader or in expectation of financial reward. During one primary in which I was trying to keep track of assisted voters, an organization watcher suddenly exclaimed, 'No one has voted from Mulberry Street!' 'No,' said another, 'and I'll tell you why. A lady on Mulberry Street was put in jail last month and the division leader did n't get her out, so no one 's voting on Mulberry Street.'

An ambassador with plenipotentiary powers was at once dispatched to Mulberry Street, and soon returned bringing several reluctant Negro women who demanded and received assistance. As one of them left the room she was overheard to say to her companion, 'I did n't want to vote, but I had to. They told me they 'd raise my rent if I did n't.'

My division, which is in the old part of the city, crowded with tenements and with a tenement population supposed to be entirely under party control, was able to produce only one third of the possible vote, and this in face of the fact that the organization watchers were under orders to bring out at least 350 voters. One of the election officers told us that to stimulate vote-getting the watchers were paid a dollar apiece for every voter over the required 350. 'What happens,' we asked, 'when, as to-day, the total vote is only 222?' The man shrugged his shoulders. 'That is just what I want to know,' he said.

The city as a whole showed in 1923 approximately 400,000 voters out of a possible 819,218, and in the 1924 primary the difference between the actual and possible vote was still greater. I used to join in condemning the stay-at-homes, but since I have seen with my own eyes with what ease the vote is controlled I find myself yielding to a sympathy with their point of view. Candidates are slated, voters are assisted, votes are 'estimated,' the count is 'simplified,' and the primary is no more representative of the people at large than is the convention.

The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* said editorially the morning after the last primary that this method of nomination 'presents a practical problem for conscientious voters for which no satisfactory answer has been found. . . . An inevitable result (of the primary) is that the choice of candidates is left to the managers of the respective machines and their well-disciplined forces. . . . If the primary is an ineffective instrument for eliciting the will of the party, what is there to replace it?'

Shall we be forced to admit that democracy is a failure?

What shall we do about it?

MY LITTLE LEARNING

A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY LOUIS E. REED

ONE day, while fording a river a few miles from our home, my father was shot and killed. I was fifteen at the time, large and strong for my age, and the oldest of five children. When the news of my father's death was brought to us my mother was hanging out the family wash. Without a word of comment she continued her task. When she had finished she quietly removed my rifle from the wall and handed it to me. Words were unnecessary. These things are understood and appreciated in the West Virginia mountains.

Nevertheless, certain things caused me to hesitate. First, I had but recently joined the church, an undertaking not lightly entered into on my part. Secondly, through the kindness of Mr. Roberts, a Sunday School missionary of the Presbyterian faith, I had read a number of good books such as Scott's *Waverley Novels*, Tennyson's *Idylls*, a translation of Josephus, and the historical sections of the Bible. These influences, however, though powerful in their way, were hardly sufficient to counteract the training of generations, and there is no knowing what the course of my life might have been had not my father's murderer got into difficulties with the revenue men shortly after the murder, and begun a long sojourn at the state penitentiary.

About the same time my friend Mr. Roberts found a man ready to be interested in me. Without letting me know what he was about, he had written to a number of rich acquaintances in the hope of placing me in a good school, and at last a prominent Washington philanthropist had responded and offered to defray the expenses of my education.

It is difficult to describe my feelings when I learned of this possibility. The problem of providing daily bread for my mother and brothers and sisters was, fortunately, not mine. Although the mountaineers are poor, I have never known a case of actual want. Somehow there is always enough to go round: a few mouths more or less make little difference where large families are the rule. In this emergency an uncle offered my family the shelter of his home. My mother, while not wholly dependent, was in straitened circumstances, and by accepting my uncle's offer she could at once bestow and receive aid, as my three small cousins had been left motherless the preceding winter. Still my youngest brother was but eight months old; the other children were small, and I fancied that a certain exemplary influence was due from me. This was really the one thing that held me back from immediately accepting Mr. Roberts's help, for the call of adventure was strong within me, and I had formed from my reading all sorts of fantastic notions about the 'world beyond.'

Mr. Roberts and I discussed the situation many times. He believed that it was my duty to go, because I could thereby accomplish more good in the world. He never failed to point out what his opportunities for service might have been had he been equipped with a college education. In the end I agreed to prepare myself for the ministry of God, and two months later I had made my first sally into the world about which I had read so much and knew so little, and was matriculated for the second semester of the school year.

I

Looking back, it seems as if from earliest childhood I had known the time would come, eventually, when I should go forth seeking new worlds to conquer. Our home, a crude, one-story, undressed-plank dwelling, was situated in plain view of Bald Mountain, so named because of the sparse vegetation at its crest. This mountain was celebrated locally for two reasons. First, because of certain mysterious lights, called, by the superstitious, Jim Clark's Lights: Jim Clark, according to the story, was beheaded by a man with an axe, and Jim's spirit still searched for his head. The mountain owed its further distinction to the road that zigzagged back and forth across its sides and disappeared over Yellow Gap into the 'world beyond.' One of my earliest remembrances is listening to the wails of the screech owls on Bald Mountain and wondering what lay over the top.

College did not suggest itself to me as a practical goal until Mr. Roberts made it possible, but long pondering upon the pages of *Ivanhoe*, many chapters of which I knew by heart, as well as upon the other books which I have mentioned, had gone far to convince me that my sphere of action was somewhere beyond my native hills.

I was encouraged in this idea by my father, a hearty, good-natured giant of a man who never quite got over his pleasure at having a son who knew more than the village school-teacher. Those were gala days for me when I was permitted to accompany him on foot to the village store. On such occasions he never failed to dwell at length upon the circumstances of his own youthful quest for adventure, and I used to listen breathless to his thrilling stories of life in the Arizona deserts, of barroom encounters with the greasers, of the exploits of the Rough Riders in Cuba. But an unlucky bullet at San Juan Hill brought him back home to convalesce, and finally to marry.

If my mother had any plans for my future, she never divulged them. As I have already indicated, emotion in any contingency was not a part of her make-up. Nor was she given to trafficking in words either in or out of the family. Her extreme reticence in a country where gossip is a vital factor in community life brought her respect but no friends. Even my father never knew what my mother was thinking about, and I am sure I never did. Of the older children, I was the only one to show a predisposition toward learning. A sister, two years younger than I, held my studious aspirations in great contempt. There was a famous lazy man near us named Zeb Barnes, and for two or three years she persisted in addressing me as 'Mistuh Zeb,' much to my discomfiture. Needless to say, this habit led to many domestic altercations.

A younger sister, who was nine at the time of my father's death, was sickly from birth, and I believe could neither read nor write her own name. The other children, both boys, were infants when I left home.

II

My benefactor did not do things by halves. The preparatory school I entered was old in years and traditions. No doubt the old campus clock had looked down upon many strange sights, but I doubt if it had ever seen a stranger sight than I when I arrived. In my hand I proudly carried a brand-new straw-covered suitcase, while on my back reposed an equally new ill-fitting mackinaw, topped off by an army campaign-hat which had struck me as headgear at once distinctive and useful! For two days I was the butt of all jokes. But after I had emerged victorious from a scramble destined to go down as one of the bloodiest fights in the history of the school, I was left respectfully to myself.

That first term at preparatory school stands out as the one supremely religious period of my life. Separated from friends and loved ones, with no sympathetic understanding of what was going on about me, it was only natural that I should turn to God for comfort. In Him I found that peace of spirit that passeth all understanding. During the warm spring evenings I used to walk far into the country. Darkness often found me sitting on some log in the depths of the forest or listening to the drone of insects in some deserted graveyard. At night especially, when men betook themselves to artificially lighted houses, leaving the great outdoors free from intrusion, I felt a glorious something throbbing within me which I knew was the presence of the Creator. Thus the first term passed. It is, alas, an unfortunate circumstance that so much of our lives is occupied with changing interests. By the opening of the fall term I had learned enough about this 'world beyond' to know that the surest way to get along was to bow to the wishes of the multitude. Coincident with my arrival there had been a great hullabaloo about a game called football. I went out, practised faithfully, and made the team. From then on a change gradually came over me. I was one of the 'gang.' In time I came to like it.

The remainder of my prep-school career was little different from that of the rich men's sons with whom I associated daily. I had plenty of spending-money, therefore I bought expensive tailored clothes. I learned the accepted haircuts, the latest fads in neckwear, and the art of talking glibly about nothing. To the faculty I gave serious consideration only at examination time. They were scorned as nonentities, who could not make a living in the business world. Strangely enough I never questioned this judgment. Friends of the 'Glad to see you back' variety I had in abundance, but not one friend like Mr. Roberts, with whom I could commune soul to soul and be sure of a sympathetic response. An idea of how much I had changed — progressed, perhaps — may be gained from the fact that I was president of my graduating class. And I really felt the serious responsibility of my position!

My social training at preparatory school was a distinct advantage to me later at college. There an exclusive fraternity welcomed me as a brother. Again I made many friendships of the lighter sort. I am not boasting when I say that I believe I had as large a speaking acquaintance among the faculty and students as any man in the University. The way to 'get things,' I was informed by a well-meaning senior brother soon after my initiation, was to make myself known. The things he referred to had to do with pins, badges, keys, and emblems of every conceivable shape and design. It was

generally conceded in my set that the man who could display the most hardware at graduation was the man whose college career had been the most successful. I collected fifteen of these souvenirs during four years, a very creditable record, and managed to occupy a quarter-page in the class book, but so far these advantages have not aided me in 'getting the things' of life.

In my junior year I grew a small moustache, not without thinking how ridiculous I should appear in my own home, and attended a few college dances. These I enjoyed only as a spectator. Somehow, amid the blare of the saxophones, the thumpety-thump of the drums, and the utter abandonment of the dancers to the rhythm of their own bodies, I heard the beat of savage tom-toms and I pondered upon the thing we call Civilization.

If I had any special intellectual bent in college it was in the direction of philosophy. Religion, I found, was freely discussed both in and out of the classroom. Early in my first term I heard a freshman refer to the New Testament, which I had always revered as inspired by God, as the work of a few 'crackbrain reformers.' Imagine my surprise when the instructor, instead of reprimanding the student for the unpardonable sin of blasphemy, actually complimented him upon his choice of language! Later I discovered that Christ was not the Son of God sent down to redeem a sinful world, but the originator of a new philosophy of living; that even Heaven and Hell were fanciful myths, since the soul, in all probability, was not immortal! Indeed, it might well be doubted if such a thing as the soul existed!

Consider the effect of these opinions upon a simple and untutored mountain-lad whose business in college was to prepare himself to do more good in the world, and you have my predicament. Early in my prep-school days I had begun to eradicate all traces of my origin. My habits, speech, manner of talking, and appearance had been carefully moulded to the popular form. My task, as I saw it, had been and still was to submerge the individual within me and be a Roman in Rome. I may have relied too much on the old adage. Not only did I do as others did, but I began to think as others thought. And my intellect, in this case, while apparently broad enough to absorb the fallacies of the Scriptural text, was not big enough to encompass that 'larger vision' of things which, I am told, characterizes a well-balanced mind.

In this quandary I lost all sense of religious and moral values. Good and bad I began to believe were determined by what one could or could not 'get away with.' A few excerpts from Nietzsche contributed largely to this growing conviction. Possibly I should have become a confirmed believer in the theory of the superman had I remained in the academic atmosphere. But the time arrived, all too soon for me, when I was adjudged competent to pass as a graduate of the institution. Then I found myself in the unpleasant situation of either disappointing the one person in the world to whom I owed everything or playing the hypocrite.

I tried to do the manly thing. I told Mr. Roberts how I felt; that, while I owed him so much, I could not consistently continue my studies at the Seminary. Instead of berating me for my lack of faith, as I half hoped he would, I found him as sympathetic as ever. God is such an all-wise Being, he told me, that His purposes are not easily fathomed. Perhaps I was passing through a period of doubt in order that my faith might ultimately be strengthened.

The simple faith of this good man, which had so profoundly influenced my early youth, again touched me. In his presence, somehow, doubts seemed to slink away like sickly, crawling things. He was one of those rare persons who convinced without saying mere words. The singular purity of his life and the mystical inspiration that radiated from him were more powerful than all the sermons in the world. I mention this because I had about made up my mind, when I had confessed my shortcomings, to enter business, as nearly all my classmates were doing. If Mr. Roberts had uttered one word of censure, or attempted, ever so little, to point out how ungrateful I was, the chances are that I should be in some broker's office to-day. Instead, I listened respectfully, and a little shamefacedly, to the few words he said on the subject, and found myself in the end agreeing with him that I ought to settle down among my own people for a year before making a final decision. The village school needed a teacher. No doubt I could have the position.

That was the last time I ever saw Mr. Roberts. Three days later he was crossing the 'mountain' to visit one of his Sunday Schools when something happened. His horse appeared riderless at George Courtney's barn. They found him sitting against the trunk of a tree far up the mountainside. The doctor said it was heart disease.

III

I took the school. In fact, I am now teaching it. Promptly at nine each morning I ring a large hand-bell to inform the community that school is about to begin. The pupils file in and seat themselves in their assigned places, the small ones at the front near my desk, the large ones at the rear near the door. When I feel that everyone has been sufficiently notified, I leave off ringing, place the bell on the top of my desk, and seat myself facing my pupils. School has begun.

From nine until four, with a recess of one hour at noon, I am busily engaged in the task of education. Those persons who argue that the business man is the most overworked individual in America should take a course in mountain school-teaching. Twenty-seven pupils, ranging from four to twenty-two years of age, and necessitating a total of thirty-two recitations a day, are in themselves sufficient cause for alertness. Add to that the ever-present consciousness that a careless moment may be fatal — running out teachers has long been a favorite outdoor sport in this community — and you can readily see that teaching in the mountains is less a matter of instruction than of discipline. Nevertheless the human element enters here as in every other place. Already I can observe a much less defiant attitude on the part of my protégés. They can be handled, smoothly and skillfully, if they are given to understand from the beginning that a single uncalled-for action or comment will inevitably lead to instantaneous and complete annihilation! Such a statement may sound hopelessly out of date in this enlightened age of the world's history but, knowing this country as I do, I am convinced that no other procedure would be practicable.

The community life is as unlike that of my college town as is possible on the same continent. Pitching horseshoes, playing checkers, coon-hunting, and occasional fighting are the forms of relaxation most frequently indulged in. This state of affairs, brought about by the isolation of the mountain regions, is, I believe, upon the verge of collapse through the influence of the radio. A progressive citizen has ordered

a set and I understand others are to follow. Who knows? The Southern mountaineer with his mediæval ideas of blood and honor may be already a thing of the past.

With me the eternal process of change is at work. Every day I find myself slipping more and more into the ways of those about me. The tell-tale stride of the mountaineer, that jerky, swinging step acquired by long contact with steep places, is beginning to show in my gait. Even my voice, so carefully trained to another manner at college, is assuming the characteristic Southern drawl. Nor can I bring myself to wish overmuch that it were otherwise. My mother, in spite of her seeming indifference, is genuinely glad to have me at home. My brothers and sisters, although changed beyond recognition, — my older sister is married and lives near by, — still maintain this unperishable quality — they are *my* brothers and sisters. How poignantly the words of the most familiar of songs come back to me now: —

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Contact with the outside world is, naturally, limited. My only means of communication with it are occasional letters from scattered classmates, two periodicals, and my college newspaper. At times when reading these I feel the surge of ambition within me. My place, it seems then, is out there where men are doing things; and, as it was in my boyhood days, I see myself a gray-haired man of action, a power among men, fighting, crushing, conquering. Whether or not these moments of vision will eventually goad me to new fields of endeavor I cannot say. The truth is, I have no more definite idea of what I want to do in life than the man whose face is engraved upon the moon.

For a time after the death of Mr. Roberts I thought I was beginning to have a glimpse of that 'larger vision.' Religion, I decided, was instinctive. The place to study it was not in the halls of learning but at home. I attended a revival meeting. The preacher, a rawboned mountaineer, completely crushed his hearers under an avalanche of oratory unknown to the more cultured sections of our country. At the end of two weeks there was a great 'spiritual uplift.' Hardened sinners who had led unholy lives since the last revival meeting were brought into the fold. There was great rejoicing among the few faithful, and the preacher departed to picture his visions of glory and eternal damnation elsewhere. With what result? To be absolutely fair I cannot perceive that the inspired apostle left a more permanent mark than two weeks of clever entertainment. In another two weeks the community was ready for another revival.

Is Christianity an impossible religion? Does it really affect our dealings with our fellow men? Or is it a little-understood convenient something that satisfies our natural or acquired cravings for belief in something better than this life affords? Is it not possible that men like Mr. Roberts are endowed with more pronounced cravings than most of us?

These are thoughts which occur to me and I am loath to answer. Verily, a little learning is a dangerous thing.

THE REAL DIVISIONS IN MODERN CHRISTIANITY

BY KIRSOPP LAKE

I

THE immediate results of any great intellectual revolution are inevitably controversy on secondary points, and movements which prove ultimately to have had little importance. This is obviously true of the intellectual revolution that has so profoundly affected all branches of Protestantism. But some of the permanent results of fifty years of rapid change are now making themselves visible and indicate the forces determining the form that religion will assume to-morrow.

In the first place it is obvious that the old denominational lines have lost all intellectual meaning. In many cases the controversies which called the existing churches into being have been forgotten, and their sectarian existence depends on little differences of ritual or twists of phraseology to which importance is attached though the reason which produced them has been forgotten. This is especially true in America; I think that in the course of conversation I could almost always tell the difference between Unitarians, Universalists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, or members of the Protestant Episcopal Church — I should do so merely by listening for 'blessed words' that I have learned to recognize. A question, for instance, on the doctrine of the Trinity will be answered in one way by a Trinitarian, in another by a Unitarian, but only rarely will either be able to give an intelligent statement of its real meaning or of its actual formulation by the theologians of the past. Some of the answers would have partially satisfied Sabellius, and in others Paul of Samosata would have thought that he recognized a familiar echo; but Athanasius would undoubtedly have excommunicated all of them. A modern teacher of history sometimes wishes that he could do the same, but he generally has to content himself with turning to some easier question.

One of the immediate results is a movement toward reunion. This is partly due to economic reasons. When two denominations have forgotten why they ever separated, and neither can afford to pay a living wage to a minister, they often remember how good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity, and effect a merger.

But it is a mistake to suppose that this is the chief reason. There is a more creditable desire in the minds of almost all Protestant leaders, who understand that the cause common to them all is injured by every unnecessary division. Some of those who stand highest in the Anglican communions even dream of a reunion between themselves and the Catholic Church. Unfortunately the terms on which reunion is possible are quite well known, and can hardly be changed. These terms are the acceptance of the Catholic polity and the Catholic theology. If the Anglicans were willing to accept both, the Roman authorities would almost certainly look

with sympathy on the suggestion of dealing with Anglican customs and observances as liberally as they deal with those of the Uniate Churches. But unfortunately, though there are some who, like myself, admire the general theory of the Catholic polity, and many others who accept almost all the Catholic theology, few accept both.

To the Protestant, adherence to truth means a willingness to learn, to confess ignorance and error, to accept new facts, and to follow the light; to the Catholic it means the acceptance of the unchangeable opinion of the Church speaking with the voice of God. Between these there can be no compromise and no peace. Those who can accept the Catholic position seem to have but little reason for refraining from joining the Church of Rome except that they are unwilling to submit to the methods of Roman administration. I wish that there were signs that Protestants were recognizing the inferiority of their polity, and Catholics the impossibility of their theology, but I see none. At one time I thought that the Modernist movement in the Catholic Church would mark the beginning of a new and better reformation, which would render possible the union of churches on a Catholic or supranational basis. But that hope seems vain, and though few Modernists have become Protestant — why should they? — most of them have ceased to be Catholics. Or is this, too, illusion, and has Modernism been suppressed but not destroyed?

II

Reunion on a smaller scale, that is to say between Protestant denominations, has in some ways brighter prospects. In America, especially, some of the largest Protestant churches are being brought together by such movements as the Federation of the Churches of Christ, which is rapidly becoming more important than any single denomination, bringing about exchanges of pulpits and even of membership, and undertaking joint enterprises of far-reaching importance. Immense good has already been done by this movement, which is still in its infancy. It is confronted by three dangers of which its leaders are well aware.

In the first place, in the desire to avoid controversial detail it may sacrifice intellectual sufficiency. Ministers of all denominations are in danger of losing their position as intellectual leaders, and the desire of a younger generation for information and discussion often forces it to look elsewhere for the satisfaction of its legitimate intellectual needs.

In the second place, it may confuse religion with a conventional and cheerful 'good-behaviorism.' To the onlooker it seems that this danger is serious. Too much emphasis is put on social activity; ministers are required to be popular speakers and 'good mixers'; pleasant social evenings prove more advantageous to church membership than the severer exercises of the past; and all theological questions are kept in the background.

Finally, there is the terrible danger of political exploitation and the creation of a 'Christian bloc,' whose votes will be obtained by politicians willing to pass laws to enforce summarily good conduct and right opinion on all matters. Such a bloc is apt to forget that even when the conduct in question is really desirable it is so only if it be the choice of free men thinking for themselves, and it is significant that in some States of the Union laws have already been passed against the sale of cigarettes and the teaching of evolution.

These are serious evils; but they are well known to church leaders and will doubtless be met by them.

Over against this 'Federating' movement, which is in the main a 'concentration on the centre,' is the evolution of three types of thought that are producing cross-sections throughout Protestantism, so that men often stand in closer intellectual sympathy with those of the same type in other churches than they do with others in their own communion.

The most energetic and, I suspect, the largest group, but least well educated, is the Fundamentalist, which has indeed forgotten much of the thought of the past, but has learned nothing from that of the present. It represents an unwavering attachment to the great traditional doctrines of Christianity. The name 'Fundamentalist' was, I believe, first given to this group some years ago when it adopted the 'quadrilateral of belief' — the Infallible Inspiration of Scripture, the Deity of Jesus Christ, the Efficacy of the Blood Atonement, and the Second Coming of the Lord. The sudden prominence of this movement is a reaction against the intellectual chaos which has often been allowed to serve as a substitute for liberal theology. But it is a mistake, often made by educated persons who happen to have but little knowledge of historical theology, to suppose that Fundamentalism is a new and strange form of thought. It is nothing of the kind: it is the partial and uneducated survival of a theology which was once universally held by all Christians. How many were there, for instance, in Christian churches in the eighteenth century who doubted the infallible inspiration of all Scripture? Very few. No, the Fundamentalist may be wrong; I think that he is. But it is we who have departed from the tradition, not he, and anyone who tries to argue with a Fundamentalist on the basis of authority will be worsted. The Bible, interpreted as Revelation, and the *corpus theologicum* of the Church are on the Fundamentalist side.

At the same time Fundamentalism is not the complete or the intelligent survival of the old theology. The keen metaphysics of the doctrine concerning God and the insight into human nature of the doctrines of sin and of grace are no longer present. The Fundamentalists have zeal, but it is certainly not according to knowledge and it is rarely tempered by any understanding of the value of mysticism. Their party is recruited from the 'Bible Schools,' which offer a cheaper education for those wishing to be ministers than can be found in universities or in the theological schools that take only college graduates. Men are taught in these schools a very precise theology, are given some admirable practical instruction in the art of speaking, and are inspired with great enthusiasm, partly for the gospel which they preach themselves and partly against the theories which they believe to represent modern science. They are supported by men who know the words of Scripture better than the teaching of science, insist — quite rightly — that the Bible means what it says, and hold that if the Bible be, as they believe, the revealed word of God, nothing contrary to it can be true or ought to be taught. They are endeavoring to prevent any teaching from being given in public schools or colleges, whether on geology or biology, which conflicts with the Biblical account. The matter is being made a political issue; so many votes can always be secured for the Bible and so few for Science that in some places no political candidate could be elected who does not hold the 'Biblical' views, and no teacher in a public institution can retain his position if he even uses the word 'evolution.'

There has been evident in America some surprise at the sudden rise of

Fundamentalism in the last five years. But no one who has lived in Holland can be surprised. The story of Fundamentalism in America is repeating almost exactly the history of the 'Anti-revolutionary' Party in Holland. In both countries the underlying cause is general but imperfect education and democratic government. Until 1870 the Dutch Reformed Church was becoming more and more 'modern' — that is, 'liberal' — in theology. After that date a more democratic method of church government was introduced by the Liberal Party, and the spread of general education produced a generation which could read, was confident in its own knowledge, was easily swayed by attacks on scientific thought and deeply stirred by appeals for the preservation of the faith. The newly enfranchised Calvinists formed a political alliance with the Catholics, and to-day almost all the great churches in the cities are in the hands of 'Fundamentalists,' who for more than twenty years, with only short intervals, have shared with the Catholics the government of the land. What happened in Holland with rapidity, because of its smallness, may quite well happen, though more slowly, in larger countries.

III

At the other end of the scale from the Fundamentalists is a much smaller group, which is not organized and has no name, but which I propose to refer to as the Experimentalists.

Many of them belong to no church at all. Some of them have been turned out of orthodox churches, or have left them in despair, others have never belonged to any church at all. Their position is far harder to describe than that of the Fundamentalists, for they do not specially wish to formulate it into clear-cut phraseology. In general they adopt the position, familiar to the scientist, that experiment is the basis of knowledge. Formerly there was a time when theory came first and experiment was used almost exclusively to corroborate it. The clever savant was he who could best explain facts in terms of a given theory. So in religion there was a definite theory, the theology of the Christian Church, and religion — the observed facts of experience or experiment — had to be explained in accordance with it. A man was not counted a Christian or religious because he had made the experiment, but because he accepted the theory.

The Experimentalist feels that this is an utterly false and antiquated attitude. Its parallel would be to claim that a man was a chemist because he accepted the molecular hypothesis, not because he had made experiments and drawn conclusions, either by his own action or by the recorded action of others, from these and similar experiments.

The Experimentalist holds that there are two great experiments in life that are the basis of religion. The first is positive or active; it is made when a man is conscious that there is a purpose in life of which he is only a part, but with which he can coöperate if he choose, *and he does choose*. It is the subordination of the individual self-seeking will to the great purpose of which he discovers some part by this experiment, though it stretches away far beyond his ken.

The act of choice must be emphasized. The Experimentalist deserves his name, not because he holds the view that there is a purpose in life, — that is theory, — but because, believing that there is this purpose, he chooses to make the experiment of becoming its servant.

Is there any difference in quality between the Experimentalist who does

this and the primitive Christian who consecrated himself to the Kingdom of God? None. The attitude of mind is the same as that which said 'Thy will, not mine, be done.' The difference is that the Experimentalist, especially if he is outside the churches, wishes to state his experiment, and the theory which underlies it, in his own language. After he has done so, he is able to recognize the value and the beauty of the language of the past, even though he cannot make that language his own, for the theory of the past is not the same as his own. If the Fundamentalist is allowed to maintain his position, that membership in the Church means the acceptance of a definite theory, the Experimentalist will stay outside or go outside the Church.

The second experiment comes when the first seems to be beyond his strength. It is negative or passive, or appears so in comparison with the first. It is made when a man is conscious that there is a source of life which imparts help to him when he is weak, comfort when he is in sorrow, and purification when he has sinned. He turns to it when the first experiment seems on the point of breaking down, not because it is a failure, but because of the human weakness of the experimenter. Each of these experiments can be made in many different ways; no one way is *the* way, and no conclusion can be valid which ignores the results obtained by any one of these ways.

In the Western world the natural laboratories for religion are the Christian churches. They should be open to anyone who can make use of the opportunities they provide, not merely to those who are willing to sign in advance the conclusions of former experimenters and to record their results only in formulæ used centuries ago. Religion requires men who will make the experiments and record them faithfully and intelligibly, not those who repeat other people's formulæ and force their results to agree with them. Experimentalists claim the right to continue in the churches, and feel that the claim of the Fundamentalist to exclude them is based on a radically wrong conception which has survived from an earlier age. The churches are not societies for the preservation of ancient opinions, but for the furtherance of living religion. In point of fact the historian knows that opinion has never remained stationary in the churches any more than in any other society; but men have thought that it was fixed, have resisted conscious change as wicked, and have made such change, as it were, surreptitiously. They have deceived themselves into thinking that the ancient beliefs meant something that was often, indeed, true, but had never been contemplated in the past, and was not seldom directly opposed to the original intention of those who formulated them.

The answer of the Fundamentalists to the Experimentalists is simple: there *is* a body of opinion that is true, revealed to man from God; no experiment ought to affect it and, if it seems to do so, it must be wrong. It is right and proper to make experiments, in the sense of making religion a practical living affair, but if they seem to point to any conclusion which contradicts the Bible they are wrong. The Bible is the test of truth, and Revelation is not the same thing as Discovery.

Between the Experimentalist and the Fundamentalist there can be no compromise. The same church cannot permanently be a religious home for both. At the present moment the Fundamentalists seem to be winning in the churches. Unfortunately the Experimentalist frequently helps them by leaving the church in which he has

been brought up and making his religion a private affair. I see no reason for believing that there is less religion to-day among educated people than formerly, but I think that fewer and fewer feel at home in any church. They do not argue, but merely drop out of all ecclesiastical affiliations, and by so doing help greatly the cause of Fundamentalism.

Nevertheless, in all or almost all churches there is a large party which holds a mediating position. I shall call it, for reasons which will appear, the Institutionalists. In the first place, it endeavors to reduce to a minimum the amount of 'opinion' which must be accepted; in books belonging to this school this is sometimes called 'dropping unessentials,' and the unessentials prove to be as a rule those things which the writer has come to doubt. In the second place, it endeavors to use the old language to express new meanings, feeling that though it be dangerous to put new wine into old bottles it is at least always advantageous to keep the old labels. In many ways this school has a long and distinguished history. Often illogical, and well adapted to human needs, it changes its ground from day to day, yielding now a little to the Fundamentalist and now to the Experimentalist, but always remembering the practical necessities of the churches regarded as 'going concerns.'

It would be hopeless to find any theological unity in this party, which — like the Fundamentalists and the Experimentalists — is to be found in every denomination; its real interest is not in thought, but in the institution as such. In it are to be found the men who feel that the Church subserves the existing order. Its dominance is a necessity at the present moment, and it is constantly recruited by Fundamentalists who have recoiled from some detail of their position, or by Experimentalists who have ceased experiment and feel the need of intellectual and spiritual repose. Its members usually endeavor to compensate for a concession in one direction by obstinate emphasis in another. One man will admit to doubt as to the Resurrection of Flesh, but will insist on the Virgin Birth; another will be ready to admit that the Athanasian Creed is doubtful, but will insist on the episcopal ordination.

IV

Each of these three parties has its special strength and weakness.

The Fundamentalist has a tendency to remain willfully ignorant of modern thought. His worst fault is that he has no doubts. Knowing little history and less science, he often is filled with intellectual pride and spiritual arrogance; in his arguments gross caricatures and unmeasured abuse take the place of reason and logic. To him it seems fair to say that evolution means the belief that we are descended from monkeys, and to ascribe an alleged increase in crime to the teaching of scientific theories. But, leaving out a few ecclesiastical politicians, he is sincere and honest, and has a refreshing conviction that the questions which he discusses are important. At his best he is an enthusiast; at his worst, an ignoramus — or, if I may coin a convenient word, an 'ignoremus.'

The Experimentalist, on the other hand, is not so often ignorant, and the more he knows the less likely he is to be confident of his opinions. He sometimes overlooks the importance of the past; is impatient of an ancient theology that he does not understand; forgets that his own experiments are not the only ones which can be made; and does not perceive that if we are to grow in knowledge as well as in grace the need of stating the results of experiments is

as great as the necessity of undertaking them. At his worst he is a sentimentalist, slack in conduct and inaccurate in thought; at his best he is a prophet.

The Institutionalist's danger is intellectual dishonesty. In order to preserve the institution, he is constantly tempted to palter with the facts, to be misty in thought and ambiguous in language. He sometimes cries 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace; he has been known to sacrifice ability and insight, which are difficult to manage, in favor of a safe mediocrity that is quiet in harness; but without him the churches would disintegrate into contentious schism. At his worst he is an ecclesiastical huckster, and he is unlikely to be a prophet, though he often builds stately tombs to the prophets of the past, endeavors to perpetuate their teaching, and venerates their memory; but at his best he is a statesman who understands the minds of men, and a priest who has looked deep into their souls.

Such seem to be the three parties which divide Protestantism to-day, and those who have studied history are aware how uncertain is the immediate issue to the contest. Truth may be with the scientists, not with those who hold to a belief in an infallible Revelation in the Bible, and if so it will win ultimately; but its victory may be delayed for generations. If the choice be presented to the mass of the people, whether they will have Religion without Science or Science without Religion, some will choose one way, some another. Both will be wrong; and between them they will kill educated Christianity. The question is whether the educated men and women who are still within the Church and also understand something of science can work out, before it be too late, a theology which will provide satisfactory intellectual expression for the religious experience of the next generation. If they can they will reform Christianity, but whether they can do so depends partly on our all being willing to live together, and on having ecclesiastical leaders wise enough to prevent any party from driving out the others.

There cannot be, and ought not to be, any compromise in principle. But there can be toleration in practice. If the equilibrium between them can be preserved so that no one of them be prematurely suppressed, the evolution of religion will best proceed; for permanent advance depends on not leaving out any of the integral parts of society. The Experimentalist could make progress much faster if he took the advice showered on him by the Fundamentalists and cut himself loose from all affiliation with the existing churches. I think that, so far as he is concerned, he would be better off. But if he has — as I have — any real affection for the institutions of his fathers he will steadily postpone following this advice so long as he can. He will stay where he is, in whatever church it may be, and by his frank and sometimes painful criticism help the Institutionalists, who as a rule are far more capable of seeing what is expedient or necessary for the moment and are less troubled by questions of verbal accuracy. He will not receive an official vote of thanks for his pains; but in private the Institutionalist will admit that he could never have resisted Fundamentalist pressure had not the flagrant and outspoken heresy of the Experimentalist made his own position appear conservative by contrast.

SHADOW–MADNESS

BY MARGARET POND

They say her house is shadow-haunted now,
Who while she lived loved shadows more than life.
She sought them everywhere. A saffron bough
Of autumn leaves was lovelier to her
If imaged upward from a pool of rain —
Reflections lie so softly with no stir
On wind-neglected water!
In her room
She tempted shadows with smooth surfaces,
Loving the way the shapes of common things
Bent into strangeness. Even orchard bloom
Was only sweet when on her wall the moon
Painted the silver image.
Every day
She polished carefully each knife and spoon
To see them shine; rubbed rainbows once again
Into each glass; then finished washing up
By blowing bubbles through her finger-tips.
The curving image of each star-gold cup
Hung soap-imprisoned for bewitching her.

She married one in whom she seemed to see
Her love reflected. She had thought to show
The magic of her shadow-world to him,
But he was bound fast to reality.

He liked a thing for its essential form,
Not the distorted image that it cast;
And so she slipped away from him at last.
He held her body but her thoughts became
Fleeting as images of blowing leaves
Wind-blurred on water. He was not to blame
Who could not grasp intangibility,
For she had been created shadow-mad
And vanished, like a shadow with the flame.

DELICATE CEDAR

BY J. T. BOUMPHREY

I

He sat quietly, wedging himself against the shallow ledge behind; his feet, the narrowness of the boat apart, pressed the light crosspiece; his knees showed above the low gunwale. Gripping the sides he stretched the tiller lines taut to the rudder.

He held his body poised — he seemed almost a part of the boat.

The men facing him, glancing at that slight, collected figure, unconsciously steadied.

He felt again the thrill of the 'lift' in the boat — the eight blades gripped the water; the slender shell seemed to rise clear, swing swiftly through the air, then launch herself smoothly, to run cleanly while the men swung toward him. Clear-eyed, browned faces, wide shoulders, firm limbs — a stirring harmony of grace and strength, and the lilt of the boat as they swept her along.

His eyes grew bright and he swallowed hard as he sensed the true beauty of it all.

'E-e-easy.'

His voice was husky as he gave the word — the oars flicked the surface as they slid gently to rest.

'Well rowed — you 're well together and she 's steady as a church.' Just encouragement now to quiet their nerves — the weeks of sarcasm and abuse were past.

He smiled at them; but Harry Brooks, — nearest him in the boat, as in life, — seeing the strain in his eyes, gripped his oar hard and closed his lips more firmly.

Sitting so quietly while they rested, memories crowded upon him.

Old days at Oxford — old crews he'd steered, and the suffocating excitement of close finishes. He thought of his father, an old 'Blue,' struggling to conceal disappointment when he himself, the only son, had turned out too light to row. Hoping to please him he had joined the old college boat-club. How well he remembered the first time he went down there, rather disinterested, and then his father's name had strangely affected him — small gold letters on those unpretentious panels of the past. What a select company they were, what years of hard work and clean living they represented! — theirs the highest place in all that wide field of fitness and fair play. Impulsively he had turned to Harry — captain that year — and given his name for trial as coxswain. With Harry's quick glance toward the panels, and his own quiet 'My father,' had begun one of those rare friendships lasting steadily through the years.

Leaving college, they had availed themselves of a privilege open only to 'Old Blues,' and joined Leander — the pink hatband and tie being badges of fame and guaranties of deference. But there was little chance to row — Leander, with its pick of both great universities, was too strong for competition and of too good sportsmanship to walk away with races and cups.

And then had come this race, the most important event in the history of English rowing. He'd read of it months before, little thinking he was to be drawn into it. The sleepy old seaport town was holding an International Exhibition and the King had presented a gold cup, to be rowed for in open competition by crews from any part of the world.

Several weeks ago the papers had begun to announce the various arrivals and to criticize their form. The Oxford and Cambridge eights were early in training on the course; Eton, Harrow, other great public schools entered; crack provincial clubs; a crew from Canada, one from Australia, and, for the first time in British waters, a German crew, wearing the colors of the Berlin Rowing Club — the Leander of Germany.

He remembered how interested he had been in the Germans — he'd heard so much of their style and often wondered how it would compare with the English. Well, the test was at hand — he and Harry must arrange to go down for the few days' racing; the Regatta would be the event of years. . . .

The sound of cheering came from round the bend, and the band playing the German National Anthem. Their opponents were passing the enclosure. How generously the crowd applauded!

'All right, let's get on a bit.' Distinctly he gave the words that started them: —

'Half-forward.

'Are you ready?

'Paddle!'

Half a stroke without a slide, a short quick stroke, and then, reaching fully out, they took up the old steady swing.

'Take it easy; listen for the click together. That's it — no hurry now.'

He thought of that evening when Harry had come in from the Club, a letter in his hand and the old familiar light in his eye. 'Jim, they want us to go afloat once more. Marlowe and Ravenscroft have written to the Committee about these chaps from Berlin — it appears their form is

practically perfect, and the fellows on the spot seem to think it's almost a sure thing that they'll be too good for any of the boats down there now. They say the only hope of keeping the cup in England is for us to get together a picked crowd and have a try to stop them. Extr'o'din'ry decent of the Committee — they've asked me to stroke.'

Marlowe, he had known, was coaching Cambridge, and Ravenscroft, Eton — both Leander men. Certainly they should know what they were talking about.

And then Harry, unable to conceal his eagerness, had flung Jim's own share at him. 'I told 'em that I'd stroke only on condition you coxed; and I pointed out the short time remaining for us to train and get together — barely six weeks. They realize that, but they say it's the only chance to save the cup.'

'Look ahead there! Look ahead!' He shouted his warning at a boatful of people coming out from the bank. 'Blast these boats!' he thought. 'Why can't they keep 'em off the course!'

And the past six weeks, the old life again — the hard work and keen zest of physical fitness, for he always went into strict training with the crew. His own old scull brought down, he rowed hard between the morning and evening practice. He experienced once more the glow of perfect health. The hard exercise in the open, that feeling at night of pleasant relaxation without fatigue, the long hours of deep sleep, and the sparkling freshness of the early mornings. And the joy of the old companionship, the men, pick of the past five years — Harry, perhaps the finest stroke of modern times, with his great length and stirring rhythm, setting now a slightly slower pace than of old — the weight of the men behind him compelled that; Bow and Seven from their old Oxford boat, and every man picked for experience, for strength, and above all for his ability to stay. No crew could hope, in that short time, to equal the German precision and perfect coördination of effort. The Committee had wisely decided that superior stamina was the only chance.

II

They rounded the bend just above the enclosure and he looked down the course ahead, stretching away into the distance, edged by strings of closely moored yachts and innumerable tightly clustering boats. The enclosure and the banks farther down and across the river were densely packed with countless thousands.

The cheers came at them in a great wave, sending a shiver down his spine. And then, purposely, he made ready to commit a flagrant breach of the unwritten rules of rowing. Steering close in under the enclosure wall, near the Judge's box, he came abreast of two very particular chairs — and deliberately turned his head.

His father and Irene —

His father sitting, hat in hand, with the gentle confiding smile Jim knew and loved so well — and there was time to see the proud affection and the trust.

And Irene — the soft gray eyes were shining, the sweet mouth was slightly parted as though a little breathless; a small hand clasped his father's.

For a moment he forgot the cheers and the crowds and the tense excited gayety of the scene about him — he was far off in a world of love and trust, a quiet land of peace and great content where the sunbeams of kindness and

truth played steadily alike upon life's smooth lawns and stony lanes. There was melody in his heart and mist in his eyes.

A slight lurch recalled him guiltily, but in the low-voiced 'All right, Jim,' as Harry's head swung close, he read forgiveness and understanding.

Smoothly they slid past the waving, cheering throngs — ease and beauty of form, rhythm, power, unselfishness, and the delicate boat gliding swiftly through the still water. Breaths caught and eyes grew moist watching those clean powerful young forms moving so gracefully together.

'E-e-easy.'

Jim remembered that a request — to Englishmen a command — had reached them as they left their boathouse: they were to pause on their way down at a graceful old-world yacht moored off the enclosure.

'Stroke and Seven, hold her up.'

Quickly the blades turned to backwater, and as they drew neatly to rest alongside he heard Harry's hurried whisper: 'Jim, take off your cap.'

They lay mirrored in the yacht's glossy side; the brasses gleamed speckless under snowy awnings; and suddenly a hush seemed to fall while a simple English gentleman, with white-topped yachting cap and neatly trimmed beard, spoke quiet words of encouragement and praise. And in that moment it came to them that through him Englishmen everywhere were speaking — trusting them to do their best.

Jim could feel the tremble through the boat.

The quiet voice ceased.

With cap crushed against the gunwale, his words rang clear: —

'Half-forward.

'Are you ready?

'Paddle!'

And as the breeze struck cool on his hot face he caught the strains of 'Rule Britannia' before the cheers burst over them.

Once clear of the long, densely packed enclosure and away from the gayly decked yachts and swarming boats, he rested them again.

No one spoke.

His thoughts turned back to the evenings he and Harry had strolled under the trees watching the Berlin crew at practice. And what a crew they had seemed — they might all have been joined together by steel connecting rods, so perfect was their uniformity. Tall men they were, with long backs and arms that reached far out — though perhaps a little under weight. Their style differed from the English in one all-important particular — they finished their stroke with bodies laid far back in the boat; and although, it might be argued, this gave them the advantage of a longer stroke, on the other hand the recovery cost great effort and, if they could be closely pressed over a long course, might well sway the balance. Perfect as they appeared and a joy to watch, could Leander outstay them?

Harry was telling him something: 'There's the old Powder Quay abreast of us. Remember, Jim — unless we're level with them here we'll have to spurt and chance something breaking.'

'I know, Harry — but we'll have them by then.' He glanced toward the bank, where an old gray-stone powder-house jutted into the river — it was the last landmark in their plan for the race, and they'd pass it just before reaching the enclosure for the final stretch.

They paddled on down the course, now being cleared for the great struggle. Ahead was the tall flagstaff on the south bank — about the halfway mark.

A half-submerged log drifted past.

His heart pounded as he thought of the risks — just such a log in their course (with eight men swinging in front he had small chance of seeing it), or a broken oar, or a slide that jammed — He jerked his thoughts from the consequences and 'easied' them again.

'Do you fellows know that Ben sat up with the boat all night? He told me that when we brought her in yesterday he went over every bolt and stretcher and slide, and he was afraid to leave her since.' They leaned down, pulling and testing straps and stretchers, and Jim thought again of their old boatman's final advice: 'Misther Harry and Misther Jim, sir, for God's sake mind the start and don't let them "dozen" at all. In all me thirty years with the Club I never had such a time to keep straps an' stretchers in a boat. Keep it long and steady and strong from the start, Misther Harry, and remember that the lads behind you can row all day. You're the most powerful crew I ever see and I've seen a few in me time. Maybe you're not so pretty as them foreigners, an' they nearly lying on their backs in the boat, but you've got the guts, and good luck and God bless you!'

Marlowe and Ravenscroft had been right, as the preliminary heats in the last few days had proved. Berlin and themselves, in opposite halves of the draw, had not been extended; they had accounted for their opponents without turning a hair. In fact, in their own heat against Harrow, Six had broken his stretcher in a dozen, but the seven men had easily outdistanced their opponents with bow-side pulling against the rudder and Six doing little more than mark time. But this mishap had served to emphasize their fear of what might happen in the spurts.

Harry turned round to face the men back of him. 'Listen, boys, just a word before we get down to the start where the Berlin chaps and the starter's launch and all the rest of them are. We've gone over it together often enough, but I want to tell you just once more what I'm going to do. Start steady; don't jerk and jump at it. If you do, something 'll carry away. They'll go ahead of us a bit at once; I know that — we can't help it. I've watched them carefully, and they can row thirty-eight — I rather think they can do forty when they're fresh. We can't — we're too heavy; and so they'll get the start of us, but I doubt if they can row thirty-eight for long. We'll start steady — now for the Lord's sake think of that word and in all the excitement don't forget and plunge. We'll start steady, and then I'll strike about thirty-four and we've got to make every single stroke tell — hard and firm with all you know — and we've got to hold that for the whole course. I've got a watch on my stretcher and I'll count our strokes, and Jim's is tied to his shoe — he'll count Berlin's. We can tell how we hold them at the different rates and if we have to dozen in the end — well, we'll dozen and chance something cracking. But now mind the start, and then plug every stroke in as though it were the last. There's the Castle ahead now — that's our quarter-distance mark; the Germans seem to be waiting for us, so let's get on down.'

The river widened out. They drew still farther from the crowds and the noise, and Jim felt the steadier swing as their nerves quieted after the ordeal of the enclosure.

They paddled past the German crew, resting under the old Castle wall, and then the stake boats at the start were plainly visible.

Looking astern, Harry spoke: 'The Germans are coming on, Jim. "Easy" us so we can take a last look at them.'

The Berlin crew made a pretty picture as they paddled easily along — the

straight slender backs with the black-and-white hoops swaying in a perfect line, in uniformity almost unbelievable.

'Oh! Well rowed, sirs! Well rowed!' broke from Harry. 'Come on, you chaps, give 'em a clap!' and the German coxswain looked over, smiling, and raised his cap. But that finish — so far back with the difficult, laborious recovery; to the English eye surely a mistake.

Another spell of steady paddling brought them level with the stake boats.

'Paddle, Bow and Three; hold her up, Stroke and Six.' Slowly the fragile sixty feet of delicate cedar swung round, pointing her keen stem up the long course. 'Easy, Stroke and Six; paddle on, Bow and Two.' Gradually he drew her level with the line, then backed until the man in the stake boat could grasp their rudder, holding them in position.

Below the Castle the river widened again and the stake boats were moored in midstream. The starter's launch hovered astern and the press boat lay inshore.

The Berlin crew was turning.

The breeze was going down with the sun; the air felt warm and heavy — it seemed hard to breathe. The tide was full in and slack, the surface smooth as a mountain lake on a still day.

Up beyond the finish lay the old town. Jim could distinguish the masts of the ships moored along the quays, and the graceful towers of the cathedral stood darkly against the western sky. On the northern bank the densely wooded hillside rose sharply, studded here and there with fine old houses. He could see the corner of the roof and the terrace of Ardmore, where Irene was staying. On the opposite shore an unbroken line of beeches and chestnuts bordered the river path from the Castle to the enclosure; and shining dully the course stretched far ahead — a narrowing lane of polished gun-metal.

III

Partly because the river at the start was broad, but also perhaps because the crowds were tensely still, straining to catch the start, a silence seemed to shut them in. He could hear the German slides, the guttural orders of their coxswain, and the talk in the starter's launch. The men were peeling off sweaters and mufflers, cramming them under their feet. The muscles in Seven's thigh were vibrating.

He saw the gray pinched faces, the excited eyes, that expression of endurance strained almost to the breaking-point. Hell! he wished they'd start them. The Germans seemed to be in position — he saw the starter's launch coming up between them. His throat was dry; he had a feeling in the pit of his stomach like that you experience if you stand in the bow of a steamer when she dips into the trough of a sea. He moistened his lips. 'Remember — don't jerk the start. Just before the gun goes think of the word "steady."'

Her head was falling off a little.

'Paddle a stroke, Bow.

'E-e-easy.'

She was straight again.

The starter spoke through his megaphone: 'Gentlemen.' Good heavens, how slowly he talked! And they knew what he was going to say, anyway. 'Gentlemen — in case of a false start I shall fire two shots in rapid succession, and thereupon both crews will cease rowing and return to the stake boats for a fresh start.'

Now she was falling off the other way.

'Paddle a stroke, Two.'

Jim was watching his line.

'E-e-easy.'

Again the starter: 'You both appear to be straight now. I shall say "Are you ready?" once, and if I receive no reply I shall fire the gun.'

Another heart-holding pause. It seemed as if a tight, hot band was clamped about his forehead; again he could feel the tremble through the boat. She was straight on her course now; why the hell did n't he start them? What —

'Are you ready?'

The crash of the beginning — a jerk like a car started in high gear, as the boat leaped forward — creaking and groaning of straps and stretchers. For an instant he sat in a confused world of bending oars and breathless strain; and then, gathering way, they lifted her off together — the cruel tension was over. Ah! the relief to be rowing — he almost laughed. Harry was once more setting his splendid powerful swinging stroke and the men behind were with him — the grayness left the faces. He looked into steady determined eyes alight with confidence as they felt their power and realized that they were well together. He called the time and marked the rhythm — there was grim purpose in their slashing drive.

And then, glancing toward the other boat, he barely concealed a start — he'd known the Germans would spring into the lead at once, but he was hardly prepared for the lead they were establishing. Already he'd lost sight of their cox's side-face. In the first minute they'd shot their rudder to Leander's bow.

'Count strokes,' jerked Harry as he swung forward.

Glancing at his watch, Jim counted Berlin's strokes — they rowed twenty in half a minute.

Harry looked up from his stretcher. 'Thirty-four — how many are they doing?'

'Forty.'

The German boat drew farther ahead. There was a length of clear water between them and they were passing the Castle — he could feel the wash strike the shell. Leander rowed in the broken water of the boat ahead, but their watermanship was too clever to be flurried. Automatically they feathered higher; and if the beginning grew less firm, yet they were finely together and lifting her grandly.

But the Berlin crew still drew away.

'Shall I quicken?' Harry had lost the sound and feel of the other boat. 'How far are they?'

Jim saw in Harry's face the mystified startled expression that accompanies the unexpected and alarming — like the swimmer, believing he can stand, when suddenly he realizes he is beyond his depth.

And then, just as clearly, he read relief and confidence, and on the instant he knew that responsibility was no longer divided. Harry settled wholeheartedly to his stroke and rhythm, the decisions left entirely in Jim's hands.

He peered ahead. 'Length and a half — maybe a bit more. No, Harry, don't quicken yet; hold it to thirty-four. I'm going to count again.'

Desperate doubt pressed upon him. Berlin was two clear lengths ahead — a terrible lead. Should he tell Harry to dozen and risk an accident? Suppose the Germans held that lead to the Powder Quay, could they possibly catch them then?

There was a ringing in his ears, and a tingling, prickling sensation in his hands and feet. He seemed enveloped in sound — the swish and click of the slides, the creak of leather, and the hiss of the blades as they dug foaming circles in the water. He forced a smile for the men to see if they glanced at him. 'Well rowed, well rowed!' he shouted. 'Keep it hard — every stroke.' Then, glancing again at his watch, he counted the German strokes — they'd dropped to thirty-six, but they were close upon the flagstaff, the halfway mark.

Two lengths apart they swept up the narrowing river, and the dull confused racket from the banks began to beat upon them. A man in a car, using a huge megaphone, forced his voice across: 'Leander, for God's sake come on! Swing out and put your hearts into it! Come on, Leander!' There was a note of apprehension in the cries.

A sinking feeling assailed him; his breath caught; should he dozen now? Ought he to have dozened before? And then he studied the men; they were fresh as when they started and rowing superbly — the steady, spirited swing forward, the unhesitating beginning, the great lifting pull through, and the magnificent finish with bodies only just beyond the perpendicular — all one splendid movement. Then he looked carefully ahead at the Germans. They were no farther away — Leander was at last beginning to hold them. Desperately his resolve was taken. He realized that the critical moment had come and he'd stick to the plan they'd made, for a few minutes more anyway.

But the race was half over — landmarks fell astern as the boats rushed up the course. Every half-minute — every twenty strokes — cruelly shortened their time to cut down the lead. He was one great ache of anxiety; it seemed to him that their chance was slipping swiftly away and, even as the thoughts churned in his head, the Powder Quay loomed clearer.

God! if only he could be rowing; but to sit there still in the midst of it all, with his whole soul crying for effort, and more effort — in the agony of his sensations he longed to close his eyes, to shut it all away. The crisis was upon them.

He counted again. 'Thirty-six, Harry, and we're holding them now — going to count again.'

If there was no change after this count he must call for a dozen without a second's delay — they'd have to chance everything else.

Still thirty-six; he looked up and — yes, there was no doubt about it — the German cox was closer to him! Leander, still holding the powerful slashing thirty-four, was gaining at last! A swelling roar from the banks confirmed him — they were creeping up, gradually but surely cutting off the feet that separated the boats.

'Well rowed, well rowed!' he shouted with all his might. 'We've gained a length! We're almost on them! Stick it, stick it! Oh! Well done.' They caught the unmistakable note of relief, and unconsciously the strokes drove harder. He could feel his heart pounding. Their bow was overlapping, and now he was close enough to see the men in the Berlin boat — Stroke's face was drawn and strained and his mouth was open. Jim heard their cox counting, calling a dozen. Again he counted — thirty-eight. A fine plucky spurt. Berlin drew ahead perceptibly; but as the effort ceased Leander commenced to edge up. The distance lessened and lessened, and now the bow men in the Leander boat were conscious of the German stern; out of the corners of their eyes they could see the white shower of spray above the rudder, and the water was no longer broken. Experienced oars that they were, they at once took advantage of the smooth surface; they feathered lower, the beginning grew firmer. Now Jim could see the German faces clearly. He saw the worried, agonized expressions, the paleness of dismay, and then he realized that their perfection of style was gone — Stroke's head jerked loosely, Seven was swinging out of line, and Four's back was hooped. They were beginning to splash and the boat rolled between the strokes. He longed to stand up and shout the good news into the splendidly composed faces before him.

Then the German cox called on his men for what Jim knew might well be the deciding spurt, and they responded grandly with everything they had. Gathering themselves together by a superb effort, they regained their form — they quickened incredibly again and for eight or ten strokes they struck close to forty. It was inspiring, and for a space Jim held his breath; but although Harry did n't quicken, Leander was conscious of the German effort. They could hear the German cox counting and instinctively they replied. They gripped the water and tugged the stroke through. Their jaws were shut, and Jim felt something inexorable in their determination not to let the other boat get away again.

The peak of the spurt moved Berlin slowly forward, and then with straining eagerness Jim saw that Leander was holding them. The boats hung together. The Germans were striking thirty-seven or thirty-eight to Leander's thirty-four, but could n't quite break away. Then the Berlin stroke once more put forth a mighty gasping effort; but Leander stuck steadily alongside, and Jim realized that although the German rate was quicker their stroke was getting shorter. The men, recovering with a cruel effort, were diving forward after their hands; they were too exhausted to reach far out. Their steadiness and uniformity were gone — their form was cracking. The boat was rolling, and their greatest effort was surely over.

Steadily, relentlessly, the Leander boat forged alongside; the men had a power and grip now not to be denied. A great swelling roar crashed upon them — the crowd had realized what was happening. The suspense had been terrific, and pent-up feelings sought release.

The two boats drove toward the raging turmoil of the enclosure. Jim yelled his joy and relief; but the men knew. The Germans were almost broad alongside now, and with every stroke each man in the Leander boat was conscious that they were creeping past. The Germans tried another spurt, but this time Leander stuck to them solidly. Harry, at thirty-four, was now holding Berlin's thirty-eight and smiling broadly into Jim's eyes.

Side by side they shot past the Powder Quay, and then Leander moved smoothly and powerfully foot by foot into the lead. They retained their steady rate of striking, but whether through the contagion of the moment, or the sight of the Germans dropping away, Jim was conscious of an even mightier lift in the boat, and the Berlin crew slid astern.

He looked at the men ahead of him and his eyes smarted — every face wore a smile. With life and balance in their swing their pace was steadily increasing. Old Ben was right; apparently they could row thirty-four all day.

The shattering uproar of the enclosure broke over them — a seething mass of overwrought humanity. The Germans were a length, two lengths, astern; and, taking Leander's wash, were rolling and splashing, all too plainly done. Leander was sweeping toward the line. The race was over, and then — a frightful thing happened.

A boat with holiday-makers had somehow drifted loose from the swarm under the bank, and her occupants, in their flustered endeavors to get clear, had managed to lay her squarely across Leander's course.

Jim felt his heart turn over. Great heavens! Which side should he try to pass? If he tried to steer between them and the enclosure they might make for the same bank, and if he swung for the other shore they were quite as likely to head that way too.

The choice, once made, would be

final; there would be no time to reconsider. Even were the boat to remain stationary it was doubtful whether he had time to steer clear, for a racing eight is almost as slow to turn as an ocean liner, and in the intervening distance he could swing only slightly off his course.

With nerve-shattering suddenness he was jerked from glowing relief to grueling anxiety, and he had only an instant to decide.

Were they to be smashed practically on the finishing-line with the German crew rowed out and lengths astern?

IV

'Oh, look! The King is speaking to them.'

Irene's fingers tightened. 'And did you see Jim turn his head as they passed? I saw the boat roll. He should n't have done that — really.'

Jim's father smiled gently down into the sweet face at his shoulder. 'Who could blame him, Irene?'

He handed her the powerful field-glasses and she focused them on the yacht. 'I wonder what he's saying? He's speaking so quietly and they look so pleased and happy.' And then, as the pink-tipped blades began to swing and sweep down the enclosure, they found themselves cheering with the rest, full-hearted, rich cheers — their King, their Crew, their England.

Irene's eyes were very moist.

She looked down the old river — the densely massed throngs could n't hide its peaceful, mellow beauty; yet there were more people there that day than had ever watched a boat-race. The long enclosure was packed solid. How thankful she felt that Jim had been able to get chairs in the front row. The soft coloring of summer dresses, the gay hatbands and blazers, the deep cool green of the trees and lawn — how clean, how fresh, how colorful the setting for a sport that seemed almost worthy!

Time dragged as they paddled to the start. Everyone was on edge. The rowing men around them were all anxious — she could hear snatches of the conversation: —

'Yes, yes, of course they're far the finest material, but they have n't had time to perfect their form together. Those German fellows now are the most perfect . . .'

'If only they don't break anything. They're such powerful chaps, I'm afraid something'll crack.'

'Berlin can row six strokes faster — that'll give 'em the best of the start. The question is, can Leander catch them?'

Behind her a huge man with a Leander hatband was talking to himself as he gazed down the course through his glasses.

A girl near by sat rolling and rolling a tiny handkerchief.

A few seats away a man kept trying to dry the palms of his hands.

It seemed a long wait.

And then all around she began to hear the short nervous exclamations. Men had their glasses focused; they spoke from behind raised elbows, half to themselves.

'Leander's turning — they're almost at the stake boat.'

'There's Berlin getting into position now.'

'The starter's launch is between them.'

In the enclosure and away down the river there was a silence. The crowds seemed suddenly set, their attention riveted on the start, nerves tightly drawn. If, perhaps, a girl laughed aloud, it was almost as if she'd laughed in church. The tenseness made you almost hold your breath — you could feel your heart beating all over you.

A puff of blue smoke, a splash of oars, and a murmur like a huge sigh as thousands voiced, 'They're off!'

Irene stood on her chair, her hand on Jim's father's shoulder. The gray head and the fair one were close together.

'Germany's leading!' 'Germany's leading!' came from every side. The boats grew clearer every moment and there was strained uneasiness in the voices.

Irene felt hot, then she shivered. She was finding it harder and harder to stand still. She strained to judge the distance between the boats.

'Berlin looks to me to be too far ahead for comfort; nearly two lengths, I think.' She caught the hollow uneasiness in Jim's father's voice — and the same note sounded all about her.

The crews were abreast of the flagstaff now. It was easy to follow their position by the pandemonium on the bank as they passed.

'My God! Germany wins! Germany wins! They're leading by lengths clear!' She heard the hoarse flat tones on every hand; her white teeth gripped her lip. And behind her the big man, with voice almost gone and staring eyes, kept repeating one word: 'Leander! Leander! Leander!'

'Irene,' — Jim's father was looking through his glasses, — 'I notice that Berlin seems to be splashing a bit, and I think Leander is gaining a little — the race is n't over yet.' Her heart bounded, and then suddenly from all sides corroboration came: 'Leander is gaining!' 'Leander!' 'Come on, Leander!'

They were approaching the Powder Quay now and everyone could see the details of the struggle.

The enclosure seethed — spectators shouted their thoughts.

'Oh! Look at Berlin dozen! Well rowed, by Gad.'

'Why does n't Leander dozen? They are hitting the same rate all through. If they'd only dozen they'd leave 'em standing.'

'Leander's pulling up fast. Look at the way they're reaching out to it — and old Harry's swing! Oh! well rowed, well rowed — they're cleaner than the Germans now.'

And then came Berlin's mighty effort. The crowd saw their stroke pull them together, they saw the men brace and recover their form, they saw the pace quicken incredibly — it was a breathless, speechless moment. They saw the German boat commence to pull away and hearts stood still; and then — and then — somehow Leander, lengthening out and driving terrifically, stopped the gain. They hung fast on the German quarter. Under their eyes the crowd saw the big moment of the race; suddenly they realized that every man in the Leander boat had gathered all his body and soul into one overpowering determination to stick to the Germans and to rip every stroke through harder and yet harder.

And gradually Leander began ever so slowly to gain, and in that moment of supreme effort the crowd in the enclosure, in its aching desire to push the boat to the front, went with them. All down the lines men and women were swaying, and they swayed in time with Harry's stroke; hands were clenched and muscles were braced; they tried to get the Leander boat ahead as a man will try to get his long putt into the hole by squirming behind it on the green.

And then Leander drew level — started to pass.

'Leander!' 'Leander!' People were jumping up and down, pushing against each other. They were laughing, crying, shouting.

'Leander leads!' 'Leander wins!'

And now Leander cleanly, beautifully swung away into the lead.

The suffocating, pounding, breathless relief!

'Leander!' 'Leander!' 'Leander!' The whole scene melted and fused into one mighty intoxicating roar. They were tearing down the enclosure a length ahead and gaining at every stroke; and then — oh my God, that boat!

V

Jim faced his ultimate trial calmly. The unhappy boatload were struggling to get off the course, and quickly his decision was taken: he would steer straight for them; then whichever way they went he'd have a chance to clear. Leander streaked toward them at frightful speed, for the men were moving now as if inspired and their pace was terrific. Great heavens! Could he get past? The boat was turned now and edging back toward the enclosure, and Jim saw that he could swing the shell herself clear on the outside; but would the oars escape?

He strained ahead judging the distance. No, they'd be on it too soon. He had a flash of broken oars, of men knocked backward — and then inspiration came. Coolly he formed his plan. But how make the men hear him? He could n't even make Harry hear in such a storm of sound; and for the success of his throw every man must hear. And then the Fates favored him. When the crowd caught sight of the boat, and suddenly realized that disaster after all seemed imminent, an appalled hush fell over them.

Instantly Jim seized his one God-given opportunity. Putting every vital spark that was in him into his voice he yelled to the men: —

'Boat ahead! Can clear it if you lie back on stroke as we pass! I'll raise my arm at beginning of stroke, stay back as far as you can at finish! When I lower arm come forward!

'Now be ready!'

He was judging his distance.

'E-e-easy!' and his arm went up.

They had heard him.

Every man lay back on his slide, the handle of his oar pressed to his chest and the blade sloped inward toward the shell's side.

He held his breath.

A click — Bow's oar just grazed the boat as they shot past.

Down came Jim's arm. 'Forward!' he shouted, and together the men recovered. They recaptured the rhythm — you would have thought they had rehearsed the manœuvre. A dozen strokes and they crossed the line, three clear lengths ahead of the laboring German crew.

A raging tempest broke over the river. Sirens of steamers and motorboats joined the deafening clamor of the cars ashore; a hundred thousand frenzied people cheered until it seemed as if they had not cheered before — and in the midst of it all eight quiet happy men sat seemingly unmoved.

As soon as Jim could make them understand he started them, and once again they picked up their splendid swinging thirty-four. Then all at once the crowd were on their feet and hats were off, for the strains of the band had reached them. Gradually the thousands took it up: 'Send him victorious, happy and glorious,' and then in one mighty, stirring wave — 'God Save Our King.'

On the bridge of the yacht the slight bearded figure stood calmly, and in the enclosure, near the two very particular chairs, the fair head nestled close beside the gray.

PLANTS AND PLANT PESTS

BY CHARLES L. MARLATT

I

THE need for the enforcement of measures to protect the United States from new plant-pests is generally admitted; but when such measures come to be applied, irrespective of their scope or character, — radical or otherwise, — there is bound to be criticism and objection from at least a certain percentage of the persons unfavorably affected. This is true of any law or regulation, however meritorious, which brings new restrictions on privileges formerly enjoyed, and is well exemplified in a few of the quarantines, promulgated under the Federal Plant Quarantine Act of 1912, which restrict importations of plants and plant products to prevent the entry of pests. Such criticism has been especially active in relation to Plant Quarantine No. 37 by persons who would like to see it either abolished or so amended that in large measure the old-time free importation of foreign nursery-stock and other plants might be resumed. In general this criticism has been characterized by a failure to appreciate that such freedom of entry of plants must necessarily bring a return of all the old risks of entry of pests.

The agricultural, horticultural, and nursery interests of the country as a whole appreciate the need for the quarantine and understand and approve its provisions limiting plant-importations, and it would hardly be worth while to give attention to the misrepresentations referred to except that they have been widely circulated and have been accepted by many persons as correctly describing the quarantine.

Such persons have been led to believe with respect to this quarantine: —

1. That its alleged protective purpose — that is, to exclude plant pests — is a subterfuge, the real object being trade-protection.
2. That it is now a practical embargo on entry of plants and will ultimately place a permanent check on the development of American horticulture.
3. That the restrictions are not justified by the dangers of new pests, and that any risks which actually exist can be adequately safeguarded by inspection and certification in countries of origin.
4. That it was dictated and is being autocratically administered by a few men and that it oversteps the quarantine powers authorized in the Plant Quarantine Act.
5. That it was promulgated without warning and that a few insiders were thus able to get an advantage.
6. That it is very likely to lead to retaliation on the part of other countries.

In view of this situation, it is desirable that such persons and the general public should be given an opportunity to understand better the conditions

which necessitated Quarantine 37 and its protective provisions, which extend to every phase of agriculture, horticulture, and forestry.

After all that has been published on the subject of imported plant-pests and in view of the personal and often sad experiences which most of our people have had with such enemies, it would seem to be unnecessary to discuss at any length the records of such importations or the losses which have resulted therefrom to our fruit and farm crops and to our forests. Briefly, upward of a hundred important pests of this kind have been introduced and many hundreds of lesser importance, and these now reduce crop-yields by more than a billion dollars a year!

Any examination of the records of entry of such old-world pests will indicate that imported nursery-stock and other plants and seeds brought fully ninety per cent of these, and most of the others came with plant products — straw cereals, and so forth, and fresh fruits and vegetables. The following typical examples will indicate the means of entry of some of the worst of these pests.

The soil accidentally associated with an importation of iris brought the Japanese beetle, an insect of no special importance in Japan, but which in New Jersey and Pennsylvania has demonstrated a capacity for injury and facility of spread which indicates that it is going to be with us one of the most serious of orchard, garden, and meadow pests. There is no possibility of eradicating it and it will undoubtedly, in spite of all repressive efforts, within a few years overrun much of the United States.

The importations of the Japanese flowering cherry about 1910, during a period of enthusiasm for this very beautiful tree, introduced the Oriental fruit-worm, now firmly established in half a dozen Eastern states, and beginning to get foothold widely in the South and westward to Missouri and Texas. These trees could easily have been produced here under the safer horticultural procedure now permitted under the quarantine, and millions of future loss avoided. No effective means of controlling this pest have so far been determined, and it is bound to place a very serious check on the production particularly of peaches and other stone-fruits, but also the apple, pear, and so forth.

One of the most spectacular scourges which has come to us from the Orient is the chestnut blight, brought in with chestnut trees from Japan or China, possibly in an effort to complete a collection of the chestnuts of the world by one of our Eastern botanical gardens. In a report of one of these gardens, in which its collection of world types of different kinds of trees is described, it is noted that the chestnuts are now represented only by the Japanese chestnuts of China and Japan, and that the American chestnuts have all been destroyed by the chestnut blight!

The San José scale was brought in with a small importation of the flowering peach from North China, and, inasmuch as it is occasionally represented that the introduction of this scale has been of real benefit to American horticulture, it may be pointed out that on account of it there is an actual cost in spraying commercial orchards every year of between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000, and that in spite of this treatment there is still occasionally large injury. There are also, on account of the scale, embargoes or near embargoes against our apples and other deciduous fruits by certain European countries. Another very important loss commonly overlooked is that this scale has practically eliminated the old-time home orchards in country, village, and

suburban districts, the products of which formerly totaled large in the fruit-consumption of the United States. The labor and difficulty of the frequent treatments required to safeguard the crop have practically led to the disappearance of such noncommercial plantings connected with millions of homes.

A very unnecessary importation some fifteen years ago from Holland of a native American tree, the blue spruce of our Rocky Mountains, established the gypsy moth widely in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The effort to eradicate this pest in these states over the last four or five years has been very thoroughgoing and may prove in the end successful, but it has been at a tremendous cost both to the Federal Government and to these states.

The pine blister-rust which now threatens our white-pine forests, both of the eastern United States and of the great mountain regions of the Northwest, was introduced through importations of seedlings of the American white pine propagated in Germany. Generations to come will be computing the saving to America if we had been wise enough to have grown these seedlings ourselves, as we are now doing!

The citrus canker, one of the most threatening diseases of citrus fruits, was introduced with importations of the Japanese trifoliate orange, a plant which was already abundantly available in this country for multiplication by simple and easy nursery-methods. The effort to eradicate this pest has probably cost the Federal Government and the Gulf States, notably Florida, including losses of individuals, fully $20,000,000 in funds expended in control work and in the value of orchards and nurseries burned to the ground.

Except for the gypsy moth, all these pests and diseases, and many others which could be cited, were unknown prior to their entry, and most of them, from the nature of their concealment or method of attack, might still have been introduced unwittingly under any system of inspection or certification; and this is especially true of plant diseases. The pine blister-rust, for example, may be in the sap and tissues of the plant for several years before it develops into an exterior visible stage.

To illustrate the rapidity with which such plant enemies were coming into the United States, it may be noted that during the period of four years (1909–1912) which it took, on account of opposition, to secure a Federal law to put some check upon these dangers, the following pests of major importance secured entry and became established, namely: Oriental fruit-worm, Japanese beetle, citrus canker, potato wart, European corn-borer, camphor scale, and the gypsy moth in New Jersey.

II

Quarantine 37 has but one purpose, namely, to reduce to the utmost the risk of introducing dangerous plant-pests with plant-importations. This purpose is the basis of all the regulations restricting entry of foreign plants. Quarantine 37 has no tariff object whatsoever. It was not devised to protect plant-growers from foreign competition. The absence of any thought of such protection, on the part either of this Department, of State officials, or of others advocating the quarantine, is indicated by the fact that the first and strongest wave of opposition to it was from commercial plant-propagators, — nurserymen and florists, — interests which are now almost equally unanimous in its support.

That Plant Quarantine 37 is in no

true sense an embargo should be apparent from any unbiased examination of the continuing provisions under it for the entry of any necessary plants. Perhaps the most reasonable criticism of the quarantine is embodied in the belief that it should be possible adequately to exclude such crop hazards as insect pests and plant diseases by provision for inspection and certification of plants by competent experts in the country of origin. In point of fact, such means of safeguarding entry was the first thought of the Department following the promulgation of the Plant Quarantine Act of 1912, and as rapidly as possible the principal countries — some thirty-two eventually — concerned in any important way in the exportation of plants to the United States were induced to provide by legislation for such inspection and certification. A practical test of this method was continued for the first seven years of the enforcement of the Plant Quarantine Act, during which period unlimited importation of plants was permitted and the effort was made to prevent the entry of new pests by relying as safeguards on foreign inspection and certification and such additional reinspection at destination in this country as could be carried out by state inspectors — and such state coöperation was specifically provided for in the Act.

Of the principal countries exporting plants to the United States, probably Holland and France developed as good an inspection service as any, if not the best. These countries certainly gave the subject their most serious thought and effort, and the status as to freedom from insects and diseases of their exports of plants probably represents the best work that can be expected under the plan of foreign inspection and certification. Notwithstanding these efforts, however, a great many injurious insects and plant diseases were found on stock imported from these countries between August 20, 1912, and June 1, 1919, the effective date of Quarantine 37. During this period of seven years no less than 148 different kinds of injurious insects were collected on nursery stock imported from Holland, and 245 different kinds of insects on similar stock from France. Some of these were detected in over one thousand different shipments of plants and many of them were detected hundreds of times. While a large percentage of these were insect pests which had already become established in the United States, many others had not become so established and carried new and very serious elements of danger to our horticulture and agriculture; and some, like the gypsy moth and the brown-tailed moth, had only limited distribution in the United States. There was also noted a very large variation in the yearly efficiency of this foreign inspection service. In certain years, for example, fruit stocks, rose stocks, and other plants, in spite of this service, came in repeatedly and often heavily infested with such pests as the gypsy moth, the brown-tailed moth, and other pests of importance in Europe, not yet established anywhere in the United States.

If space permitted, many interesting illustrations could be given of the pests that have been thus intercepted and of the risk from others which are not capable of exclusion by inspection — insects, for example, hidden in the interior of the stems and roots of plants, and plant diseases which may not develop to a visible stage for months or even years after the plants are imported. No inspection either in country of origin or at destination in this country, for example, would have excluded the Oriental fruit-worm or

the chestnut blight or the citrus canker, and inspection gives very little protection against unknown or unanticipated enemies, which represent an important element from countries that have been little explored from the standpoint of plant enemies, such as all transpacific countries.

Not only was the foreign inspection totally inadequate, but it developed also that the reinspection at destination in this country could by no means be depended upon to complete the safeguards against entry of pests. A few states were equipped with adequate authority and forces to examine imported stock at destination. Other states, however, were not so equipped, and the volume and wide distribution of the material led to a great deal of it going uninspected or receiving such superficial examination as to give no real protection.

The inadequacy of the inspection and certification method of safeguarding the entry of foreign plants was plainly indicated in this seven-year trial, and the conclusion was forced that the only possible means of effectively lessening the introduction of new plant-enemies is in a policy of exclusion of all plants not absolutely essential to the horticultural and forestry needs of the United States. Carrying out this policy, Quarantine 37 restricts the entry of most nursery stock and other ornamentals to certain purposes which are believed to be necessary to the development of American horticulture. Unlimited entry is permitted of certain classes of plants, and provision is made for the entry of any other plant whatsoever for which a reasonable need can be shown, either for introduction of new varieties or for propagating stock not available in the United States, or for any experimental, educational, or scientific purpose. Briefly, these provisions are as follows: —

1. Under Regulation 2 of the quarantine unlimited entry is possible, without permit or other restriction, of field, vegetable, and flower seeds, and of plant products imported for medicinal, food, or manufacturing purposes.

2. Regulation 3 provides for the unlimited entry, under permit and with provision for inspection, and, if necessary, disinfection, of certain important classes of plants and plant products which cannot at present be adequately produced in the United States.

3. Regulation 14 makes provision for the entry, under special permit, of any plant or seed not included under Regulations 2, 3, and 15 for the purpose of keeping the country supplied with new varieties and necessary propagating stock, or for any necessary experimental, educational, or scientific purpose.

4. Regulation 15 recognizes the intimate trade-relations between the United States and Canada and Mexico and provides, under permit and necessary safeguards, for the importation of plants the entry of which from other foreign countries is restricted.

5. The only exceptions to the entry of plants thus provided for are those involved under specific quarantines: as, for example, the prohibition of entry of five-leafed pines, *Ribes* and *Grossularia* from certain countries, on account of the white-pine blister-rust, and generally of citrus, bamboo, banana plants, and so forth, on account of specific diseases and pests; but any of these prohibited plants may be imported, under permit and adequate safeguards, through the U. S. Department of Agriculture, for any necessary experimental, scientific, or introduction purpose.

These provisions for entry are a continuing feature of the quarantine. There is no basis whatever for the assertion which is frequently made that Plant Quarantine 37 contemplates 'a complete exclusion of foreign horticultural material.' The Department has no wish or intention, now or at any future time, to make it impossible to provide for the entry, under proper safeguards, of any plant whatsoever for which a real need can be shown. Furthermore, that in the actual administration of the quarantine such provisions have been adequate and have been fully taken advantage of will be apparent from any examination of the records of importations thereunder. It may be of interest to summarize briefly such importations made during the five-year period of the quarantine (1919–1924). Not including the importations made subsequent to July 1, last, some 65,000,000 of the restricted or so-called 'embargoed' plants have been authorized entry into the United States, and upward of 40,000,000 of these have been imported and are now the basis for some 2000 different enterprises in 44 of the 48 states for the propagation of ornamentals and other plants formerly imported. The bearing of all this home production on the purpose of Quarantine 37 is that it lessens the necessity for plant-importations and correspondingly reduces the risk of bringing in new pests.

As indicating the ample provision for the entry of any necessary new or unavailable variety of plants, it may be noted that these 65,000,000 plants whose entry was authorized during this period include more than 17,000 different species and varieties of plants, numbering nearly 2000 different roses, nearly 1000 different gladioli, some 1700 different dahlias, and upward of 1200 different peonies. Certainly the assimilation of 2000 different roses, for example, does not look like a complete exclusion of new or unavailable horticultural material!

Such entries have been authorized, not only for commercial propagation, but to meet the needs of botanic gardens, arboretums, experiment stations, and other similar public institutions, and of any person who is widely or nationally known as maintaining a collection of real merit and open to the public, or is engaged in work of public benefit with the plants concerned. The conditioning of entry on a public-service basis is believed to be necessary. Otherwise we should have little restriction on number and volume of plant-importations and correspondingly little protection against the entry of new pests.

The Department of Agriculture thoroughly appreciates and sympathizes with the perfectly natural desire of plant-lovers to import for their personal use and the adornment of their estates or gardens any new or old variety which they may wish to secure, and would be only too glad to meet the wishes of such persons if it were not realized that this action would practically nullify the quarantine. Persons with a keen interest in plants are found in numbers in every town and hamlet in the United States, and to permit any or all of them to import plants in such condition that they could grow them would mean not only that the plants would have to come, in many cases, in earth, — involving dangers of plant-pest introductions which cannot be safeguarded by inspection or treatment, — but that it would be absolutely impossible for this Department to handle the tens of thousands of small importations which would result, or to follow them up to destinations throughout the country with any subsequent safeguards. There would

rarely be any public service of real value in connection with such importations, such as making the new plants generally available or utilizing them for breeding or other work. Some essential service of this sort should be the basis for the entry of the various classes of plants which are not open to unlimited importation. The mere personal gratification of the thousands of individuals who might wish to make their own importations would be small justification for the risk of carriage of new pests to every part of the United States.

Under the plan, therefore, of Quarantine 37, it becomes necessary for those persons who are neither commercial propagators of plants, collectors of serious merit, nor engaged in research of distinct public benefit, — in other words, the ordinary garden-lover, — to secure the restricted plants from home sources, and the Department has endeavored, through the means enumerated, to make them available under methods which involve the least risk to the horticulture and agriculture of the country.

III

It is not necessary to discuss at length the classes of bulbs and other plants which are open to unlimited entry. These include all field, vegetable, and flower seeds, eighty or ninety per cent of the bulbs hitherto imported, fruit and rose stocks, and all seeds of fruit and forest trees and ornamental plants and shrubs. As an example of such unrestricted entry, the importation of bulbs last year (1924) represents the largest importation into the United States of this class of plants ever made, amounting to very nearly 260,000,000 bulbs! In connection with the retail of these bulbs it is worthy of note that there is going on all the time a form of misrepresentation which cannot be overtaken and which reaches the very home life of most of our people — that is, it is a common practice for local dealers to defend the prices which they are asking for imported bulbs by advising their patrons that the prices are necessitated by the restrictions on entry under Quarantine 37, whereas the very possession of the imported bulbs for sale is possible only because there are no restrictions on their entry!

The termination of the free commercial entry of narcissus bulbs with the end of 1925 will arouse a widespread public interest. It seems desirable, therefore, to give a statement of the reasons which led the Department over two years ago to authorize such prohibition at the end of a three-year term — the postponement of action being to enable such readjustments as were possible and necessary, both with respect to production in this country and on the part of foreign growers and exporters.

Of all bulbs which are entering this country, the narcissus bulbs have proved to be the most frequent and abundant carriers of serious pests — pests which not only are destructive to bulb-cultures, but are even more damaging to important field-crops. The more important of these pests are two bulb-flies and an eelworm or nematode. These conditions still obtain or, if anything, have increased in the meantime.

The two bulb-flies, particularly the smaller one, are found in practically every shipment of narcissi from Holland, in some instances infesting as much as twelve per cent of the bulbs; and individual bulbs may contain from fifty to seventy-five maggots! In Europe this bulb-fly is a serious enemy not only of bulbs but also of the onion, and has occasionally destroyed entire

crops of that vegetable. This pest has now gained some foothold in the United States, chiefly in connection with bulb-production, and has spread in at least one instance to onion fields.

Perhaps the most dangerous of all bulb pests is the European eelworm, *Tylenchus dipsaci*. It very commonly infests the following field-crops in Europe: clover, lucerne, rye, oats, onions, and potatoes, as well as bulbs. In South Africa this eelworm, introduced from Europe, is now generally found with alfalfa cultures, and limits the life of the crop so as not to exceed four or five years. In the United States it has already gained some foothold in the Northwest in the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, and Colorado. Its introduction has apparently been through the agency of the planting of imported bulbs, and it has spread from such plantings to the clover fields and is in places already causing such injury as to threaten the further successful growth of this important forage-crop. In California the Pathologist of the Department of Agriculture, Mr. D. G. Milbrath, recently stated with respect to bulb-production in that state that if this eelworm is not checked the bulb industry will be ruined. Mr. Milbrath also stated that if infested bulbs are not permitted to come into California this nematode can still be eradicated in that state.

On the subject of the probability of home production of these bulbs to meet American needs, the Department is advised that very substantial progress has been made and that the outlook for the successful meeting of such needs within a few years seems favorable. Furthermore, after 1925 there will still be afforded under the quarantine ample opportunity for the importation of narcissus and other seed bulbs for planting-stock and the introduction of new varieties. Such material can be disinfected and safeguarded by the hot-water treatment. Unfortunately this treatment, we are assured by the Dutch authorities, cannot be applied to the forcing-bulbs, which are the ordinary article of import, without seriously reducing the flowering.

The effort is being made in some quarters to indicate that the United States may expect retaliation on the part of other countries on account of these restrictions. In contrast, it is alleged or is left to be inferred that foreign countries permit our plants and fruits to enter freely. The facts are that the leading countries of Continental Europe began prohibition of American plants in connection with the *Phylloxera* some half-century ago, and some twenty-five years later such prohibitions were made practically complete on account of the San José scale. For the most part these were real embargoes and not the regulation, restriction, and safeguarding of entry which the United States in general enforces under its plant quarantines. Such embargoes were issued by Holland, France, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. Other countries — Belgium, Italy, Spain, Turkey, and Russia — promulgated restrictions of lesser degree. Even Great Britain, Norway, and Sweden embargoed certain plants. Furthermore, our fruits and certain of our fruit products entered some of these countries — if they entered at all — under very burdensome restrictions. There were also restrictions from many countries against American potatoes. Most of these embargoes and restrictions still obtain and no one has questioned the right and desirability of thus protecting Europe's cultures. The United States was the laggard in such protective action and is paying the cost in upward of $1,000,000,000 annual loss from imported pests.

A recent effort to revive the retaliation bugaboo is based on the action of Great Britain in embargoing American potatoes. Instead of accepting the announced reason given by the British authorities, — risk of entry of the Colorado potato-beetle, — it is alleged that this action may be interpreted as strictly retaliatory. In point of fact, this action of Great Britain against the United States is a continuation of a series of quarantines, the first of which was issued over two years ago against France on account of the invasion of a region about the city of Bordeaux by this beetle, and the fact that potatoes from that district were likely to be imported into Great Britain. The action against the United States, coming two years later, is accounted for in the explanation issued by the British authorities that the short crop in England for the last season (1924) had stimulated importations from the United States and that such importations would involve a risk of the introduction of the Colorado beetle. The only thing illogical about this action was its failure to include Canada, where this beetle has long been established, but this failure has been corrected by the recent promulgation of a similar quarantine against Canada. It fails to appear why, of these three successive quarantines on account of the Colorado potato-beetle, the one against the United States should be interpreted as retaliatory! We seem to be in fairly numerous and good company!

IV

With respect to the responsibility for the promulgation of Quarantine 37 and other plant quarantines, it should be understood that the Federal Horticultural Board, provided for specifically in the Act, is merely advisory to the Secretary of Agriculture. Under the terms of the Act this Board must be appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture from the three bureaus of the Department (Plant Industry, Forestry, and Entomology) having direct relation to the farm and forest resources of the nation from the standpoint both of production and of protection from losses due to insect pests or plant diseases; therefore, in its advisory function to the Secretary of Agriculture, it represents these three important bureaus. As now constituted, the membership of this Board involves two persons from the Bureau of Entomology, two from the Bureau of Plant Industry, and one from the Forest Service. It would seem to require no argument that a plant-quarantine Board for the administration of a plant-quarantine Act, having for its purpose the prevention of entry of diseases and insect pests of plants, should be technically expert on the subject of such plant enemies. To safeguard further the promulgation of plant quarantines, the recommendations of this Board are based on public hearings, specifically provided for in the Act, and follow conferences with the Department specialists. Finally, before any proposed quarantine is promulgated it is reviewed and approved as to subject matter and need by the solicitors and the Director of Regulatory Work of the Department and by the Secretary of Agriculture. Such actions represent, therefore, the judgment of the Department as a whole.

It is well to review the events which led up to the institution of the quarantine. The unsatisfactory results obtained under the system of foreign inspection and certification led to demands, which had been increasing from year to year, from state agricultural and horticultural officials and from state and regional agricultural and horticultural societies and allied

bodies, for better protection from the stream of foreign plant-enemies constantly coming in with imported plants. Before taking action, however, the Board gave ample notice and opportunity for the consideration of every phase of the subject in a series of public hearings and conferences which followed a period of a year's discussion and conferences with state officials, nursery inspectors, and so forth, and with the plant experts within the Department of Agriculture.

The first public hearing was held May 28, 1918, following a fully informing notice issued two months earlier, and published generally in horticultural and other trade papers. This hearing had a large attendance by interested persons, and resulted in an almost unanimous demand for restrictions if anything more drastic than those later decided upon. Following this hearing the subject was still further investigated by this Department over a period of three months. Quarantine 37, with Regulations, was then drafted substantially along the lines in which it was afterward promulgated, and in this form was sent for consideration and criticism to state officials, societies, and others represented at the hearing of May 28, and also to horticultural trade journals, with an invitation for a second conference or hearing to be held October 18, 1918. Only minor modifications of the quarantine resulted from this second conference, and the quarantine was promulgated November 18, 1918, but was not made effective until some six months later, namely, June 1, 1919. There was, therefore, between the original notice of hearing and the actual promulgation of the quarantine a period of nearly eight months of publicity, hearing, and conference, and the quarantine, as noted, did not become effective until some six months later — in other words, a total period of fourteen months, during which the matter was fully before all interested persons.

The charge that is sometimes made that the quarantine was promulgated without warning and that a few insiders were able to make importations in advance of this promulgation is entirely baseless. Any importation made by any nurseryman prior to the effective date of the quarantine was merely a matter of the exercise of judgment and was based on no information that was not available to all.

What appears to be the public attitude toward Quarantine 37?

Endorsement and criticism have come unsolicited to the Department, largely in reaction to a widespread campaign of misrepresentation and propaganda against the quarantine at the beginning of the term of the late Mr. Wallace as Secretary of Agriculture. Such comment included endorsement by duly constituted officials of thirty-eight states with none in opposition, by fourteen national and regional agricultural and horticultural associations, by thirty-six similar state and local associations, and by hundreds of nurserymen, florists, and others.

The wave of propaganda referred to led Secretary Wallace to call a nation-wide conference for the general discussion and appraisal of this quarantine. The conference, held in Washington in May 1922, and presided over by the Secretary, brought together a large representation of all interests affected, and also delegates and representatives from the principal countries exporting plants to the United States. To enable him to form a better judgment of the merits of the quarantine, the Secretary made a personal selection of a special committee to sit in the conference and report to him its judgment with respect to this quarantine. This committee was

composed of the late Professor J. C. Whitten, Horticulturist of the University of California, Dr. A. F. Woods, President of the University of Maryland, and Mr. M. R. Cashman, President of the American Association of Nurserymen.

In general, the outcome of the conference was a substantial endorsement of Quarantine 37, including the report of the Secretary's special committee. Perhaps the most important results of the conference were a much better understanding of the need of safeguarding the country against the introduction of destructive plant-pests and diseases, and the dispelling of many of the prejudices and mistaken ideas that had existed concerning this quarantine.

As a later appraisal of the necessity for adequate protection from entry of new plant and animal pests, it may be recalled that this subject was given considerable attention by the President's Agricultural Conference of last winter. The following paragraph from the report of the Conference to the President, of February 2, 1925, introduces a discussion of the subject: —

> Security of American agriculture from the invasion of foreign diseases and pests, and the protection of agriculture against the transmission of diseases and pests already established in certain sections of the country, are of the highest importance. There is increasing danger which calls for increasing vigilance in policing all possible disease-carriers imported into the country or transmitted within it.

The discussion points out that 'the outbreaks of such diseases and pests are not local matters, but may at any moment become national calamities,' and that 'there are continuing threats of grave plant-pests of devastating character.'

After discussing the lack of facilities and urging more adequate appropriations for control work, the Conference suggests that the President should urge upon the Secretary of Agriculture the recognition of the necessity of greater effort 'to properly police the vast agricultural resources of the country . . . against the type of destruction which from time to time already has taken hold in various parts of the country, and which will threaten the agricultural resources of the country in increasing degree in future years.'

In conclusion, one can only urge that the immediate personal interest be subordinated to the broader view of what is best for the country as a whole. It would certainly seem to be unthinkable that the farm, garden, orchard, and forestry interests of the United States or that any true plant-lover should want to return substantially to the old system with all its attendant risks. Our plants are worthy of the same protection which we are endeavoring to give to our humans and to our domesticated animals, and that is the sole purpose of the quarantines restricting and safeguarding the entry of plants and plant products.

CONFESSIONS OF AN AUTOMOBILIST

BY WILLIAM ASHDOWN

I

I AM a small-town banker, and I am expected to act the part, living well, dressing well, and patronizing all our local affairs, as a banker should.

As a dispenser of credit, I have many opportunities to study human nature and to observe how men get ahead and how they fall behind. I believe my bank has handled more automobile propositions than any bank of its size in the country. We have made a specialty of loans on automobiles and have watched the agencies as they have grown from nothing to substantial business-concerns. In this connection we have acquired a large amount of experience, suffered no losses, and learned not a little of the weaknesses of human nature as reflected in the automobile.

I am not a 'tightwad.' I am careful and I am thrifty — at least I was until I became a motorist. I am not a good spender. I have always worked for my money and I part with it only for value received. I have always saved part of my earnings, from habit rather than from necessity. I have never earned 'big money,' but I have always had enough. I have never celebrated a stroke of good fortune more riotously than by buying a new suit of clothes and a necktie. But several years ago, when I was getting into my stride, I was told by my friends that I had arrived; and I wanted to believe them. Perhaps the moment had come to paraphrase General Pershing and tell the world 'Ashdown's here!' How could I tell it more effectively than by the purchase of a car?

At that time the automobile had not yet become a popular fad. The street-car was still the common method of local conveyance and the railroad still the common medium of long-distance transportation. There were no finance companies especially equipped to handle time-payments on cars. The banks were highly skeptical of the automobile as a credit-risk, and the man who borrowed in order to buy a car was looked upon as dangerous. Even the humble Ford had to be sold, instead of selling itself as it now does. The dealers were inexperienced and without adequate resources. A car was considered distinctly a luxury, not, as at present, a rudimentary necessity.

After a severe battle with my thrifty conscience, I persuaded myself that I could afford a car. Absolutely ignorant of cars and car values, I finally decided upon a modest secondhand machine, of a make that was neither standard nor popular. The price represented about one tenth of my yearly income, and I had never before spent half so much on a luxury. Theretofore my greatest single extravagance had been a bicycle, which, while bearing at the time about the same relation in cost to my earnings, carried with it no upkeep or heavy depreciation, no social obligations or incidental expenditures; its first cost was its last.

It is a rigid rule with me not to buy what I cannot pay for, and whenever I drive a new car out of the salesroom it has no lien upon it; but it was not without trepidation that I drew my check in payment for that first automobile. Being a 'used' car, there were many trifles about this one that needed attention, and several accessories that added to the appearance. I was particular about appearances, wanted as much for my money as possible, and the first cost was decidedly not the last. I had carefully estimated the probable charge of maintenance and upkeep. Gas and oil would average so much a week and the garage in our simple community only five dollars a month. I could afford that tax upon my income without distress. My conscience was clear — or, rather, it was becoming hardened.

I had not gone half a mile on my initial trip when a tire blew out, and with it went also some of my preconceived ideas about automobile expenses. Not having a mechanical turn of mind, and being wholly without a working-knowledge of a car, I had to fall back upon my garage-man every time anything went wrong, and that was very often. But having bought the car I had to use it, whatever the effect upon my bank account.

Then, too, I was a green driver. Skidding had not become a popular sport; car-insurance was in its infancy, and rates were high; but by the time I had turned around twice on the avenue and landed on the sidewalk, none the worse for the double turn, I had learned the danger of wet pavements and the value of protection. As a sensible precaution I purchased a set of chains. But I put them on wrong one wet morning and the significance of this was about one hundred dollars; for while the wheels were revolving at the legal rate of speed per hour one of those chains came off, wound itself around the rear axle, and tore out the housing.

At first I carefully set down all expenses connected with my car. I was curious to see if my budget was working out, but the figures mounted up so fast that I dared not look the facts in the face and so closed my books. Ignorance is bliss and bliss is expensive.

Having a quick method of locomotion, it was easy to run out into the country of a Sunday for dinner, or of an evening for a drive and a 'bite.' Then, too, my friends expected me to do the honors, as chauffeur and host, and this added to the mounting costs. But I had started something that I could not stop gracefully or consistently. My thrift habits were steadily giving way to spendthrift habits.

After eight years of experience I find that the psychological processes of car-owners are much alike. First you want a car; then you conclude to buy it. Once bought, you must keep it running, for cars are useless standing in a garage. Therefore you spend and keep on spending, be the consequences what they may. You have only one alternative — to sell out; and this pride forbids.

II

My first experience with a car taught me these truths: A used car is a risky investment unless its history and previous ownership be fully known. Some cars are given the best of care, others are grossly abused. Usually the best has been taken out of the machine and the new owner faces the problem of keeping a worn article in condition. A cheap new car is a better hazard than an expensive used one. Unless the owner is handy with tools, and something of a mechanic, he will be a frequent visitor to the repair shop, and this is always expensive. No matter

how carefully the upkeep and incidental costs may be estimated, they will always exceed the theoretical figures. And if, in the effort to economize, the owner dispenses with insurance, he jeopardizes his principal every time he takes his car out of the garage.

The result upon the individual is to break down his sense of values. Whether he will or no, he must spend money at every turn. Having succumbed to the lure of the car, he is quite helpless thereafter. If a new device will make his automobile run smoother or look better, he attaches that device. If a new polish will make it shine brighter, he buys that polish. If a new idea will give more mileage, or remove carbon, he adopts that new idea. These little costs quickly mount up and in many instances represent the margin of safety between income and outgo. The overplus in the pay-envelope, instead of going into the bank as a reserve-fund, goes into automobile expense. Many families live on the brink of danger all the time. They are car-poor. Saving is impossible. The joy of security in the future is sacrificed for the pleasure of the moment. And with the pleasure of the moment is mingled the constant anxiety entailed by living beyond one's means.

Here is an example that came under my observation. A bank clerk, earning about one hundred and fifty dollars a month, married, and bought a house with a trifling amount down and the balance in monthly payments. A baby came. He then argued himself into believing that the wife and baby 'needed the air,' although they live in the country. He found a secondhand car for $125. It cost him only twenty-five dollars down and he gave notes for the balance. But no sooner was the car delivered than he realized that he had made a mistake. He acted energetically, sold the car at a profit, and then bought a new one, paying all he had received for the old car on the new, but still owing on the notes. As a matter of fact he approached me for a loan of twenty-five dollars to pay down on the old car. I refused, but somehow he raised the money. Then he had three debts to meet: one on the house, one on the old car, and one on the new. Besides, he had borrowed from a friend in order to buy the house.

Practically every cent of this man's income is pledged before he receives it. Whereas he was fairly comfortable before he got the car, now he is constantly running behind. What he pays on the house is lost on the car. What he might have saved, he must spend. As his anxieties increased, he became so irritable that he lost his job. The air is costing him dear.

The old car had taught me some expensive lessons, but I decided that I needed a better car. A new one, I argued, would not require any repairs for a long time. Although the spending of one tenth of my yearly income on the old car was a severe shock to my conscience, I found no difficulty in consenting to spend a quarter's salary on a new one. I had surrendered completely to the automobile. I did not look the part in the old car; I hoped to in the new. I felt cheap, driving a cheap car; I should feel like a millionaire in a new and expensive one. My friends would be glad to know that I had succeeded and my enemies would have to admit that their appraisal of me had been wrong. I would show them both that I not only had arrived, but was traveling fast.

Therefore it was with much pride and satisfaction, mingled with a few misgivings, that I drove away from the county fair in a brand-new shiny show-car.

It looked like a banker's car; soon it began to act like one. And, that

there might be no doubt in anybody's mind as to whose car it was, I had my initials put on it the next day.

I was not a careful driver, and lessons in driving this car were expensive. I learned: (*a*) that if you put on the brakes and throw out the clutch, on an icy pavement, even though you are protected by skidless chains and non-skid tires, you are likely to turn round; cost of this lesson — eighty dollars; (*b*) that if a trolley-car is coming up the street and you are going at right angles to it, the trolley-car may not stop for you and you may stop for it; cost of this lesson — thirty dollars; (*c*) that if the law says you must not go faster than twenty miles an hour and you go thirty, it may cost you, as it did me, twenty-five dollars; (*d*) that batteries need water frequently and the crank case needs oil occasionally — fifty dollars; (*e*) that if you cut in ahead of a Ford, and a laundry truck is in front, you won't hurt the truck, but you may hurt your car if you cannot stop instantly — twenty dollars; (*f*) that if you do not look where you are going on a dark street and an 'El' pillar is in your way, you will probably hit the pillar; cost of this — ten dollars; (*g*) that if you do not signal the car behind you, it may hit you and ask you to pay the damage — twenty-five dollars. Truly, the first cost of this car was not the last.

Some of these catastrophes were covered by insurance and others were not; but altogether the bills of charges were climbing. And if to this were added the operating-costs, my car was an expensive luxury. Nevertheless, my social position was established; I was regarded as a leading citizen. I made no apologies to my fellow men, but I made many to my bank-account. And when I was told I was driving a 'snappy-looking car,' I agreed, nonchalantly, that I was.

III

Time was when the leading men of the community vied with one another as owners of houses. The mansions of an earlier day, with their mansard roofs and spacious outbuildings, are mute evidence of the race for prestige years ago. A man expressed himself and his tastes through his home and its surroundings. If he owned a span of horses and a few carriages and hired a coachman, his entire investment was not half that often covered by one car to-day. The upkeep was small and could be figured with reasonable certainty. The coachman got board and lodging and perhaps two dollars a day; now a chauffeur gets five dollars a day and meals wherever he happens to be.

The paramount ambition of the average man a few years ago was to own a home and have a bank-account. The ambition of the same man to-day is to own a car. While the desire for home-ownership is still strong, I believe people are giving less thought to the home and more to the car as an indicator of social position. The house stands still; only a chosen few can see the inside. But the car goes about; everybody sees it, and many observers know what it cost.

Given the choice of a fine home without a car and a modest one with a car, the latter will win. Real-estate men testify that the first question asked by the prospective buyer is about the garage. The house without a garage is a slow seller. While the country makes an appeal of its own, it has an added lure if it can be enjoyed through the medium of the car, and many a man has moved from city to country in order to get away from the high cost of maintaining an automobile in the city. The whole scheme of domestic life centres about the motor-car.

Dangerous rivalries among friends

and in families are created by the motor. If one member of a family makes a bit of money he must advertise it to the rest of the family and to the world by the purchase of a car. Or, if his social scale seems a bit below that of the rest of the family, he seeks to lift himself higher through the medium of a car. The result is a costly rivalry that brings the whole group into debt.

Among business men the same tendency may be found. If a good year has brought substantial profits, they are not laid aside in a sinking-fund for the lean years, but spent on a car. A short time ago we loaned a merchant money to expand his business. He increased his overhead considerably and was taking some risk in the venture. He had paid less than half on his note when suddenly one day he appeared in a new sedan. We know where his profits are going and we shall watch that man hereafter.

Lately I was called on the telephone by a credit company in New York, and was asked about the credit of a certain merchant. I inquired their reason for the question, and they told me that he was buying a seven-passenger car costing about $1800. I had followed this man's career with some care. His account was frequently overdrawn. He was putting a lot of bad credits on his books. I knew he was barely making both ends meet. I advised against the credit; and when he came to me a few hours afterward and asked for a loan of $250, I surmised the purpose and inquired about his car. He admitted that he was buying it. I asked him if he did not think a less expensive car would answer his purpose just as well. He took offense at this, and said that he had a big family and they too needed the air, and at any rate it was none of my business. I refused the loan. On my way to luncheon the next day I saw him driving his car. How he got it I do not know. I do know, however, that if he had bought a cheaper machine he would not have matched his rival. He must look prosperous even if he is n't.

Not only is the car a symbol of the social and business status of the owner, but its loss is a calamity. I have never known a man to give up an automobile once owned, except to buy a better one. The experience of the finance companies is that only an insignificant percentage of the cars financed by them are ever repossessed. In other words, the car stays sold, no matter what hardships may attend its keeping. It takes courage of no mean order to confess to the world that you have had a motor and have lost it. Therefore the car is the last sacrifice to be offered on the altar of reverses. I know a man who did not have the price of his next month's commutation ticket and yet he kept his automobile.

There is a class of individuals who look upon the car, not only as a necessity in their life, but as a smoke-screen to hide their real position. As long as they drive a motor, they feel that their creditors will be satisfied to wait. To buy a new one is evidence that they are still able to carry on. A case in point is that of a New York business man who was on the verge of bankruptcy. For six months he had taken nothing from his business. He saw the inevitable end. He had a car that was almost new. I was called up one day by a bank and asked if this man was good for a thousand-dollar loan. I asked the purpose of the loan and they told me it was the balance on a new car. I knew his condition and told them frankly of it. Being refused this credit, he went to another dealer and finally succeeded, with but little cash, in trading in the old car for a new one. Inside of a few weeks the receiver took charge of his business.

A certain merchant whom I know made money during the war. He built a pretentious house. He bought a car. The readjustment period hit him very hard. For two or three years he has been living beyond his means. He has borrowed all that the banks would lend and then has paid them off by placing a second mortgage on his home. To the casual observer no change has come into this man's life. His wife drives to the same functions in the same car and they live in the same home, which is gradually being undermined by the false standard of living. Some day it must go under the hammer.

The most pathetic case that ever came under my observation was that of a Wall Street broker. He had the happy faculty of picking the winners, and made from fifty to a hundred thousand a year. He was generous. He lived well. One day his wife came to me and said they were in trouble and needed ten thousand dollars. Could I place a mortgage on the home? I inspected the place — the show place of the community. It had expensive furniture, sunken gardens, fountains, a refrigerating plant, servants. In the garage stood a special model of an expensive car. Beside it stood two other cars, both favorites with the well-to-do. I placed the mortgage. A few months afterward she came again and said everything had been swept away; even the cars had gone to the creditors. Her husband was in a sanitarium, a broken, nervous wreck. Could I make the mortgage twenty thousand? I made another inspection, and in the stall where the three stately cars had once stood was a Ford with a flat tire — mute evidence of the downfall of the family. Perhaps the cars had nothing to do with the calamity, and yet they typify the extravagance that once obtained, and that resulted in poverty too heartbreaking to understand.

IV

The ambition to own an automobile does not confine itself to the upper classes and those with substantial incomes, but reaches down into the 'white-collar workers' — the clerks and salaried men on limited incomes. In my own bank fifty per cent of the force own cars and drive to work in them. I do not believe the middle classes are getting ahead as they once were. What formerly went into the bank now goes into the motor-car. The thought in the minds of many workers is not how much they can save, but how long it will be before they can have a motor. I had occasion not long ago to check up a number of automobiles on the time-payment plan with a New York company. We found that the owners were carpenters, masons, bricklayers, and so on, living in inaccessible suburban places, who used their cars — all new ones — to go to and from their work. Perhaps their investment is justified by the high wages they now earn, but time was when the humble bicycle or the trolley-car was good enough for them. Walking to-day is a lost art. Even my laundress comes to work in a taxi and goes home by the same route. No doubt I pay the bill. To go to the village shopping on foot is now a social error, even though the distance be but a few blocks.

We have heard much about the saturation point in the automobile industry — the time when the public will be 'fed up' on cars and will not buy the output of the factories. No man knows when this time will come, but I am of the opinion that it is drawing near, for the class of buyers that is now purchasing cars is in the lower strata of business life. Go through the outskirts of any city and look at the number of cars left exposed out-of-doors in the tenement yards.

True, many automobiles are now sold to those who can afford them, but the competition is so keen and the driving force behind the dealers is so insistent that many who would not ordinarily buy are persuaded that they should do so. I use our own town as typical of many others. During a period of about four weeks I saw the following sales made: (*a*) a $1500 touring car to a small tailor, who had no place to keep it, had nothing to pay down on it, — except an old Ford in exchange, — and who could not in the course of two years pay a note of seventy-five dollars at his bank; (*b*) a similar car to the policeman on the post, who went in debt for half his monthly salary for a year in order to pay for it; (*c*) a sedan selling for about $2000 to a restaurant keeper who had just gone into business for himself. He had saved $1000, purchased a place for $5000, borrowed $2500 from the bank, and gave notes for the balance in order to take possession. After the first season, with a hard winter before him, this man deliberately — or through the efforts of a good salesman — plunged into debt for $1200. The result is that all he earns must be applied to his debts, and he now has no margin of safety at all. Before, he was sure of his ground and free from anxiety. Now, he must not only work, but he must also worry.

Some will blame the dealers for sharp selling-practices; others will blame the finance companies for accepting any risk that is offered; still others will blame the buyer for being an easy mark. But, whatever the reason, the result is the same — debt, debt, debt, for a costly article that depreciates very rapidly and has an insatiable appetite for money. To be sure, the money goes out in small lots, but the toll is large if it be reckoned for a year, and this the average man has not the courage to face; or, facing it, he has not the courage to quit. He must keep his car.

The avalanche of automobile-owners is not a good omen. It signifies that the people are living either up to their means or beyond them; that the old margin of safety no longer obtains; that the expense account must constantly increase. The race to outdo the other fellow is a mad race indeed. The ease with which a car can be purchased on the time-payment plan is all too easy a road to ruin. The habit of thrift can never be acquired through so wasteful a medium as an automobile. Instead, the habit of spending must be acquired, for with the constant demand for fuel, oil, and repairs, together with the heavy depreciation, the automobile stands unique as the most extravagant piece of machinery ever devised for the pleasure of man.

But —

I still drive one myself. I must keep up with the procession, even though it has taken four cars to do so.

MISUNDERSTOOD

BY ERNEST WEEKLEY

JUST as scientific discoveries are sometimes flukes, or rather examples of what Horace Walpole called 'serendipity,' — that is, the faculty for finding one thing when looking for another, — so language has often been enriched by misunderstandings. There are few more convenient phrases than 'psychological moment.' It expresses 'nick of time' with something added, and there is no other way of conveying its exact sense. Yet, according to the *Oxford Dictionary*, it originally 'passed nonsensically into English journalese.' The Prussian *Kreuz Zeitung*, discussing (December 16, 1870) the projected bombardment of Paris, used *das psychologische Moment* — that is, 'momentum' or determining factor — to express the probable effect of the bombardment on the morale of the Parisians. French writers, at that time generally very unfamiliar with German, understood it as though the German journalist had written *der psychologische Moment* — that is, 'moment of time.' Sarcey, in his *Siège de Paris* (1871), rendered it by *moment psychologique*, which is explained by the *Dictionnaire Général* as '*le moment où l'âme est dans l'attente de quelque chose qui doit s'accomplir.*' Sarcey's book was at once translated into English and so our language was enriched by a phrase which we should now be sorry to relinquish.

This is a case of isolated misunderstanding; but there are many words to which a rather uneducated communal usage has given a new meaning. The English Chancellor of the Exchequer is reported as having said, on October 20, 1924, 'Mr. MacDonald has descended to a level which no Prime Minister of this country had demeaned himself by touching before.' 'To demean oneself' is simply to behave oneself, from Old French *se demener*, which has very much the same sense as *se conduire*. It will be obvious that 'conduct' and 'demeanor' are fairly germane concepts. But, by association with the English adjective 'mean,' the verb 'demean' has taken, in vulgar parlance, the idea of lowering oneself. I need hardly say that I use 'vulgar' in its etymological sense, for Mr. Churchill is here in the company of Richardson, Thackeray, and Hawthorne. The mental process involved is what is called folk-etymology, an instinct which finally leads to such rustic perversions as 'Polly Andrews' for 'polyanthus' and the Essex peasant's 'varico vein' as the logical singular of 'varicose veins.'

Excursions into a language with which the speaker or writer is unfamiliar are apt to lead to much more disastrous results. Not everyone who writes down *beau idéal* is aware that *beau* is the noun and *idéal* the adjective. *Cui bono* is commonly used as equivalent to 'to what purpose?' But for Lucius Cassius, to whom Cicero attributes the saying, it was an unfailing test of the real motive of an action. *Cui bono fuisset?* — Who would have profited by it? One of the noisiest of British eugenists, hymning in the London *Observer* of October 24, 1924, the joys of Prohibition, regretted the

impossibility of giving *in petto* a proper description of its working. The Italian *in petto*, 'in the breast,' — that is, secretly, tacitly, — expresses just the opposite of the writer's intention. With the widespread conviction that *in petto* means 'concisely,' one may compare the repeated use by a popular novelist of the word 'cavalcade,' — that is, mounted procession, — for two pedestrians pushing a barrel-organ. Chaucer and other Middle English writers often use the Old French title 'dan,' the masculine of 'dame,' speaking, for instance, of 'Dan Cupid' and of 'Dan Russell the fox.' That Spenser should apply the same title to 'Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,' is right and natural, but the distinguished author who, on the strength of this, wrote of 'good old Daniel Chaucer' really went a little too far. The allusion above to Prohibition reminds me of the temperance orator who, with a vague recollection of the word 'misogynist,' proclaimed himself to be 'an uncompromising beerogynist.' More logical was the little French girl who, having heard her mother use the words *pauvre estropié* of a man with a wooden leg, cried, seeing a one-armed man, '*Maman, voilà un pauvre estromain.*'

Our Shakespearean reminiscences are not always free from misunderstanding. I am not alluding to chronic misquotation, for the psychology of language seems to require that only by becoming a misquotation can a quotation obtain real currency. Most of us say: 'The Devil can quote Scripture for his purpose,' 'A young man married is a young man marred,' 'A beggarly array of empty benches,' 'Screw your courage to the sticking-point,' and so forth, with the confident feeling that we are quoting Shakespeare's own words. But that is another story; for here we are dealing with the misunderstood and not with the misquoted. No Shakespearean phrase is more often misused than 'foregone conclusion,' descriptive of a result that can be predicted with absolute certainty, whereas Othello meant by it a disaster that has already occurred. Bellenden, in his translation of Hector Boece's *Scotorum Historiæ*, writes: 'Macbeth and Banquho met by ye gait thre women clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. They wer jugit be the pepill to be weird sisters'; and two centuries earlier Chaucer told of the 'wirdes that we clepen destinee.' We still use 'weird' in its proper sense in the phrase 'to dree one's weird' — that is, to endure one's fate. Bellenden's 'weird sisters' were borrowed by Shakespeare, and the regular collocation of the words resulted in the birth of an adjective 'weird,' taken to mean grisly, fantastic, and so forth. Similarly from 'gamecock,' cock of the game (that is, cockfighting), has been evolved the sporting-adjective 'game,' plucky, intrepid, used especially in the phrase 'to die game.'

The modern misuse of some expressions is due less to misapprehension than to the innate vulgarity of mankind. 'Patience on a monument,' from Viola's pretty speech in *Twelfth Night*, suggests to the modern mind only a look of bored resignation, while 'single blessedness,' used by Shakespeare of the holiness of celibate life, helps to express our half-ironical, half-complacent conception of the bachelor's care-free existence. So, also, the 'aching void' which we owe to Cowper's 'Walking with God' is commonly applied to that feeling which warns us that the next meal is overdue, and 'latter end,' once poetically associated with man's destiny in old age and eternity, has become almost exclusively anatomical.

Nautical metaphor has many pitfalls for the landlubber. Cheese-paring economy is sometimes described as 'spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar.'

But Captain John Smith, the amazing John Smith of Virginia, speaks with derision of those who would rather 'lose ten sheepe than be at the charge of a halfe penny worth of tarre.' In many English dialects 'sheep' is regularly pronounced 'ship,' and the Ship Street of our country towns represents an earlier Sheep Street, leading generally to the sheep-market. Tar is a very ancient medicine for some diseases of sheep. When the preliminary difficulties of a problem are cleared away, we say, 'Now all is plain sailing.' But the sailor speaks of 'plane-sailing,' and, though 'plain' and 'plane' are really the same word, the allusion is not to simplicity, but to navigation by a plane chart — that is, one drawn on the theoretical assumption that the earth's surface is plane and not spherical. During the World War, the type of man who in France had the name *jusquauboutiste* was sometimes in England called a 'bitter-ender,' as being determined to see things through 'to the bitter end.' If we again consult Captain John Smith, we find that the 'bitter' is the 'turn of a cable about the bitts,' and that to pay out cable or rope 'to the bitter end' is to let it run out till none remains inboard. Mistaken association with the adjective 'bitter' has given a stern sort of vigor to the metaphorical application of the phrase.

Most people know that 'forlorn hope' was originally a military name for a desperate storming party (the *enfants perdus* of French), and that it is borrowed from Old Dutch *verloren hoop*, 'lost heap'; also that 'to curry favor' is a meaningless corruption of a much earlier 'to curry Favel,' the latter word being the Old French *Fauvel*, the name of a fallow horse in a mediæval allegory, *der fahle Hengst* of German legend. But I doubt whether there are many who realize the fantastic change of form and meaning that has given us the expression 'to take heart of grace.' This elaboration of the simpler 'to take heart' is one of those grotesque and clumsy word-plays in which the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries delighted. A 'hart of grease' was a hart in prime condition, with the proper depth of fat upon his ribs. 'Heart' and 'hart' were originally spelled alike, a fact which perhaps helped to perpetuate this singularly pointless complex.

The Revised Version of the English Bible, published in 1884, shows that some of the most picturesque expressions in the language rest upon mistranslations. There can hardly be a phrase more full of awful boding than 'the valley of the shadow of death,' one of the many jewels which the Authorized Version inherited from Coverdale. It is true that the Revised Version preserves this reading, but the marginal note gives the alternative, and probably more correct, 'valley of deep darkness.' The early vernacular translations were based on the Vulgate and the Septuagint, both of which often misinterpret the Hebrew pointing. Thus *ferrum pertransiit animam ejus* was poetically rendered in the Prayer Book version of the Psalms 'the iron entered into his soul.' This is also the reading of the Great Bible (1539), while the Authorized Version and the Revised Version have the more prosaic 'he was laid in (chains of) iron,' which represents the Hebrew original, instead of the erroneous Vulgate. 'Scapegoat' was coined by Tyndale as a translation of the *caper emissarius* of the Vulgate. The Revised Version replaces this by the proper name 'Azazel,' with the alternative rendering 'dismissal.' When one thinks of the absolute impossibility of expressing in any other way the idea contained in the picturesque 'scapegoat,' one is thankful that early textual interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures was sometimes uncertain.

THE HANDMAIDS OF MEDICINE

BY LAWRENCE H. BAKER

I

At the foot of the Acropolis in Athens is a small cave into which seeps a tiny spring. The traveler who visits it notices first the water, — for water is always worth notice in Athens, — then a little altar, next a slender candle or two, their meagre flames struggling with the close atmosphere. His eyes become accustomed to the dimness, and he sees, fastened here, there, and everywhere upon the walls, little metal plates impressed with the outlines of an arm, a leg, a human torso, or an infant in swaddling clothes — plates of tin, aluminum, nickel, or silver, according to the wealth of the ones who hung them.

This cave was once the holy of holies in the sanctuary of Asclepius, god of healing. Ruined memorials of his shrine still stand about the threshold; belief in the miraculous healing powers of his cave and spring still thrives, without a trace of ruin, in the hearts of the people near by. To obtain relief from their illnesses, or those of kindred and friends, they bring to the cave likenesses or symbols of the parts affected, go through the correct ritual, and wait for the cure.

A new divinity may have displaced Asclepius; a new therapy may have displaced the old one of incubation, — sleeping in the rotunda of the shrine, — a therapy of such potency, as attested by inscriptions erected in gratitude, that it could restore to soundness a painter who fell from his scaffold and was given up by leeches of his time, or a silver goblet mashed in a scuffle between rival butlers. It is interesting to observe, however, that here, as well as in many places elsewhere, a strong bond between the material and the spiritual is felt to exist in the mystery of healing, the water and the locality of the cave providing the material elements, the faith of the natives the spiritual.

Early in his search for a means of coping with discomfort, man imagined a close relation between religion and disease. Literature of centuries past and observation of peoples living today in a state comparable to the childhood of the race both indicate that man of times gone by considered disease a visitation of beings more powerful than himself. But just as the child eventually comes to the point where he realizes that the broom he straddles is a horse only by virtue of his own flight of fancy and that the stick he flourishes is a sword for the same reason, so man had to reach a stage where his mind separated what is substantial from what is his own attribute and interpretation of that substantial thing.

Out of the intermingling of the imaginary with the physical, man developed the concept of a natural world as opposed to the fanciful. Rivers with treacherous currents, for instance, came to be dissociated from the idea of a baneful demon presiding over them, and to have their dangers explained on more material bases. Whispering

nymphs were discarded as reasons for the sighing of the forests, and rustling of leaves and topmost boughs of trees under the blast of the wind were substituted for them. And with the separation of fact from fancy is connected the development of modern medicine. The early beginnings, however, are not to be despised; for out of medicine's original connection with religion grew a knowledge of the therapeutics of fasting and catharsis, even though ages passed before these were looked upon as anything other than spiritual devices. Out of that connection, also, arose that vast and complicated structure of magic lore, which, if one considers its symbolic drawings and tattooings, its weird concoctions of potions and philtres, its amulets, charms, and talismans, might be regarded as the mother of the sciences and the arts.

But modern sympathetic study of magic is revealing that its practitioners relied not so much as is imagined upon the supernatural. Behind the prescriptions calling for the use of 'fillet of a fenny snake . . . eye of newt and toe of frog, wool of bat and tongue of dog, adder's fork and blind-worm's sting, lizard's leg,' root of hemlock, and gall of goat, has been found a substantial natural justification, even though Macbeth's witches may not have known its existence. Experimentation with snake poison, for instance, especially that of rattlers, has shown that it is useful in combating epilepsy. From the skin of a tropical toad the pharmacologist has extracted bufagin, a powerful heart-stimulant similar to digitalin; and centuries ago Chinese magic-doctors employed toad-skin in cardiac difficulties. Now the student of gland therapy finds the administering of bile — gall of sheep or calf, to-day — a highly effective procedure in dealing with faulty bowel-elimination that has become chronic.

II

The development of magic marks a step forward in the development of medicine. How much of the advance was conscious and how much unconscious, contributed by human love of the mystifying, no one can say. As yet, however, the evolution is far from complete. Microscopic organisms, the 'germs' of common talk, have been substituted in the popular mind for the worms and snakes of primitive medicine. The theory that many pathological states are due to abnormal internal secretions has been substituted for the old doctrine of the 'humors.' And one might, with little stretch of the imagination, find for the psychic aspects of the early relation between religion and disease a modern counterpart in the Freudian use of the unconscious — a use which has permitted the adoption of the principle of determinism in the mental sphere and has put investigation in that sphere more nearly on a plane with investigation in the physical sciences.

Medicine, chemistry, physics, biology, and psychology — these are the ends, at least the visible, modern ends of the thought started when the first Job was visited with boils or trodden upon by a mastodon. The nature of the catastrophe is immaterial. Medicine is the patriarch of the group, but a patriarch who has only recently come to mobilize the entire forces of his family in the age-old feud with disease.

Although in ancient Egypt, in the land of Chemi, where priests experimented with simple substances for the making of curative concoctions, there was a close union between chemistry and medicine, these two sciences became separated for many centuries. The chemist, as illustrated in the pioneer work of Agricola on metallurgy, turned his knowledge largely to the

production of wealth in the industries. This defection has resulted in much suffering which closer coöperation between physician and chemist might have spared humanity. For instance, the thirteenth century saw the discovery of ether. Not until 1846 did physicians recognize its value as an anæsthetic; for over five hundred years was the race denied the benefits of this queller of pain. Magnesium sulphate was known to chemists in 1694; two hundred years elapsed before the knowledge came that it would relieve lockjaw, burns, and strychnine poisoning. Twenty-three years passed between the chemist's discovery of amyl nitrite and the physician's discovery that it relieves the tortures of angina pectoris.

To-day the pharmacologist presiding over a well-supplied laboratory in an institution of research represents perhaps the best blend of physician and chemist. The maximum of success in the alleviation of suffering is, however, to be attained only when the pharmacologist serves as the medium between chemist and physician: when all three work in recognized interrelationship.

One modern department of medicine stands out prominently for the coöperation it has produced between chemist and physician. That is the department of gland therapy or endocrinology. Not only has development in this field emphasized the early relation between the chemist and the leech, — alchemist the former must have been in those days, — but it has also directed thought to the primitive connection of these two with the priest. When, by means of the administering of thyroid extract, a cretin — a person whose development has been arrested so far as to make him an imbecile — is transformed into a person approaching normal form and intellect, popular imagination, at least, is justified in seeing a similarity between this miracle and the ancient one of casting out devils.

But the miracles of to-day are more complex than those of days gone by. Every human body is now conceived to be a chemical laboratory, in which the most complicated transformations are continually taking place. Every man, even in the midst of health, is a walking drug-store, the pharmacologists maintain; and the impairment or inadequacy of his drug-supply may result in diseases such as gout, diabetes, goitre, giantism, and insanity. Even invading disease-germs accomplish their fell work in many cases through chemical agencies, their toxins being potent drugs that act upon the heart, respiratory nerve-centres, or some other vital apparatus. Sometimes also, failing of specific action, they gradually poison the whole system.

The approach to endocrine therapy has been devious and dark. Long periods were devoted by the anatomist to outlining the glands and noting their positions. Painstaking efforts were made to determine the spheres in which the various glands were active. And then the anatomist and the pharmacologist secured secretions, the powers of which were anything but precisely defined. In this work of isolation and definition, the success of Professor Abel of Johns Hopkins, whose investigations led to the isolation of adrenalin, the pure principle of the adrenal glands, is a signal one. Perhaps another isolation is not far ahead, for the same scientist has recently obtained a tartrate extracted from the pituitary gland. When experiments show that this extract must be diluted 18,750,000,000 times for actual use — one ounce thereof would turn into pituitary extract all the water in a one-foot pipe running from New York to San Francisco — one is amazed at the potency of these internal drugs. Wonderful as

the results here seem, one is told that they are but the beginning, and that there is much need of the chemist's aid for future success.

To the development of the germ theory, fundamentally a biological one, medicine is heavily indebted. Without Pasteur, Koch, Behring, Flexner, and many others, medicine could not have acquired many of its modern approaches to exactness. Both bacteriologist and pathologist, however, have now reached a point where they must turn to chemistry for the solution of their most important problems. The antitoxins which are injected into human bodies are at best but crude mixtures, laden with undesirable and to some extent harmful ingredients. These most powerful weapons for combating invading germs are chemical substances of specific curative power, but of unknown composition.

The theory behind the use of antitoxins involves introducing into the human system a weakened or dead virus that is calculated to hasten development of immunity and sometimes, as in the case of meningitis, to neutralize the toxin caused by the germ of the disease. To secure an antitoxin for meningitis, for instance, dead bacteria of that disease are injected into a horse previously watched and studied to determine its healthfulness. At intervals of eight days, for a period of four months to a year, doses are repeated, until the horse can withstand large injections, not of dead but of living bacteria. From the blood of this horse is then obtained the serum which is sent out to physicians for use.

The antitoxins, it may readily be seen, are significant examples of human ingenuity in employing animals as living chemical factories; but there is no way of checking up on the output of these factories. Chemical methods applied to the isolation of the pure principles of antitoxins would enable medicine to make a great advance. Such an application might give the practitioner the power to combat an infection by swift, exact, and sufficiently potent doses, whereas now he acts often with hesitation and misgivings.

In addition to the assistance needed by medicine to perfect recognized remedies, there are projected medicaments, ghosts of drugs, as it were, which the chemist is asked to help to turn into real substance. For example, it is known to-day that a modification of quinine gives promise as a specific for pneumonia. It destroys the pneumococcus germ in glass vessels; it is used successfully in external pneumococcus infections, as of the eye; but it is still too poisonous to be used in sufficient strength in the blood to combat the multitudes of invading germs in pneumonia itself. As inspiration for investigation into this quinine product stands the work done on cocaine. Although a valuable local anæsthetic, cocaine was often found to be poisonous. Chemical study revealed that it was a complex compound, some parts of which produced a beneficial anæsthetic, whereas others were definitely poisonous. Part of the poisonous material is closely related to the deadly principle of the hemlock, famous as the poison which Socrates was made to drink, and still another part is akin to nicotine.

With this knowledge of cocaine established, the chemist was in a position to improve on nature and invent a number of local anæsthetics with the virtues of cocaine and without its poisons. Some of these superior anæsthetics are procaine (introduced under the name of novocaine), beta-eucaine, apothesine, and, more recent, benzyl alcohol. Now even major operations for appendicitis, hernia, and uterine troubles are being performed under

local anæsthesia; and it is expected that general anæsthesia, with its grave fundamental danger of poisoning the whole system with ether, chloroform, or laughing gas, will eventually be reserved for unusually painful or unusually prolonged operations.

Then too there are the brilliant advances in the studies of colloids which have been thought capable of application to the problems of the body. In nerve and cell, muscle and organ, many of the questions are felt to be largely those of colloidal chemistry. The vital fact about colloids is that, instead of dissolving in water, as salt or sugar does, they form suspensions. Milk is a common illustration of such a suspension of fat globules and cheesy components in water, together with some salt and sugar. The chemist who has specialized in the colloids may find a wide field in the human body, where all the tissues are grist for his mill.

The economic aspects of the coöperation of the physician and the chemist are not to be overlooked. A recent committee of the American Chemical Society has estimated that the annual drug bill of the nation is $500,000,000, of which amount $300,000,000 is spent for so-called patent medicines. Thirty years ago, the report of this committee says, 2699 drug items were reported to be upon the market, whereas to-day they are held to number 45,000. The increase is beyond all proportion to scientific research. The elimination of ineffective drugs cannot but carry with it better health-investment and less exploitation for those who pay this $500,000,000.

III

If one accepts the definition of chemistry as 'the fundamental science of the transformation of matter,' and that of physics as 'the fundamental science of the transformation of energy or power to work,' one finds in these sciences the outline of life itself. For all life, from the lowest to the highest forms, is a complex transformation of matter and energy. A link between the two sciences is furnished by the physical chemist, whose work in tackling life problems has to do, among other things, with the laws of speed in chemical action and with the relation of these laws to the body. Upon the time factor as it affects the interdependent actions of the body, the rate of the heartbeat, respiration, assimilation of food, and elimination, life is heavily dependent. Digestion within a normal time, for instance, produces bodily well-being. Digestion in time which is prolonged results in fermentation, gas pains, nausea, and all the symptoms of indigestion. The study of the large number of enzymes — accelerators or catalyzers, among which pepsin is the most powerful — offers the physical chemist almost unlimited opportunity for discoveries.

But there is need of pure physics as well. The phenomena of transfusion and capillarity and some other sections of physics, notably those pertaining to sight and hearing, have long been recognized as important to the study of medicine. The extraordinary development of physics in the last quarter of a century, of which the X-rays and radioactive transformations and discoveries arising from these are only a small part, has placed physics in a fundamental position as regards sciences in general. The work of Professor Bragg, of the University of Manchester, for instance, in employing X-rays for the analysis of the atomic structure of crystals, invites one to contemplate the time when the mysteries of the living cell, so far as concerns structure, will no longer be mysteries. Inertia and elasticity, diffusion of gases, solution of gases,

partial pressures, osmosis, adsorption, thermodynamics, electricity, and magnetism — all these and many more present physical problems in medicine.

To be more specific as to points of contact between the two, one may show the aid of physics in the adaptation of electrical methods to the determination of hydrogen ion concentration. The electrical action-current of muscles, until recently considered only of academic and theoretic interest, has within a decade come to be of great value in measuring the action current of the heart. The string galvanometer, developed by neither physicist nor engineer but by Professor Einthoven, a physician of Leyden, has made possible the application of this theory. And the string galvanometer, in turn, demonstrates the value of an adequate knowledge of physics and mathematics on the part of the biologist. Perhaps the physicist may be able to contribute a portion of the solution needed for the modern problem of heart diseases — diseases which Dr. Emery R. Hayhurst, of the Ohio State University, points to as the cause of 22,000 deaths annually in people under forty-five years of age. And Dr. Hayhurst's figures are based solely upon a study of people engaged in industrial pursuits.

In medicine's pursuit of a cure for rickets the physicist has been of signal help. By means of Roentgen photographs the peculiar conditions of the bones of the head and of the ribs were revealed in cases of rickets in children. Howland, at Johns Hopkins, by direct analysis showed the characteristic beaded condition of the bones to be due to a deficiency of lime or of phosphate in the blood.

Huldschinsky effected cures by exposure of patients to the radiation from a quartz lamp with mercury vapor as the radiant, especially strong in ultra-violet rays. Hess attained cures by using ordinary sunlight. McCollum and Park at Johns Hopkins, working on rats, caused rickets through a deficiency of calcium or phosphorus in their diet and cured it definitely with sunlight. Then it was demonstrated that the portion of the solar spectrum really effective here was only the ultra-violet in the neighborhood of 300 millimicrons — rather, all below 320.

Pfund, working in the Hopkins physics laboratory at Johns Hopkins, on a problem connected with the darkening of certain paint-pigments when exposed to sunlight, discovered a device for measuring the intensity and dosage of the ultra-violet radiation to be used in curing rickets. It consists of an exposure-meter, in which a fresh area of paint-pigment known as lithopone is rapidly darkened by the rays from about 320 down, until it matches a standard tint.

Then oil began to thicken the pathology plot just as it has done recently to the political; but this time it was cod-liver oil, not petroleum. For it was found that the feeding of cod-liver oil produced the same good results in rickets as did the ultra-violet rays.

A further step was made at the University of Wisconsin, where it was discovered that certain ordinary foods, subjected to radiation before feeding, produced the same effect as the cod-liver oil. Kugelmass, formerly at Johns Hopkins but now at Yale, shows that cod-liver oil, when it oxidizes, emits ultra-violet rays, and that it is probably the effect of these rays upon the calcium or phosphorus salts in the intestinal tract that renders them available for absorption into the blood-stream, whereas without such excitation they are not in condition for assimilation.

Probably it is not a very wide guess, in view of the foregoing, that from the medical standpoint light is comparable to coal tar, and is a crude product,

capable of infinite refinement and adaptation.

There are, however, a host of discomforts caused neither by germs nor by faulty internal action, but by external irritants to which men are exposed, especially in given occupations. How the physicist may help in combating these is illustrated by Dr. Pfund's 'gold screens.'

It had long been known that men working before furnaces developed cataract. Extreme cases of exposure were found to produce even bursting of the eyeballs. Investigation revealed that the infra-red and the ultra-violet rays in the glare of the furnace were responsible. Evidently some device was needed which would eliminate these rays, but at the same time transmit to the eye sufficient light for seeing. The 'gold screens' have entirely filled the need. They consist of yellowish glass, upon which is placed a coating of gold. As gold leaf is not apt to be sufficiently uniform in thickness to use before the eye, the gold was distilled upon the glass in a high vacuum. The method of distillation also produced a much thinner coating than gold leaf could have provided. The infra-red rays were reflected by the gold, so that the glass did not become hot; the glass absorbed the ultra-violet rays; and the eyes were spared. Tests at the Bureau of Standards have shown that goggles made with 'gold screens' have eliminated 99 per cent of the total radiation from a furnace at a temperature of 2000 degrees centigrade.

IV

Miraculous as the advance has been in physics in the last quarter of a century, that advance has been paralleled in the other sciences. The cell theory in biology has opened an avenue of study that ends in infinity; and who knows but what 1950 will see a theory of atomic structure so perfected as to be of great service to the medical man in the contemplation of complex life-problems.

For the solution of these problems the biologist too is indispensable. Study of the chemical materials and physical laws of life cannot progress without life itself. The biologist must always furnish the needed verification or check for the other scientists, for his material can be relied upon to provide the biological test, the age-old method of trying it out on the dog. The chemistry of man is incapable of dealing with the infinitely small amounts of material that the chemistry of life employs; and Nägeli's *oligodynamische Wirkung* — discovered in spirogyra's susceptibility to a solution of copper no stronger than that formed in water left in the faucet overnight — opens a field beyond test tube and microscope.

And in this field of the infinitely small, at the present time attention is being directed most intently to the so-called filtrable viruses. It is a known fact that certain organisms — one may use the term 'organism' here for want of better, although there are doubts in scientific circles as to its appropriateness — are so tiny as to pass through filtering devices. This is quite unlike the bacteria and microbes of modern acquaintance, which remain behind in the filters when strained from the liquids in which they live.

An outstanding disease held due to a filtrable virus is the leaf mosaic of tobacco. If some of the juices of an infected tobacco-plant were extracted and placed in a tube for culture of bacteria, if the culture were given adequate time to mature and then strained off, the filter would show, as usual, a number of varieties of bacteria, some perhaps deadly, but most of them innocuous. A portion of the clear liquid which

passed through the filter might be examined in the microscope, but the examination would reveal no contents — even under the ultramagnifying system the human eye has so far seen nothing but clear liquid here. No chemical test has been able to produce staining, reaction, or change to indicate the presence of other than clear liquid. Yet an inoculation of a healthy tobacco-plant with this liquid will produce leaf mosaic in that plant. The spread of the mosaic in the host is interpreted by science as indicative of the power of reproduction in this something beyond the range of human vision — rather, scientific vision. Only as they act in connection with living tissue can the filtrable viruses be studied; hence they are uniquely the problem of the biologist.

The successes with yellow fever and malaria — biological successes — are milestones already passed. If one accepts the theory that every highly organized living thing is but a mass of coöperating cells, and with it the theory long recognized in form but never so strongly in fact as in the present day, that each cell is inherently different from its neighbors in some minute particulars, then the key to the solution of many of life's mysteries is to be found in the lower forms of life. An example of how laws observed pretty well down the scale of life may be extended to man is involved in Dr. Raymond Pearl's theories on human population. In his laboratory, Dr. Pearl constituted a number of small universes consisting of test tubes filled with air and food. Within these universes he placed fruit flies as inhabitants, fruit flies being selected because their span of life is comparatively short, a cycle from egg to egg being completed within twelve days. Fly population rose rapidly at first. As the universes grew old, however, the progress became less and less marked. A curve could be plotted, however, to show the first rapid development, the climactic point, and the order of dwindling growth; and this curve, studied with the help of vital statistics kept by various nations of the world, has been a factor in Dr. Pearl's observations on human population. Not the least significant of these is his theory that the world as a whole has already passed the period designated by the first part of his curve, wherein economic production and growth in population rise in a proportion not calling for anxious contemplation.

V

The ultimate cause of many afflictions, however, is to be found neither in external irritant nor in organic invasion. Primitive man gave promise of his future mental development when he recognized a psychic element in disease. That the substitution of analysis for intuition has caused the scientist to assume toward this psychic element an attitude different from primitive man's is not to be observed to the latter's discredit.

Among the countless things assigned to the war is the strengthened tendency among physicians to admit as purely psychic the causes of many mental diseases. It can scarcely be said that the doctrines of Freud are generally accepted, but these doctrines are no longer subjected to the neglect or reprobation they received before the war. Morbid processes which Freud attributed to faults in the operation of the sex-instinct the war has produced in its awakening of suppressed tendencies of the fundamental instinct of self-preservation. Warring Europe furnished one of the most amply supplied laboratories the physician and psychologist have ever seen for the study of powerful instincts; and the war neuroses have indicated that sex is not the *sine qua non*

of psychoanalysis. With this indication reached, many are ready to accept parts of Freud's doctrine and at least to suspend judgment upon what they formerly condemned. It is now pretty generally admitted that functional nervous and mental disorders depend essentially upon disturbances of the instinctive and emotional states of mind. Out of this admission may develop — has developed in many cases — a drugless, knifeless healing, based purely upon the remorseless probing of the patient's past for emotion wounds and emotion foreign-bodies, the treating of which will reëstablish sound health.

The big opportunity for psychic medicine, however, lies in its following the line of action adopted by the rest of the science and devoting itself to prevention as well as cure. Modern knowledge of dietetics, for example, is far from exact, but it is of tremendous value in treating or avoiding disorders. Should psychic medicine approach exactness no more closely than does dietetics, and should it evolve something more definite than conjectural rules for the keeping of an active, healthy mind, much of the work of bodily medicine would be lightened.

With chemistry, physics, biology, and psychology advancing as they are, and coöperating with medicine as desired, medicine must inevitably itself approach the plane of the exact sciences. But it can approach only as a variable approaches its limits. Owing to the vast variety of aspects presented in the human problem, — for each person may be thought of as offering a new variation of some medical law, — perhaps medicine can never be anything but empirical. But herein lies the greatest hope for its advance. 'Empirical' relates to experience gained by test and trial. That which tests and tries may evolve many things. The medicine of 1950 may make that of to-day seem crude, even recklessly dangerous; and the medicine of 2000 A.D. may look back with indulgence on that of 1950.

'HOO-HOO-HOO!'

BY WILLIAM PRESTON BEAZELL

I WAS on my way to my train, without even seconds to spare. He was going nowhere, and had the whole long night before him. I might have plunged on past him, but he stopped squarely in my path and looked over his shoulder at me with so quizzical, so challenging an air that it was my plans, not his, that were changed. And why not? What are trains or even the editorial demands of a morning newspaper when a screech owl bars one's way within sight of the beacon of the Metropolitan Tower?

In the dusk of that April evening he looked like a parody of the Irishman of tradition. The tufts above his ears took the form of a battered, tilted hat. The long, folded wings made a shabby claw-hammer coat. Some trick of light — or of fancy — tucked a blackthorn stick beneath one arm. But most of all it was his posture, so erect, so sure, so ready for confab or conflict.

I knew there was a twinkle in his eye, and close behind the twinkle the light of battle.

He looked at me over his shoulder, then looked away and walked ahead. It was not quite a strut, but something very close to it. He was not quite seven inches tall, and I was not quite six feet, but he had stopped me in my tracks. He paused again, and looked at me over his other shoulder. Victory was still his, and he walked ahead, his chest thrust out a bit farther. Far down the Greenway I could hear my train rumble into the station. In the house behind me Bryn, the terrier, was starting his after-dinner riot with an ancient shoe. They were sounds that no longer belonged in my world.

The little owl halted again and looked back. Never, by the way, did he look over the same shoulder twice in succession; perhaps there is a rule against it. This time he stood for so long that my eyes began to ache with the strain of peering through the gloom, and I moved closer. This seemed to be the very thing to do, for with another leisurely glance at me — over his right shoulder — my companion strutted on a little way, to pause and look and lure me as before.

It might have gone on indefinitely. After fifty yards and twenty minutes of it, though, the call of the office began to sound above the appeal of my strange adventure. I slipped across the street and started again for the station. My last clear view showed the little owl still in the middle of the sidewalk; still with his preposterous likeness to a Fair Day Irishman. I thought — at least I hoped — he watched my going with regret.

But I changed my notion later on. What he did say to himself was, much more probably: 'Faith, there's a stupid one! Gawking along behint me as if he thought I wanted the company of the likes o' him, when all I did want was to get him away from where he was!'

For in the wreck of an apple tree just above the house there was a new-made nest — as we soon had reason to know. I began to suspect something of the sort when I returned at midnight. The long shadows among the trees were echoing with the little owl's eerie cry, the velvet beat of his wings coming between the uplifts of his voice. He was very busy, indeed, and I stood for a time at the door reflecting upon the finer choice of a name for his kind the Southern darkies have brought to the North — the shivering owl. There is something of irritation in 'screech' owl; an unlovely name for an unlovely thing. But 'shivering' owl — there is imagination, description that falls just short of onomatopœia. It is a very picture of a name, of the dead hours of the night when his shattering cry wakes one to terror of the known and the unknown alike.

The next night brought proof of the sovereignty that had been established over what, by virtue of improvement and the payment of taxes, we had presumed to regard as *our* property.

Before the house stands an apple tree that has by dint of a deal of amateur surgery been wheedled into a luxuriance out of all keeping with its years. On a knoll above, reaching out their boughs to the apple tree in an almost completed arch, stand two pear trees that have persisted nearly as long beyond their generation. Somewhat late for dinner, that next night, Isabel hurried past these sentry towers. The apple tree was just behind her when, from the cover of its still unfolding leaves, came the raging owl.

Straight at her face he flew and, as she cried out in her fright, wheeled and drove at her again. He gnashed the mandibles of his bill at her — they

must have been all of half an inch in length! — gnashed them so heartily it could have been heard yards away. He banked and turned, he zoomed and pancaked; the tips of his wings flicked her hat; only her crossed arms saved her face as she cowered, not in the least ashamed of doing it, before his attack. At last she made the shelter of the doorway, and from the pear trees came a jeering, savage 'Hoo-hoo-hoo!'

Summer came on. Night by night the little owl was to be heard on his rounds, sometimes raising his echoing cry in the woods of the park beyond the turnpike, but more often staying close by the homestead in the stump of the apple tree. Apparently the demands upon him were as great as they were insistent. Certainly his temper did not improve. His 'shivering' began to be punctuated with his harsh other call — an 'ak-k-k-k' that had both petulance and disgust in it. He seemed to be registering a vow that, although he had got himself into the mess of raising a family and would go through with it, never again would he let himself become involved. He seemed, indeed, a modern instance of the Confederate soldier of whom Roosevelt loved to tell, after he had been shot at Milwaukee, the soldier whose hardships and humiliations wrenched from him the oath, 'If ever I love another country, *damn me!*'

We never saw Materfamilias during this period. She may have been occupied with some ornithological equivalent of making or mending; she may have been a feminist, determined upon the payment by her mate of a Portian pound of the vexations of the household. His bad temper strongly suggested some such exasperation. In any event, it was he alone we saw, and heard.

The full moon came. We watched from the porch one night as it rose over the trees in the park, and suddenly were aware that a great event in the owl family was toward. *He* flashed into view, wheeling and turning so swiftly, so beautifully, it was hard to follow him. *She* followed, less spectacularly perhaps, but as busily. For ten minutes they darted here and there in the growing radiance. Superficially there was no purpose in this sudden, mad activity.

Finally we began to see, instead of merely to watch. However wide the circle, however swift the flight, it was always in definite relation to the apple tree. We shifted our gaze from the aerobatics to the tree itself, and presently there took form in the uncertain light two wee owls, shoulder to shoulder on a branch just outside the hole that hid the nest.

One's hand would have covered them both. Their solemn little faces seemed all eyes; their unpreened coats seemed something in which they had been bundled up, not anything that did, or was meant to, fit them. Round and round about them their parents whirled, and round and round their eyes followed them until one could fancy that their little mouths gaped in amazement and admiration.

But it was not a spectacle that was being staged, whatever the youngsters — or we — may have thought. Suddenly the father ended one magnificent circle at the top of its swing and, like an arrow, drove straight at the wee things on the branch. They rocked in the wash of his wings as he veered just enough to avoid actually striking them, and if, as they shrank from the terrifying attack, they did not gasp, we did!

Off into the shadows the father passed, and quite as swiftly, quite as brutally, the mother drove at the two on the branch. But she passed between them and the trunk, so that as they shrank from her it was outward. The

whole matter was plain by now — home ties were being, not broken, but ruthlessly torn asunder. The splendid possibilities of flight had been demonstrated; the youngsters were forthwith to undertake it on their own. Fascinating as it was to watch, it still had its active element of cruelty. It was like dropping a baby into the water to teach it to swim; even more it recalled the Mexican tradition of the hardness of life in Tamaulipas — 'They throw the newborn babes against the wall; if they can cling to the 'dobe, they take them down and let them live; if they can't, they let them die where they fall.'

And yet there was a fitness in it. The owl is a bird of prey, and *Schrecklichkeit* cannot, perhaps, begin too early. 'Brutal is as brutal does' may be the guiding maxim of their philosophy.

The whole affair took another half-hour. The father's second attack came from the rear, with the added terror of surprise. Like the mother, he too came between the youngsters and the trunk. That continued, indeed, to be the strategy of the parental campaign. At briefer and briefer intervals the attacks came, and with each agonized flinching from the menacing wings the youngsters found themselves nearer the end of their branch. Oddly, they kept as closely shoulder to shoulder as they had been when first we picked them out of the shadows. Each moved as the other did, and precisely the same distance.

It was not until the very end that there came a break in the silence that had been not the least surprising aspect of the incident. No sound at all came from the youngsters, but eventually the father had recourse to his 'ak-k-k-k,' and soon the mother took it up, always as they drove toward the fledglings, and at no other time. Plainly it seemed annoyance that the children clung so tenaciously to their perch.

The last drive was by both parents together; what they had failed to achieve turn and turn about they meant, obviously, to compel by concert. And they did. One to the right, one to the left, each screaming, they launched themselves at their young.

The next instant the branch stood stark and untenanted against the moon. Down toward the tangled grass below came the despairing beating of little wings; up toward the lower branches of a pear tree, nearest neighbor of the apple stump, the beating came, still more frantic; overhead came the even, velvet beat of older wings. And then silence again.

So far as we had any way of knowing, no other lesson was ever given — or needed. Before the moon had passed we saw four owls flitting noiselessly among the trees, and only by size was it possible to tell which were old and which were young. Then evenings and nights fell still; the saga of the apple stump might have been closed.

But there was one more book in it. June was passing when Isabel came home one evening as the sun was setting and its long, golden light streamed across the slope at whose crest the apple stump stands. As she had not in days, she turned toward the stump and saw, neatly in the centre of the entrance to the nest hollow, Father taking his morning ease.

His breast was as red-gold as the sun itself as he blinked in fat content with all the world. Gone was the diplomat who had lured me away from his home; gone the warrior who had put Isabel to rout; gone the harassed, unwilling breadwinner; gone the ruthless taskmaster; come was the slippered, idle old man.

THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

BY EDWARD CARRINGTON VENABLE

It was the Levisons' first dinner in the little house they had taken at Neuilly. Though Mrs. Levison, as usual, called it 'the little house we have just taken at Neuilly,' it was not little for Neuilly. In fact it comfortably held the dinner party of eight people and, besides, Céleste the maid, an ancient Flemish sideboard of rare design, and a portrait of Mrs. Levison in three dimensions done in Chicago by a painter who had not 'arrived.' The wall spaces were white and bare, for it had been Mrs. Levison's purpose when leaving Chicago, where her little dinners were almost famous, to blend in Paris the best of American and French effects in interiors.

The party of eight comprised everyone the Levisons knew in Paris and the young Georgian poet whom they had not met. Mrs. Victor Mactier brought the poet. But for him Mrs. Levison would have postponed the first of her little dinners until what she called their 'little circle' was larger. The poet, however, was so rarely in Paris, and was so exactly the kind of person Mrs. Levison liked to give dinners for, that she had decided to begin at once.

He was the Honorable Hugh Chisholm, M.P., third son of Baron Chisholm of Steffield Hall, Lincolnshire, former lieutenant R.F.A. — a bitter pacifist and partisan of the Second (not the Third) International. His last book had attracted great attention and had been published simultaneously in England and Chicago. It consisted of three long poems and a quatrain. The first was a realistic interpretation of the early morning walk from house to office of a prominent Methodist in a city supposed to be Birmingham, and his sudden death on the threshold of that office, caused by an old and necessarily concealed disease. The title of the poem was the name of the disease. The second poem was inspired by a Japanese print and was the longest of the three, with its title in Japanese script. The third described an incident of the Battle of Arras as afterward discussed at a London dinner party by two cabinet ministers and a bishop, and was called 'Blood and Benedictine.' The volume was completed by the quatrain, which was called 'Man.' Besides, he had had considerable success as a lecturer. On the platform he read his poems and that was all. Between readings — which he gave in a low sweet voice, which had an occasional hesitation like a stammer — he stood facing his audience in perfect silence. Sometimes a pause would last five minutes, but no sound from him ever broke it.

It was this silence which Mrs. Levison found so fascinating. It was not in any sense withdrawal — nothing of the pose of reverie. Rather it was immediate contemplation. Nevertheless at dinner it had to be broken, and following the poet's eyes, which were fixed upon the flowers, Mrs. Levison did the breaking as gently as possible.

'Aren't the magnolias kind this year?' she asked.

Mr. Chisholm turned his face slowly

toward her. 'Are they magnolias?' he replied.

Mrs. Levison nodded. 'They were sent to us from the South.'

'Do you mean Brazil?' asked the poet.

'No,' said Mrs. Levison; 'the South of France.'

'Brabraçonne,' murmured the poet.

Mrs. Levison nodded.

Mrs. Victor Mactier, who sat opposite, asked quietly: 'How much a name is, really, is n't it?'

Mrs. Mactier was temporarily separated from her husband, a young diplomat of attaché rank, because he had been ordered to Chile. It had been a bitter disappointment to her. She had married diplomacy dreaming, she said, of Vienna, of Paris, of Madrid, and all she had got was three years of Copenhagen, and then Chile. 'Chile,' she used to repeat in telling of it, 'Chile,' until her tiny seed-pearl bracelets rattled like chattering teeth. Her happiest memory was the coronation of the Tsar of Bulgaria, where her husband was an official spectator. She was a schoolgirl friend of Mrs. Levison, and when Mrs. Levison had decided to transfer her almost famous little dinners from Chicago to Paris Mrs. Mactier had come with her, fleeing from Chile.

Getting no response from the poet, Mrs. Mactier turned her question to the poet's American publisher, an immense placid blond who sat next her. 'Is n't it, Mr. Lamar?'

'It is in my business,' replied Mr. Lamar.

'Not in mine,' added Mr. Padraic Joynes across the table. 'That is one thing I never had to spend a cent on and never will.'

The girl next to him turned in her lazy, almost insolent way to look at him. 'What is your business?' she asked.

'Paper,' replied Mr. Joynes.

'What kind?' she insisted. 'News? Wall?'

'All kinds,' said Mr. Joynes briefly.

The girl was Lucita Wormeley. She was twenty-five and perfectly beautiful. When she was taking the part of a ruined Belgian nun in a war-charity cinema a certain great producer, who happened to see the picture, offered her twenty-five, fifty thousand, some said a half-million dollars a year to sign up with him. She played exquisitely the drums, a saxophone, and an organ; it was also said she could play a piano, but she denied this. She had been at one time engaged to the Earl of Streatham, but had refused to marry him unless she could retain her own name. He was killed, unmarried, at the second battle of Ypres, and left her his gold identity-disk, which she wore constantly now as a bracelet. It tinkled musically against her plate as she turned to speak to Mr. Padraic Joynes.

'Then,' she pointed out, 'all of us have something to do with literature — except me.'

'It 's my wife in our family,' replied Mr. Joynes, 'who attends to that.' He paused to glance at his wife, who was looking at the poet. 'What do you do?' he added.

To Mr. Joynes's surprise it was the poet on the other side of Miss Wormeley who answered.

'She teaches dancing,' said the poet.

'Chissy disapproves,' explained Miss Wormeley. 'You see, I teach horses. He thinks it's undignified for the horses.'

Mrs. Padraic Joynes, across the table, interrupted: 'Mr. Chisholm has explained what he feels, I think, beautifully and completely in his "Houghnhms."'

'I never read it,' said Miss Wormeley; 'but then I hardly ever read

Chissy's things. They are so damned dirty.'

In the stillness which followed, Céleste the maid completed the round of the table with the potatoes. Once the delicate clash of the identity-disk of the Seventh Earl of Streatham against Lucita Wormeley's fish plate sounded like the chime of a distant clock, accentuating the silence it so musically shivered. Céleste, withdrawing the potatoes from the left elbow of Mrs. Victor Mactier, was halfway to the pantry door. The gold clashed again with its eerie lightness, and as though with intent, like some fairy bugle preluding the entrance of Queen Mab.

And, as if in answer, from out the shadow behind the chair of Mr. Levison suddenly a voice spoke.

It was the voice of a man, distinctly, swiftly enunciating a command, and yet it was human speech of so completely different a kind from what it interrupted that it might have been a peal of thunder or the first notes of a violin. The listeners did not hear speech at all — they were conscious only of interruption. The eyes of the eight turned slowly, incredulously, but under an irresistible compulsion.

They saw in the doorway at the back of Mr. Levison's chair a young man standing. He had advanced a step beyond the threshold to a position where, in the small dining-room at the edge of the candlelight, he could have laid a hand on Levison's shoulder. He wore neat dark clothes, and had not removed a soft hat, set a trifle atilt. His arms were folded. In one hand, lying against his shoulder, he carried a pair of black-leather gauntlets with stiff cuffs. In the other, cuddled in the curve of his elbow like the head of a baby in the arms of a nurse, he held a small, blue-black automatic revolver. Slowly, as if drawn from immense distances by that irresistible compulsion, the eyes of the eight focused upon this queer shape in the shadow, covered, armed, suave, inexplicable — a shape that was like a man and yet was the embodied ghost of all they most dreaded, the visible form of all the dim hereditary terrors which their civilization had been created to suppress.

As the table was arranged Mrs. Levison faced him exactly. At her side the poet's wistful gaze wandered across the magnolias. Lucita Wormeley had turned swiftly aside, as if to speak to her host. She looked startled, interested, and very beautiful. Levison was twisted about in his chair as if arrested at the very point of getting out of it. Mrs. Victor Mactier, the ornament of so many brilliant diplomatic functions, had grasped her throat as if to relieve some intolerable pressure there. She had, however, not worn her pearls. At her side the vast expanse of Lamar seemed covered with a rosy flush, like dawn upon snow. His mouth was open until the stiff linen of his collar bent under pressure. Beside him Mrs. Joynes, with the stiff gesture of a marionette, suddenly thrust a pair of short plump arms straight upright above her head. Her eyes alone were not turned upon the intruder, but fastened in frantic appeal upon her husband across the table, who, with a small boiled potato impaled upon a fork held rigidly before his face, slowly faded to a lifeless white.

Three times the voice spoke before there was any response from the group of eight people sitting at the table. It was the clear swift staccato speech of innumerable repetitions, like a stage juggler's or a drill sergeant's, official, rehearsed, impersonal.

It was the poet who answered first.

'I have never learned French,' said the poet.

Lucita Wormeley's eyes freed them-

selves first from the hypnotic attraction and swept around the table. 'He says,' she translated, 'to keep perfectly still.'

A convulsed sound in the throat of Mrs. Mactier, a tremor of Mrs. Joynes's upright arms, a creak of a chair under some sudden change of pressure, seemed like a shiver running through the perfect immobility of her listeners.

'Go on; go on,' a man's hoarse voice whispered from somewhere.

'He says,' Miss Wormeley continued, after a pause filled by a repetition of that clipped official speech, like a little jet of sound thrown out of the shadow toward the light, 'he says,' she continued, 'that the door is watched, the telephone cut, and that — that — there is — he has an — an associate — who is somewhere in here!'

'Where? Where?' repeated the hoarse whisper.

'He says,' she began. Then she broke off. 'Does nobody here speak French except me and the burglar?' she inquired.

Mrs. Victor Mactier dropped her hands from her throat as if to free it for speech, and then groaned and clasped it again.

'Céleste.' It was Mrs. Levison who whispered the name.

A sharp command from the shadow answered the whisper.

'He wants,' hastily resumed Miss Wormeley, 'everything!' She paused to listen intently. 'Jewels,' she began to repeat, 'money, watches, shirt-studs, cuff-links.'

As she was speaking the door behind her chair creaked slightly. That unoiled hinge had been disagreeably audible frequently before. It was the only flaw in the service of this one of Mrs. Levison's justly almost famous little dinners. It was Céleste, who had disappeared with the potatoes, who now reappeared as smoothly and quickly as ever, as if in the recesses of the pantry that soft whisper of her name had reached her alert ears. Alone in that company Céleste had in no way changed. The same soft-footed imperturbable serving maid who had disappeared returned, as if only to bring more potatoes. As before she carried a dish, but this dish was empty and larger and was covered with a black cloth. Swiftly and with the certainty of excellent training she presented the dish at the left elbow of Mrs. Levison.

'Madame!' suggested Céleste.

The first murmur of complaint from that dinner party arose there. It was Mrs. Levison's. It was only a whisper, but the bitterness of it might have withered the glorious magnolias to which she seemed to speak. 'Céleste!' murmured Mrs. Levison from out an immense despair.

'Madame,' answered Céleste.

With a desperate gesture Mrs. Levison tore from her green-silk breast a single pin and let it fall in the plate. Then she lifted her hand to the pearls at her throat.

'Ah! No, madame,' Céleste remonstrated.

She withdrew the plate, summoned by the voice of Mrs. Padraic Joynes. 'Here, here!' Mrs. Joynes had called. Strangely, the effect was one of grossly bad manners, as if the plate carried by Céleste held some delicacy impatiently awaited by the greed of Mrs. Joynes. Instead, almost instantly the black cloth was covered up, hidden, buried beneath a torrent of gems that poured from the heaving body of Mrs. Padraic Joynes. Diamonds, pearls, a ruby, more diamonds, an emerald, rings, pins, a bracelet, a necklace; they heaped the plate, tossed away by trembling fingers. And next upon this gleaming magnificence Mr. Lamar laid a gold watch, a leather wallet, a seal ring, an immense silver cigarette-case, and two

small pearls torn from his rigid and immaculate shirt-front; and turning he presented through a gaping aperture a pink-silk undershirt to the gaze of Mrs. Victor Mactier, the habitué of coronations.

Across the table Miss Wormeley sat with her chin in her hands, her elbows on the cloth, her eyes on the magnificent fish-plate. At the last gesture of Mr. Lamar she smiled slightly.

'Don't,' whispered Mr. Lamar, with a heavy frown, as he turned hastily to Mrs. Victor Mactier.

With a little shrug of disgust the wife of the brilliant young diplomat now in Chile let fall from her wrists two bracelets of seed pearls. 'The real ones,' she explained over her shoulder, 'are at Cartier's. I am sorry.'

A gesture from the deferential Céleste cut her short; and lingeringly and in silence she let fall one by one upon the glittering pile a handful of rings. Then she sank, hands hanging, in her seat, colorless except for her dark-red lips, which showed like an old wound in her pallid face. For the brilliant Mrs. Victor Mactier was 'through.'

Through the hands of Mr. Levison and Mr. Joynes the plate passed with scarcely a pause. Mr. Joynes, who had watched its approach with an air of indomitable resolution, placed his cupped hands over it an instant in a gesture almost of benediction. Then he thrust them out of sight beneath the table.

'Merci, m'sieu,' murmured Céleste, and placed the dish at the left elbow of Miss Wormeley.

Miss Wormeley spoke swiftly three French words to Céleste. She did not turn. Her chin still rested upon her clasped hands, while she gazed at the shirt-front of Mr. Lamar. Her neck and arms were bare. The great pile of rust-colored hair swept up from the curve of her neck to the top of her exquisitely poised head without ornament of any kind. Only at her wrist hung the thin gold chain linked to a tiny oval plate, the identity disk of the Seventh Earl of Streatham, killed at the second battle of Ypres, among the guns he would not live to surrender.

'I have nothing,' Miss Wormeley repeated in French. She spoke indifferently.

The eyes of the seven diners, in amazement at the delay, fastened upon her.

'Mademoiselle,' suggested the deferential Céleste in English, 'the bracelet.'

'Never!'

The single word was English and was quickly said, as it had to be, and the only gesture that accompanied it was a little tremor of her head.

Céleste turned doubtfully to the strange shape standing behind her.

'Oh, Lucita!' entreated the hoarse whisper of Mrs. Levison.

The shadowy figure in the background hardly stirred, but the little dark-blue toy, nestled in his elbow like the head of a baby in the arms of a nurse, moved out toward the girl. In that room, where the bizarre was the precious, the little dark-blue tube had suddenly become the most precious. The tiny muzzle, black as a peephole into infinity, was directed toward the light, the shining silver, the big sweet magnolias. It was the point about which the whole composition resolved itself. From it all values were evolved. To its black reality all that was vulgar, bizarre, or meretricious in that room had, it seemed, paid tribute in that heaped and glittering plate. It was a sun — tiny, black — to a confused, unreal universe. And when the Force which controlled it moved, it was the Infinite, the Omnipotent, in that room which moved.

And Miss Wormeley defied it — the Infinite, the Omnipotent. That much

was clear to everyone, though the words in which she voiced the defiance were incomprehensible, for it was the point at which language — the last invented and least perfected of human communications — ceased as a barrier to comprehension. Though of all that company not one could put into words what he heard, none failed to understand exactly what he saw — Miss Wormeley defying the Omnipotent.

Her manner of doing so was ugly, short, and awkward. She lifted her hands a little and dropped them. They smacked smartly on the table top. If that gesture had to be put into words it could only be expressed in some short, awkward, ugly idiom. 'That's flat!' would most nearly give it. So, in accordance maybe with her creed and generation, the beautiful Miss Wormeley snapped her fingers at the Infinite and defied the Omnipotent with 'That's flat!' Alone among them all she had not looked at the black spot pointing out toward the light like a ray of blackness. Perhaps she did not dare to. Certainly otherwise her attitude was impeccable.

It is an attitude which is generally acclaimed by poets and disliked by those spectators upon whom part of the punishment may easily fall. The poet, who sat at the side of Miss Wormeley, did not stir. His eyes had left the magnolias and were fixed upon her; but his muse was silent, for the author of 'Man' was here both a spectator and a poet. It was from across the table, from the chair where sat Mrs. Padraic Joynes, that the response came. The face of Mrs. Joynes was distorted; her fingers, which had so recently been stretched heavenward, clutched the table until the nails tore the cloth. The most painful emotions were tearing the soul of Mrs. Joynes: terror, hate, greed, jealousy. They blended now into one shrill outcry that she could not quite prevent from rising to a shriek.

'You,' demanded Mrs. Padraic Joynes, 'give him that!'

Miss Wormeley seemed unaware of both the distorted body and the tortured soul of Mrs. Padraic Joynes. Her fingers lay lightly and steadily on the cloth and her eyes were fixed on them as if absorbed in admiration of their grace and color. If the occasion had been less grave it might have been said that she snubbed Mrs. Joynes.

And this view was accentuated by the interposition of their hostess: 'You must, Lucita; we all have.'

But Mrs. Padraic Joynes, by nature rather indurate to snubs, was at that moment completely immune.

'You,' repeated Mrs. Joynes, 'take it off her, do you hear?'

The second command was addressed to Céleste, who, half turned toward the directing figure in the background for instruction, seemed not to hear. Entirely oblivious to everything except that authority, Céleste ignored even the urgent call of her late master, Mr. Levison, who supported Mrs. Padraic Joynes with 'Céleste, Céleste!'

For an instant the meditative gaze of the poet, fixed upon the hands of Miss Wormeley lying on the cloth, was lifted to the face of his host. Mr. Levison's voice ceased. The poet resumed his scrutiny.

'Take it off her!'

A second time Mrs. Padraic Joynes repeated her command, but now it was directed to her husband. Mrs. Joynes had risen and was leaning over the table. A finger, rather tremulous, was pointed at the face of Miss Wormeley. 'Tear it off her, do you hear?' she shrieked.

Obediently Mr. Joynes grasped Miss Wormeley's arm — not the arm which wore the bracelet, which was the right, but the arm nearest to him, the left.

Now Mr. Joynes had the hands of a very strong man rather out of condition. They were large, with short square fingers tipped with flat, square, shiny nails. Miss Wormeley's arms and the magnolias were the most beautiful things in the room. Mr. Joynes grasped her left arm with one hand and was reaching confidently for the other, for at his touch Miss Wormeley had turned incredulously to look at him. It seemed as if she were paralyzed by the sudden contact, and unable to lift out of danger her left arm, encircled by the slim gold chain.

The eyes of the poet, which had seemed enchanted by the beauty of her arms, suddenly contracted as the hands of Mr. Padraic Joynes entered the field of his vision. Like Miss Wormeley he turned incredulously to look at Mr. Joynes's face. Then, picking up the brimful glass of sauterne, he hurled wine and glass both exactly into the face of Mr. Joynes.

And as he did so he stammered, for even in his public readings Chisholm had a touch of that affliction: 'You craw-craw-crawling slu-slug!'

The blow, which for so small a missile had astonishing power, had two immediate and directly opposite effects. It brought Mr. Joynes to the floor and the rest of the company at the same instant to their feet. Mr. Joynes, who, owing to his efforts to reach Miss Wormeley's right arm, was at the moment of contact slightly off balance, fell forward, curiously like a man shot through the heart, so that for an instant he lay with his head on Miss Wormeley's knees. She, rising, spilled him like a lap dog on to the floor under the table. The uprising of the others had been so exactly simultaneous that the general effect was that of a party rising gayly to drink a toast — a toast, say, to the absent guest, represented by the vacant chair of Mr. Joynes, which had remained undisturbed behind his plate.

It was a moment of tense and complete silence. They stood — the seven — staring at the empty place. In the presence of the disaster of his disappearance they stood helpless, awaiting the greater disaster of his reappearance. It was only indeed after the process of the reappearance had visibly begun that Mr. Lamar muttered hoarsely: 'Help — help him up.'

But then Mr. Joynes was up. He presented a very unkempt appearance; he was wet and choking in his collar. He looked much more like a man who had been ducked than one who had been knocked down. And in addition to his ridiculous appearance he was the victim, the helpless victim, of a delusion. His first words betrayed his condition.

'They,' he said in a choked voice, 'they have shot me'; and he sank into his chair.

Across the table Mrs. Mactier gave a short hysterical sob, instantly suppressed. Mr. Levison leaned toward him. 'No, no, no, no,' he began to repeat.

A cry interrupted the iteration. The great bulk of Mr. Lamar had emitted a sound that was by comparison a squeal. 'Look, look!' he was crying in a light falsetto. 'They've gone, they've gone!'

They had gone, Céleste and her mysterious accomplice — vanished completely. They had fled naturally and wisely; but it was a peculiarly cowardly flight, in as much as the situation from which they fled was of their making. They had chosen, from the mean motive of greed, to change an occasion equipped for the highest aspirations of the human spirit into a situation involving an entirely different equipment of that spirit; and then, having got out of it all their greed demanded, with

the exception of one bracelet, they had fled.

This was cowardly; it was even a little insulting, for the abruptness of their flight implied a suggestion of disgust — as if, say, they had turned their backs on a too salacious play.

It was Mrs. Victor Mactier who, as the astounded company rushed in tumult into the hall, next perceived the situation and had Mr. Levison violently prevented from dashing forth for the police. 'Stop him!' she commanded Mr. Lamar.

Mr. Lamar instantly and easily obeyed.

'The police,' she pointed out, 'are stupid. We must know exactly what to tell them.'

Mr. Levison, at that moment halfway down the hall on his way to his own front door and the police, was by her command encircled firmly in the arms of Mr. Lamar.

Mrs. Levison, standing on the first step of the staircase in the hall, to see better over the heads of the little group massed there, caught his wildly roving glance. For Mr. Levison was overwrought; in his perturbed consciousness it seemed that having been once assaulted and robbed by his servants he was again being assaulted and robbed by his guests. Even of his own wife he seemed to inquire: 'Are *you* in this?'

But Mrs. Levison stilled him with a gesture. 'Just a moment,' she began, standing on the first step as on a platform. 'I think that we should first get together here and make out a statement, because, you know, there will be reporters.'

'Exactly,' agreed Mrs. Mactier. 'Are we going to give interviews, rewards, and things like that?'

'In short,' Mr. Lamar summed up in his normal voice, speaking easily over the head of Mr. Levison, upon whom he still kept a light precautionary hand, 'do we want publicity or do we not?'

The necessary silence of reflection was profound and, like that first silence now so many sad hours ago, it was broken by the strange eerie music that had like a fairy bugle preluded the beginning of the situation — the delicate tinkling chime of the identity-disk of the late Earl of Streatham.

The effect of that sound upon the company was infuriating, maddening. They turned like a mob in miniature toward its source, a young girl in white, leaning lazily over the newel post.

'Great God!' called out a heavy voice from the ranks. 'Keep that damn thing still!'

But Mrs. Levison was in control.

'I take it,' quickly proceeded her bright assured voice, the voice of a capable chairwoman shepherding her committee, 'I take it that we do not.'

SIRMIONE

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

When Lesbia lived, a lady with a home in Rome,
The streets were doubtless dusty as they are to-day;
Chariots roared in perfect torrents down the Appian Way, they say;
While we know her house was crowded, for *trecentos*, maybe more,
Were the lovers she admitted from the number at the door;
And the one who was a poet sang about it all and swore.
Lesbia illa, illa Lesbia — she was enough to make any poet want to take
Long vacations in the country, and he took his by the lake;
By the one called then Benacus; he had a villa there;
Suso in Italia bella; all the poets say how fair
Was *venusta Sirmio*, where Catullus used to go
Quamque lætus in the summer to spend a month or so.

It is fair still, all in ruins, and the tourist in his car,
Turning from the scrambling village to the sudden silver shore
Where the ilex and the olives and those empty arches are,
Is confronted by a beauty he has never met before.
Although but a hardened tourist he is troubled and he feels —
As best he can for plucking agile urchins from the wheels
Where they climb, imploring pennies, Dante's music on their tongue —
That he has been long deluded and, when all is said and sung,
Fate was kinder to Catullus than biography reveals.

Life was something more than Lesbia. She was trying, it is true; but could she do
With all her sins and suitors anything to dim the blue
Of the days and dreams that drew him here each year a month or two?
For Lesbia and her sparrow, in spite of all he said,
Were two sad birds of the city; one was old and one was dead.
Loves and graces might lament him, — *passer mortuus est*, —
But to one who reads about it now it seems all for the best.
Those were fits of Roman fever and one feels they found no place
With the ilex and the olives and the Lydian lake's embrace.
O Lydiæ lacus undæ, lying in your mountain bed
With the evening and the morning weaving splendors for your head,
You were an immortal mistress clothed in undiminished grace,
Wearing azure on your bosom and all heaven in your face. . . .

If one cultivates the classics one should surely see the spot
On the beach at Sirmione that they call Catullus' grot —
And then try to think the poet was unhappy. He was not.

THE GHOSTS OF GOUGH SQUARE

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

LONDON is a marvelous place. One can turn a sharp corner or pass under an arch, and in an instant find one's self in the country. Fine old trees are growing on well-kept lawns, the birds are twittering, the noise of the city is distant and forgotten; in an instant one has passed from the turmoil of the twentieth century into the calm of the eighteenth.

Another thing. London is a city of ghosts; the people one sees are not important, they are merely shadows: the actualities are the people one can see only with the help of a little imagination; it does not require much, the settings are so perfect.

Climb Ludgate Hill, for example, and as you approach St. Paul's, swing round to your left, make a turn or two and get lost, and you will stumble upon the Dean's Garden. It's a lovely spot. There, right in the heart of London, only a stone's throw from the great cathedral of which it is a part, is a quiet old-world garden, and facing it is a row of red-brick houses beautifully tempered with age. In the largest of these houses lives the Dean, in just such rural luxury as a prince of the Church should, who is the head of an immense and costly ecclesiastical establishment, the foundations of which go deep down into history. But Dean Inge — the Gloomy Dean, as he is called — is not, as might be thought, a 'rural dean'; I am quite sure, for I asked him the question one evening when I sat next to him at a dinner, but in answer to my rather flippant question he merely looked sadly down his nose, seemingly heavily packed with a cold, and replied, 'No.' I was tempted to inquire whether a rural dean is the same thing as a common or garden dean, but jesting with a great dignitary of the Church of England is apt to prove a serious business, and I lost the best opportunity I ever had of discovering what a 'rural dean' is; I only know that they grow them in London, and probably in out-of-the-way places.

Speaking of church dignitaries, I never make much progress with them — I never did. There is a legend in my family that at the age of four I was sent into a parlor to be blessed of a bishop, for I had ecclesiastical bringing-up. After the blessing I turned and, regarding the bishop doubtfully, remarked, 'I never liked bishops,' and then added as an afterthought, 'nor pliecemens.'

So early did I resent any form of authority, and this characteristic has lengthened and strengthened and thickened with years.

But Dean Inge is only one of the inhabitants of his house and garden: Dean Milman is just as real to me, although he died years ago. In life he wrote plays, and good ones too, rather to the scandal of the clergy, and finally when he settled down he devoted himself to the study of history rather than

to the duties of deaning — whatever they may be. I wish for his greatness' sake that I could summon the ghost of Dean Swift in this garden, but he put his money on the wrong horse, politically, and only became Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, a very different matter. There was, of course, Dean Donne, but that was several centuries ago.

The story goes that a letter was once addressed to Mr. Smith, Number 1, London, and that it was delivered at Apsley House, at Hyde Park Corner, the town residence of the Duke of Wellington: that being, in the opinion of the Post Office, the beginning of things, the Number One of London. Now, were I commissioned to deliver a letter so addressed, I think I should look round for a residence in a corner of the circle — or, more properly, the oval — surrounding St. Paul's Cathedral, and if finally I gave up looking for a corner in a circle I should ask to be directed to the Dean of St. Paul's, he certainly being Number One at this end of London. And having delivered my letter and being told, as I should be, that there was no answer, I should walk westward, loiteringly, looking for other equally charming backwaters, for one of the intoxicating joys of London is the unexpectedness of one's finds; and if I failed to stumble upon another Dean's Garden I might come upon another fine old house, also in its garden, the house of the Master of the Temple. Who the present Master is I do not know; but if the old Master were alive, Ainger, I should certainly go in and have a chat with him, for I had a pleasant correspondence years ago with him about Charles Lamb. Before E. V. Lucas came along with his learning, Canon Ainger was the accepted authority upon everything relating to the greatest of English essayists. And threading my way back to the Strand I should certainly pause for a moment, on the other side of the Temple Church, at the grave of Oliver Goldsmith. He died in debt and was buried here, rather in a hurry one night, in order that his body might not be seized by his creditors, and the grave was not marked for some time, for the same reason. Poor Goldy! I am afraid John Filby, your tailor, from whom you had your famous bloom-colored suit, was among them. Every little court and alley in this part of London has its colony of ghosts, and wandering among them I should certainly, sooner or later, stumble upon Gough Square.

Gough Square is not too easy to find. I usually enter it by Wine Office Court — in which is located the Cheshire Cheese, that famous eating-place which became firmly identified with Dr. Johnson only after his death — because I like to pass, and frequently enter, the one quaint old tavern which remains exactly as most London taverns were a century or two ago, and because tradition says that Goldsmith lived in this court when he wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

Reaching the top of this narrow channel, and turning sharply to the left, one faces the famous house, Number 17 — the house in which Dr. Johnson lived for ten years, from 1748 to 1759, during which he compiled the greater part of the Dictionary, wrote innumerable *Ramblers* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes;* from which he dispatched his smashing letter to Lord Chesterfield, and to which he returned, 'unshaken as the monument,' after the failure of his play, *Irene.* This is the house, too, in which his wife died and in which, in all likelihood, he wrote *Rasselas.* It is not an amusing fiction, but I quite agree with the judgment of Christopher North that it 'is a noble performance, in design and in execution,' and that 'never were the expenses of a

mother's funeral more gloriously defrayed by a son than the funeral of Samuel Johnson's mother by the price of *Rasselas*, written for the pious purpose of laying her head decently and honorably in the dust.' Get someone with a good voice to read to you the opening paragraph.

Thomas Carlyle, who when he died was likened to Dr. Johnson, — though this, to me, seems profanation, — was one of the first to make a pious pilgrimage to the Gough Square house, which he discovered, he says, 'not without labor and risque.' This was in 1832, and ever since that time it has been more sought and visited than any similar place in London, though when its present owner bought it some years ago it had fallen on very evil days indeed. It is no small honor to have secured and restored, and for many years maintained at his own expense, so delightfully haunted a house as 17 Gough Square: that distinction belongs to my friend Cecil Harmsworth.

In Dr. Johnson's day Gough Square was a genteel, indeed one authority says it was a fashionable, neighborhood; certainly it was the most dignified residence the Doctor ever had, and of all the many houses in which he lived it is the only one which is known and spared to us. He took it, it may be remembered, when the publishers had agreed to pay him fifteen hundred and odd pounds for compiling his Dictionary, which he thought a generous sum, and he used it as his residence and workshop. He was probably fixed in his determination to become a householder in this particular location by the convenience of being near his printer, William Strahan, who was one of the first partners in the firm of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, which eminent firm still continues to flourish in premises not far off. The house dominates the square, which is not in itself imposing — a small paved parallelogram not much frequented now except by members of the printing-trade who work in the neighborhood.

But let us pause for a moment, and see if we are as alone in the square as we seem to be. Is there not a shabby man walking toward the door from under a near-by arch? Yes, and it must be Robert Levett, the 'humble practitioner of physic' who lived with Johnson and whose patients were recruited from among the very poor. He married a streetwalker, it will be remembered, much to Johnson's amazement, who said, 'The marvels of that alliance make commonplace the occurrences in the *Arabian Nights*.' And the old lady with him, who moves a little uncertainly — that would be blind Mrs. Williams, another pensioner. And that courtly gentleman who enters the square from the northeast corner, who carries an ear trumpet into which talks, excitedly, a small man with never-to-be-forgotten eyes. What! you don't know who they are? That, sir, is Sir Joshua Reynolds, and with him is David Garrick; and that curious-looking man who has just entered the square by the way we came, can that be Oliver Goldsmith? No doubt of it, for Dr. Johnson is giving a party tonight and if we wait long enough we shall see probably Mr. Cave and Dr. Hawkesworth, and perhaps Lord Southwell and the Earl of Orrery. And after the Dictionary has been published and the money spent, and the Doctor is poorer than ever, — what were 1575 pounds spread over eight years and paying for the hire of six amanuenses? — came, too, to this same door one evening two scoundrelly-looking men, and arrested the Doctor for debt, so that he was obliged to send a note by his black servant, Frank, to Mr. Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*, who lived hard by, saying: —

I am obliged to entreat your assistance. I am now under arrest for five pounds eighteen shillings. Mr. Strahan from whom I should have received the necessary help in this case, is not at home and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If you will be so good as to send me this sum, I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient
and most humble servant
SAMUEL JOHNSON

Gough Square, 16 March (1756)

What has become of that letter? How one would like to own it! How many times more than the debt itself would the letter fetch if it were put up at auction with the Johnsonians of the world bidding? If old Samuel Richardson had no other fame, he deserves to be remembered for having come to the rescue of Dr. Johnson when he was arrested for debt. Well might the Doctor have written in that house those two famous lines in *The Vanity of Human Wishes:* —

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail —
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

II

The house in Gough Square is a substantial brick building of three stories, a basement, and an attic, and seems to date from the time of Queen Anne: it suggests comfort, if not luxury; indeed I think if I were offered a house in the 'city' to live in, and could not persuade either the Gloomy Dean or the Master of the Temple to vacate his mansion in my favor, that my next choice would be the Johnson house in Gough Square, especially if I could turn the square into a garden and transplant a few trees. At night not a sound is to be heard, for London is the quietest city in the world; occasionally a strayed reveler from the Johnson Club, who has been dining in the attic, lets out an uproarious laugh: I know, for I have often joined in these parties, but more frequently I have entered the seemingly deserted square during my midnight rambles. Then it is that the ghosts of Gough Square walk.

Let us enter the house. Raise the knocker and wake the dead. Perhaps the Doctor will come to the door, poker in hand, ready to defend himself, as he did one night when his friends Topham Beauclerk and Bennet Langton, out on a frisk, knocked him up in the middle of the night, when, discovering who it was, he joined them and they rambled about until morning — and London mornings do not come with the sun, it will be remembered. But more likely we shall knock on that door about tea-time and the chain will be drawn, and a lady, either an old one, Mrs. Dyble, or her daughter, Mrs. Rowell, will open the door and bid you welcome. I urge you to be on your best intellectual behavior, for these ladies are not the mere parrots that one too frequently meets in old houses and museums, but excellent Johnsonians, as several members of the Johnson Club have reason to know. Perhaps if you are very nice to them, and can pass your Johnson examination creditably, they will secure Mr. Harmsworth's permission for you to give a little tea to some of your friends in one of the rooms, and will attend to the details for you, and very charmingly, too. It was Mr. Harmsworth's idea that there was to be as little as possible of the museum about this house. As he once said to me: 'In a year I could fill it full to overflowing with trash. I don't want to do that. A few prints, a few pictures, a few books, a few autographs, and as few show-cases as possible.' It is a good resolution; I hope his successors will stick to it.

But to return to the front door: as it closes, your attention will be drawn to

the curious bolt and the reason for it explained to you, and then perhaps you will be permitted to descend the winding stairs into the kitchen with its great beams and roomy fireplaces. It stretches under the entire house, and one may 'presume' a jack, a spit, or whatever gear may be required for the preparation of food on the generous scale of Dr. Johnson's hospitality.

Returning to the first floor, you will observe a small room on either side of the hall, but before entering either of them note the winding staircase which leads above and below. The substantial balustrades are quite a feature of the house; the guidebooks say they are of oak, but actually they are of pine, and have been preserved, I suppose, — for they are original and in good condition, — by countless coats of paint. Think how many and what hands have rested upon them. Think how often these stairs must have creaked with the weight of the great Doctor. Perhaps before you go to the second floor you will care to enter the 'powdering-closet' in the north room to have your wig powdered and made presentable — that's what that closet in the corner was used for; and gradually you will work your way to the attic. I never enter it without thinking of Le Gallienne's lines: 'To see a place where something was really written, a place where the fire once came down, is a good deal — or nothing at all, as one happens to be constituted.' And Carlyle was right when he said: 'Had Johnson left nothing but his Dictionary, one might have traced there a great intellect, a genuine man. There is in it a kind of architectural nobleness; it stands there like a great, solid, square-built edifice, finished symmetrically, complete. You judge that a true builder did it.'

And the Dictionary was born in this room! After great labor! Here the definitions were coined that have given the world so much amusement. 'Windward' and 'Leeward' and 'Tory' and 'Oats' and 'Pension' and 'Pastern,' which Johnson defined as the knee of a horse. You remember, of course, his reply to the lady who taxed him with the blunder and asked him how he came to make it: 'Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance.' What a wonderful book it is! As the little boy said, 'full of words and all of 'em different.'

Boswell did not know the Doctor at the time the Dictionary was published; we are therefore forced to fall back upon Sir John Hawkins's account of his life at this time: —

'Johnson, who before this time, together with his wife, had lived in obscurity, lodging at different houses in the courts and alleys in and about the Strand and Fleet Street, had, for the purpose of carrying on this arduous work . . . taken a handsome house in Gough Square, and fitted up a room in it with desks and other accommodations for amanuenses, who, to the number of five or six, he kept constantly under his eye. An interleaved copy of Bailey's dictionary in folio he made the repository of the several articles, and these he collected by incessant reading of the best authors in our language, in the practice whereof his method was to score with a black-lead pencil the words by him selected, and to give them over to his assistants to insert in their places. The books he used for this purpose were what he had in his own collection, a copious but a miserably ragged one, and all such as he could borrow; which latter, if ever they came back to those who lent them, were so defaced as to be scarce worth owning, and yet, some of his friends were glad to receive them and entertain them as curiosities.'

'Scarce worth owning'! . . . How amazed Sir John — 'the unclubable Knight,' Johnson once called him —

would be if he could know that to-day any scrap of Johnson or Boswell interest is worth owning and much of it is practically priceless. Yet he only expressed the common opinion of his time.

Johnson died in a house in Bolt Court, only a few yards away, on December 13, 1784; a few months later his books — his literary property, we should now call it — were 'sold at auction by Mr. Christy in his great room in Pall Mall,' with this result: 'In all, six hundred and fifty lots were disposed of, not including one hundred and forty-six engraved portraits, of which fifty were framed and glazed, which sold in lots of four, or eight, or even ten together. . . . The sale was largely attended, many people desiring to buy a book which had once belonged to the great lexicographer. . . . The total obtained was two hundred and forty-seven pounds and a few odd shillings.' To-day the proceeds of such a sale would make a man rich. What was Johnson's phrase? He would be in the possession of wealth 'beyond the dreams of avarice.'

III

I have often fancied how I should furnish the house if I were going to live in it. Let us return to the square hall on the first floor. The little room on the right-hand side, with a door going out into a garden about the size of a pocket handkerchief, should be the drawing-room. It should be formal in character, simply but elegantly furnished in mahogany. To this end, if I were living in Dr. Johnson's time I should go to Thomas Chippendale's, his shop in St. Martin's Lane, and tell him to take his time and to do his best; otherwise I should haunt the auction-rooms where alone to-day good furniture is to be had, until I had secured the finest specimens of this famous cabinetmaker's work that were available. The fact that the chairs would probably be uncomfortable would not disturb me, for I should not much encourage visitors who would spend much time in the drawing-room. On the walls would be all the fine mezzotints I could collect of Johnson and his circle, and I should have a few fine books in carefully glazed and locked cases.

The room across the hall would be my dining-room — a bright, cheerful room, as a dining-room should be. The powdering-closet I think I should not use for its original purpose; I should go to Mr. Chubb and tell him I wanted a good stout lock put on that closet door and I should keep it stocked with well-filled bottles. The furniture in this room should likewise be mahogany, and the chairs should be stout and comfortable, and the table, when the cloth was drawn and the walnuts and wine placed thereon, should shine like a mirror. On the wall over the fireplace should hang my Johnson portrait by Reynolds, and I should endeavor to get a portrait of Boswell, with no meaner objects in sight. The walls of a dining-room should not be too completely pictured: there should be nothing to distract one's attention from the pleasures of the table; every fish and roast should come on 'a picture' and be removed a total ruin.

The furnishing of the rooms above gave me much concern; I long considered taking a leaf out of the book of Sir John Soane, whose house, now a museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, is not far away, but on mature consideration I found that it would n't do. He, it will be remembered, in order to get space for his pictures, put several walls on hinges in order that he might swing them out — a wall, on being drawn out, revealed another within. In like manner, I thought, by swinging the hall partitions on the second floor back against the windows I should be able to throw

the rooms together so that I might entertain large parties upon occasion. But the question arose as to what was to be done with the bookshelves — and then I remembered that large parties are not so nice as small ones, and I decided to leave the partitions as they are and use one room for my collection of first editions and the other for my reading-library. Johnsonians well remember that the Doctor has given his ideas upon the spacing of bookshelves, and I am not sure they can be improved upon; the modern collector, however, eschews big books, so far as possible, fully agreeing with the Doctor that 'a small book that can be carried to the fire and held readily in the hand is the most useful, after all.'

There is no period furniture here. Comfort only is considered; the tables are conveniently placed, the chairs are easy, the light falls over the left shoulder, the couches invite repose, the walls are covered with books — what wall-covering is as fine? Certainly not the leather of Cordova, no, nor prints, nor paintings however costly — no, nothing is so beautiful as the backs of substantially bound books ranging row upon row from floor to ceiling. I have often wondered why this is. Is it the mellow leather in its rich diversity of color and its bright or tarnished gold, or is it, perhaps, because even the back of a book calls up before the inward eye some scene which the book contains? I know no greater pleasure than to light a good cigar, throw myself in an easy-chair, and let my eyes range over a wall covered with books. I love to try to recall the names of all the books in a row, or of as many as I can. Over there is my Trollope, complete in every item. What novelist has given me greater pleasure? His characters are old friends. And there is my Sterne, and my Fielding, and Dickens, and Dumas — and not a Russian among 'em, thank God. That entire case is devoted to Johnson and his Boswell. And all the books on that side of the room are essays, with Lamb in the place of honor; that set of small well-worn volumes is Augustine Birrell, whose essays I adored as a young man (and still do), little thinking that I should be able to call him friend as an old one; and that entire wall over there is covered with books about London, the microcosm, the world in miniature. It was a stroke of genius in Lucas to call London 'the Friendly Town.' Who would think of applying that epithet to New York, the most brutal of cities?

You want to see my bedrooms? They are furnished as bedrooms usually are, except that on the walls you will observe only portraits of women; the Doctor was a great admirer of the fair sex, and we are apt to forget that no man of his day, and it was a great day, could turn a compliment more neatly than he. The place of honor, of course, goes to Mrs. Thrale, who, as he said in one of his last letters to her, had soothed twenty years of his life — 'radically wretched.' Yonder is Fanny Burney; as Fanny, I adore her, but as Madame d'Arblay she bores me to tears. In that group are the Bluestockings, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Lenox, and the rest. Mrs. Carter is my favorite: she translated Epictetus, and is said to have had, in addition to Greek and Latin, half a dozen modern languages at her fingers' ends, 'and a working knowledge of Arabic,' whatever that means. But it was not alone for her scholarship that Johnson admired her; with the penetration and lack of cant which is his distinguishing characteristic, he one day remarked, 'A man is, in general, better pleased when he has a good dinner on his plate than when his wife talks Greek: my old friend Mrs. Carter could make a pudding as well as

translate Epictetus.' I know as little of her translations as I do of her pudding, but the beauty of her face is not easily forgotten. Although she was always addressed as Mrs. Carter, she lived and died an old maid.

On that wall are the actresses — and worst — of the Doctor's acquaintances; Peg Woffington, Garrick's friend, and Kitty Clive, and Frances Abington, whose morals were doubtful, if her jellies were, as the Doctor said — and he was a judge — better than Mrs. Thrale's. That is Mrs. Siddons, whose character was without flaw, and that is Kitty Fisher, who had no character at all, but whose lovely portrait by Reynolds now smiles at us from the walls of the Wallace Collection. That vacant space I am keeping for the picture, when I can find it, of the Scotch hussy who climbed on the Doctor's knee one evening in a tavern and surprised him with a kiss. Surprised, and pleased him, too, for he said, 'Do it again, my dear, let us see who gets tired first.'

Observe my bathroom, how conveniently placed it is. It is a concession England has reluctantly agreed to make to America. Guestrooms? No, unluckily, we are in rather close quarters here, but I have taken rooms for you at Anderton's Hotel, near by, in Fleet Street, and there is excellent authority for the statement that 'there is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as in a capital tavern. . . . The more noise you make . . . the more trouble you give, the welcomer you are. . . . You will find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to your call. . . . Sir, a tavern chair is the throne of human felicity.' Such is the hospitality I offer you.

Before you go, peep into the attic: you may see nothing in it but one old chair with three legs. It was Dr. Johnson's, and I have left it there in case the ghost of Old Sam himself should not wish to stand — upon ceremony — in his own house. I am not up in the requirements of ghosts. Hamlet's walked a good deal in cold weather, I remember; whereas Marley's not only could but did take a chair as if he were quite used to it. But this room is not deserted, as it seems — it is in fact overcrowded; be careful how you move about — you may disturb a shade.

I am dreaming, of course. Am I actually in London or in the strong room of 'Oak Knoll,' in Daylesford, Pennsylvania? No difference: when this mortal shall have put on immortality, who shall say that he may not join the choir invisible that made the world the better, and the merrier, for their presence — the ghosts of Gough Square.

STRAY NOTES OF A SOMEWHAT DOGGED TENDENCY

BY ROBERT M. GAY

PEGGY is the kind of dog of which friendly strangers on the street ask, 'What kind of dog is that?' I always reply, 'Oh, she's a kind of Irish terrier,' and then I hasten to add, 'She is n't my dog. She's my little girl's dog.'

Examining my motives for such a reply, I think that I make it because of some subtle feeling I have that a grown man ought to apologize for being out for a walk with a dog like Peggy. I am sorry to feel so about a friend, but I cannot help it. The fact is that, though we enjoy a complete mutual understanding which leads her incessantly to look up at my face to see whether I am cheerful and contented, I cannot lead Peggy on a leash without feeling foolish. Try as I will to remember her sterling character, I cannot forget that she lacks the dignity a dog out walking with a man ought to have. When I go along the street with her, I find myself oddly remembering a tiny motor-boat in which I once went sailing. I felt foolish in that boat, because it was so small that I seemed to bulge all round outside it, and the stout owner and his fat son and I looked, from the shore, like the three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl.

I often tell Peggy she has not only the appearance of a yellow dog but the manners of a flapper; and yet she does not appear chagrined. The trouble is that she does not look like anything in particular. She is not standardized at all. And she has no dignity whatever. To feel at ease on the street with a dog, one ought to have a dog of at least moderate size and dignity, and the dog ought to be one of which people sitting on porches will say, 'That's an Airedale,' or 'That's a collie,' and not, 'What kind of dog is that?' I often tell myself that I will not go walking with Peggy any more; but she knows perfectly well how weak I am, and that if she goes to the head of the stairs and noses at her leash and whines I will go.

Now Peggy's father and mother were not only Irish terriers but conventional and standardized Irish terriers. They had heads and hair and legs and tails and other things of a certain so-to-speak predetermined shape and kind. Looking at them, one knew instantly what they were. They respected the conventions, both in appearance and in manners. I never saw them on the street, but I have no doubt that they walked along with poise and decorum, and never tried to look backward and walk forward simultaneously, with a resultant gait that can be compared only to that of a water spider; they never attempted to trot and to scratch their ears at the same time; and they never suddenly changed their minds about trotting at all, sat down, and slid a few yards along the sidewalk, before their owner became aware of their altered intentions. Peggy does all these things and several others. Besides, her head, legs, hair, and tail are no more conventional than her manners. If she only looked like what my friends call 'a regular dog' — they are fond of asking me why I don't get a regular dog — one could overlook her other

peculiarities. But she seems to take pride in looking ordinary.

Of course, I may be oversensitive; but let me give you an illustration of Peggy's plebeian tendencies. Last month we were crossing the automobile ferry that runs over the Sheepscot River between Bath and Woolwich, Maine, and our car, with Peggy sitting on the front seat, stopped alongside a limousine with an Airedale sitting on its front seat. It was a 'regular' Airedale, too: there was no doubt about that. Instantly Peggy began to hop about and shiver and yawn, with shrill feminine squeals. I suspect that she was trying to flirt with him. But did he reciprocate? He did not. After giving her one supercilious stare, he turned and gazed across the river at the hills of Woolwich and continued to gaze, sitting up with all the hauteur of a footman or a butler — and there is nothing in the world more terrifying than that. We were all humiliated, except Peggy; and we agreed among ourselves that when we were buying a dog we might have picked out one with a little more style.

Of course, she is not really ordinary. I tell my friends constantly what a remarkable dog she is, and try to narrate to them examples of the unusually brilliant things she does. But they never listen, because they are thinking up something remarkable that some dog of theirs once did. They really do not consider Peggy remarkable, anyway. They judge her by her looks and these always make them laugh. But I never listen to their stories either, any more than I listen when they tell about their remarkable children. I merely assume a fixed expression of interest or astonishment and then, the moment I get a chance, tell them about my little girl or my little dog — my little girl's little dog, I mean. I shall not tell any of Peggy's remarkable doings here, however, because the reader would be thinking all the while that they were nothing to what he could tell about his dog.

When I go walking with Peggy — usually at night — I study her. There is a philosophical principle, for which a good deal can be said, that if one studies anything, however insignificant, — like Peggy, for instance, — if one studies this thing long enough and follows out to their conclusions all the thoughts suggested, one will end by knowing everything, not only about that thing, but about everything. I have never had time to apply the theory exhaustively, though perhaps sometime, when I am on a summer vacation, I shall; but I have experimented with it in a modest way and have found it very amusing. Now it is one thing and now another I use for the purpose, and just at this time it is Peggy. She is my 'flower in the crannied wall,' so to speak.

My studies do not take the laborious and pedestrian form known as experimental or laboratory psychology. My little girl and I did once experiment on Peggy for perhaps ten minutes, but she is not a good laboratory subject and I am naturally indolent. She has not the calm and poise that such a subject should have if one is to obtain the best results. Our experiment was a form of intelligence test, for I wished to satisfy myself whether what looked like intelligence in Peggy was really intelligence or only vivacity. I have often wondered the same thing about human beings. To this end, then, we laid two pieces of cake, a small one and a large one, on the floor, in order to determine whether, if she were permitted to choose freely between them, she would always choose the larger. Now such a test, to be significant, must be properly controlled, and Peggy refused to be controlled. We felt that scientific procedure required that the two objects should be placed at the same distance

from the subject, since otherwise the closer proximity of one or the other piece to her would vitiate the experiment. But we had to give it up, because the subject took too great an interest in the objects and managed to gulp them indiscriminately before we could be quite certain whether she was using her brain at all. We became exhausted before she did, and I have since confined my studies to empirical observations.

As Peggy trots or gambols before, behind, or all round me, while we are taking our walks, — usually, as I have said, at night, — I ask myself questions about her and then look about in my mind for any stray items of information on the subject or any original ideas that may hitherto have lain there unnoticed. Last night, for example, I asked myself, 'Has she a soul?' This question, though interesting, is a hard one, because to answer it one would have first to decide what a soul is, and then to determine whether Peggy carries anything like that about with her. I have decided that she certainly carries something about, but whether it fulfills the specifications of the theologians is another matter entirely.

The first time I ever saw Peggy — that is, when I went to buy her — I knelt on the ground and held out my hands, and she jumped into them and, planting her forepaws on my chest, looked steadfastly into my eyes. At that moment I detected — or thought I did — a certain something that looked at me and answered to a certain something in me understandingly. That something I feel free to call a soul if I wish to, whichever of the two somethings is indicated. It really seems conceited to call my 'something' by one name and hers by another.

Anyway, there is something about Peggy — and you may call it whatever you please — that is simply Peggy and nobody else. I have watched it grow, too, and it seems to become more intrinsically Peggy all the time. I have known many fine dogs and have always been struck by the fact that they were so singularly themselves — much more so than most human beings. You are never quite sure about a human being, whether what you see is really himself or is his histrionic creation of a self that he keeps for show; but you are always sure about a dog. When I look at Peggy, for example, I know that I am seeing her and not her attempt to look and act like the dog around the corner. And it is the same way with the dog around the corner, whose name is Betty. She is even funnier-looking than Peggy, but is not at all humble on that account. She looks like a composite picture of a very large mole, a very small kangaroo, and a muskrat, while Peggy looks only like a dog that tried to look like an Irish terrier and then changed her mind. But Betty, in spite of her rococo appearance, is still every inch herself, and I always know exactly how to take her. I know, for instance, that she feels a profound scorn of Peggy and that she will try to bite her whenever she can. I think that she objects to Peggy's lack of dignity, though it may be that she remembers how Peggy used to wear, last winter, a green sweater that made her look like a cucumber. Betty does not believe in dogs wearing green sweaters. Peggy, however, far from cherishing any grudge, lives under the unalterable delusion that Betty wants to play with her.

Peggy's complete independence of mind, considering her size, is almost humiliating to a human being who sometimes knows his own mind and sometimes does not. She always knows hers. In fact, I often call her 'Mr. F.'s Aunt,' after the startling old lady in *Little Dorrit*, who I suspect, by the

way, has been reincarnated in her. For just as Mr. F.'s Aunt had only one idea at a time but had that with all her might, so does Peggy; and just as Mr. F.'s Aunt shook her venerable fist under poor inoffensive Clennam's nose, so does Peggy object to our iceman. She even disapproves of icemen as a class, and flies into a rage the moment she hears the rumble of an ice-wagon on the block. She begins to rumble herself, making in her throat a terrifying noise which, by long practice, she is able to keep up unintermittently and without losing her breath, until the iceman has come upstairs and has gone down again. She also erects the hair along her spine, and draws back her lips in an expression that would chill the heart of the most frigid iceman; and when he has left the pantry and is well on his way downstairs she rushes to the door and breathes hard through the crack under it.

There seems to be no good reason why she should do this three or four times a week for months on end. No iceman has ever done anything to her, and our iceman has made many overtures of peace. The only reason I can think of is that she enjoys doing it; and that, I suspect, is her reason. I cannot help admiring her and even envying her a little, for it must be very amusing to fly into such a terrible rage for no reason whatever.

What I especially admire in her is the stability of her opinions. When she has once made up her mind on any subject, there is nothing more to be said. That is her opinion, whether it rests on any rational grounds or not. It must be very comfortable to feel like that. We human beings look before and after and pine for what is not; Peggy never does — at least, not for any length of time. We, as the poet says, fluctuate idly without term or scope and each of us strives, nor knows for what he strives, and each half-lives a hundred different lives; but that does not describe Peggy in the least. She is living only one life at a time, but she is living it for all she is worth and not worrying her small head about all the it-might-have-been's and if-there-were's that so commonly assail human beings. When she is sad, she is the complete and final epitome of sorrow, from the twitching black button that answers for a nose to the last quivering red hair at the tip of her somewhat too long tail. When she is glad, she is equally a compendium of all the denotations and connotations of joy. When she is hungry, she is just that; and when she eats, well — perhaps the less said about that the better.

Her soul is probably a simple little elementary soul, but it is crystal clear. It might not carry a man very far toward the skies, and yet he would be lucky if his were as honest and as staunch and as brave.

While I have been writing that last paragraph, Peggy has been making her bed. This is a serious matter, which occupies her for half an hour every night. She pulls her blankets up in little points with her teeth, then tramples them down with her feet, ploughs them up with her nose, tramples them down again, and sighs and snorts, while her basket creaks like a ship in heavy weather. At last she turns around half a dozen times, and flops with a thump and a final deep sigh. I sigh, too, thinking that her efforts are ended. But no! So long as there is a light in the house, she has to make the rounds of the rooms at intervals to be sure that all the family are safe. She has just been in to see me, laying her black nose on my knee and looking up at me with her brown eyes. I have pulled her ears, and scratched her back, and now I hear her toenails scratching on the oilcloth, as she goes to her basket in the kitchen once more. 'Good-night, Peg,' I say, 'you're a good dog.'

CAILLAUX

BY MAJOR T. H. THOMAS

I

With no touch of malice one may begin a portrait of Caillaux with a quotation from the German philosopher who points out that 'nothing actual can be impossible.' It is only because Caillaux actually does exist that he is possible. No one would invent him. No writer of historical melodrama would conceive a character of such antagonistic qualities and defects, or imagine a career of such extreme ups and downs of fortune. In his personality no less than in the course of his history Caillaux is a challenge to all our sense of what is credible — and never more than in the latest phase.

It is not altogether beside the point that the quotation from Fechner was happened upon in a page of William James's *Pluralistic Universe*. Only the nimble pluralistic method of dealing with facts and interpretations of facts can cope with Caillaux's startling contradictions; by any absolute standard, or from any fixed standpoint, he escapes you altogether. One of these last, for example, presents him as a monster of iniquity, committed body and soul to the powers of darkness, and working from first to last to deliver France into the hands of her enemies — Germany for choice. By another conception — his own — he becomes a victim of unjust persecution, a liberal of genius and vision, striving to bring to a hate-distracted world peace, concord — and bigger dividends. There is some basis to each view; but they do not hold with each other; and as a matter of fact neither one corresponds to the reality.

An exception in all things, Caillaux reversed the usual process of French political evolution. At the outset a solid Conservative, he moved steadily to the Left and became in the end the perfect demagogue. Beginning his career in the social milieu of the Duc de Broglie and the Royalist noblesse, he burrowed downward through the successive layers of French society until he accepted the company of such persons as Bolo and Malvy — whom we may fairly take as the absolute zero. In public life he was a financial expert first and a politician afterward, but he lost no time in redressing the balance; the wider his grasp of sound financial and economic principles, the readier he has become to adapt them to political expediency.

Joseph-Pierre-Marie-Auguste Caillaux was born in 1863. His father before him had made his mark in public life, and reached high rank in the Government. After nearly twenty years in the public service, as an engineer in the Ponts et Chaussées, the elder Caillaux entered the service of the Chemins de Fer de l'Ouest, and became chief engineer of that great system. Now a successful man of affairs, he turned to politics, and in 1871 was elected Deputy; later on he entered the Senate. His political sympathies were marked by sudden fluctuations. He left the Conservatives of the Right to join a Centre group

supporting Thiers as Republicans. With them later on he suddenly abandoned Thiers and brought about the election of MacMahon, a Royalist President. He was at once made Minister of Public Works, and joined thereafter in MacMahon's effort to head off the establishment of a republic and to prepare the return of the monarchy. He later joined in MacMahon's attempted coup d'état of the *Seize Mai*, and was Minister of Finance in the reactionary Cabinet which MacMahon brought in to dissolve Parliament and establish the personal power of the President. This fiasco threw him out of office, and he was threatened with prosecution 'for having illegally expended public funds for various unauthorized purposes.' He was not reelected to the Senate.

With his father's influence and official connections behind him, the son was naturally destined for a public career. Entering the office of the Inspector-General of Finance at the age of twenty-six, he showed from the start an exceptional ability in the work of his department; and in 1894, in collaboration with two of his colleagues, he published the first volume of a technical study of the subject, *Les Impôts en France*. No one up to this time had ventured to set forth a comprehensive and clear statement of the intricate operations of the French fiscal system; the success of this effort gained Caillaux a wide reputation outside the circle of his Department, and allowed him to launch out in a political career. At the next parliamentary elections, in 1898, he stood as a Conservative Republican candidate for the Chamber of Deputies, at Mamers in Sarthe, the constituency which had elected his father before him and has remained faithful to him ever since. His opponent, a Duc de la Rochefoucauld, had gone abroad at the time on the reassurance that he would have no contest. But, like many after him, he reckoned without Caillaux, who was duly elected. Ten months later, before the young Deputy had made his mark in the Chamber, Waldeck-Rousseau was called upon to form a new Cabinet and picked out Caillaux to be Minister of Finance, on the strength of the reputation he had already acquired as a fiscal expert. Caillaux had reached full ministerial rank in an important department — the goal of the ordinary parliamentary ambition — at the age of thirty-seven, in a Cabinet which was to remain two years and a half in power.

Once in office, however, Caillaux showed no ardor for administering French finances on other than the usual political lines. In spite of his expert knowledge, he betrayed no eagerness for fiscal reform; and the outstanding achievement of his administration was his defeat of the Income Tax, a measure which later on he was to make the main instrument of his political career.

The Income Tax had long before been recommended by Treasury officials in the interests of the *fisc*, since a great part of the national income, the part most easily collected and best able to bear the burden of taxation, passed untouched through the meshes of the existing fiscal system. By 1894 it had been taken up as an attractive political issue by both Radicals and Socialists, and a resolution in favor of it had then failed in the Chamber by only a few votes. In 1896, Doumer, a Radical Minister of Finance, took it up in earnest and boldly incorporated it in the budget as a straightforward and thoroughgoing reform of the whole fiscal system. But before the budget was voted the country took alarm, and so much opposition developed that the Cabinet dropped the projected reform, after allowing the Chamber to approve

it 'in principle.' This shuffling combination of principle and practice was the keynote of the whole policy of the Radical Party toward the Income Tax from then on until 1914. At heart they feared and detested it, like all true Frenchmen; from the standpoint of politics they wavered between the certain danger of its unpopularity with one section of the electorate and its possible appeal to another as a 'democratic' reform. But the Socialists accepted it without reserve, and the Radical leaders could not let the Socialists outbid them on an issue of such evident political possibilities. Henceforth, accordingly, the Income Tax was formally embodied in the Radical platform, to be brought forward or kept back according to circumstances — a hardy perennial, one shrewd observer termed it, which nothing could kill, but which no one could bring into bearing.

It sprouted up next just as Caillaux came into office. In 1899 the Chamber twice approved the measure, again 'in principle'; but two years later the Finance Committee formally incorporated it in the annual budget. Caillaux then stepped into the breach alone and by a determined stand succeeded in killing the proposal. The Conservative and Reactionary groups eagerly supported him, while the Radicals showed little rancor. Their anxiety was not to pass the bill but to go on record as having voted for it; in allowing them this satisfaction and then heading the thing off, Caillaux had rendered them a double service.

In this vigorous stand Caillaux was no more than loyal to the position of his party, and as a candidate three years before he had pledged himself against the Income Tax in any form. But we may note that he objected to it as a formula rather than as a reality — put forward under the illusion that it would be possible to raise the necessary taxes from the rich alone. It was precisely this illusion — among other and better arguments — that he was to appeal to so effectively later on.

II

Caillaux's first period in office was a disappointment both to his hopes and to the expectations entertained of him. Partly by his own fault and partly from circumstances beyond his control, his exceptionally favorable start led into a blind alley. He had come on the scene at a time when France was passionately absorbed in the final crisis of the Dreyfus case, and in that whirlwind it was out of the question for any man to make himself a political leader through mere financial ability. The whole energy of the Waldeck-Rousseau Government was absorbed in liquidating the Dreyfus affair, and this operation led directly into the long struggle against the Church. From then on until the war, the conflict with the Church dominated directly or indirectly the whole course of French politics. Its immediate effect was to change the whole balance of political power, and to alter radically the alignment of parties in Parliament. For twenty years past, the balance of power had been held by the *Progressistes*, the great Conservative Republican Party which Caillaux had very naturally joined when standing for Parliament in 1898, normally in alliance with the parties of the Right. But during all the time Caillaux was in office the country was drifting steadily toward the Left, and the majority gradually centred around the Radical Party. When Waldeck-Rousseau resigned, in 1902, he was succeeded by an out-and-out Radical cabinet; and Combes, the new Premier, chose a Minister of Finance from his own party. Caillaux, with the

rest of the Conservative Republicans, was left stranded.

He lost no time in getting back into the current. The Progressistes now broke up. Some of them, clinging to the Church, fell back in opposition before the parties of the Right. The rest followed the lead of the Republican bloc in the fight against the Church, settling down among the floor groups of Moderate Republicans just within the limits of the Majority — where they formed a right wing, technically anti-Clerical, but thoroughly conservative in other matters. In 1905 the religious issue reached its crisis, and like most of his friends Caillaux crossed the Rubicon and cast his vote for the separation of Church and State. He thereby, in spite of his Conservative first phase, qualified once for all as an orthodox Republican.

Caillaux had no sooner risen to be president of one of these groups of Moderates than the elections of 1906 showed the current swinging more strongly than ever toward the Radicals and gave them a clear balance of power in Parliament. From the danger of being left stranded a second time he was now saved, oddly enough, by Clemenceau, who on coming into power with a still more Radical cabinet offered Caillaux his old place at the Ministry of Finance. Then followed a second political migration across the Chamber, but this time it was no halfway measure. Entering the Cabinet as a Moderate, Caillaux before long had established himself further to the Left than Clemenceau himself — in the very bosom of the Radical Party.

The Radical Party in France, roughly speaking, was then about as radical as our own Republican Party, or any other political group securely established in power. If it offered its clientele a more advanced programme on one side, it was on the other even more heavily ballasted with bankers, captains of industry, and solidly Conservative affiliations. Its real policy was to combine a conservative policy with a radical programme; to be thoroughly 'safe' in actual practice, but yet to stand out as the great party of the Left; to maintain close working relations with the Socialists and to attract the working vote of the cities without actually passing Socialist legislation. But even this heavily discounted Radicalism was beyond the pale in the eyes of the orthodox world of Caillaux's previous affiliations, and at this particular time the alliance with the Socialists was the guiding principle of the party strategy. Above all, of course, the Radicals were the party of anti-Clericalism, a matter in which he himself took no interest. Caillaux was quite untouched by the convictions and violent political emotions which the religious issue aroused in the breasts of all normal Frenchmen. He accepted the issue impatiently as a necessity of practical politics.

But these various divergences from his own views were trifling details, compared to the solid fact that the Radicals were the strongest and by far the best-organized party in France; and there was every indication that they would establish themselves as the dominant party of the future.

Clemenceau had recalled Caillaux to office in 1906, not from any close personal or political affiliation, but because he had not a very wide choice in making up his Ministry. Although a Radical of the old stock, Clemenceau's exploits in overturning Cabinets had left him on distant terms with the elder statesmen of his party, and the best minds prudently held aloof. By his vote on Separation, Caillaux was politically eligible, and a year or two before he had freshened up his reputation as a financial expert by completing

his *Impôts en France.* In his critical introduction (written in 1904), he had discussed the merits and the many defects of the existing fiscal system, but had avoided committing himself as to the advisability of reforming it by means of an income tax. This step his Moderate Republican friends did not favor. When Clemenceau presented his new Cabinet before Parliament in 1906 he duly included an income tax among the other Radical platform promises to be carried out, but six months later the country perceived with astonishment that his words were to be taken seriously. Caillaux himself launched the campaign for the reform in a speech to his constituents at Mamers, and immediately afterward laid before Parliament a bill embodying a thoroughgoing reform of French taxation and making a comprehensive application of the new system.

Coming from Caillaux, not only the general body of French taxpayers but even the Radicals in Parliament eyed the proposal as a Trojan Horse; it made no headway in the Senate and was stabled for more than a year in the Chamber. In this long debate, Caillaux showed plainly enough that he was the only person capable of grasping the subject clearly, or of dealing with its technical application to the general fiscal system; but on the floor of the Chamber he managed the bill so badly that Clemenceau himself had to intervene and apply the whip in order to carry it through. Apart from this venture, Caillaux gained little credit from his conduct of French finances during his second term at the Ministry. In dealing with Parliament he was weak and vacillating; his budgets became the usual playthings of political expediency; he accepted the indiscriminate pork-barrel demands of local politics, and lived by the usual hand-to-mouth methods of deficits, loans, and deficiency budgets characteristic of French parliamentary finance at its worst.

Last of all, Caillaux made the serious mistake of playing his own hand against Clemenceau, and making himself a sort of opposition within the Cabinet. The temptation was strong. Clemenceau had been always rather a free lance among the Radicals, and on distant and uncertain terms with the party organization. Throughout his Ministry the orthodox Radicals were restive and rebellious, and toward the end they broke out in open insurrection. At this period they were determined above all things to keep the anti-Clerical issue alive indefinitely as a permanent political issue. Clemenceau, like the rest of the country, grew tired of this prospect now that the Separation was an accomplished fact, and turned more and more to Briand's new policy of burying the hatchet. Caillaux, however, was intent upon establishing his place among the regulars — the old Guard — of the Radical machine. During the declining months of the Clemenceau Government he played openly to that gallery, and exhibited in the lobbies of the Chamber all the confidence of an heir apparent. It was a serious error of judgment. The Radicals succeeded in upsetting the ministry, but Clemenceau turned over the reins of office to Briand. The Income Tax, which had not yet passed the Senate, disappeared in the shuffle.

Once again Caillaux had guessed wrong as to the course of the political market. For a second time he had come in at the peak, and joined the party in power just as its power was about to decline. The net result of the second stage of his career was that he had lost completely his original character of a fiscal expert, and had acquired in place of it the reputation of a political trimmer with unlimited ambition. It was

not an advantageous exchange. His own somersault toward the Income Tax had not only developed the normal hostility of the country to the measure, but had added a rooted and quite sincere conviction that the whole reform was a matter of demagogue finance, a bar sinister which lay across it from this time forward. The French taxpayer after all had his side to the argument: for the Socialists from first to last enthusiastically hailed the reform as a means of penal taxation, against which the whole class who formed their political opponents would be left defenseless. This unpopularity and discredit now recoiled upon the measure, the Radical Party, and most of all upon Caillaux himself.

But at the same time Caillaux had pushed forward; he had revealed together with ominous faults of character certain talents peculiar to himself which left no doubt that henceforth he was a figure to be reckoned with in political life. He went out of office unmourned, unpopular, and more or less under a cloud; but every competent observer recognized that sooner or later he would come back.

This event occurred less than two years later, and was largely due to Caillaux's own efforts. From 1909 on, popular sentiment was strongly behind Briand and strongly against the anti-Clerical Radical machine. From this time until the war, the real issue in French politics was a contest for the control of the Republican majority, between the Moderates — led by Briand, Millerand, Poincaré, and Barthou — and the Radical organization. The rank and file of the Radical Party wavered between the two, and for long it seemed that they would follow Briand's lead toward new issues and a new party alignment. But in spite of their unpopularity, Caillaux and the anti-Clerical leaders were able to hold their own in the next Parliamentary elections, and a year later forced Briand out of office.

For the third time Caillaux returned to the Ministry of Finance, in what was known as the Monis-Caillaux Cabinet. Monis, the most ignominious of French Premiers, was a mere figurehead. His authority was divided up between Caillaux, Bertaux, and Delcassé, all three standing ready in line for the succession. The question of succession was settled in odd fashion only three months later, when an aeroplane fell on a group of Ministers at an aviation meet. Monis was injured, Bertaux was decapitated, and Caillaux — at the age of forty-seven, twelve years after entering politics — installed himself as President of the Council.

III

Having reached his goal, Caillaux at once turned to the serious business of consolidating his position and making himself the acknowledged head of the Radical Party. The Income Tax was swept into the discard without more ado; and to give full assurance on this point he tossed the Ministry of Finance to Klotz, an opponent of the measure. Caillaux himself took the Interior, — the Ministry from which patronage is distributed and from which the formidable steam-roller of the French administration is directed, — where he could act most effectively as party whip, and reach out to bring the party organization under his personal control. The older leaders were not enthusiastic, and the fact that no statesman of weight or reputation would accept the Ministry of Foreign Affairs indicated certain misgivings in responsible quarters. But no one in Parliament disputed Caillaux's authority and all the cards seemed at last in his hands. With justifiable confidence he set to work to make peace

with the Moderates and to stabilize the Radical Party in its true position as a broad and fairly conservative 'Centre' group, leading the whole Republican majority, and untrammeled henceforth by the liaison with the Socialists. This revision of policy, had it succeeded, would have 'fixed' Caillaux's political evolution in a stage comparable to that of the Lloyd George of the post-war Coalition.

This fair prospect was suddenly destroyed by the arrival of a German gunboat at Agadir. A fresh outbreak of the perennial Moroccan crisis dragged Caillaux away into the perplexing field of foreign affairs, and six months later drove him from office utterly discredited. For the crisis he had only himself to blame. His predecessor, Briand, had attempted to put an end to Franco-German friction in Africa by a pooling of commercial interests both in Morocco and in the Congo. Caillaux disapproved of this solution, perhaps rightly, and on coming into office at once vetoed it. He had, however, no other arrangement to offer in its place. Irritated and impatient, Kiderlin-Waechter proceeded to make the most extravagant demands, and before long Europe stood on the verge of war. In the end Caillaux gained his essential point and secured for France a far stronger position in Morocco; and, although he had to pay a price, one could after all live happily without the uninhabitable river-bottoms of the Congo.

But in the course of the negotiation Caillaux had resorted pretty freely to private and unofficial channels, among others apparently an official of the Deutsche Bank at Berlin. Rumors of all this had spread abroad, and his whole Moroccan treaty was in bad odor when it came up before Parliament. The Chamber ratified it grudgingly and with misgivings, and while it was still before the Senate Caillaux was rash enough to bring forward a project authorizing the listing of certain German securities on the Paris Bourse. Under any circumstances the proposal would have caused an outburst in Paris, and in the present situation it amounted to defying the lightning. Caillaux had become a banker himself in the course of his rise in politics, and the short-lived Monis Ministry had been heavily clouded by the smoke of financial scandals. The French public instantly concluded that this new project was an international stockjobbing transaction, and expressed its view in the plainest terms. In this atmosphere of suspicion and distrust Caillaux, appearing before the Senate in regard to the Moroccan Treaty, swore upon his word of honor that he had carried on no unofficial negotiations — most foolishly, because the statement was false; and, whether blameworthy or not, the fact was notorious. Foolishly above all, because the recording angel stood waiting. Clemenceau arose in the Committee Room, and asked Caillaux's Minister of Foreign Affairs to confirm the declaration; De Selves politely asked permission not to answer.

From this single question, without any proof being presented, without even any definite charge of wrongdoing being brought against him, Caillaux went down in ruin.

Without waiting for proof or charges, his Cabinet disappeared, so to speak, through door and window. His party turned from him as from one who brought the plague, and his parliamentary majority dissolved overnight into nothing. For all his imperturbable nerve, Caillaux this time did not face the issue; without appearing before Parliament to fight the matter out or to defend himself, he sent Fallières his resignation.

The dramatic perfection of this

Judgment Day episode, and the rather indefinite nature of the alleged offense, gave free rein to rumors and accusing insinuations, and almost overnight Caillaux stood convicted of having sold out to Germany. Ever since he has been branded with this stigma. Without condoning his real offense, it may be suggested that in this verdict of his contemporaries Caillaux suffered from what the Indian described as too much justice. He deserved the fate that had overtaken him, for he had thrown away his own reputation and brought discredit on France; but as to selling out to Germany — that is another matter. It should be remembered that neither Clemenceau nor Poincaré nor any responsible leader among his opponents made this charge against him at the time, and it was not proven afterward. However irregular or even discreditable his methods of negotiation, and however dubious, for the sake of argument, his motives in the German securities dicker, it does not appear that the result he secured in Africa was a betrayal of French interests. He could point out with perfect justice in his own defense that he had got the best of the bargain, and that the Germans considered themselves worsted: Kiderlin-Waechter had been hooted in the Reichstag, the Minister of the Colonies had resigned. Last of all, the Moroccan Treaty Caillaux had drawn up was at once accepted and ratified by Poincaré without the change of so much as a comma.

Caillaux, in short, had sinned not in the tangible substance of his venture in diplomacy, but in the incidental result — the impression of intrigue and crookedness his methods had aroused. Even in this there seems to have been no little exaggeration, whatever the basis of substantial fact. Cambon, the Ambassador at Berlin, in his testimony before the Senate, in 1920, did not substantiate the charges of Caillaux's mischievous interference. De Selves, his Foreign Minister, was incompetent and useless, and as Premier it was Caillaux's duty to take advantage of every means at his disposal, however private and unofficial. Asquith did not hesitate to approach Berlin privately through the Deutsche Bank when the opportunity offered. There was, however, a distinction — and in this lies the whole point of the matter. No one thought of suspecting Asquith of a disloyal purpose; no one thought of believing Caillaux when he denied it. Clemenceau had gone straight to the essential point in thrusting him under the guillotine; Caillaux had conducted affairs in such a way as to give the French Government the credit of underhand dealing. His course of proceeding had menaced the entente with England, and left Germany still more bitter and resentful. Rightly or wrongly, all Europe for the time being entertained the conviction that France was in the hands of a crook.

We may note here, out of chronological order, that Caillaux's arguments in defense, resting, many of them, on substantial and accurate evidence, sweep away the whole basis of a different case he later put forward. In his trial in 1920 he presented the Moroccan negotiation as the first step in a general policy of Franco-German reconciliation and of economic coöperation between the Continental nations. This vast project in turn was wrecked, first, by England's forcing France to continue in the old path of antagonism to Germany; second, by those familiar powers of darkness, the nationalist-militarist parties in France, led by Clemenceau, Poincaré, and the Boy Scout Royalists of the Action Française. By this attractive thesis Caillaux becomes the man who would have prevented the war. Failing that, he would have made a peace which would have left all the

belligerents contented and prosperous, dwelling together thereafter in peace and harmony — under the leadership of France, however, and the political principles of the French Revolution, and on an 'imposed' basis of free trade! This bewildering vision is set forth in his three post-war volumes of political apologia: *Agadir* (1919), *My Prisons* (1921), and *Whither France? Whither Europe?* (1922). It is out of the question to analyze here his arguments and sweeping generalizations; we may only note that they effectually contradict one another. This retrospective rearrangement of history is a campaign document, put forward to explain away Caillaux's defeatist activities during the war and to offer a basis for his political resurrection. It bears, so to speak, an inverse relation to historical facts.

IV

In 1912, in any case, the question of war-responsibility did not exist. Caillaux was down and out, and the discredit of his debacle spattered over the Radical Party at large. So keen was the sense of national scandal that Poincaré was summoned forth from the background of politics for the express purpose of having an honest man at the head of the government. In the general revulsion of feeling away from the Radicals and all their works the tide turned more strongly than ever toward the Moderate Republicans, and the Radicals seemed doomed to a rapid decline. As the one immediately responsible for this reverse, Caillaux had become his party's heaviest liability. Shunned by the world at large, among his party colleagues he had all the credit of a sea-captain who had driven his ship upon the rocks. Bad as was the prospect for them, his career seemed definitely ended; and for more than a year nothing was heard from him.

At this time, the midsummer of 1913, the Radical Party split sharply in two over Barthou's bill restoring the three years' military service. This development, which seemed the coup de grâce of the party's fortunes, was to give Caillaux his opportunity to return to power. The Radicals who opposed the law were, roughly speaking, the least worthy element of their party — the Jacobin anti-Clerical faction, the demagogue fringe most committed to the trading alliance with the Socialists. They were also, however, the most expert and thoroughgoing politicians, the strictly professional type — the boys who got out the vote. It happened that they were in need of a courageous leader; and all Caillaux needed was a following. By the most extraordinary industry and domineering aggressiveness he succeeded only a few months later in pushing these followers into control of the Radical Convention, and then by somewhat drastic caucus methods reorganized the party under the name of the Unified Radicals. This meant not a united but a divided party, since the older leaders and most of the better element held aloof; and only about half the Radical deputies enlisted under his banner. But Caillaux's half included the *cadre*, the working force, of the old organization; he had at last a disciplined body of which he was in full and formal control — and to this solid and reassuring basis of political power the bewildered Radical office-holders now pinned their faith. Among these last were the Prefects, the Great Electors of the French political system, the technicians who would operate the steam-roller in the approaching election. Much to Caillaux's disappointment, the Socialist rank and file refused to ratify a project he made with their leaders for an out-and-out coalition; but there remained always the old logrolling system of

trading Radical patronage for Socialist votes, and it was definitely arranged that in the coming campaign Socialists and Unified Radicals would coöperate on the old basis. Caillaux had completed his evolution from Right to Left.

With the elections ahead of him, Barthou on behalf of the Moderates now began to lay hands on the Prefects, by way of seeing to his political fences. Faced by this danger, even the most respectable Radicals joined forces with Caillaux in a desperate effort to prevent the steam-roller from being applied against them. A few days later Caillaux himself caught Barthou in a blunder over the budget and turned the Moderate ministry out of office. To the exasperation of the country, the Radicals returned to power.

Caillaux was still too discredited throughout the country to be the head of the new Government. For the fourth time he returned to the Ministry of Finance, but there was no question as to who was the dominant and driving force in the Cabinet. Caillaux had made the repeal of the Three Years' Service Law the main pledge of his campaign in opposition to Barthou, but once he was in power he wasted no time in trivial consistency. Instead of repealing the law he joined in carrying it out; over the clamors of the Socialists and other irreconcilables the Government provided the credits necessary for putting it into force, and threw in an extra Army Corps for good measure. In performing this judicious somersault, Caillaux was merely an adroit accessory. He now took matters directly into his own hands. Producing the Income Tax from the shelf where it had lain since 1909, he forced it ruthlessly through the Chamber, and presented it point-blank to the astonished Senate. The Radical majority in the Upper House relished the venture as little as ever, but was still less willing to turn out a Radical government on the eve of the elections. Caillaux, with his personal bloc behind him, now held the whip hand; he could force the government to toe the mark on the question of confidence, and the Senate reluctantly swallowed the bitter dose.

In this tour de force, Caillaux revealed as never before the full measure of his political talent, his financial ability, and above all his indomitable fighting spirit. Throughout the three months' debate over the Income Tax he crushed every opponent by his obviously superior grasp of public finance and his mastery of the intricate details of the French fiscal system. By adroit and supple tactics on the floor, no less than by his courage and promptness of decision, he affirmed his control over Parliament; and by sheer force of his peremptory autocratic manner, his domineering passion for authority, forced a divided and wavering party to accept the leadership of the most unpopular figure in France.

Moreover, whatever bargain with the Socialists or other political considerations may have been involved in this resurrection of the Income Tax, the measure was as unpopular as ever, and only Caillaux's persistence achieved a reform long needed in the interest of the French Treasury.

But now in the very moment of his triumph Caillaux's evil genius again overtook him. Toward the end of the debate in the Senate he agreed that the *rente* should be exempt from tax, a concession to political expediency which crippled the effectiveness of the reform. The price of the rente instantly went up on the market. Next day in the Chamber he assured Jaurès that it would be taxed, and the rente dropped heavily. Paris then learned from the *Figaro* that each of these fluctuations had been preceded by

heavy trading in the rente on the Bourse, and went on to read a direct accusation that Caillaux or certain of his friends had made large sums as a result of these tactics of parliamentary finance.

In the midst of the uproar that followed, the *Figaro* came forward on the scene and brought Caillaux a second time to ruin.

The *Figaro* for two months past had been attacking Caillaux as a discreditable character, taking up one after another the various charges brought against him in his past career, and particularly the scandals of his period in office in 1911. By a skillful combination of accusations, quoted documents, and summaries of documents not quoted, it was made clear that Caillaux had been intimately associated with affairs of which he had denied any knowledge; and that in one case an order from Monis which had permitted a notorious embezzler to escape from justice had been issued at Caillaux's personal insistence. These disclosures incidentally touched upon matters of his private life.

Caillaux had married in 1906 a Mme. Dupré, recently divorced. Three years later Mme. Caillaux came upon a letter from her husband to another lady, the wife of a M. Clarétie, setting forth the reasons which made it impossible for him then to divorce his wife and marry Mme. Clarétie in the event of her own divorce. There was a break, a reconciliation, and in 1911 a divorce. Later that year Mme. Clarétie, now also divorced, became the second Mme. Caillaux.

It was a private letter involving indirectly this domestic history which the *Figaro* now spread before the eyes of Paris, under the classic heading, *Intermède Comique — Ton Jo.* The explanation Caillaux immediately issued was that the note was a private message to '*une amie*,' written on the evening of the day he had defeated the Income Tax, far back in 1901. In it Caillaux had informed her of a triumph: —

> . . . J'ai d'ailleurs remporté un très beau succès. I crushed the Income Tax, while giving the impression of defending it. I gained the applause of the Centre and the Right, and did not offend too much the Left . . . and succeeded in giving the course of things the turn toward the Right which was absolutely necessary. . . . This evening I shall be irritated, dead tired, almost ill, but I shall have rendered a real service to my country.
>
> TON JO

To the general public this epistle was a startling reminder of Caillaux's attitude of thirteen years before, now brought forward just at the moment he had dragooned the Left into accepting his long-championed measure of 'democratic fiscal reform.' To his wife the document was a more intimate source of mortification, for it was not to her that the Minister of Finance had affectionately signed himself *Ton Jo*, and his letter antedated even the period of her predecessor, the first Mme. Caillaux. The *Figaro* serial had been bad enough already; there was now no telling how far back the trail might lead. Mme. Caillaux took up her revolver and called for a taxi.

One must grant Caillaux the credit for his conduct in the agony which followed; no husband could have been more loyal than was he to the wife who had completed his ruin and turned for a second time every man's hand against him. But the struggle to save her from the guillotine exhausted the last shreds of his political credit; and in a sensational murder-trial, with its vast unsavory background of adultery, graft, divorce, and intrigue, Caillaux's reputation finally foundered. During the years that followed he was to bring

his name into still deeper ignominy; but this war-time Caillaux was rather a ghost of the old formidable reality, wandering through the outer darkness in despair and vindictive resentment at the fate which had overtaken him. The touch of that dead hand gave war itself another horror; and toward the end this apparition, with its ominous forebodings of failure and disaster, became a real danger. But, for all that, the world in which Caillaux lived after August 1914 was a world of unreality, filled only with himself and his ruined ambition. His history thenceforward is not a political but a pathological study.

From being the dominant power of the French Government he had become almost a pariah, deserted by his party, banished from office, even mobbed whenever he appeared in a café; and the swiftness and completeness of this downfall produced a collapse within the man himself. This collapse did not perhaps change him, but merely brought out the *sbilancio*, the fundamental disequilibrium between talent and character in his make-up.

V

As to the question of character, the problem for the analyst is very simple. In Caillaux's case the word does not apply. He has strongly marked traits and strong qualities: intelligence, keen and quick perceptions, breadth of vision, with endless pluck, resource, and determination. But with all this goes a complete absence of the moral sense. Other men, in a pinch, are unscrupulous; Caillaux's distinction is a perfect innocence of the nuance between right and wrong. What takes the place of character with him is a supreme unquestioning self-confidence, which when checked or thwarted swells into fantastic, almost comic, megalomania.

This megalomania, distorted by resentment and baffled ambition, was the explanation, the guiding impulse, of his conduct during the war. Once again Caillaux did not sell out to Germany — he had little or nothing to offer. He did not desire a German victory per se, and still less, as an end in itself, the defeat of France. In his purpose, at least, he was working neither for France nor for Germany, nor for peace — but for Caillaux. The war was being fought by men who kept him out of power; the more successfully it was fought the more securely they could retain their hold and keep him in political exile. The failure of the war meant to him not the defeat of France but the downfall of his political enemies; not a military disaster, but a mere lobbying operation. Other French statesmen at times thought the war was hopeless; to Caillaux alone this prospect was itself a hope, for it offered the only means of his returning to power.

For this lofty object Caillaux, a former Premier of France and still a Deputy of the French Parliament, made himself a vague headquarters for all the political underworld of Europe, that queer war-time stratum of bungling spies and informers, German agents and defeatist propagandists, crooks and grafters of every description, and all the riffraff of French politics.

His purpose in all this, as he explained with perfect accuracy later on, was not to assist Germany but to form 'a new current of opinion.' The practical effect was stated bluntly by the German Chancellor when he informed a Reichstag committee, 'Herr Caillaux ist unser Mann'; and later on this same general truth was dealt with in still more concrete fashion by Clemenceau.

Caillaux himself argued that his arrest was an act of personal animosity

and persecution by partisan political enemies. The point is worth noting. Thanks largely to his own efforts, the Radicals, Caillaux's own party, had retained their balance of power in the elections of June 1914; and throughout the whole period of the war, in spite of their unpopularity and beneath all the superficial unity of the Union Sacrée, they retained control of the French Parliament. No move could be made without their consent, no Ministry formed without their support, and in every War Cabinet they were fully represented. In August 1914 his party joined in the common protective impulse to isolate Caillaux from all political authority. It was one of his friends who devised the pretext of the South American mission late that year in order to get him out of France; and all of them, even those who knew him still in private, disinfected themselves, so to speak, in public, by maintaining the formal excommunication against him.

When the time came Clemenceau merely arrested him. It was by his old political associates that Caillaux was kept under lock and key thereafter. Only the Socialists and a few of his personal followers protested at the time; the mass of the Radical Party joined in the vote which sustained the proceedings against him. Thenceforward until the end of the war, throughout the Peace Conference and the ratification of the Treaty, through the whole period of the parliamentary elections, — over a period of two years in all, — they made no move to release him from prison, to test or challenge the charges on which he was held, or to hurry forward his trial. From this record, from the certificate of character thus given him, we may discern the judgment of his own friends upon Caillaux. After their condemnation his trial later on was a mere detail of procedure; and a verdict — one way or the other — could be no more than a verbal formula.

Ambition, tireless energy, and exceptional ability have ever brought him to the fore, and ever will. But each time that power has come within his grasp, at each high point in his career, — in 1912 as in 1914, and again three years later, — his own actions have cast him down.

From beginning to end the same relentless enemies have pursued Caillaux and overcome him: himself, his record, and his reputation.

They stand now, close behind him, waiting and ready.

GERMANY AND MODERN CIVILIZATION

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

STUDENTS of contemporary civilization may find an analysis of modern Germany a particularly fruitful and rewarding study. Nowhere will they discover the forces which contend for mastery in a modern state more clearly defined or the moral impotence of modern industrial civilization more obviously revealed. The moral limitations of modern life, which in other nations, and particularly in America, are obscured by a tremendous wealth the production of which is almost the sole achievement of modern industrialism, are vividly delineated in this unhappy nation, which the war and the war's aftermath have robbed of the only blessings which modern civilization knows how to bestow. The poverty of Germany aggravates every vice and defines every weakness which she possesses in common with other Western nations. The German temper serves to outline the resulting picture even more sharply, for it is inclined to philosophy rather than to politics and is gifted and cursed at once with the virtue and the vice of consistency. In other nations, and particularly in England, a penchant for compromise serves to soften the asperities of class- and race-conflicts. In Germany, however, the various economic and political groups contend for their rights and support their prejudices with a vigor and venom which make ordered government well-nigh impossible, but which offer the interested observer a very clear picture of the vital factors and forces in a modern industrial state.

The political situation in Germany reveals a triangular conflict between three economic and political groups, none of which is powerful enough to gain permanent ascendancy in the nation. These groups may be roughly designated as the Nationalists, the Industrialists, and the Socialists. Each group has a quarrel with the other two, but also some affinity of interest or inclination with the second against the third. Thus Nationalists and Socialists are idealists of a sort who do not understand each other but both abhor the realism of the Industrialists. Industrialists and Socialists unite in supporting policies of European conciliation against Nationalist dreams of vengeance. Nationalists and Industrialists are combined to oppose the collectivist economics of the laborers. So the political life of the nation is fretted with endless conspiracies between the groups, in none of which a clear and victorious principle emerges to save the nation from endless conflict.

The Nationalists represent the old traditional Germany which hewed a place for itself in Europe by military power. They exhibit all the vices and virtues of the kind of patriotism which fashioned the modern nation out of the wreck of the Roman and the mediæval empires. In them the traditional patriot is the more clearly

typified because he is slightly caricatured. They imagine themselves cold-blooded *Realpolitiker* who deal ruthlessly with the hard facts of *Machtpolitik*. As a matter of fact they are naïve romanticists whose sentimental attachment to the nation places them in opposition to the internationalism of 'big business' as much as to the internationalism of the workers. Their patriotism is hopelessly anachronistic in the new Europe of economic interdependence. It is compounded of the narrow loyalties of the traditional European peasant and the robustious conceptions of national honor of the landed aristocrat. Living close to the soil, these classes do not understand the political needs of the great industrial centres which have developed in Europe in the past century; and from the vantage point of their agrarian prosperity they are able to defy these needs with impunity. The Nationalists naturally abhor all the political and economic arrangements which under the name of the 'Dawes Plan' are for the time being preserving peace in Europe, at the price, of course, of the political and economic servitude of Germany. Momentarily in power at the head of a coalition, they refrain from doing violence to these arrangements only because the Industrialists, whose support they need, are committed to them. Naturally the Nationalists are monarchists. They have convinced themselves that the revolution was the cause and not the consequence of the defeat in 1918; by incessant reiteration they have raised the idea of a Socialist 'stab in the back' to a political dogma.

A noisy right wing of the monarchists detached itself from the party some time ago under the leadership of Hitler and Ludendorff, but was fortunately reduced to impotence in the last election. These extremists have discovered an easy way of cursing the Industrialists and Socialists in the same breath by ascribing their pacific tendencies to a Jewish want of patriotism and to Semitic conspiracies against the State. The basis in fact for their curious and violent anti-Semitism is the undoubtedly strong Jewish influence in the ranks of both capitalists and Socialists. The Kaiser is persona non grata among them because he is believed to have been a vital factor in the industrialization of Germany.

II

The Industrialists are politically articulate in the *Volkspartei*, of which Stresemann is the acknowledged leader. Under his leadership this party initiated those policies of *Erfüllung* which finally resulted in the acceptance of the Dawes Plan. The Industrialists are the real *Realpolitiker* of modern Germany. Bereft of any sentimental attachment to either the nation or the ideals of peace, they follow the political course which their interests dictate. They are the perfect representatives of the secular spirit of modern industrialism. For the past few years they have pursued a policy of European conciliation, for they feared that the truculence of the Nationalists would only play into the hands of French militarism. Knowing that behind French chauvinism was the desire of French iron to gain control of German coal, they followed the course of saving the title to their resources by acceding to even the most exorbitant demands of French militarism — as, for instance, in the Micum agreement. Meanwhile they have tried to place the chief burden of Reparations on the backs of the workers, and have succeeded in destroying some of the most dearly bought advantages of Labor. Their conciliatory

policies have had the active support of the Democrats and Centrists, who have a real interest in European pacification, and the passive support of the Socialists, who were ready to pay any price that war might be averted. Now that the Dawes Plan is a fairly secure working arrangement, the Industrialists are inclined to part company with their liberal and radical supporters, and they have in fact entered the Nationalist government. More or less monarchist at heart, they have supported republican parties only because the monarchists were hopelessly involved with the idea of a war of revenge. Now that there is no immediate danger of such a war, the Industrialists are inclined to exploit the Nationalist temper for the purpose of securing better trade-agreements with France.

It may be imagined that the path of the Labor Party in such a situation has not been an easy one. The conflict in the industrial community had to be abandoned in order to defeat Nationalist policies which were perilous to industrial employers and employees alike. The workers accomplished this purpose by maintaining an anxious neutrality toward the governments dominated by the Industrialists. Naturally this policy exposed them to the suspicion of connivance with the enemies of Labor — a suspicion which the Communists assiduously exploited, so that it seemed for a time as if the Communists might capture the trade-unions. In the last election the Socialists have, however, regained their lost strength and practically eliminated the threat of a Communist uprising. While the Socialists are not so uncompromising as the Communists in their class-war doctrines, they are more orthodox Marxians than British Labor; needless to say they are, as all Continental Socialists, thoroughly internationalist in their outlook. Practically ostracized from the cultural unity of the nation and denied access to the real treasures of their various national civilizations, Continental workers have been driven to develop class loyalties in compensation for and in opposition to the traditional national communities. The internationalism of the German workers drives the old patriots into veritable frenzies of righteous indignation, but they fail to see anything more significant in the revolt of the helots than evidences of Semitic conspiracies against the integrity of Germany.

Both the extreme nationalists and the internationalists dream of a day when order will be brought out of the chaos of conflicting loyalties by the forceful elimination of either the class or the nation as the object of general fealty. The dreams of neither are likely to be realized. Modern industrial nationalism is too arrantly secular in its aim, and the old traditional nationalism is too blind to the inequalities of class, to be able to regain the confidence of the worker in Europe. The industrial worker of the Continent is probably permanently alienated from the nation; but his dreams of destroying it by means of the class conflict are no more likely to be fulfilled than the dreams of the patriot. What happened in Russia will hardly be duplicated in any advanced industrial community in which the economic organization creates a much larger middle class than the Marxian prophecies contemplated and where the peasants are not so readily reduced to the ranks of the proletariat as Marxism assumes. Here the evidence from contemporary German history is significant and illuminating. If Communism could capture a nation it would have conquered Germany in the winter of her discontent, when poverty drove the workers to despair and forced many

members of the middle classes into their ranks. Even under such conditions the forces of revolution could not succeed, though they were actively supported from Moscow. The German workers knew that a revolt of the Left would be as disastrous to them as a military coup of the Right.

III

It seems, in short, that European civilization is destined to be harassed for years to come by a conflict between political and economic groups in which each group lacks the power to reduce the others to impotence and thus fashion a homogeneous civilization. This conflict does not appear so clearly in other European nations as in Germany, but it is nevertheless a common characteristic of European life. Since no group is strong enough to build a new order by force, one might hope that the community as such might fashion ideals and conceive principles which would transcend and finally compose the fruitless conflict. But there is no evidence, particularly in German life, that such a hope may be realized in any immediate future.

Two small political parties of Germany, the Democrats and the Centrists (Catholics), typify in a sense the political forces which are not immediately dominated by the political and economic interests of the three great groups. The Democrats, among whom Jewish intellectuals are conspicuous, represent the professional middle classes and intellectual idealists of various classes. They are sincere republicans and passionate devotees of the ideal of European peace. In domestic politics they exhibit tendencies closely akin to those of British liberalism, and are probably too involved with the individualistic ideals of the nineteenth century to play a determining rôle in a country in which tradition supports the modern tendency to collectivist economic theories.

The Catholic Party is the only political group in Germany which really transcends the class conflict. Claiming support of individuals in all economic groups, who are united in it by religious sentiment and ecclesiastic discipline, the Party has followed a political course which has been of inestimable value in preserving parliamentary government in a time when the violence of the class conflict threatened to destroy it. Of all non-Labor groups it has been most sympathetic to Labor. That is why governments which needed the benevolent neutrality of Labor have usually been headed by a Catholic chancellor though they were dominated by the Volkspartei. The Party has been vigorously republican, probably because it had no special love for the Protestant Hohenzollern dynasty. In its international policies it has worked as sincerely as the Democrats for European pacification. Its international outlook may be prompted by its international ecclesiastical connections, but there are other Catholic parties in Europe which are violently nationalist. More likely the explanation for its internationalism must be found in the traditions of the Holy Roman Empire, which, unlike the modern German empire, was not a nationalist state.

Though it could not be maintained that these two parties represent the only expressions of political idealism in the state or that their idealism is untainted by class interest, they are nevertheless, both in their strength and in their weakness, fairly symbolical of the position of intellectual and religious idealism in the modern state. If the Democratic Party may be regarded as representing intellectual idealism, it is significant that it is able

to transcend national prejudices partly because of the Semitic genius for internationalism. That is a circumstance which is not lost on the Nationalist opponents. If the Catholic Party represents religious idealism, it is significant that mediæval and not modern religion grapples with the social problems of modern civilization. In other words the typical citizen of the modern industrial state, who is more liable to be Gentile than Jew and Protestant than Catholic, lacks both the imagination and the spiritual passion to detach himself from the prejudices of his political or economic group or to act contrary to its immediate interests; nor is he seriously impressed by the counsels of races and religions which are not altogether indigenous to his own civilization. He discounts the virtue of their position because he suspects it of being conceived in opposition to his own civilization. The internationalism of both Jews and Catholics aggravates his own nationalism, because he believes that it is a form of vengeance against his refusal to accept them as fully accredited members of his society.

IV

The situation in Germany is of course only roughly typical of Western life as a whole. The position of the Jewish internationalist is more typical than that of the Catholic internationalist, for the Catholic Party of Germany is unique rather than typical. But in the inability of Protestantism seriously to influence the economic and social life of the nation or to make the inspiration of a spiritual interpretation of life available for the problems of social life, Germany is typical. The complete secularization of her life is typical. The modern mind has been obsessed with the task of conquering nature and completely lacks the imaginative faculty which is needed to develop the art of living together. The highest intelligence of modern life, which should have been devoted to the task of emancipating man from ancient hatreds and political frictions, has been used to aggravate those hatreds by building up an industrialism which has added horizontal to the already existing vertical divisions of human society. European civilization is perishing in its fratricidal conflicts, with no arm strong enough to coerce it into some semblance of unity and no heart warm enough to win it to the ideals of brotherhood. Men are so imperfect that mutual love can be built only upon a mutual trust which assumes virtue in the neighbor and thus helps to create it; in their imperfections they are bound to wrong each other so much that the art of living together must finally depend upon the grace of forgiveness. A love which is based upon trust and which can issue in forgiveness requires a high degree of spiritual passion and imagination. The current religions of Western civilization are supplying neither the passion nor the imagination. They are too immersed in the problems of the inner life to concern themselves seriously with the needs of society, too infected with the secularism of the day to generate sufficient spiritual passion for the social task, and too involved with national and middle-class groups to gain a proper perspective of the needs of modern society as a whole.

It is significant that any realistic and necessarily pessimistic analysis of modern life is generally resented and little understood in America. We accept it either with incredulity or with pharisaic detachment. Whatever may be the matter with Europe, we do not feel that anything is seriously the matter with us. We do not realize that

the forces which are so vividly outlined in Germany and other European nations are contending for mastery in our life as well as theirs, and that we possess no spiritual grace which they may lack. Our geographic isolation and economic opulence will save us for a while from sharing the fate of European civilization. We thus have time to fashion morally redemptive forces for modern life. But there is no evidence in our life that encourages us to hope that we will improve the time.

The race prejudices which we exhibit, particularly in our relations to Asia, and the unimaginative and timid attitude which we assume toward impoverished Europe, in which the fears of a political novice and the anxiety of a wealthy creditor are mingled, do not offer much hope for the future. The very fact that the sins of modern civilization which we share with Europe are more covert here than there only serves to add the sin of blatant self-righteousness to the other moral deficiencies of modern society. Europe may stumble to her doom in confusion while we walk into ours with pride erect; but nothing can finally save our Western civilization either in Europe or in America if we do not add to the achievement of the conquest of nature the moral achievement of a social order in which men may live together in peace in spite of the conflict of their interests, and in which men will learn to trust one another in spite of wrong which they have inflicted upon each other.

A SCHOOL FOR PEACEMAKERS

BY LYMAN BRYSON

I

It is natural that a scientific or, more properly speaking, a 'technical' age should approach the problem of eliminating war from a technical standpoint. The ethical war on war, since before the day of Horace's '*bellaque matribus detestata*,' has been too slowly effective, if indeed it has had any results whatever. The announcement of a School of International Relations, to be endowed at Johns Hopkins University in memory of Walter Hines Page, is a signal on the horizon. We look hopefully upon the founding of such an institution as a step toward giving permanent effect to sporadic but worthwhile efforts which have been seen in education for several years.

The scientific probity which will be assured by Johns Hopkins administration may make this the beginning of a laboratory attack upon war as a social disease. It is so described by Mr. Owen D. Young in his announcement of the plan. It is, for that reason, of even greater importance than the simultaneous endowment of scholarships for British students in American schools by the Commonwealth Fund, or the study years for American men and women abroad which Mr. and Mrs. Simon Guggenheim have established. These

scholarship funds, after the example of Cecil Rhodes, will increase, no doubt, the precious leaven of men and women in the English-speaking world who can sympathize with lives and ideals outside their native provinces. But the Page Memorial School, if boldly directed, may pass beyond the clinical study of foreign affairs. The method of science, the method of the exact search for truth without regard for any ulterior purpose, may have at last a chance of application to the affairs of nations.

The mere hopeful possibility of such study of world politics shows once more the beneficence of the present control of our affairs by the technicians. No one who carefully watches the trend of our political and social conduct can doubt the steadily increasing domination of the engineer. As we insist upon having more and more 'goods and services' which only machines can provide, we gradually surrender essential governmental processes to the men who can make and manage machinery. But engineers are dependent upon science. They are not usually scientists themselves, for scientists are concerned only with the truth and engineers are concerned with control; but they follow science — out of the armory of impersonal data they arm themselves for the conquest of force and the reshaping of our malleable lives. And since they know how far their own 'practical' achievements must depend upon the inhuman questing of the scientist, they support and defend his irreverent and dangerous curiosities.

Somewhere in the long line of the radio enthusiast, the keeper of a radio shop, the manufacturer of radio machines, the laboratory experimenter with radio development, and the physicist who moves freely among theories, someone must be found who has heard of Herz, and finally a queer and abstract person who comprehends the Herzian theorizing. That queer person for his esoteric usefulness is protected by the technician in power.

It is perhaps foolishly optimistic to hope that the Page Memorial School will at once make the tremendous forward step of approaching the problems of international politics in disinterested curiosity. But it will be surprising if men of good minds, who are associated in a university with numerous examples of the scientific temper, do not finally become ashamed of jejune generalities, of prejudices and emotions, of guesswork and self-deceit. It will be strange if the young student of politics does not gradually acquire the caution in assertion and the courage in conviction which are the divine gifts of the true scientist. He will in the end have the serene bravery to prick the balloons of political nonsense and begin to build a structure of political fact out of the minute fragments of which he can be sure.

When that time comes, however, the problems of international politics, even the central problem of scientific control, will not be solved. Our habitually 'technical' thinking may lead us into illusory confidence in facts. Truth — the mightiest — cannot prevail until it is acted upon. And politics concerns people. The public is capable of strange hostilities against even the most innocent of the technical applications of science. The first umbrellas in New York were greeted with brickbats. And when science announces a new political hypothesis the first acknowledgment is always a roar from the lions. J. B. S. Haldane has remarked that biological inventions begin as indecencies. One might go further to say that new theories in anthropology have begun as blasphemies. Worse still, inventions in statecraft are certain to begin as treason.

To predict what a scientist will formulate is doubtless the most unfriendly act one can commit against him; but in order to imagine the probable effect upon the public mind of a new theory in politics one must recklessly manufacture an example. Consider, for instance, what would happen if some retiring and comparatively obscure student should deny that national sovereignty must be preserved intact.

Imagine the publication, in a harmless-looking monograph, of something like this: —

'Since coöperation between national units is the arrangement which mankind as a whole is seeking to arrive at, it is certain, in the light of facts adduced, that some surrender of national sovereignty is a first necessity. This surrender would be of the same character as the abatement of personal liberty which is customarily accepted by every citizen in a legally organized community. The individual citizen may be said to have greater real liberty within a legal community than would be possible in a condition of complete anarchy, because by surrendering his right to act as he chooses he gains protection from others whose unchecked freedom might very probably endanger his own life or property; but the surrender is made, nevertheless. He submits to having his own claims adjudicated as a price paid for the protection of the law-enforcing machinery. In precisely the same way a nation cannot be protected from the possible encroachments of other nations unless it is willing to abate its national sovereignty in submitting its claims to the justice of some supranational court, and in submitting to the enforcement of supranational laws by supranational police.'

This is not offered here as a scientific truth, and its language is, if you like, a solemn travesty of the terms in which a theory of politics is likely to be set forth. It is not even new; but it will serve as an example. So long as it lies embedded in the gray pages of a scientific monograph it will not cause a ripple, although in our present state the obscure young student might conceivably lose his academic job. Even a 'popular science' article in the newspapers, setting it forth in calm words, would probably cause no lynchings or riots.

But — if the technicians are to be believed — they expect to act upon any truths which may be unearthed in the laboratory.

Mr. Young is an excellent example of the technicians who occupy a dominating position in our present-day affairs, not because he is himself an engineer, but because he exercises administrative control over one great phase of that technical activity. In announcing the plan for the Page Memorial School, Mr. Young is reported to have said: —

'The Page School will, therefore, achieve three things. First, it will develop a science of international relations; second, it will ascertain the facts, so far as they can be found, on any particular problem; and third, it will produce a continually growing body of men trained in that science and available for service in the fields of education, government, and business.'

If this means anything at all it must mean that those men whom Mr. Young represents — the greatest forces in an industrial civilization — are willing to attempt the control of political action by scientific truth regardless of damage to preconceived doctrines. It is obvious enough that politics should be the application of science to human relations. It is equally evident that such application is neither accomplished nor desired by most men who engage in

political activity. The manipulation of technical boards appointed with great show of fair-mindedness to advise the government on difficult questions is painfully well known. 'Political considerations' are by definition not considerations of truth.

The purpose of the new school must be revolutionary in the sense of changing the attitude of government toward fact. But can such a revolution be accomplished? Can the forces which men like Mr. Young represent bring about such a transformation of political habits and machinery?

Perhaps. But the difficulties in the way are more than simple ignorance and inertia. There is at least one tendency in American thinking which will run directly counter to this wise courage.

II

What I have in mind is not the trend toward economic imperialism more or less inherent in industrial development. I believe that the men who think for the enormous power which is concentrated in technical equipment and capital accumulation are open-eyed enough to check such imperialism if it leads into war. There is not good reason, outside of obstinate prejudice, for doubting the good faith of the men who give large sums of money and their own prestige to advance the study of international relations to the point of eliminating war. If they were entirely self-seeking they would still know the evidence which has been brought to support Norman Angell's contention that war is a very unprofitable business for industry as a whole. The United States did make enormous sums out of the last war, but that was before it became a combatant. One must see a lack of good sense as well as a Machiavellian subtlety in the business man who supports schools of research for eliminating war in public and plots embroilments behind his office door. It is difficult to believe in such immoral and ultimately futile duplicity.

Nor is the danger permanently great from the self-appointed guardians of our national honor — the sabre-rattlers. Nor do I think the splenetic and vicious intolerance of racial groups and religious sects which has a temporary vogue is likely to affect permanently the stable mind of the nation.

The greatest obstacle to peace is in our growing philosophy of power.

We are a people of fairly active mind. There is a great number of what might be called secondary thinkers, journalists, educators, lawyers, social workers, men of affairs, superior politicians, who, although not gifted enough to contribute new social philosophies, are carrying bricks to a final structure at the behest of a vaguely defined leadership. And they are building a philosophy of power.

They are building a body of doctrine which values life in terms of aggressive achievement, in which happiness is measured in terms of imposing a personality on its surroundings, human and material. This doctrine in its patriotic form means a haughty, intolerant nationalism, fit to find itself a divine mission and accomplish it in blood.

There is no attempt here to prophesy that this tendency will prevail. But it exists; and the outcome, if it should prevail, is reasonably certain.

A popular philosophy of power is a natural rationalization of industrial greatness. It is so much the natural result of our sudden and tremendous technical development that it finds common expression among the technicians who are themselves the protagonists of power. And because it is an extension of their common mode of thought it will be difficult for them.

when the time for decision comes, to deny its doctrine in the hope that scientific truth can control political action.

There is nothing essentially vulgar about this philosophy of power. It is being constructed, not by the rabid purveyors of the Nordic myth or any other pseudoscientific intolerance, but by men who are intellectually honest and cautious, men who feel the movement of the national mind and innocently rationalize it in acceptable terms.

Nor does the tendency in its present stage have much concern for the conduct of the United States in relation to other countries. It is busy with domestic problems, such as business and education and sport. How it is working is evident in a conversation I had recently with an educator, a man of wide experience, distinguished position, and noticeably liberal mind.

He was bewailing the high-school youth's lack of interest in study. But he had his 'constructive' programme in mind if not in hand. 'We find the boy interested and happy while he is driving his flivver,' he said, 'because he can step on the gas and feel a sensation of power. What education has to discover is a way to give him that same sense of power in conquering a mathematical problem or a laboratory experiment. He must be shown how he can enjoy a sense of power in overcoming an intellectual difficulty as well as in a simple thing like running a motor-car.'

There is nothing secretly sinister about that conception of education. But examine it for a moment for its implications. Education must find a way of giving the boy a 'sense of power.' Is this the same thing as the older idea of giving him a sense of pleasure in effort toward a good end? A sense of power which comes from the throbbing of a motor under your feet can be purchased by anyone for a few hundred dollars. A sense of pleasure in effort toward a good end is not so easily attained and must be paid for in moral coin. But a sense of power in intellectual attainment is a beatitude which falls upon few creatures and usually upon them only after years of intellectual training. It is possible, of course, that my educator friend meant the sense of power which is enjoyed by a child in solving a crossword puzzle, but I do him the honor of thinking he was occupied with a greater illusion. He appeared to believe that a sense of power, a feeling of domination or self-assertion, was possible for any person in any field. It was a good in itself and should be used as the motive of education.

The idea of power over self is so old-fashioned in these Freudian days that no one could have had the hardihood to trouble him by dragging it into the discussion.

Other educators currently take their moral data from games rather than from motoring, but some sort of sport supplies the common object-lesson. And our conception of sport is notoriously a glorification of the winner and his power; talk about effort in a good cause is largely a sop to the defeated, which no one takes very seriously.

This thinking in education is parallel — it may be either cause or effect — with simultaneous thinking in business, the professions, and all affairs. The 'inspiration' luncheon-clubs talk a good deal of coöperation, but only as a form of power.

This is, as I have said, a natural rationalizing process. We are getting to be more self-conscious, and by the common philosophical process we are finding an *ex post facto* explanation for our success and making divinities to fit our qualities. We are a powerful

people. Almost the whole population of the United States enjoys external and obvious forms of power which are rarely distributed in most other countries and nonexistent in many. Our technicians, employing our natural resources, have given us those blessings. And now we are making power a condition of happiness, as if it had been written, 'life, liberty, and something over which he can assert himself.'

In that, we are human, and we can console ourselves with the thought that under similar lucky circumstances any other national group would probably have evolved the same standard of values. The power which was in the moral strength, and physical might, and mental adaptability of our pioneer fathers is passed on in the form of developed resources, technical equipment, and plethoric prosperity to the second and third generation. With greater mental subtlety, which comes from weaker sinews and wider learning, the present generation is deifying the unearned increment.

The possibilities of danger in such a tendency do not show themselves so readily in domestic affairs as they may in international politics. A philosophy of power is the rational basis for a 'chosen people' myth. It is a philosophic justification for contempt toward peoples of lesser power. It is a spiritual resort for those who are tempted to sympathize with peoples or races standing in our way. Since it makes of personal assertion an absolute good, it will naturally make of national aggressiveness a great and splendid political doctrine.

We were trying to imagine what would happen if the scientists of a new school of political research should construct the hypothesis that the world can never attain peace without a superstate to which each government will surrender a fraction of its sovereignty. They may quite possibly affirm many things very different from this. If one knew in advance what their conclusions or even their facts were likely to be, there would be small reason for putting them to work. But it does not seem probable that they will sponsor the doctrine that unchecked international aggression by the United States is the world's assurance of permanent peace. If, while they are studying, we continue to develop our philosophy of power, their first suggestion of any curtailment or repression of our natural tendency to expand will be greeted with cries of treason. This will not be unintelligent patriotism. It will be the logical expression of our guiding standard of values, and no amount of purely scientific thought could prevail against it. If we once get thoroughly into a conquering frame of mind, it will have to wear itself out before any facts repugnant to it can get a hearing.

Our will to power will be as well documented with solemn intellectual justifications as was a German conqueror with Hegel in his knapsack. Our outcry, if it comes, will be a dutiful and honest resentment against a political heresy which threatens our convenient ethics.

It will be a rallying to the defense of human rights and the possibilities of human development whose principles we have learned not from personal-efficiency advertisements but from college lecture-platforms.

Such philosophies of power have grown up in nearly all nations which have at one time or another tried to dominate the world. England had such a philosophy under Elizabeth, Spain when she was spreading Europe over America, France before the Revolution, England again in the nineteenth century, and Germany from 1870 to

1918. Whenever a nation has got into such a position, through natural advantages and the weakness of nearest rivals, that it could with some chance of success attempt world-hegemony, it has developed its philosophy of power. It has rationalized the chance at tyranny and domination which luck has given it into a belief in a 'mission,' or a 'manifest destiny.'

The United States is still only partly conscious of its strength. It is almost entirely unconscious of the fact that it is building up a system of thought that will give the color of righteousness to the selfish exertion of that strength. But by the time our honest scientists have assembled and arranged some of the facts concerning international affairs, and the technicians who follow them try to direct our course by those facts, we may have reached a stage of self-deception which will make it impossible for us to see the difference between leading the world into the ways of peace and trying for a *pax romana* on our own account.

Not even the technician, stiff-minded as he sometimes is, will suppose that the mere citation of a fact can settle a question of conduct. If he is not to be confined forever to dealing with soulless metal and stone, he must know that man moves among his major interests — art, religion, and politics — triple bound in the armor of theories. Man cannot act upon a fact. He must act with a purpose, and purpose involves the evaluation of facts. In politics he will always be guided by synthetic interpretations of facts — by opinions.

Mr. Young in his address on the plan for the new school said: 'I cry again for facts.' But he knows, as does any man of affairs, that facts are sterile without comparative evaluations. He instanced the French debt. He said: 'Right now we find irritation and misunderstanding between two great nations. And why, Mr. President? Because no impartial authority, free from the handicaps of domestic politics in either country, has been able to study the question of the fair amount or the practical method of payment of the French debt.' But the question is begged in the term, 'the fair amount.' What is fair will never be determined by facts, though they be heaped in monographs, charts, maps, statistics, and other evidence beyond the capacity of the most voracious expert. Like a sly stain, opinion colors the mind of any man who approaches facts to find a course of action. It shows itself even in a sincere plea for impersonal truth.

The second purpose of the new school is fundamental, since only the ascertaining of facts and their orderly arrangement can serve as foundation for the first purpose, the creation of a science of international relations. The development of such a science is undoubtedly as near possible as is the development of any other science in which humanity is the material substance.

The quantitative method which has saved the physical sciences from magic and rhetoric, and which is beginning a similar salvation in social studies through the work of such statisticians as David Friday, may in time clear the débris of charlatanism from politics as well. The second purpose is comparatively easy of achievement, and the first requires only the sort of intellectual courage which is still rare, but is found nevertheless in an increasing proportion among physicists, chemists, and their beneficent ilk.

The third purpose, the training of a group of technicians to apply the discovered truths, may follow as a matter of course.

III

But what I have been trying to show by reference to our growing philosophy of power is that the task of these technicians, when they try to move us the first step toward scientific control of our international conduct, will be complicated by our tendency to rationalize our national situation into a working theory. When a physicist inquires into the behavior of iron under the influence of heat, he wisely omits any consideration of purposes or motives in either metal or vibration. The iron submits to experiment; and when the technician takes hold the iron submits to use. But in politics, although the scientist may get at truth with his quantitative methods, the technicians will not find that the human material out of which political machines must be made is so impersonally submissive. The question of values, of what goals are to be arrived at, will enter into the behavior of the material.

The establishment of a school which will make the attempt at scientific control of politics is cheering news. But it is not too much to say that politics, international affairs as well as domestic, will always require an irreducible minimum of art for its solution. Politics is a matter of conduct; and conduct, even for an omniscient being, would still be a matter of art. Mr. Young cites an apposite example of political ineptitude. He says we learned something of psychology from the Washington Disarmament Conference. But, as he says, 'a few months later, without careful study, without many facts, without restraint, either in act or word, without politeness, the Congress of the United States passes an immigration law under such circumstances as to offend the pride and dignity of a great nation in the Pacific, a nation with which we have every reason to live in peace and friendship.'

But is it to be supposed that any number of facts would have brought the wisdom of tact into that unhappy transaction?

It comes down to this: all that is generously projected is good, but the technicians that the new school turns out, armed with scientific truth, will be compelled to acquire the art of public persuasion. The first great practical results will not be obtained until they have successfully acquired that art and have used it to establish effective machinery without losing thereby the science which justifies their bid for political control.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ANSER MATER

EVEN before those oversexed persons, the Freudians, divested the dreaming of dreams of the last shred of good repute left to that frequent yet flagrant practice, it was the rule of many well-conducted breakfast-tables, our own included, to taboo the recital of visionary adventures, not as damning evidence of depravity, but as unutterably childish twaddle. Why, then, do I wrong my training by publicly reviving a certain slumberous experience of last June, save to show, with our old friend Cicero, that dreams are in general images of things that men in waking hours have known? Listen to the provocation — what the psychoanalytic fellows call the 'stimuli' — of one summer day, and then to the resulting 'dream-stuff' of the ensuing night.

Deeproot University — 'dear old Deeproot' — is only a stone's throw from my home. (I know that to be the exact distance, for I sometimes throw stones at its towers.) So on June the sixteenth last, in the stifling company of the many-headed monster, I stewed on the benches of its ancient auditorium, erected in Cleveland's second consulship, and drowsed through the protracted fever of its fortieth Commencement. There is little doubt, however, that I was fully awake during the conferring of honorary degrees, for I remember marking with especial unction the pungent contrast between the ostensible virtues of the candidates, portrayed in pretty cameos, and the traits of the men as I knew them on the street. While they bent their fat forms under the heavy weight of hooded honors, I punctured each with a pointed epithet of my own: 'Oleaginous' Ole Petersen, and 'festering' Festus Skinner, and 'Grab-all' Grimball, all LL. D.'s; and 'holy' Willie Wilkins, D. D.

'For heaven's sake,' asked the man in the next seat, 'why are they giving Willie a degree?'

'For heaven's sake,' I answered.

It is necessary for the understanding of the coming dream to add that, dazed by all this academic moonshine, I tottered home, and regained my wonted poise only after reading 'Mother Goose' aloud to my grandchildren.

Then came night, when 'wicked dreams abuse the curtain'd sleep.' Meseemed that, across vividly green spaces and through shrubbery fragrant with June, I with many others hurried to a hall of collegiate Gothic, in the lofty gable of which were deeply carved the legend 'Anser Mater' and beneath it this couplet, so suggestive of academic relations and reflections: —

When the rain raineth, and the goose winketh,
Little wotteth the gosling what the goose thinketh.

Squeezing into the crowded auditorium, I crept into a corner where I could both see and hear. The strident syllables issuing from craning necks, and mingling with hoarse cackling and heavy rustling, proclaimed the full flood of the tide of this Anserine Commencement. On the stage suddenly appeared figures at once strange and familiar, creatures remote from my daily round of life, and yet the intimates of my childhood and, only a few hours since, the inmates of my thought. And I knew in a flash that the worthies

of youth's wonderworld were to be honored with the degrees for which they had waited too long.

Madam President, — herself the incarnation of Anser Mater, — whose features under the peaked cap bespoke a soaring mind at home in those cloud-lands through which, in her best-known portraits, she sails in supreme dominion, advanced to the front of the stage and faced with impressive dignity the candidates that her own muse had made famous. I had expected the dame to speak in wonted verse, but her eulogies were couched in a sonorous prose which possessed the double merit of according perfectly with the name and the character of the goose-goddess and of maintaining fully the traditions of such tributes. Her first compliments were paid to 'the Three Wise Men of Gotham, who went to sea in a bowl': 'Scholarly citizens of no mean city, natives of the world, denizens of the universe, and sons of this University, intrepid adventurers in uncharted seas, following knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bounds of human thought.' For obvious reasons these degrees were conferred *in absentia* by the University, which was, it seems, the residuary legatee of the Gotham mariners. Deafening applause and shouts in passable imitation of the English accent: 'Well bowled, sirs!'

Significantly enough, another good bowler, Old King Cole, was unanimously rejected by the Anserine trustees on account of notorious features of his home-life that had already been visited with the reprobation of the W. C. T. U. and the Anti-Nicotine Society. Anser Mater is nothing if not moral. Likewise 'the man who had naught,' and who escaped 'the robbers that came to rob him by running fourteen miles in fifteen days' was declared absolutely ineligible to a degree by the collectors of 'the bigger, better Anserine' fund who had 'followed him up,' though his sprinting-record won for him the sympathetic support of many athletic alumni, who had covered the same distance when paced by the same collectors. The full vote of the Corporation had been unhesitatingly given, however, to another track-hero, 'the Crooked Man who went a crooked mile and found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile.' He was glowingly praised not only for 'going' his famous mile under difficulties, but also for his acquisition along the way; and he moreover received due commendation for that curvature of body and of mind which had brought success to him and prestige to Anser Mater. As he arose to receive his honors he deliberately drew from his pocket a strangely shaped coin and placed it in the outstretched palm of the University treasurer.

The next notable was Thomas Piperson. 'Schooled in adversity in his youth (when he was known as "Tom the Piper's son"), indeed frustrated by violent enemies, who called him harsh names, in his early attempt to create a corner in the pork market, he was later eminently successful in leading both the human and porcine world of his day a merry dance and in making his hearers pay the piper.' To this 'joyous herald of jazz and beloved benefactor of the youth of every country' was awarded the degree of Doctor of Music, *honoris causa*. It was whispered in the audience that the University had generously offered to assist Dr. Piperson in his praiseworthy design 'to die poor.'

Anser Mater then demonstrated her interest in foreign talents, whether one or ten, by her hearty recognition of a Welsh gentleman named Taffy. It appeared from the soaring pæan upon his acquisitive powers that, with greater

success than his friend Piperson, he had made one or two daring ventures in beef and bone. He, also, had suffered wrong, even personal injury, from others. His head was 'bloody but unbowed,' as, stiffly erect, he received the plaudits of the multitude. I was informed that the beef and all the marrow from the bone were in the University larder.

The double degree of B. A. (Ba-a, ba-a) was conferred on Black Sheep, who was hardly distinguishable among the candidates, with the tacit understanding that the 'three bags of wool' be diverted from their present possessors to academic purposes. The double degree of M.A. (Mama) was given to the 'Old Woman who lived in a Shoe' with aptly worded commendation of her 'lifelong warfare against race suicide and noteworthy achievements as dietitian and disciplinarian.' High praise was accorded her well-known treatise on 'The Child at Close Range.' Shoe Hall, her gift to Anserine, would soon be open to subfreshmen. Three gentlemen of the name of Jack were honored with degrees, and a few minutes later announcements were made of their benefactions: the House that Jack built (to be used as College Commons), the fat and the lean uneaten by Jack Sprat and his Wife (here the degree seems to have been obtained under false pretenses and promises), and the tarts erstwhile in the possession of the Knave (Jack) of Hearts. Delighted cackles of greedy anticipation from all the children of Anser Mater! And then the insubstantial pageant faded, leaving not a quack behind.

THE POWWOW DOCTOR

Despite the dullness of monotony, some who dwell in quiet places never lose their sense of strangeness in familiar things. These are the wise women and seers of their neighborhoods, for whom the unknown lurks just around the corner or under the nearest bush.

In a certain Pennsylvania valley lived, not so many years ago, a woman who saw the world in this fashion. There was no sharp line for her between the seen and the unseen, and by virtue of this second sight she was the 'powwow doctor' of her community. An old man disputed the title with her, but his was an evil magic, invoked only to 'overlook' an enemy's field, or to make eggs cease in his henhouse and milk in his stalls. Old Barbara Kulp had never been known to 'put a hex' on anything, although no one doubted that she could if she so desired. The neighbors came to her to unspell their cattle and lift the blight from their fields. When she passed a thread of scarlet silk about a festering thumb and then burned the thread among the ashes on her hearth, to the accompaniment of muttered words, relief was sure to follow. Blood which flowed stubbornly from a sickle-cut stopped quickly when she charmed.

Yet there was nothing of the visionary about her, despite her reputed powers. The blood of generations of sturdy peasants ran in her veins, and if it bred visions they were kin to the warm earth. Her small white house, perched upon a high bank beside the road, had the marks of centuries of German cottages. The inner sanctum, open only on great days, held the final product of her creative spirit — a curiosity jar. Once it had been a mere fruit jar like any other, holding pears and plums. Then it had taken to itself a coat of putty, on which the flotsam of generations had come to rest. There were square-rimmed spectacles, thimbles open at both ends, candle-snuffers, flattened bullets, acorns, broken scissors, and army buttons from two wars. The

whole was gilded brilliantly and set upon the parlor table, an unconscious symbol, in that room of funerals, of the immortal commonplace.

In the yard the last draw-well of the countryside bubbled under its sheltering roof. About it, and in rows along the narrow path that led to the front door, grew coxcomb, larkspur, petunias, and kings'-crowns. The rose-red tomatoes which glowed in her July garden were her especial pride, for they were direct descendants of the first in the county. She told, with a chuckle, the story of those pioneers.

In her mother's day tomatoes were a wild and forbidden fruit, reputed poisonous to humankind. But the spirit of adventure was strong in Barbara's mother, and she planted a few seedlings of the despised weed in her garden. They flourished for a time, then one morning hung limply on the earth. The cutworm had done his deadly work overnight. Another planting went the same way, despite salt sown thickly on the ground, and a third took its place. Then, looking out to the garden before daybreak one August morning, the planter of tomatoes saw a man kneeling in the half-light, carefully severing each stalk with his penknife, just below the surface of the soil. Her husband was venturing no ventures with unknown fruits.

The neighborhood babies opened their blinking eyes in Barbara's accustomed arms, and she planned their futures according to her seeing. Her favorite belief was that a child would most deeply love whatever it held first. So she filled the hands of hour-old girls with pansies and thyme and feverfew, marigolds and tansy and bridal wreath, or sacrificed a treasured geranium-blossom in the wintertime. To her, perhaps, life was a kitchen garden, and God the Gardener, Who loved His plants.

GENTLEMAN WITH THE BRASS CANDLESTICKS

If I may give advice, through the indulgence of the *Atlantic*, to anybody tempted to carry to town a pair of brass candlesticks unwrapped, I shall feel that my recent ordeal has had value as public service.

To begin with, the cause of this embarrassment was innocence and beauty itself, combined in the gorgeous form and ravishing voice of a Kentucky cardinal. I woke as usual at quarter-past six. It's a heathenish hour to get up. It is impossible to bound energetically out of bed and begin the day conscientiously and methodically with heavenly music floating through the window. I lay enraptured exactly fifteen minutes, but it was enough to upset the first two hours of my daily schedule. I was late and rushed at everything I did. I got no breakfast. I tore out of the house and down the street and into the train, breathless, and bulging with a pair of three-branched brass candlesticks under my arm. There was no time to wrap them and I was to take them to town to be electrified. 'It's very simple to do,' my wife said. 'Your electrician, I know, will do it.'

They were very ceremonial and religious-looking candlesticks. I looked as if I had robbed an altar and was away, breathless, with the loot. Somebody said so. Of course all my friends in the train asked all about the candlesticks. The more imaginative tried little jokes, the witty were *very* witty, the dull were deadly. I thought, 'I shall be glad when *this* trip is over.' The brass candlesticks' evil work, however, had not begun! They were an inverted talisman.

When I reached town I decided not to subject myself to the intimacy of a street-car but to walk. The walk made me hungry and I began to want Childs'

buckwheat cakes and coffee. Everybody I passed smirked or smiled. I ducked into Childs' as into a haven. There was no place to hang or check my brass ornaments, so I had to set them on the table. Having one in each hand, I set them down so, then hung up my hat and coat and sat down — accidentally, I suppose — in the mathematical centre of the two three-branched candlesticks. I must have looked like Gabriel or the Ark of the Covenant, in between, for everybody in the place was convulsed. I was embarrassed, of course, and started instinctively to move them so that the frame, at least, of this self-centred picture would be broken. Then I found I could n't without acknowledging to the hilarious public I was entertaining that I was annoyed. So I sat more like a god or a Buddha than ever, apparently totally unconscious of the ribald compliments that were being paid me.

The waitress came and folded her hands and looked down as she would at prayer, and wondered in a whisper what my celestial being required for nourishment, if anything. The distinguished person who walks up and down the aisles in these establishments, doing nothing so elaborately and successfully, unbent and confided something side-splitting to the boy that carries out the overloaded trays of soiled dishes. Having made such an undeniable hit with this class of employed, she hastened to get applause from a rank much higher. She told the cashier and, not content with that, told the buckwheat cook, who was innocently patting the backs and curiously peering under the edges of my three sturdy cakes.

I had dropped down at the nearest table, so I overheard a word or two that gave me an insight into her mind and the quality of her wit. It seems that I represented in a highly burlesque way one of those classes of virgins used in the Bible as symbols of thriftiness and shiftlessness. The employees of this restaurant that flourishes and prospers so abundantly upon the principle of democracy and comradery were satisfied with my incongruous and irrational resemblance to a virgin, and not one of them, I was willing to wager, even considered the much more beguiling and moral aspect of the resemblance: Was I wise or foolish? Did I have candles concealed on my person? Was I prepared or not?

One of them did ask, but she had not been contaminated by the virgin joke, so I credited her with original and pure humor. She asked as she brought my cakes and coffee: 'Shall I light the candles, sir?' I said, 'No, thank you,' sweetly and ate those heavy, huge, and melancholy cakes in bitterness and genuine repentance. My repentance was not for being lazy merely, or for the sin of listening to a cardinal singing in the morning, or for taking a pair of brass candlesticks to town unwrapped. These were minor repentances. My all-consuming regret was for putting the blooming things on the table in such ceremonial positions. Then this passed and I regretted more than anything the instinct that suggested buckwheat cakes, and — of all places — Childs'.

I sneaked on to my office, hating the candlesticks more with every step, with every notice I got from the unencumbered and superior passers-by. I immediately called the electrician, for I could at least spare myself the sight of them on my desk all day. He looked at them in that absolutely final and don't-argue-with-me way electricians have, and said they could *not* be electrified.

I should have thrown them at his head or out the window. Instead, I called the office boy and weakly said, 'Will you please wrap these up?'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FEW authors have come to live so vigorously in the land of their imagination as does **Leo Crane.** In 1910 Mr. Crane was a successful writer of short stories; one year later he had been made a monarch of that very realm where so much of his fiction had been staged, the Indian Desert. Since the day of his appointment Mr. Crane has served variously as Indian Agent for the Hopi and Navajo Indians of Arizona, the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, the Lower Yanktonai Sioux, and the Mohave and Chemehuevi of the Colorado River area — in all a record of fourteen devoted years. **J. Leslie Hotson** is an instructor of English at Harvard and a detective who has unrolled one of the most deplorable mysteries in all literature. Expressing a dissatisfaction with all 'possible titles' for his essay, Mr. Hotson wrote:

> If I had my way (which I have n't) I should write an impossible title, running something like this: —
>
> A TRUE DISCOUERY / of the Tragicall / SLAYING / of CHRISTOPHER MARLOW GENT: / by I. L. H. *Philosophiæ Doctor Uniuersitatis Harvardianæ Massachusettsensis.* / In which for the first time are vnfolded / THE FINDINGS OF THE QUEENES CORONER / vpon viewe of his vnhappie body / lying dead in *Detford Strande.* / 1 June 1593. / And store of other matters All as new / as Lamentable and true. / Kynde Kit Marloe / London Printed by R. Clark for F. M. 1925.
>
> But literary taste has changed for the worse.

Imogen B. Oakley was an eyewitness of certain conditions which attended the Direct Primary in Philadelphia. Before judging her indignant photograph every citizen may well pause and consider his own province. ¶For **Louis E. Reed,** a school-teacher of West Virginia, the forces of home and education have been opposed in an elemental conflict.

* * *

Kirsopp Lake, Winn Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Harvard University, has composed some pages of modern history which for their justice and discernment must commend themselves to observant readers. ¶With a poem of delicate suggestion **Margaret Pond** makes her début in the *Atlantic.* **J. T. Boumphrey** set out to capture 'something of the color, the fierceness, and the true beauty of rowing,' and in the heat of the moment he has carried us with him into a stirring race. ¶Challenged by Stephen F. Hamblin's article, 'Plants and Policies,' which appeared in the March *Atlantic,* **Charles L. Marlatt,** Chairman of the Federal Horticultural Board, and Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Entomology, has prepared a vigorous and authoritative reply. ¶Eight years' experience as a motorist and a bank president have convinced **William Ashdown** of the perpetual expense of the automobile. As a bank president Mr. Ashdown may be able to afford this extravagance, but how about the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker?

* * *

A philologist by trade, **Ernest Weekley,** head of the Modern Language Department at University College, Nottingham, has made a particular study of those curious counterfeit phrases which circulate as legal tender. ¶Formerly of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University, **Lawrence H. Baker** is now a member of the editorial staff of the *Baltimore Sun.* **William Preston Beazell,** the assistant managing editor of the *New York World,* describes an entertaining household recently of his neighborhood. **Edward Carrington Venable** has called upon the Comic Muse and found her at home, and a smiling and sophisticated matron. **Anne Goodwin Winslow,** a graceful poet occasionally in our midst, will be remembered for her 'Masque of Loved Ladies' which appeared in the *Atlantic* of May 1922. ¶A meeting with the ghosts of Dr. Johnson's and **A. Edward Newton's** famous friends may arouse in

Atlantic voyagers an appetite for the Cheshire Cheese and well-fed rumination at Gough Square. **Robert M. Gay,** Professor of English at Simmons College, is an essayist whose felicitous pen has charmed many an audience. A new and whimsical volume by Professor Gay, entitled *The 8:45*, has recently been published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

* * *

Long residence in France in years of peace and war has enabled **Major T. H. Thomas** to become skilled and understanding in the ways of European politics. During the war Mr. Thomas served as a major of the Intelligence Section in the G. H. Q., and afterward was assigned to an important post at the Peace Conference. ¶The fresh study of Germany by the **Reverend Reinhold Niebuhr** of Detroit brings us a profound perspective and a substantiating faith. **Lyman Bryson** served for several years on the international staff of the League of Red Cross Societies, and later became editor of the League's monthly, *The World's Health*, and its other printed material. His devotion to the cause of peace is manifest.

* * *

This philosopher would seem to have acquired the profound meditation of the East despite the ceaseless traffic of his post.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the April *Atlantic* ''22' states some of the complex elements of a personal perplexity of religious faith for which she desires an answer. At forty-six I am only a crossing-watchman, with a serious problem of my own, but perhaps I can indicate to ''22' a way to self-solution of her problem. In what I say is much profound ignorance. The cue to intelligence is to find the hidden wisdom.

''22' seeks a faith in immortality which will satisfy her emotions and stand the test of intelligence. The first requisite is to keep faith in the virtue and sufficiency of intelligence to solve every human problem, for her difficulty is with intelligence, not with her emotions.

If ''22' wishes immortal union with T., she must take advantage of her opportunity to cultivate the fullest spiritual union with him in the present; then, if conscious immortality of identity is a reality, the condition of this union at death of either is assured to her for all eternity. Intelligence is certain that no further development of the human aspects of the soul is possible after its spirit leaves the body. What T. is to ''22' at his death will be hers for all eternity, with greater prospect of eternal happiness, if they never meet in the hereafter.

But there is another phase to the problem of immortality which is more vital to the welfare of humanity. Is immortality the natural destiny of nonentities — which it is if all are immortal — or is it to be acquired? If we are to achieve immortality, we must of necessity be born again and strive to become something, or accomplish something, worthy of immortality. This turns the problem of immortality from a personal matter into a human affair of great public importance. Here, again, immortality is dependent upon our employment of the mortal present. Science tells us that stars will remain visible in the heavens for thousands of years after becoming extinct as emanators of light. Intelligence and science tell us that our acts are recorded elsewhere than in ourselves with a permanence in proportion to the intensity of their commitment. We know that Joan of Arc has an immortality that will endure as long as creation, even though her own consciousness is lost in oblivion.

H. A. FARRAND

* * *

Of men who go down to the sea in ships.

TORONTO, CANADA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The primary reason for this new invasion of your mail and attention is found in the article by Judge Wells in the March issue of the *Atlantic*. I was not far away from the scene of that wreck. At sea in the same storm, we reached safety only by a miracle. The next evening I read the newspaper account of the wreck of the Shanghai and the following morning traveled with Mr. Wells and his party on the first stage of their train-journey home. As I watched them and talked with them emotions that were very deep were stirred. Nothing quite compares with them save those aroused by John Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, and in particular by that great line, 'The sea can do me no more harm.' Mr. Wells was heard to murmur more than once in that reverie or half-dazed silence into which he lapsed repeatedly: 'The Shanghai is gone!' He took the loss of his dream ship with the most intense emotion. Rarely is it given one to share and witness an experience such as was mine that day. One thought of Mr. St. John Ervine's remark, that an audience should leave a theatre, after seeing a great tragedy, proud that they too were men, of the same race and spirit.

H. M. P.

The prophet, the mouse, and the profit.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

EDITOR the *Atlantic Monthly*

DEAR SIR: —

Having labored with the 'Little Profiteer' through three pages of the *Atlantic*, I was a bit disappointed when nothing more than a large mouse was brought forth. It seems, after all has been said, that the author of 'Milking the Public' is only a good business-man earning a fair income, and not nearly so wicked as he would have us believe.

I have heard rumors, from time to time, that the distributor of farm products is able to accumulate more of this world's goods than the producer, and the successful business-man more than the school-teacher or the editor — their supereducation (it may be) notwithstanding. So that these revelations come as no great shock. Farming and educating must, for the present at least, be their own rewards, and the Little Profiteer should have realized this before he started off to college.

However, it might ease his conscience to know that he is not filching any untoward amount from the farmer or from the public. If the farmers coöperated to pasteurize and distribute their own milk, instead of selling to him, they would have to hire a manager, and one who could produce the same financial results would command a salary of something like ten dollars a day. As the Little Profiteer was averaging only about thirteen and a half dollars for himself, only three dollars and a half profit would be left for the farmers. Doubtless at least fifteen farmers deliver milk to this 100-gallon plant, so that each one is being deprived of a possible profit of a little over twenty cents a day. Meanwhile, under private management, if anything goes wrong with the business it is the Little Profiteer who is holding the bag.

I should advise our friend to stifle his qualms of conscience, assume the rôle of prophet as well as profiteer, and straightway set about laying up against a rainy day.

PAUL H. MILLAR

There is no question of the validity of the Little Profiteer's record. Of his prosperity in the lean years we cannot be so sure.

MASON CITY, IOWA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Some way or other 'Milking the Public,' by a Little Profiteer, in your April issue, does n't ring exactly true to my ear; but let us admit for the moment that this is a conscientious recital by a man who is actually engaged as the Little Profiteer claims to be. I would label him a mighty poor business-man — one who is fast consuming his borrowed capital, one who will find himself in the bankruptcy court in less than four years if he does not begin before another four months to save all he can of that $12 to $15 a day he now so blithely calls profits. And I would offer the following items toward a bill of particulars to support this contention: —

1. Two drivers are not needed to deliver milk to 225 families a day.

2. Trucks are a costly method of retailing milk from house to house. Horses are more economical, and are used practically 100 per cent here in the Middle West.

3. Cheap motor-trucks in service seven days a week will depreciate practically 50 per cent the first year and an additional 40 per cent the second year. In that item alone — with two trucks — is an overhead cost that should be charged at the rate of at least $2 a day.

4. Milk-route drivers here in the Middle West draw $4 a day and up, seven days a week.

5. He charges no rental for his milk depot or place of business. He charges no insurance or tax.

6. The Little Profiteer charges no sinking-fund. And he is indeed a poor business-man who does not charge off and lay away a reasonable per cent of his gross income as a reserve from which to draw when business reverses come or temporary difficulties arise and it is inadvisable to increase selling-prices to meet the situation.

Even if his story is a recital of his own actual experience as he sees it, he is milking himself more than the public; his story is not representative of the milk business except in so far as it might be representative of the fallacious methods used by most of those who have failed in the business.

JAMES A. KING

* * *

The many letters that have come to us in appreciation of 'O Theophilus' may well be represented by this sincere expression.

NEW YORK CITY

EDITOR of the *Atlantic*, —

In 'O Theophilus,' in the April *Atlantic*, Caroline Atwater Mason touches a chord for which many have been waiting. Her disgust with the Gnostic tradition revived in 'intellectual Christianity' is felt by many. Reasoning without insight, logic without vision, sense without faith, are poor guides in ethics, blind guides in religion.

'That time is at hand.' If I mistake not, the Christian of to-morrow will be a truer Christian than the world has known since the first century. We feel deeply the futility of 'modernism' and

also, many of us, the irrelevancy of much that poses as 'fundamentalism.' The very early Christians were not so greatly concerned with the inerrancy of the written word or with the literal verity of each reported miracle. They were greatly concerned with the stupendous fact of Christ, His divinity, life, gospel, and resurrection. To them Christ proved the miracle. The miracles did not prove Christ. They were as planets to a sun, dependent for their existence or credibility upon its light. The sun was not and is not dependent upon them. The 'modernist' sees the planets wobble and he wants to prop up or remake the sun for fear the light of the world may go out. The 'fundamentalist' lends strength to this fear and weakens the essential faith by struggling to support the planets, demanding belief in each of them as essential to belief in the sun itself.

If the Western world were pagan to-day, it would have its altar to the 'unknown God' to-morrow. On the third day it would return to Christianity. It would see more clearly if it could see anew the one light in all the ages, the light that burst on Greece and Rome, tumbled their philosophies and 'modernized faiths' into the dust, and re-created the world. In the blinding divinity of that light the new Christians, like the old, inspired by faith and putting sense where it belongs, will find it easy to accept the miracles. Whether they accept them, one or more or all, will be, as it always has been, irrelevant to the essentials of a Christian faith.

* * *

R. R. R.

The nomad and the shut-in.

WATERTOWN, CONNECTICUT

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. J. Norman Hall, in one of his travel adventures published in the *Atlantic Monthly* some months ago, introduced his article by mentioning the obligation of the nomad to the stay-at-home.

In his recent story of 'The Forgotten One,' again, he has made the person surrounded by humanity and fettered by its ties be contented with his lot.

Having started 'The Forgotten One' at the breakfast table before the appearance of my 'Only One,' I could not put it aside when he broke into *my* solitude. The description of the orderly house, the well-selected library, and, most precious of all, the infinite leisure to read and ponder, was what my hungry soul most desired at that time. This was most appreciated, since I was the centre of attraction for my 'Only One' and I was being attacked from first one side and then the other. My feeling of annoyance for the 'Only One' gradually decreased and finally disappeared as the article drew to a conclusion. It makes me shudder to think of what might have happened to Mr. Hall had he taken a deep breath, after the deliberate and ghastly silencing of the harmless cock.

Mr. Hall forcibly impresses on the civilization-locked populace the fact that to maintain a normal balance occasional contact with humanity is necessary. He shows that intermittent solitude is the only fruitful kind (his writings prove it) and in this he has again helped one of his stay-at-home readers.

EDITH M. PROUT

* * *

Three charter-members who have been with us since our first issue answered to our April honor-call. Their letters have brought us great pleasure, and none more so than this of Major Saxton.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
April 18, 1925

MY DEAR ATLANTIC MONTHLY, —

In reply to your query in the April number, I will state that I joined the family in November 1857, by purchasing the first number on Court Street, near Washington, in Boston, early in its issue. I soon subscribed, but have not always been on the list. The Civil War came on and I went into the Union Army. I was stationed in different places. But wherever I was located, the *Atlantic Monthly* came to me fresh from the press to the end of the war without missing a number. It has never ceased to be a regular visitor in my home in Washington. And furthermore I am quite proud to say that the entire set of the *Atlantic Monthly* is now in my family, standing in a good substantial binding, the last volume, No. 134, not having been returned from the binder. If there are any more interesting *Atlantic* tales to tell our 150,000 family, it will be a pleasure to hear them. I have even talked with many of the worthies of 1857, and heard most of them lecture.

With highest regards to our whole prosperous family.

S. WILLARD SAXTON (*b.* August 13, 1829)

* * *

The *Atlantic* in the fo'castle.

HOBOKEN, N. J.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have been much struck by the popularity of the *Atlantic* on the Atlantic and other oceans among the dozen or so men in the 'black gang' of the tramp steamers. There is usually one at least who carries along the good old *Atlantic*.

MACKENZIE MARSHALL

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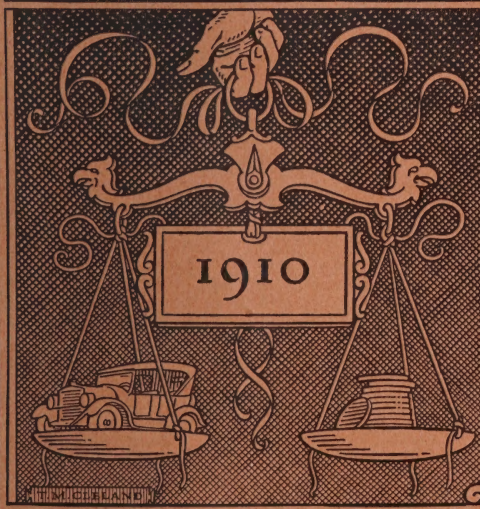

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